

OLD ENGLAND:

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B.



A PICTORIAL MUSEUM

OF

REGAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, MUNICIPAL, BARONIAL,
AND POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.

EDITED

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

·IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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ILLUMINATED ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLAND.

VOLUME I.

Some of these Engravings are described at the pages to which they are respectively assigned in the following list. Others are not so described, although they are placed with reference to the general subject to which they belong. Where such description is not found in the text, we here subjoin a more particular notice of the Engraving.

1. THE CORONATION CHAIR	Page 19
2. PAINTED WINDOW OF SAXON AND NORMAN EARLS OF CHESTER	91
<p>BRERETON HALL, in Cheshire, was built in the reign of Elizabeth, by Sir William Brereton; and it is said that the queen herself laid the foundation-stone. The founder appears to have liberally used the beautiful art of staining glass in the decoration of his mansion. In many of the windows were the various bearings of the principal Cheshire families, some of which still remain. But the greatest object of curiosity in this mansion, an object, indeed, of historical interest, was the painted window, of which we have given a faithful copy in the illuminated engraving. This window, we know not for what cause, was some years ago removed to Aston Hall, in Warwickshire. It has had the advantage of being described and engraved in Ormerod's "History of Cheshire;" and a most beautiful and elaborate series of coloured fac-similes, the size of the originals, was executed by Mr. William Fowler, and published in 1898. From these our engraving is copied. Two of the figures represent Leofwine and Leofric, Saxon earls of Mercia. The other figures exhibit the seven Norman earls of Chester. The first earl, Hugh, surnamed Lupus, came into England with the Conqueror, who gave to him and his heirs the county of Chester, to hold as freely by him with the sword as he (William) held by the crown. He died in 1103. Richard, the son of Hugh, was the second earl. He was drowned in returning from Normandy in 1120. Dying without issue, he was succeeded by his cousin, Randolph de Meschines, the third earl, who died in 1129. The fourth earl, Randolph, surnamed de Cernonijis, took part with the Empress Maud and her son Henry, and he, with Robert Earl of Gloucester, made King Stephen prisoner at Lincoln in 1141. He died by poison in 1158. Hugh, surnamed Cyvellok, from the place in Wales where he was born, was the fifth earl; he died in 1170. Randolph, surnamed Blundeville, was the sixth earl. He was a brave, and what was more unusual for a baron, a learned man, having compiled a treatise on the Laws of the Realm. He lived in great honour and esteem in the reigns of Henry II., Richard I., John, and Henry III. He fought in the Holy Land with Cœur-de-Lion, and was the founder of the abbey of Delacroix, in Staffordshire, and of the Grey Friars at Coventry. He died in 1233, having held the earldom fifty-three years. Although married three times, he had no issue; but was succeeded by his nephew John, surnamed Le Scot. Upon his death without issue, in the twenty-second of Henry III., 1238, the King "thought it not good to make a division of the earldom of Chester, it enjoying such a regal prerogative; therefore taking the same into his own hands, he gave unto the sisters of John Scot other lands, and gave the county palatine of Chester to his eldest son" (Ormerod.) John le Scot was therefore the last independent Earl of Chester. From that time the eldest sons of the sovereigns of England have been Earls of Chester from the day of their birth.</p> <p>In the painted window it will be observed that each figure is placed within an arch. Each arch in the original window is seventeen inches in height, and about eight in width between the columns. The arches are struck from two centres, and have a keystone, on which is represented a grotesque head under a basket of fruit. It will of course suggest itself to the reader that this window, being in all probability executed in the time of Elizabeth, cannot be received as a perfectly faithful representation even of the costume of these redoubted vice-kings of the county palatine. Upon this point Ormerod has the following remarks: "The style of the architecture is of the era of Elizabeth, but an erroneous idea prevails as to the high antiquity of these figures, and as to their having been the identical representations of the earls which formerly graced the windows of Chester Abbey." To correct this idea the county historian refers to a rude drawing in the Harleian MS. 2151, which shows the character of that ancient glass. But he adds, "It is, however, not unlikely that the figures may have been copied from paintings, stained glass, or monkish illuminations, of considerable antiquity; though the paintings themselves were most probably executed for the decoration of the newly-erected Hall of Brereton at the close of the sixteenth century."</p>	
3. KEEP OF ROCHESTER CASTLE	98
4. COURT-CUPBOARD IN WARWICK CASTLE	103
<p>THE furniture of the ancient halls and castles of England was for the most part peculiarly suited to the size and structure of the apartments in which it was placed. Much of it was of oak, boldly and richly carved, in a manner exceedingly appropriate to the beautiful Gothic style of the windows, the panelling of the walls, and the decorations of the mantel-pieces and ceilings. The massy sideboard, or court-cupboard, as it is sometimes called, is one of those grand pieces of old Gothic furniture, of which, besides the one at Warwick Castle represented in our coloured engraving, there are still many specimens remaining in the old baronial apartments of England.</p>	
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14. SHRINE OF HENRY THE FIFTH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
15. CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

THE parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon is a large and handsome structure, of the usual cross-form, with a central tower surmounted by a spire. The chancel, of which the coloured engraving exhibits a view from the south door, showing Shakspeare's monument on the north wall, is a fine specimen of late perpendicular architecture: the west end of the nave, the north porch, the piers, arches, and clerestory, are also perpendicular, but of earlier date; the tower, transept, and some parts of the nave, are early English: the ancient arches of the tower have been strengthened by underbuilding them with others of perpendicular character. Some of the windows have portions of good stained glass. Shakspeare was buried on the north side of the chancel: his monument on the north wall must have been erected previous to 1623, when his works were first published; for Leonard Digges, in the verses prefixed to that edition, thus addresses the departed poet:—

Shakspeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works: thy works by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must; when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages.

The sculptor of the monument was Gerard Johnson. It consists of a bust of Shakspeare with the body to the waist, under an ornamented arch between two Corinthian columns which support an entablature, above which are the arms and crest of Shakspeare in bold relief, surmounted by a sculptured skull. Below the figure are the following Latin and English verses;

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moeret, Olympus habet.

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed
Within this monument—Shakspeare, with whom
Quick Nature died; whose name doth deck this tomb
Far more than cost; with all that he hath writ
Leaves living Art but page to serve his wit.
Obiit Ano. Dni. 1616, ætatis 53, die 23 Apr.

16. CHANTRY, OR ORATORY OF THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, WARWICK

THE chantry, or oratory, represented in the illuminated engraving, is a detached building separated from the chapel by an open screen. It is a beautiful work of art, and the groined ceiling is especially rich and elegant.

17. METHLEY HALL

METHLEY HALL, or Methley Park, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, seven miles south-east from Leeds, is the seat of the Saviles, Earls of Moxborough, which family have held the manor for several centuries. The original manor-house was built by Sir Robert Waterton, in the reign of Henry IV.; but after the manor became the property of the Saviles, the old house was pulled down, and the present magnificent mansion erected on its site by Sir John Savile, Baron of the Exchequer, with additions by his son Sir Henry Savile, in a handsome and uniform style. Of this building only the hall and the back part of the house remain: the far-famed gallery, with its armorial bearings in painted glass, no longer exists; it has given place to the present front part of the mansion, which is of no great magnificence without, but contains some very fine apartments, one of which, with its beautiful painted ceiling and pendant ornaments, its antique furniture, rich carving, and lofty mullioned windows, is exhibited in our coloured engraving.

18. MORRIS-DANCE

THE coloured engraving which is given as a title to the first volume of "Old England," is the representation of an ancient window of stained glass, formerly in the house of George Tollett, Esq., of Betley, in Staffordshire, which has been conjectured by Mr. Douce, from certain peculiarities of costume, to have been executed in the time of Edward IV. The six interior lozenges, on which we have engraved the title of our work, are vacant in the original. The figures on the other lozenges represent the performers of a Morris-Dance round a May-pole, from which are displayed a St. George's red cross and a white pennon. Immediately below the May-pole is the character who manages the paste-board hobby-horse, who, from the crown which he wears, and the richness of his attire, appears to represent the King of May; while, from the two daggers stuck in his cheeks, he may be supposed to have been a juggler and the master of the dance. Beneath the King of May is Maid Marian, as the Queen of May, with the crown on her head and attired in a style of high fashion, her coil floating behind, her hair unbound and streaming down her waist, and holding in her hand an emblematic flower. Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VIII., when married to James, King of Scotland, appeared thus, wearing a crown and with her hair hanging down her back. Of the other characters some are obvious enough, but others are conjectural. The left-hand figure at the top is the court fool, with his cockscorn cap and his bauble. The first figure to the right is supposed to represent a Spaniard, and the next a Morisco or Moor, both men of rank, in rich dresses, with the long outer sleeves hanging loose like ribbons, a fashion once prevalent in England as well as on the Continent. Beneath the Morisco is the instrumental performer, with his pipe and tabor; below him the lover or paramour of Maid Marian; and under him the friar, in the Franciscan habit. The King of May is the supposed representative of Robin Hood; the Queen of May, of his favourite Marian; and the friar, of his chaplain, Friar Tuck. Passing by Marian, we have the inferior fool furnished with his bib; above him the representative of the clown or peasant; and next above, the franklin or gentleman. The dresses are curiously appropriate to the characters.

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Old England.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ONE of the most picturesque descriptions in the most picturesque of poets,—that in 'The Fairy Queen' of the old man who

"Things past could keep in memory," shows him sitting in a chamber which "seemed ruinous and old," but whose walls were "right firm and strong." Such are the Antiquities of a great Nation. They may appear "worm-eaten and full of canker-holes," but they are teeming with life, and will be fresh and beautiful as long as civilisation endures. When the knights who looked on the old man of Hwener had perused his "antique Registra," and had traced his wondrous legends up to the time of the British kings who

"Entombed lie at Stonehenge by the heath," one of them bursts forth into this noble apostrophe:—

"DEAR COUNTRY! O how dearly dear Ought thy remembrance and perpetual band lie to thy foster-child, that from thy hand Had common breath and nouriture receive! How brutish is it not to understand How much to her we owe, that all us gave; That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

Such is the just effect upon every generous mind of the study of the "ancient records" of our native land. The richest treasures that we have derived from a long line of ancestors are our antiquities. They carry us back to dim periods that have bequeathed to us no written explanation of the origin and the uses of their inextinguishable monuments. *Vast mounds, gigantic temples, mystic towers*, belong to ages not of barbarism, but of civilisation different from our own. These are succeeded by the remains of the great Roman conquerors of the world, who bestowed upon Britain their refinements and their learning. Our Anglo-Saxon Arts and Sciences have left indelible traces, in written descriptions and pictorial representations snatched from the spoils of time; and in some architectural remains of early piety which have escaped the ravages of the Dane. Gradually the influence of Christianity spread over the land; and the great connecting links between the past and the present rise up, in the glorious Ecclesiastical edifices that we are now at length learning to look upon with love and admiration—to preserve and to restore. But there are also monuments scattered through the country of the antagonist principles of brute force and military dominion. The *Kendal Tones* have left us their impressive memorials, in *Baronial Castles* and crumbling Fortresses,—in the *Weapons and Armour* of their haughty Chieftains. These are succeeded by the venerable *Palaces and Mansions* which belonged to the age of early constitutional Government, when the law allowed comfort to be studied in conjunction with security. To this age belong the monuments of *Civic Power*,

—the *Halls of Guilds and Companies*; and, more important still, the splendid seats of liberal Education, our *Endowed Schools and Colleges*. Amidst all these instructive though silent chronicles of the past, in which England is richer than any other country, have grown up the infinitely-varied peculiarities of the *middle classes*, during five centuries in which they have formed the strength of the nation; and these are preserved in numberless evidences of their *modes of life, public and domestic*. These things are surely of the deepest interest even to millions who speak the language of "old England," scattered through every quarter of the habitable Globe. The Antiquities of England are the Antiquities of North America and of Australia,—of mighty continents and fertile islands where the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon have founded "new nations." They are of especial interest to every dweller in the father-land. These "remnants of History which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time" (so Bacon defines Antiquities) are amongst the best riches of the freight of knowledge—not merely curiosities, but of intrinsic value.

We propose to open to all ranks of the people, at the cheapest rate, a complete view of the REGAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, BARONIAL, MUNICIPAL, and POPULAR ANTIQUITIES OF ENGLAND, by the publication of the largest collection of Engravings, with explanatory letterpress, that has ever been devoted to this important branch of general information. Our work is addressed to the people; but the knowledge which it seeks to impart will be as scrupulously accurate as if it were exclusively intended for the most critical antiquary. To be full and correct it is not necessary to be tedious and pedantic. That knowledge will be presented, for the most part, in a chronological order; and thus our work will be a *Compendium and a Key to every English History*. The ENGRAVINGS will embrace the most remarkable of our Buildings from the earliest times: *Druidical Remains, Cathedrals, Abbeys, Churches, Colleges, Castles, Civic Halls, Mansions; Sepulchral Monuments of our Princes and Nobles; Portraits of British Worthies*, and representations of the localities associated with their names. *Ancient Pictures and Illuminations of Historical Events*: the *Great Seals and Arms of the Monarchy*; *Coins and Medals*; *Autographs*; and, scattered amongst these authentic memorials of the rulers of the land, and of those who sat in high places, the fullest Pictorial indications of the *Industry, the Arts, the Sports, the Dresses, and the Daily Life of the People*.

The twenty-four COLOURED ENGRAVINGS which will form a portion of the work will consist of *Fac-Similes of Elaborate Architectural Drawings*, made expressly for this publication, and forming in themselves a most interesting series of Picturesque Antiquities.

••• The Border represents the following objects:—at the top, Stonehenge, from the Salisbury side; on the left hand—Roman Palace, Dover; Knap, Kentworth Castle; the Duke's House, Brighthelm; Horn-hunt; on the right hand—Percy Castle; Boston, and Tower of Cathedral, Canterbury; Canon Gate of Hoorour, Cambridge; Tomb of Queen Elizabeth; at the foot, South Terrace and Round Tower, Windsor Castle.

OLD ENGLAND.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.—THE BRITISH PERIOD.



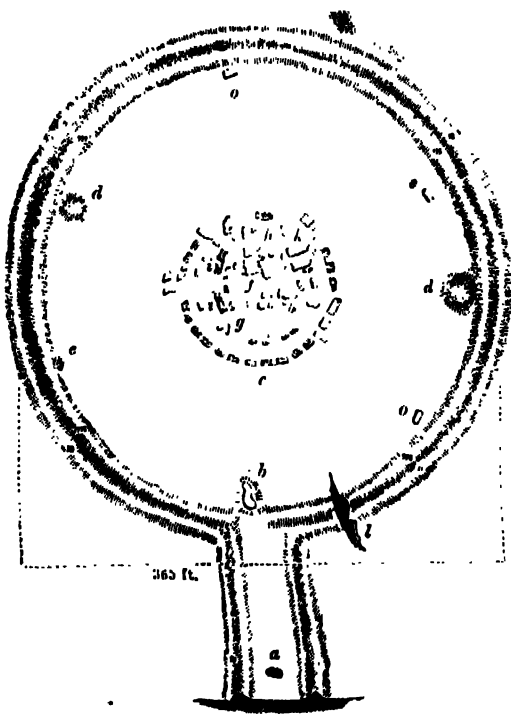
SALISBURY Plain—the Salisbury Plain of our own day—an elevated platform of chalk, extending as far as the eye can reach in broad downs where man would seem to have no abiding place, presents a series of objects as interesting in their degree as the sands where the pyramids and sphinxes of ancient Egypt have stood for countless generations. This plain would seem to be the cradle of English civilization. The works of man in the earliest ages of the world may be buried beneath the hills or the rivers; but we can trace back the labours of those who have tenanted the same soil as ourselves, to no more remote period than is indicated by the stone circles, the barrows, the earth-works, of Salisbury Plain and its immediate neighbourhood.

The great wonder of Salisbury Plain,—the most remarkable monument of antiquity in our island, if we take into account its comparative preservation as well as its grandeur—is Stonehenge. It is situated about seven miles north of Salisbury. It may be most conveniently approached from the little town of Amesbury. Passing by a noble Roman earth-work called the Camp of Vespasian, as we ascend out of the valley of the Avon, we gain an uninterrupted view of the undulating downs which surround us on every side. The name of *Plain* conveys an inadequate notion of the character of this singular district. The platform is not flat, as might be imagined; but ridge after ridge leads the eye onwards to the bolder hills of the extreme distance, or the last ridge is lost in the low horizon. The peculiar character of the scene is that of the most complete solitude. It is possible that a shepherd boy may be descried watching his flocks nibbling the short thymy grass with which the downs are everywhere covered; but, with the exception of a shed or a hovel, there is no trace of human dwelling. This peculiarity arises from the physical character of the district. It is not that man is not here, but that his abodes are hidden in the little valleys. On each bank of the Avon to the east of Stonehenge, villages and hamlets are found at every mile; and on the small branch of the Wyly to the west there is a cluster of parishes, each with its church, in whose names, such as *Orcheston Maries*, and *Shrawston Virgo*, we hail the tokens of institutions which left Stonehenge a ruin. We must not hastily conclude, therefore, that this great monument of antiquity was set up in an unpeopled region; and that, whatever might be its uses, it was visited only by pilgrims from far-off places. But the aspect of Stonehenge, as we have said, is that of entire solitude. The distant view is somewhat disappointing to the raised expectation. The hull of a large ship, motionless on a wide sea, with no object near by which to measure its bulk, appears an insignificant thing: it is a speck in the vastness by which it is surrounded. Approach that ship, and the largeness of its parts leads us to estimate the grandeur of the whole. So is it with Stonehenge. The vast plain occupies so much of the eye that even a large town set down upon it would appear a hamlet. But as we approach the pile, the mind gradually becomes impressed with its real character. It is now the *Chorea Gigantum*—the Choir of Giants; and the tradition that Merlin the Magician brought the stones from Ireland is felt to be a poetical homage to the greatness of the work.

• Keeping in view the ground-plan of Stonehenge in its present state (Fig. 1), we will ask the reader to follow us while we describe the appearance of the structure. Great blocks of stone, some of

which are standing and some prostrate, form the somewhat confused circular mass in the centre of the plan. The outermost shadowed circle represents an inner ditch, a vallum or bank, and an exterior ditch, *m*, *n*. The height of the bank is 15 feet; the diameter of the space enclosed within the bank is 300 feet. The section *l* shows their formation. To the north-east the ditch and bank run off into an avenue, a section of which is shown at *p*. At the distance of about 100 feet from the circular ditch is a large gray stone bent forward, *a*, which, in the dim light of the evening, looks like a gigantic human being in the attitude of supplication. The direct course of the avenue is impeded by a stone, *b*, which has fallen in the ditch. A similar single stone is found in corresponding monuments. In the line of the avenue at the point marked *c* is a supposed entrance to the first or outer circle of stones. At the points *d* near the ditch are two large cavities in the ground. There are two stones *e*, and two *v*, also near the ditch. It is conjectured by some, that these formed part of a circle which has been almost totally destroyed. The centre of the enclosed space is usually denominated the temple. It consists of an outer circle of stones, seventeen of which remain in their original position; and thirteen to the north-east, forming an uninterrupted segment of the circle, leave no doubt as to the form of the edifice. The restored plan of Dr. Stukeley (Fig. 2) shows the original number of stones in this outer circle to have been thirty; those shadowed on the plan are still remaining. The upright stones of the outer circle are 14 feet in height, and upon the tops of them has been carried throughout a continuous impost, as it is technically called, of large flat stones of the same width. This has not been a rude work, as we see in the structures called cromlechs, where a flat stone covers two or three uprights, without any nice adjustment: but at Stonehenge sufficient remains to show that the horizontal stones carefully fitted each other, so as to form each an arc of the circle; and that they were held firmly in their places by a deep mortice at each end, fitting upon the tenon of the uprights. This careful employment of the builder's art constitutes one of the remarkable peculiarities of Stonehenge. The blocks themselves are carefully hewn. It is not necessary to add to our wonder by adopting the common notion that the neighbouring country produces no such material. The same fine-grained sandstone of which the greater number of the masses consists, is found scattered upon the downs in the neighbourhood of Marlborough and Avebury. The stones of the second circle are, however, of a different character; and so is what is called the altar-stone, marked *f* on the ground-plan. Of the inner circle, enclosing a diameter of 83 feet, which appears to have consisted of much smaller stones without imposts, but about the same in number as the outer circle, there are very few stones remaining. There is a single fallen stone with two mortices *g*, which has led to the belief that there was some variation in the plan of the second circle, such as is indicated by the letter *a* on the restored plan. Within the second circle were five distinct erections, each consisting of two very large stones with an impost, with three smaller stones in advance of each: these have been called trilithons. That marked *h* in the ground-plan is the largest stone in the edifice, being 31 feet 6 inches in height. The two trilithons marked *i* are nearly perfect. The stones of the trilithon *k* are entire; but it fell prostrate as recently as 1797. The external appearance which the whole work would have if restored, is shown in the perspective elevation (Fig. 3). The internal arrangement is exhibited in the section (Fig. 4). The present appearance of the ruin from different points of view is shown in Figs. 5 and 6.

The description which we have thus given, brief as it is, may appear somewhat tedious; but it is necessary to understand the



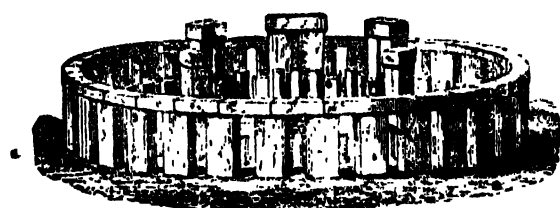
1.—Ground Plan of Stonehenge in its present state.



5.—Stonehenge.



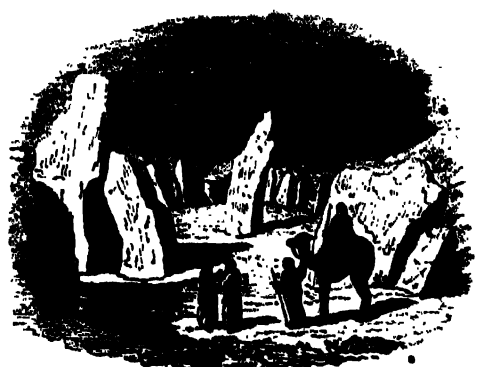
6.—Stonehenge.



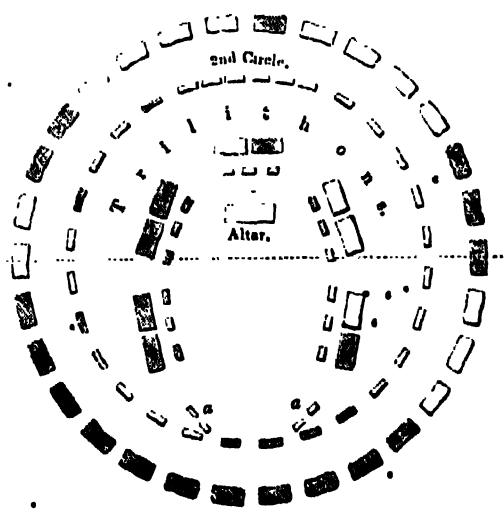
3.—Stonehenge.—Perspective Elevation restored.



4.—Stonehenge: section 1 to 2 (Restored Plan, Fig. 2), 105 feet.



7.—Druidical Circle at Dorset.



2.—Stonehenge.—Restored Plan.



8.—Druidical Stone in Persia.



10.—Astronomical Instrument.



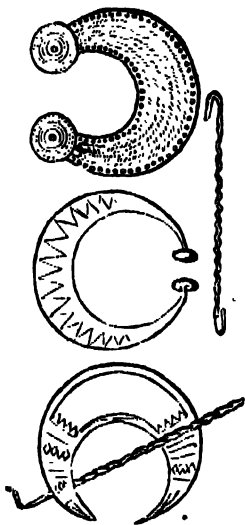
17.—Sarnum Pict.



13.—Two Druids. Bas-relief found at Autun.



15.—Group of Arch-Druids and Druids.



11.—Druidical Ornaments.



16.—Ancient British Weapons of bone and flint.



12.—Gaulish Deity. Hesus.



9.—Druidical Circle of Jersey.



11.—Gaulish Deity. Cernunnos.

general plan and some of the details of every great work of art, of whatever age, ruinous or entire, before the mind can properly apply itself to the associations which belong to it. In Stonehenge this course is more especially necessary; for however the imagination may be impressed by the magnitude of those masses of stone which still remain in their places, by the grandeur even of the fragments confused or broken in their fall, by the consideration of the vast labour required to bring such ponderous substances to this desolate spot, and by surmise of the nature of the mechanical skill by which they were lifted up and placed in order and proportion, it is not till the entire plan is fully comprehended that we can properly surrender ourselves to the contemplations which belong to this remarkable scene. It is then, when we can figure to ourselves a perfect structure, composed of such huge materials symmetrically arranged, and possessing, therefore, that beauty which is the result of symmetry, that we can satisfactorily look back through the dim light of history or tradition to the object for which such a structure was destined. The belief now appears tolerably settled that Stonehenge was a temple of the Druids. It differs, however, from all other Druidical remains, in the circumstance that greater mechanical art was employed in its construction, especially in the superincumbent stones of the outer circle and of the trilithons, from which it is supposed to derive its name; *stan* being the Saxon for a stone, and *heng* to hang or support. From this circumstance it is maintained that Stonehenge is of the very latest ages of Druidism; and that the Druids that wholly belonged to the ante-historic period followed the example of those who observed the command of the law: "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." (Exodus, chap. xx.) Regarding Stonehenge as a work of masonry and architectural proportions, Inigo Jones came to the conclusion that it was a Roman Temple of the Tuscan order. This was an architect's dream. Antiquaries, with less of taste and fancy than Inigo Jones, have had their dreams also about Stonehenge, almost as wild as the legend of Merlin flying away with the stones from the Curragh of Kildare. Some attribute its erection to the Britons after the invasion of the Romans. Some bring it down to as recent a period as that of the usurping Danes. Others again carry it back to the early days of the Phœnicians. The first notice of Stonehenge is found in the writings of Nennius, who lived in the ninth century of the Christian era. He says that at the spot where Stonehenge stands a conference was held between Hengist and Vortigern, at which Hengist treacherously murdered four hundred and sixty British nobles, and that their mourning survivors erected the temple to commemorate the fatal event. Mr. Davies, a modern writer upon Celtic antiquities, holds that Stonehenge was the place of this conference between the British and Saxon princes, on account of its venerable antiquity and peculiar sanctity. There is a passage in Diodorus Siculus, quoted from Hecateus, which describes a round temple in Britain dedicated to Apollo; and this Mr. Davies concludes to have been Stonehenge. By another writer, Dr. Smith, Stonehenge is maintained to have been "the grand orrery of the Druids," representing, by combinations of its stones, the ancient solar year, the lunar month, the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the seven planets. Lastly, Stonehenge has been pronounced to be a temple of Budha, the Druids being held to be a race of emigrated Indian philosophers.

Startling as this last assertion may appear to be, a variety of facts irresistibly lead to the conclusion that the circles, the stones of memorial, the cromlechs, and other monuments of the highest antiquity in these islands, have a distinct resemblance to other monuments of the same character scattered over Asia and Europe, and even found in the New World, which appear to have had a common origin. In Great Britain and Ireland, in Jersey and Guernsey, in France, in Germany in Denmark and Sweden, such monuments are found extensively dispersed. They are found also, though more rarely, in the Netherlands, Portugal, and Malta; in Gozo and Phœnicia. But their presence is also unquestionable in Malabar, in India, in Palestine, in Persia. Figures 7 and 8 represent a Druidical circle, and a single upright stone standing alone near the circle, which are described by Sir William Ouseley as seen by him at Darab, in the province of Fars, in Persia. Our engravings are copied from those in Sir William Ouseley's book. We have placed them upon the same page with the representations of Stonehenge. If we had obliterated the Oriental figures, a superficial observation might easily receive them as representations of Stonehenge from another point of view. The circle of stones at Darab is surrounded by a wide and deep ditch and a high bank of earth; there is a central stone, and a single upright stone at some distance from the main group. The resemblance of the circle at Darab to

the general arrangement of Stonehenge, and other similar monuments of Europe, led Sir William Ouseley to the natural conclusion that a "British Antiquary might be almost authorised to pronounce it Druidical, according to the general application of the word among us." At Darab there is a peculiarity which is not found at Stonehenge, at least in its existing state. Under several of the stones there are recesses, or small caverns. In this particular, and in the general rudeness of its construction, the circle of Darab resembles the Druidical circle of Jersey (9), although the circle there is very much smaller, and the stones of very inconsiderable dimensions,—a copy in miniature of such vast works as those of Stonehenge and Avebury. This singular monument, which was found buried under the earth, was removed some fifty years ago by General Conway, to his seat near Henley, the stones being placed in his garden according to the original plan.

When we open the great store-house not only of divine truth but of authentic history, we find the clearest record that circles of stone were set up for sacred and solemn purposes. The stones which were taken by Joshua out of the bed of the Jordan, and set up in Gilgal, supply the most remarkable example. The name Gilgal itself signifies a circle. Gilgal subsequently became a place not only of sacred observances, but for the more solemn acts of secular government. It was long a controversy, idle enough as such controversies generally are, whether Stonehenge was appropriated to religious or to civil purposes. If it is to be regarded as a Druidical monument, the discussion is altogether needless; for the Druids were, at one and the same time, the ministers of religion, the legislators, the judges, amongst the people. The account which Julius Cæsar gives of the Druids of Gaul, marked as it is by his usual clearness and sagacity, may be received without hesitation as a description of the Druids of Britain: for he says, "the system of Druidism is thought to have been formed in Britain, and from thence carried over into Gaul; and now those who wish to be more accurately versed in it for the most part go thither (*i. e.* to Britain) in order to become acquainted with it." Nothing can be more explicit than his account of the mixed office of the Druids: "They are the ministers of sacred things; they have the charge of sacrifices, both public and private; they give directions for the ordinances of religious worship (*religionem interpretantur*). A great number of young men resort to them for the purpose of instruction in their system, and they are held in the highest reverence. For it is they who determine most disputes, whether of the affairs of the state or of individuals: and if any crime has been committed, if a man has been slain, if there is a contest concerning an inheritance or the boundaries of their lands, it is the Druids who settle the matter: they fix rewards and punishments: if any one, whether in an individual or public capacity, refuses to abide by their sentence, they forbid him to come to the sacrifices. This punishment is among them very severe; those on whom this interdiction is laid are accounted among the unholy and accursed; all fly from them, and shun their approach and their conversation, lest they should be injured by their very touch; they are placed out of the pale of the law, and excluded from all offices of honour." After noticing that a chief Druid, whose office is for life, presides over the rest, Cæsar mentions a remarkable circumstance which at once accounts for the selection of such a spot as Sarum Plain, for the erection of a great national monument, a temple, and a seat of justice:—"These Druids hold a meeting at a certain time of the year in a consecrated spot in the country of the Carnutes (people in the neighbourhood of Chartres), which country is considered to be in the centre of all Gaul. Hither assemble all from every part who have a litigation, and submit themselves to their determination and sentence." At Stonehenge, then, we may place the seat of such an assize. There were roads leading direct over the plain to the great British towns of Winchester and Silchester. Across the plain, at a distance not exceeding twenty miles, was the great temple and Druidical settlement of Avebury. The town and hill-fort of Sarum was close at hand (23). Over the dry chalky downs, intersected by a few streams easily forded, might pilgrims resort from all the surrounding country. The seat of justice which was also the seat of the highest religious solemnity, would necessarily be rendered as magnificent as a rude art could accomplish. Stonehenge might be of a later period than Avebury, with its mighty circles and long avenues of unhewn pillars; but it might also be of the same period,—the one distinguished by its vastness, the other by its beauty of proportion. The justice executed in that judgment-seat was, according to ancient testimony, bloody and terrible. The religious rites were debased into the fearful sacrifices of a cruel idolatry. But it is impossible not to feel that at the bottom of these superstitions there was a deep reverence for what was high and spiritual: that not only

were the Druids the instructors of youth, but the preservers and disseminators of science, the proclaimers of an existence beyond this finite and material world—idolaters, but nevertheless teaching something nobler than what belongs to the mere senses, in the midst of their idolatry. We give entire what Cæsar says of the religious system of this remarkable body of men:—

“It is especially the object of the Druids to inculcate this—that souls do not perish, but after death pass into other bodies: and they consider that by this belief more than anything else men may be led to cast away the fear of death, and to become courageous. They discuss, moreover, many points concerning the heavenly bodies and their motion, the extent of the universe and the world, the nature of things, the influence and ability of the immortal gods; and they instruct the youth in these things.

“The whole nation of the Gauls is much addicted to religious observances, and, on that account, those who are attacked by any of the more serious diseases, and those who are involved in the dangers of warfare, either offer human sacrifices or make a vow that they will offer them; and they employ the Druids to officiate at these sacrifices; for they consider that the favour of the immortal gods cannot be conciliated unless the life of one man be offered up for that of another: they have also sacrifices of the same kind appointed on behalf of the state. Some have images of enormous size, the limbs of which they make of wicker-work, and fill with living men, and setting them on fire, the men are destroyed by the flames. They consider that the torture of those who have been taken in the commission of theft or open robbery, or in any crime, is more agreeable to the immortal gods; but when there is not a sufficient number of criminals, they scruple not to inflict this torture on the innocent.

“The chief deity whom they worship is Mercury; of him they have many images, and they consider him to be the inventor of all arts, their guide in all their journeys, and that he has the greatest influence in the pursuit of wealth and the affairs of commerce. Next to him they worship Apollo and Mars, and Jupiter and Minerva; and nearly resemble other nations in their views respecting these, as that Apollo wards off diseases, that Minerva communicates the rudiments of manufactures and manual arts, that Jupiter is the ruler of the celestials, that Mars is the god of war. To Mars, when they have determined to engage in a pitched battle, they commonly devote whatever spoil they may take in the war. After the contest, they slay all living creatures that are found among the spoil; the other things they gather into one spot. In many states, heaps raised of these things in consecrated places may be seen: nor does it often happen that any one is so unscrupulous as to conceal at home any part of the spoil, or take it away when deposited: a very heavy punishment with torture is denounced against that crime.

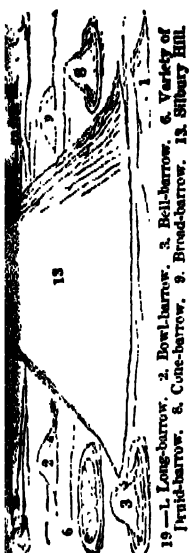
“All the Gauls declare that they are descended from Father Dis (or Pluto), and this, they say, has been handed down by the Druids: for this reason, they distinguish all spaces of time not by the number of days, but of nights; they so regulate their birth-days, and the beginning of the months and years, that the days shall come after the night.”*

The precise description which Cæsar has left us of the religion of the Druids—a religion which, whatever doubts may have been thrown upon the subject, would appear to have been the prevailing religion of ancient Britain, from the material monuments which are spread through the country, and from the more durable records of popular superstitions—is different in some particulars which have been supplied to us by other writers. According to Cæsar, the Druids taught that the soul of man did not perish with his perishable body, but passed into other bodies. But the language of other writers, Mela, Diodorus Siculus, and Ammianus Marcellinus, would seem to imply that the Druids held the doctrine of the immortality of the soul as resting upon a nobler principle than that described by Cæsar. They believed, according to the express statement of Ammianus Marcellinus, that the future existence of the spirit was in another world. The substance of their religious system, according to Diogenes Laertius, was comprised in their three precepts—to worship the gods, to do no evil, and to act with courage. It is held by some that they had a secret doctrine for the initiated, whilst their ritual observances were addressed to the grosser senses of the multitude; and that this doctrine was the belief in one God. Their veneration for groves and of oak and for sacred fountains was an expression of that natural worship which sees the source of all good in the beautiful forms with which the earth is clothed. The sanctity of the mistletoe, the watch-fires of spring and summer and autumn, traces of which observances still remain amongst us, were

* Cæsar de Bell. Gall., lib. vi. Our translation is that of the article “Britannia,” in the Penny Cyclopædia.

tributes to the bounty of the All-giver, who alone could make the growth, the ripening, and the gathering of the fruits of the earth propitious. The sun and the moon regulated their festivals, and there is little doubt formed part of their outward worship. An astronomical instrument found in Ireland (Fig. 10) is held to represent the moon's orbit and the phases of the planets. They worshipped, too, according to Cæsar, the divinities of Greece and Rome, such as Mars and Apollo: but Cæsar does not give us their native names. He probably found ascribed to these British gods like attributes of wisdom and of power as those of Rome, and so gave them Roman names. Under the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, were found in the last century two bas-reliefs of Celtic deities, the one Cernunnos (Fig. 11), the other Hesus (Fig. 12), corresponding to the Roman Mars. Other writers confirm Cæsar's account of their human sacrifices. This is the most revolting part of the Druidical superstition. The shuddering with which those who live under a pure revelation must regard such fearful corruptions of the principle of devotion, which in some form or other seems an essential part of the constitution of the human faculties, produced this description of Stonehenge from the pen of a laborious and pious antiquary, Mr. King:—“Although my mind was previously filled with determined aversion, and a degree of horror, on reflecting upon the abominations of which this spot must have been the scene, and to which it even gave occasion, in the later periods of Druidism, yet it was impossible not to be struck, in the still of the evening, whilst the moon's pale light illumined all, with a reverential awe, at the solemn appearance produced by the different shades of this immense group of astonishing masses of rock, artificially placed, impending over head with threatening aspect, bewildering the mind with the almost inextricable confusion of their relative situations with respect to each other, and from their rudeness, as well as from their prodigious bulk, conveying at one glance all the ideas of stupendous greatness that could be well assembled together.” And yet the “determined aversion and degree of horror” thus justly felt, and strongly expressed, might be mitigated by the consideration that in nations wholly barbarous the slaughter of prisoners of war is indiscriminate, but that the victim of the sacrifice is the preserver of the mass. If the victims once slain on the Druidical altars were culprits sacrificed to offended justice, the blood-stained stone of the sacred circle might find a barbarous parallel in the scaffold and the gibbet of modern times. Even such fearful rites, if connected with something nobler than the mere vengeance of man upon his fellows, are an advance in civilization, and they are not wholly inconsistent with that rude cultivation of our spiritual being which existed under the glimmerings of natural impulses, before the clear light of heaven descended upon the earth.

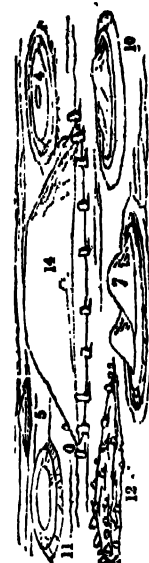
We stand without the bank of Stonehenge, and we look upon the surrounding plains, a prospect wide as the sea. We walk along the avenue previously noticed which extends for the third of a mile on the north-east. It then divides into two branches, the northward of which leads to what is called the cursus. This is a flat tract of land, bounded on each side by banks and ditches. It is more than a mile and five furlongs in length. Antiquaries have not settled whether it was a more recent Roman work or an appendage to the Druidical Stonehenge. At either extremity of the cursus are found what are called barrows. The southern branch of the avenue runs between two rows of barrows. On every side of Stonehenge we are surrounded with barrows. Wherever we cast our eyes we see these grassy mounds lifting up their heads in various forms (Fig. 18). Some are of the shape of bowls, and some of bells; some are oval, others nearly triangular; some present a broad but slight elevation of a circular form, surrounded by a bank and a ditch (Figs. 19, 20, 21, and 22). The form of others is so feebly marked that they can be scarcely traced, except by the shadows which they cast in the morning and evening sun. This is the great burial-place of generations long passed away. Spenser tells us, according to the old legends, that a long line of British kings here lie entombed. Milton, in his History, relates their story, “Be it for nothing else but in favour of our English poets and rhetoricians.” The poets had used these legends before Milton collected them. If the old kings were here buried, though their very existence be now treated as a fable, they have wondrous monuments which have literally survived those of brass and stone. Unquestionably there were distinctions of rank and of sex amongst those who were here entombed. Their graves have been unmolested by the various spoilers who have ravaged the land; and, what is more important to their preservation, the plough has spared them, in these chalky downs which rarely repay the labours of cultivation. But the antiquary, has broken into them with his spade and his mattock, and he has established their sepulchral character, and the peculiarities of their sepulture. Sir



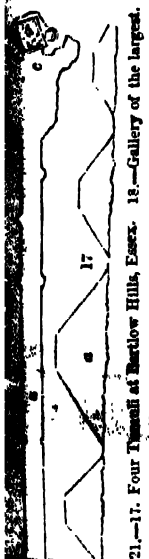
13.—1. Long-barrow. 2. Bowl-barrow. 3. Bell-barrow. 4. Variety of Druid-barrow. 5. Cone-barrow. 6. Broad-barrow. 7. Siltary Hill.



18.—a, Long Barrow. b, c, Druid Barrows. d, Bell-shaped Barrow. e, Conical Barrow. f, Twin Barrow.



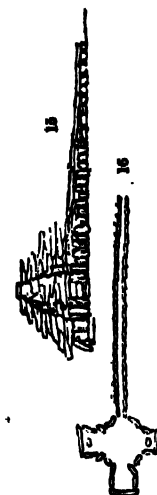
20.—1, 10, 11. Varieties of Druid Barrow. 2. Another variety. 3. Twin-barrow. 4. Tumulus called Mill-barrow. 5. Tumulus, New Grange, Drogheda.



21.—17. Four Tunnels at Bartlow Hills, Essex. 18.—Gallery of the largest.



23.—Remains of Old Saturn.



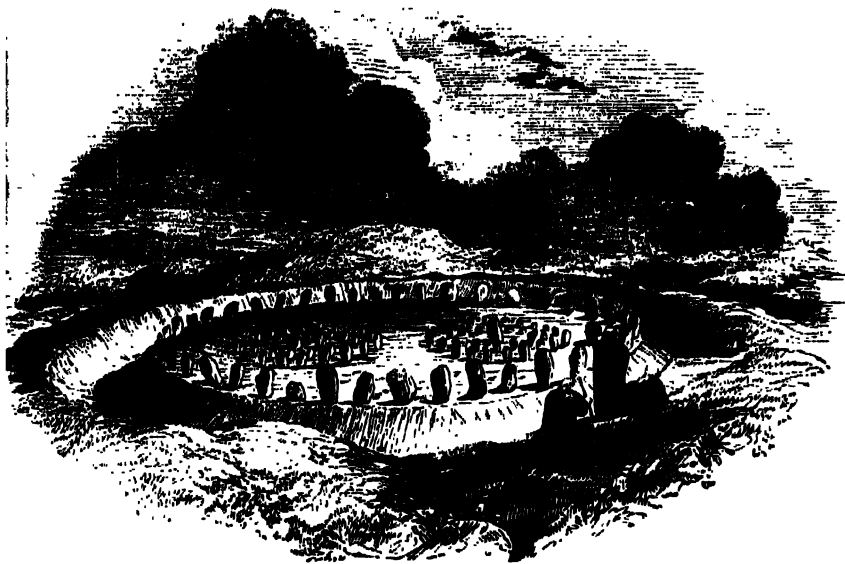
22.—15, 16. Galleries at New Grange, Plan and Section.

Flint Arrow-Heads

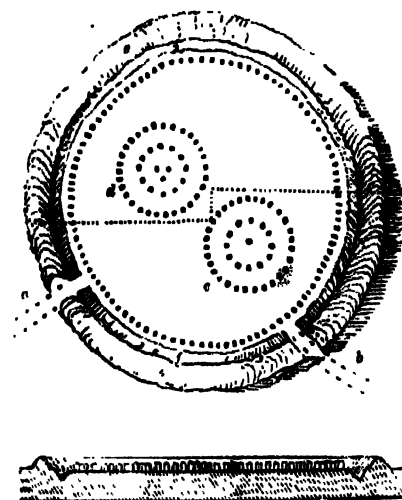
- 1. Flint Arrow-Head.
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- 16. Necklace of Shells.
- 17. Beads of Glass.
- 18. Ivory Ornament.
- 19. Nippers.
- 20. Stone for Sling.
- 21. Stone to sharpen bone.
- 22. Ring Amulet.
- 23. Breastplate of Blue Slate.
- 24. Incense Cup.
- 25. Ditto.
- 26. Ditto.
- 27. Whetstone.
- 28 to 32. Urns.
- 33 to 37. Drinking-Cups.



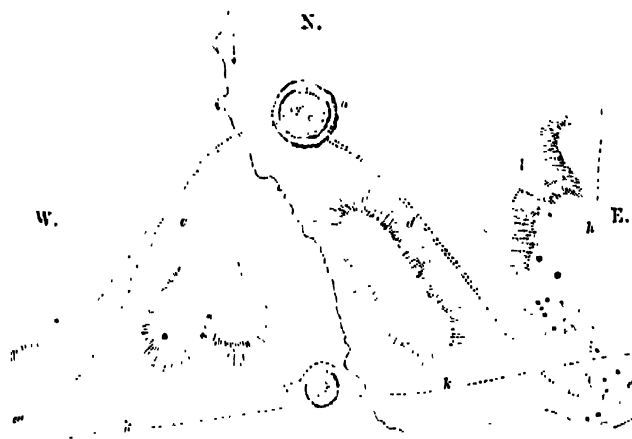
25.—General View of Abury - restored



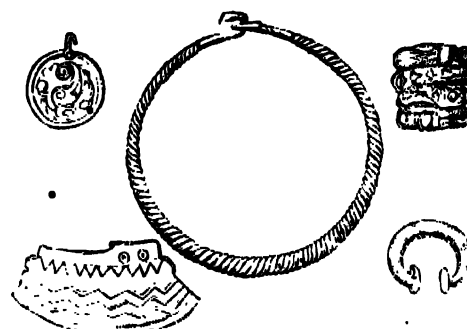
26.—Abury. Plan and Section.



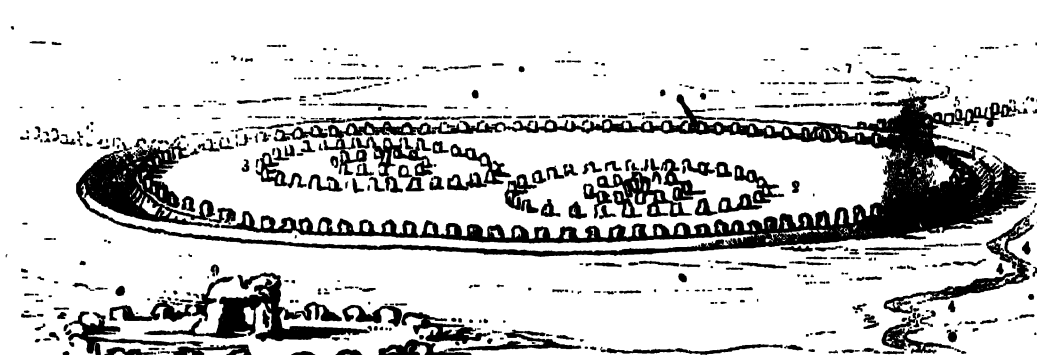
28.—Arch-Druid in his full Judicial Costume.



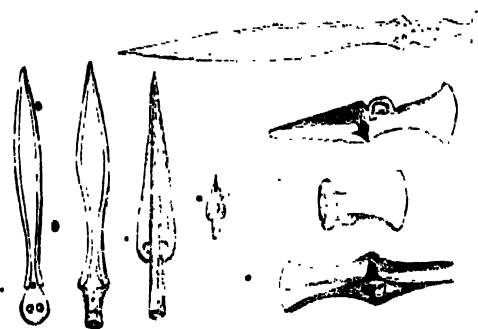
27.—Abury, Extended Plan.



30.—Ornaments and Patterns of the Ancient Britons.



29.—Abury. Bird's-eye view from the North



31.—British Weapons of Bronze, in their earliest and improved state.

Richard Colt Hoare, who devoted a life to the examination of the antiquities of Wiltshire, justly says: "We must not consider every barrow as a mere tumulus, or mound, loosely or fortuitously thrown up: but must rather view them as works of evident design, and executed with the greatest symmetry and precision." These remarkable monuments contain not only the bones and the ashes of the dead, but various articles of utility and ornament, domestic utensils, weapons of war, decorations of the person, perhaps insignia of honour (Figs. 13 and 14), the things which contributed to comfort, to security, and to the graces of life (Fig. 24). Mela says that the Druidical belief in a future state led the people to bury with the dead things useful to the living. The contents of these barrows indicate different stages of the arts. In some there are spear-heads and arrow-heads of flint and bone (Fig. 16); in others brass and iron are employed for the same weapons. In some the earthen vessels are rudely fashioned, and appear to have been dried in the sun; in others they are of regular form, as if produced by the lathe, and are baked and ornamented. But whatever be the difference in the comparative antiquity of these barrows, it is a remarkable fact that in those of South Wiltshire, which have nearly all been explored, nothing whatever has been discovered which could indicate that this mode of sepulture was practised after the Roman dominion had commenced in Britain. The coins of the conquerors of the world are not here to be looked for.

Towards the northern extremity of that extensive range of chalky downs which, whether called Salisbury Plain or Marlborough Downs, present the same geological character, we find the seat of one of the most remarkable monuments of the ancient inhabitants of this island. About a mile to the north of the great road from Bath to London is the village of Avebury or Avebury. A traveller unacquainted with the history of this little village, lying in its peaceful obscurity on the banks of the Kennet, out of the common way of traffic, might walk through it almost without noticing the vast blocks of stone which lie scattered at very irregular distances amongst its ploughed fields, or stand, as if defying time and man, close by the farmer's homestead. Year after year has their number been diminished; so that if we had only now begun to judge of the whole from its remaining parts, the great temple of Avebury might have appeared to the incredulous eye little more than the imaginative creation of confiding antiquarianism. Upon the neighbouring downs there are large blocks of stone lying here and there, and seeming perhaps as symmetrically arranged as the remains of Avebury. The shepherds call them the Grey Wethers, a name which implies that they have an affinity to natural objects. Man, indeed, has not disturbed their rest since they were thrown on these downs like pebbles cast by the Titans. The land upon which the Grey Wethers lie is too barren for culture; but the soil of Avebury rendered the great Druidical temple an incumbrance upon its fertility. For two centuries we can trace the course of its destruction. Gibson describes it as "a monument more considerable in itself than known to the world. For a village of the same name being built within the circumference of it, and, by the way, out of its stones too, what by gardens, orchards, enclosures, and the like, the prospect is so interrupted that it is very hard to discover the form of it." The good old gossip Aubrey saw the place in 1648, and Charles the Second desired him to write an account of it in 1663. The King himself went to see it in that year; and perhaps we can have no better evidence than this of the remarkable character of the structure; for Charles, we imagine, would be as sceptical as Edie Ochiltree* about the existence of circles, and avenues, and altar-stones, and cromlechs, whose plan could be indicated only by a few crumbling sand-stones. Gibson, continuing his very brief notice of Avebury, says, "It is environed by an extraordinary vallum, or rampire, as great and as high as that at Winchester; and within it is a graff (ditch or moat) of a depth and breadth proportionable. . . . The graff hath been surrounded all along the edge of it with large stones pitched on end, most of which are now taken away; but some marks remaining give liberty for a conjecture, that they stood quite round." In Aubrey's time, sixty-three stones which he describes, were standing within the entrenched enclosure. Dr. Stukeley made a minute examination of Avebury, from 1719 to 1724. His work, 'Avebury, a Temple of the British Druids,' was published in 1743. King says, "In Dr. Stukeley's time, when the destruction of the whole for the purpose of building was going on so rapidly, still forty-four of the stones of the great outward circle were left, and many of the pillars of the great avenue: and a great cromlech was in being, the upper stone of which he himself saw broken and carried away, the fragments of it alone making no less than twenty

* "Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the bigging o't."—Scott's *Antiquary*.

good cartloads." In 1812, according to Sir Richard Hoare, only seventeen of the stones remained within the great enclosure. Their number has been since still further reduced. The barbarism of the Turks, who burned the marble monuments of Greece for lime, may find a parallel in the stone-breakers of Avebury, and in many other stone-breakers and stone-defacers,—the beautifiers as bad as the destroyers,—in our own country, and almost in our own day.

Dr. Stukeley, who brought to the study of these early antiquities something similar to the genius by which a naturalist can discover the structure of a fossil animal by the formation of a tooth or a claw, has given us some very complete plans for the restoration of Avebury; and although he has been sometimes held to be enthusiastic and credulous, there is such sound foundation for his conjectures in this particular case, that antiquarians are pretty well agreed to speak of Avebury, as it was, upon his authority. His admiration of this monument is, as we might expect, somewhat exaggerated. Aubrey said, "These antiquities are so exceedingly old that no books do reach them; I can affirm that I have brought this temple from utter darkness into a thin mist." But Stukeley endeavours to bring the original structure of the building into the clear light of day; and to describe it as perspicuously as if the ground-plans of the Arch-Druid architect were lying before him. We may smile at this; but we must not forget that the elements of such an erection are very simple. No one doubts about the great circular vallum and ditch which surround the principal work. It was there when Aubrey wrote; it remains to this day, however broken and obscured. The plan (Fig. 26) exhibits this bank *e* with the ditch *f*: immediately within the ditch was a circle of stones, dotted on the plan. This circle is stated to have been composed of a hundred stones, many from fifteen to seventeen feet in height, but some much smaller, and others considerably higher, of vast breadth, in some cases equal to the height. The distance between each stone was about twenty-seven feet. The circle of stones was about thirteen hundred feet in diameter. The inner slope of the bank measured eighty feet. Its circumference at the top is stated by Sir Richard Hoare to be four thousand four hundred and forty-two feet. The area thus enclosed exceeds twenty-eight acres. Half-way up the bank was a sort of terrace walk of great breadth. Dimensions such as these at once impress us with notions of vastness and magnificence. But they approach to sublimity when we imagine a mighty population standing upon this immense circular terrace, and looking with awe and reverence upon the religious and judicial rites that were performed within the area. The Roman amphitheatres are petty things compared with the enormous circle of Avebury. Looking over the hundred columns, the spectators would see, within, two other circular temples, marked *c* and *d*; of the more northerly of these double circles some stones of immense size are still standing. The great central stone of *c*, more than twenty feet high, was standing in 1713. In 1720 enough remained decidedly to show their original formation. The general view (Fig. 25) is a restoration formed upon the plan (Fig. 26). Upon that plan there are two openings through the bank and ditch, *a* and *b*. These are connected with a peculiarity of Avebury, such as is found in no other monument, of those called Celtic, although near Penrith a long avenue of granite stones formerly existed. At these entrances two lines of upright stones branched off, each extending for more than a mile. These avenues are exhibited in the plan (Fig. 27). That running to the south and south-east *d*, from the great temple *a*, terminated at *e*, in an elliptical range of upright stones. It consisted, according to Stukeley, of two hundred stones. The oval thus terminating this avenue was placed on a hill called the Haken, or Overton Hill. Crossing this is an old British track-way *h*. Barrows, dotted on the plan, are scattered all around. The western avenue *c*, extending nearly a mile and a half towards Beckhampton, consisted also of about two hundred stones, terminating in a single stone. It has been held that these avenues, running in curved lines, are emblematic of the serpent-worship, one of the most primitive and widely extended superstitions of the human race. Conjoined with this worship was the worship of the sun, according to those who hold that the whole construction of Avebury was emblematic of the idolatry of primitive Druidism. The high ground to the south of Avebury within the avenues is indicated upon the plan (Fig. 27.) Upon that plan is also marked *f*, a most remarkable monument of the British period, Silbury Hill, of which Sir R. Hoare says, "There can be no doubt it was one of the component parts of the grand temple at Avebury, not a sepulchral mound raised over the bones and ashes of a king or arch-druid. Its situation, opposite to the temple, and nearly in the centre between the two avenues, seems in some degree to warrant this supposition." The Roman road *k* from Bath to London passes close under Silbury Hill, diverging from the usual straight line

instead of being cut through this colossal mound. The bird's-eye view (Fig. 28) exhibits the restoration of Abury and its neighbourhood somewhat more clearly. 1 is the circumvallated bank, 2 and 3 the inner temples, 4 the river Kennet, 5 and 6 the avenues, 7 Silbury Hill, 8 a large barrow, 9 a cromlech.

Silbury Hill (Fig. 32) is the largest artificial mound in Europe. It is not so large as the mound of Alyattes in Asia Minor, which Herodotus has described and a modern traveller has ridden round. It is of greater dimensions than the second pyramid of Egypt. Stukeley is too ardent in the contemplation of this wonder of his own land when he says, "I have no scruple to affirm it is the most magnificent mausoleum in the world, without excepting the Egyptian pyramids." But an artificial hill which covers five acres and thirty-four perches; which at the circumference of the base measures two thousand and twenty-seven feet; whose diameter at top is one hundred and twenty feet, its sloping height three hundred and sixteen feet, and its perpendicular height one hundred and seven feet, is indeed a stupendous monument of human labour, of which the world can show very few such examples. There can be no doubt whatever that the hill is entirely artificial. The great earth-works of a modern railway are the results of labour, assisted by science and stimulated by capital, employing itself for profit; but Silbury Hill in all likelihood was a gigantic effort of what has been called hero-worship, a labour for no direct or immediate utility, but to preserve the memory of some ruler, or lawgiver, or warrior, or priest. Multitudes lent their aid in the formation; and shouted or wept around it, when it had settled down into solidity under the dews and winds, and its slopes were covered with ever-springing grass. If it were a component part of the temple at Abury, it is still to be regarded, even more than the gathering together of the stone circles and avenues of that temple, as the work of great masses of the people labouring for some elevating and heart-stirring purpose. Their worship might be blind, cruel, guided by crafty men who governed them by terror or by delusion. But these enduring monuments show the existence of some great and powerful impulses which led the people to achieve mighty things. There was a higher principle at work amongst them, however abused and perverted, than that of individual selfishness. The social principle was built upon some sort of reverence, whether of man, or of beings held to preside over the destinies of man.

It requires no antiquarian knowledge to satisfy the observer of the great remains of Stonehenge and Abury, that they are works of art, in the strict sense of the word—originating in design, having proportion of parts, adapted to the institutions of the period to which they belonged, calculated to affect with awe and wonder the imagination of the people that assembled around them. But there are many remarkable groups of immense stones, and single stones, in various parts of England, which, however artificial they may appear, are probably wholly or in part natural productions. Some of these objects have involved great differences of opinion. For instance, the Rock of Carnbré, or Karn-bré, near Truro, is held by Borlase, in his 'Antiquities of Cornwall,' to be strewed all over with Druidical remains. He says, "In this hill of Karn-bré, we find rock-basins, circles, stones erect, remains of cromlechs, cairns, a grove of oaks, a cave, and an inclosure, ~~not~~ of military, but religious, structure; and these are evidences sufficient of its having been a place of Druid worship; of which it may be some confirmation, that the town, about half a mile across the brook, which runs at the bottom of this hill, was anciently called Red-drew, or, more rightly, Ryd-drew, i. e., the Druid's Ford, or crossing of the brook."

The little castle at the top of the hill is called by Borlase a British fortress (Fig. 33); and in this point some antiquaries are inclined to agree with him. But they for the most part hold that his notions of circles, and stones erect, and cromlechs, are altogether visionary; and that the remarkable appearances of these rocks are produced by the unassisted operations of nature. It is certain, however, that about a century ago an immense number of gold coins were discovered on this hill, which bear no traces of Roman art; and which, having the forms of something like a horse and a wheel impressed upon them, Borlase thinks allude to the chariot-fighting of the British, being coined before the invasion of Caesar. Davies in his 'Mythology and Rites of the British Druids,' considers them to be Druidical coins; the supposed horse being a mystical combination of a bird, a mare, and a ship,—“a symbol of Kéd or Ceridwen, the Arkite goddess, or Ceres of the Britons.” It is unnecessary for us to pursue these dark and unsatisfactory inquiries. We mention them to point out how full of doubt and difficulty is the whole subject of the superstitions of our British ancestors. But wherever we can find distinct traces of their work, we discover something far above the conceptions of mere barbarians—great

monuments originating in the direction of some master minds, and adapted by them to the habits and the feelings of the body of the people. The Druidical circles, as we have shown, are not confined to England or Scotland. On the opposite shores of Brittany the great remains of Carnac exhibit a structure of far greater extent even than Abury. "Carnac is infinitely more extensive than Stonehenge, but of ruder formation; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and displaced; they consist of eleven rows of unwrought pieces of rock or stone, merely set up on end in the earth, without any pieces crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height; there may be some few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen paces from each other, extending in length (taking rather a semicircular direction) above half a mile, on unequal ground, and towards one end upon a hilly site. When the length of these rows is considered, there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and there are eleven rows: this will give you some idea of the immensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required. It is said that there are above four thousand stones now remaining." (Mrs. Stothard's 'Tour in Normandy and Brittany.') It is easy to understand how the same religion prevailing in neighbouring countries might produce monuments of a similar character; but we find the same in the far East, in lands separated from ours by pathless deserts and wide seas. So it is with those remarkable structures, the Round Towers of Ireland; which were considered ancient even in the twelfth century. Many of these towers are still perfect. They are varied in their construction, and their height is very different; but they all agree in their general external appearance, tapering from the base to a conical cap or roof, which forms the summit. They are almost invariably found close to an ancient Christian church; which is accounted for by the fact that the sites of pagan worship were usually chosen by the early missionaries for rearing a holier structure, which should reclaim the people from their superstitious reverence, to found that reverence upon the truths which were purifying the lands of classic paganism. The Round Tower of Donoughmore (Fig. 35) is one of these singular monuments. "The only structures that have been anywhere found similar to the Irish Round Towers are in certain countries of the remote East, and especially in India and Persia. This would seem to indicate a connexion between these countries and Ireland, the probability of which, it has been attempted to show, is corroborated by many other coincidences of language, of religion, and of customs, as well as by the voice of tradition, and the light, though faint and scattered, which is thrown up on the subject by the records of history. The period of the first civilization of Ireland then would, under this view be placed in the same early age of the world which appears to have witnessed, in those Oriental countries, a highly-advanced condition of the arts and sciences, as well as flourishing institutions of religions and civil polity, which have also, in a similar manner, decayed and passed away." ('Pictorial History of England.') The same reasoning may be applied to the Druidical circles, of which the resemblances are as striking, in countries far removed from any knowledge of the customs of aboriginal Britons.

About seven miles south of Bristol is a small parish called Stanton Drew. The name is held to mean the Stone Town of the Druids. Stukeley was of opinion that the Druidical monument at this place was more ancient than Abury. The temple is held to have consisted of three circles, a large central circle, and two smaller ones. Of the larger circle five stones are still remaining; and of the smaller ones still more. Stanton Drew was described in 1718, by Dr. Musgrave, and afterwards by Stukeley. The stones had suffered great dilapidation in their time; and the process of breaking them up for roads has since gone forward with uninterrupted diligence. They are very rude in their forms, as will be seen by reference to the engraving (Fig. 34). That marked *a* is singular in its ruggedness. The stone *b* inclines towards the north, and its present position is supposed to be its original one: in its general appearance of bending forward, it is not unlike the single stone in the avenue at Stonehenge. The stone *c* differs greatly from the others, in being square and massive. The large stone, *d*, is prostrate; it is fifteen feet and a half in length. The engraving represents not the circular arrangement, but remarkable separate stones, of which *e* is at a considerable distance from either of the circles. The largest stones are much inferior in their dimensions to those at Stonehenge and Abury. The smaller ones lie scattered about at very irregular distances; and it certainly requires a great deal of antiquarian faith to find the circles which are traced with such infallible certainty by early and recent writers. It is very different with Abury and Stonehenge. The country people have their own traditions about



32.—Silbury Hill in Wiltshire.



35.—Round Tower at Donoughmore.



33.—Corbire Castle.





36.—Kit's Coty House, near Aylesford, Kent.



37.—Kit's Coty House.



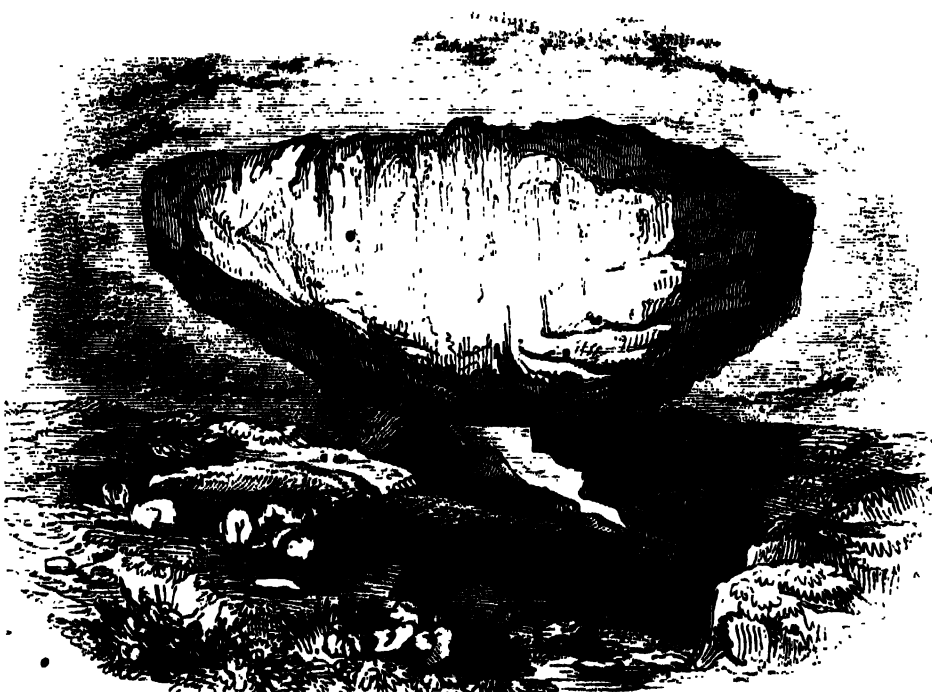
38.—Kit's Coty House.



39.—Trevelty Stone.



40.—Cromlech at Plas Newydd, Anglesey.



41.—Constantine Tolman, Cornwall.



42.—Wayland Smith's Cave.

these remains. They call them, "the wedding;" holding that, as a bride and bridegroom were proceeding to their espousals, surrounded by pipers and dancers, the whole party, for what crime we are not informed, were suddenly turned into stone. The theories of the learned are in some matters almost as difficult to be received as the traditions of the vulgar. King says of the remains of Stanton Drew, "There are stones cautiously placed nearly on each side of the meridian, two at the one end for a sort of observer's index, and two at the other, as if designed for leading sites to direct the eye to certain points in the heavens, equally distant, a little to the east and west of the south: and so in like manner, two to the east, and one on the west side for an index, as if to observe the rising of certain stars and planets." Superstition, we apprehend, settles these matters much more easily than science. There were formerly three huge upright stones near Kennet, not far from Abury, which Dr. Plot held to be British deities. The country people had a readier explanation of their use: for they called them from time immemorial 'the Devil's Coits.' They could be playthings, it might be readily imagined, for no other busy idler. But the good folks of Somersetshire, by a sort of refinement of such hackneyed traditions, hold that a great stone near Stanton Drew, now called 'Hackell's Coit,' and which formerly weighed thirty tons, was thrown from a hill about a mile off by a mortal champion, Sir John Hautville. It is remarkable, though perhaps natural, that there is generally some superstitious notion associated with these monuments of a dim antiquity. We shall have presently to speak of the singular erection near Maidstone, called Kit's Coty House. Near this supposed cromlech are some large stones, scattered about a ploughed field. A coachman, who was duly impressed with the claims of Kit's Coty House to notice, told us, as the climax of the extraordinary things connected with it, that no one had ever been able to count the stones in that field, so that it was impossible to say what was their exact number. In the neighbourhood of Stanton Drew, they have a variation of this belief which does not go quite so far. They simply hold that it is wicked to attempt to count the stones.

The remains of Druidical circles are so similar in their character that a minute description of any other than the most remarkable would be tedious and uninteresting to the general reader. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with pointing out those of chief importance, which may either recompense the visit of the traveller, or lead the student of British antiquities to more careful inquiries.

Camden, who made an exact survey of Cumberland in 1599, thus describes a celebrated British monument near Penrith: "At Little Salkeld there is a circle of stones, seventy-seven in number, each ten foot high: and before these, at the entrance, is a single one by itself, fifteen foot high. This the common people call Long Meg, and the rest her daughters; and within the circle are two heaps of stones, under which they say there are dead bodies buried. And indeed it is probable enough that this has been a monument erected in memory of some victory." It is held by later antiquaries that Camden was in error in considering this to have been a monument of some victory, and that it is an undoubted Druidical circle. It is not of the grandeur of Stonehenge and Abury, for none of the stones exceed ten feet in height. There is another circle of stones within a mile and a half of Keswick. Near that bleak and dreary region, between Penrith and Kendal, called Shapfells, was, some thirty years ago, another remarkable Druidical monument; but upon the inclosure of the parish of Shap the stones were blown up by gunpowder, and were converted into rude fences. At Arbelows, about five miles from Bakewell, in Derbyshire, is a Druidical circle, which, according to King, "there is great reason to think, notwithstanding its mutilated appearance in its present ruined state, was once a regular structure very nearly of the same kind with that of Stonehenge." In Oxfordshire, about three miles north-west of Chipping Norton, are the remains of a circle of small rude stones, the highest of which is not more than five feet above the ground. There appears to be little doubt of this circle belonging to the early British period; though Camden and others hold it to be the monument of a Danish victory. The description which Camden gives of these Rollrich or Rowldrich stones is very curious: "A great monument of antiquity: a number of, vastly large stones placed in a circular figure, which the country people call Rolle-rich-stones, and have a common tradition that they were once men and were turned into stones. They are irregular, and of unequal height, and by the decays of time are grown ragged and very much impaired. The highest of them, which lies out of the ring towards the east, they call The King, because they fancy he should have been King of England if he could have seen Long Compton, a village which is within view at a very few steps farther. Five larger

stones, which on one side of the circle are contiguous to one another, they pretend were knights or horsemen, and the other common soldiers." About five miles from Aberdeen in Scotland are the remains of a circle of large stones and smaller stones. At Stennis in the Orkney Islands a circle is described where some of the stones are twenty feet high.

The Druidical circles in their uniformity of character present the indubitable evidence that they were symbolical of the mysteries of the prevailing religion of the country. They were essentially religious edifices. They were probably, at the same time, what the Icelandic writers call Doom rings, or Circles of Judgment. That these monuments, in association with religious rites and solemn decisions, had a deep influence upon the character of our rude forefathers, we cannot reasonably doubt. They were a bold and warlike race, an imaginative race, not placing the sole end of existence in the consumption of the fruits of the earth, but believing in spiritual relations and future existences. Degrading as their superstitions might be, and blind their notions of the future, their belief was not a mere formal and conventional pretence; it was a principle operating upon their actions. We have the express testimony of an ancient poet to this effect of the old worship of this land. Lucan, in a noble passage in the first book of the *Pharsalia*, addresses the Druids in the well known lines beginning "Et vos barbaricos." The translation of Rowe is generally quoted: but it appears to us that the lines are rendered with more strength and freedom by Kennett, who translated the poetical quotations in Gibson's edition of Camden's 'Britannia':

"And you, O Druids, free from noise and arms,
Renew'd your barbarous rites and horrid charms.
What Gods, what powers in happy mansions dwell,
Or only you, or all but you can tell.
To secret shades, and unfrequented groves,
From world and cares your peaceful tribe removes.
You teach that souls, eus'd of their mortal load,
Nor with grim Pluto make their dark abode,
Nor wander in pale troops along the silent flood,
But on new regions east resume their reign,
Content to govern earthy frames again.
Thus death is nothing but the middle line
Betwixt what lives will come, and what have been.
Happy the people by your charms possess'd!
Nor fate, nor fears, disturb their peaceful breast.
On certain dangers unconcern'd they run,
And meet with pleasure what they would not shun;
Defy death's slighted power, and bravely scorn
To spare a life that will so soon return."

In reading this remarkable tribute to the national courage of our remote ancestors, let us not forget that this virtue, like all other great characteristic virtues of a community, was based upon a principle, and that the principle, whatever might be its errors, rested upon the disposition of man to believe and to reverence. Those who would build the superstructure of national virtue upon what they hold to be the more solid foundation of self-interest, may, we conceive, create a restless, turmoiling, turbulent democracy, astute in all worldly business, eager for all sensual gratifications, exhibiting the glitter of wealth plating over vice and misery; confident in their superiority; ignorant of the past, careless of the future; but they will raise up no high-minded, generous, self-devoting people; no people that will distinguish between liberty and anarchy, no thoughtful, and therefore firm and just, people; no people that will produce any great intellectual work, whether in art or in literature: no people that will even leave such monuments behind them as the Stonehenge and Abury of the blind and benighted Druids.

The high road from Rochester to Maidstone presents several of those rich and varied prospects which so often in England compensate the traveller for the absence of the grander elements of picturesque beauty. Here, indeed, are no mountains shrouded in mist or tipped with partial sunlight; but the bold ridges of chalk are the boundaries of valleys whose fertility displays itself in wood and pasture, in corn-lands, and scattered villages. If we look to the north, the broad Medway expands like a vast lake, with an amphitheatre of town and hill-fort, which tell at one and the same time the history of the different warfare of ancient strength and of modern science. When we have ascended the highest point of the ridge, we again see the Medway, an attenuated stream, winding amidst low banks for many a mile. The hill of chalk is of a sufficient height to wear an aspect of sterility; it has some of the bleak features of a mountain-land. The road lies close under the brow of

the hill, with a gentle slope to the village of Aylesford—an historical village. Not far from the point where the Aylesford road intersects the high road is the remarkable monument called Kit's Coty House (Fig. 36). Unlike most monuments of the same high antiquity, it remains, in all probability, as originally constructed. It was described two hundred and fifty years ago by the antiquary Stow, and the description is as nearly exact as any that we could write at the present hour: "I have myself, in company with divers worshipful and learned gentlemen, beheld it in anno 1590, and it is of four flat stones, one of them standing upright in the middle of two others, inclosing the edge sides of the first, and the fourth laid flat across the other three, and is of such height that men may stand on either side the middle stone in time of storm or tempest, safe from wind and rain, being defended with the breadth of the stones, having one at their backs on either side, and the fourth over their heads." In one point the description of Stow does not agree with what we find at the present day: "About a coit's cast from this monument lieth another great stone, much part thereof in the ground, as fallen down where the same had been affixed." This stone was half buried in 1773, when Mr. Colebrooke described the monument; it is now wholly covered up. The demand of a few square feet for the growth of corn, in a country, with millions of acres of waste land, would not permit its preservation. Is this Kit's Coty House something different from other ancient monuments, either in its site or its structure? Let us see how Camden, writing at the same period as Stow, describes an erection in Caermarthenshire, in the parish of Trelech: "We find a vast rude chech, or flat stone somewhat of an oval form, about three yards in length, five foot over where broadest, and about ten or twelve inches thick. A gentleman, to satisfy my curiosity, having employed some labourers to search under it, found it, after removing much stone, to be the covering of such a barbarous monument as we call Kist-vaen, or Stone-chest; which was about four foot and a half in length, and about three foot broad, but somewhat narrower at the east than west end. It is made up of seven stones, viz., the covering stone already mentioned, and two side stones, one at each end, and one behind each of these, for the better securing or bolstering of them; all equally rude, and about the same thickness, the two last excepted, which are considerably thicker." The dimensions of Kit's Coty House are thus given in Grose's 'Antiquities': "Upright stone on the N. or N.W. side, eight feet high, eight feet broad, two feet thick; estimated weight, eight tons and a half. Upright stone on the S. or S.E. side, eight feet high, seven and a half feet broad, two feet thick; estimated weight eight tons. Upright stone between these, very irregular; medium dimensions, five feet high, five feet broad, fourteen inches thick; estimated weight, about two tons. Upper stone, very irregular, eleven feet long, eight feet broad, two feet thick; estimated weight, about ten tons seven cwt." Holland, the first translator of Camden's 'Britannia,' gives a description of Kit's Coty House, which includes his notion, which was also that of Camden, of the original purpose of this monument. "Catigern, honoured with a stately and solemn funeral, is thought to have been interred near unto Aylesford, where under the side of a hill, I saw four huge, rude, hard stones erected, two for the sides, one transversal in the midst between them, and the hugest of all, piled and laid over them in manner of the British monument which is called Stonehenge, but not so artificially with mortice and tenants." The tradition to which Holland refers is, that a great battle was fought at Aylesford, between the Britons commanded by Catigern, the brother of Vortimer, and the Saxon invaders under Hengist and Horsa: in this battle the Saxons were routed, but Catigern fell. An earlier writer than Holland, Lambard, in his 'Perambulations of Kent,' 1570, also describes this monument in the parish of Aylesford as the tomb of Catigern: "the Britons nevertheless in the mean space followed their victory (as I said) and returning from the chase, erected to the memory of Catigern (as I suppose) that monument of four huge and hard stones, which are yet standing in this parish, pitched upright in the ground, covered after the manner of Stoneage (that famous sepulchre of the Britons upon Salisbury Plain), and now termed of the common people here Citscotehouse." Antiquaries have puzzled themselves about the name of this Kentish monument. Kit, according to Grose, is an abbreviation of Catigern, and Coty is Coity, coit being a name for a large flat stone; so that Kit's Coty House is Catigern's House built with coits. Lambard expressly says, "now termed of the common people here Citscotehouse." The familiar name has clearly no more to do with the ancient object of the monument than many other common names applied to edifices belonging to the same remote period. No one thinks, for example, that the name of 'Long Meg and her daughters,' of which we have

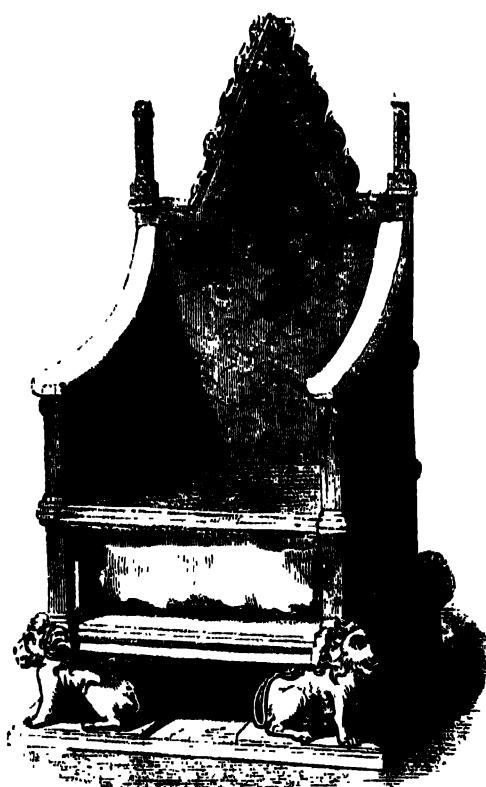
spoken, can be traced back even to the Saxon period. The theory of the earlier antiquaries that the monuments which we now generally call Druidical belong to a period of British history after the Christian era, and commemorate great battles with the Saxons or the Danes, is set at rest by the existence of similar monuments in distant parts of the world; proving pretty satisfactorily that they all had a common origin in some form of religious worship that was widely diffused amongst races of men whose civil history is shrouded in almost utter darkness. Palestine has its houses of coits as well as England. The following description is from the travels of Captains Irby and Mangles: "On the banks of the Jordan, at the foot of the mountain, we observed some very singular, interesting, and certainly very ancient tombs, composed of great rough stones, resembling what is called Kit's Coty House in Kent. They are built of two long side stones, with one at each end, and a small door in front, mostly facing the north: this door was of stone. All were of rough stones apparently not hewn, but found in flat fragments, many of which are seen about the spot in huge flakes. Over the whole was laid an immense flat piece, projecting both at the sides and ends. What rendered these tombs the more remarkable was, that the interior was not long enough for a body, being only five feet. This is occasioned by both the front and back stones being considerably within the ends of the side ones. There are about twenty-seven of these tombs, very irregularly situated." These accomplished travellers call these Oriental monuments tombs, but their interior dimensions would seem to contradict this notion. The cause of these narrow dimensions is clearly pointed out; the front and back stones are considerably within the ends of the side ones. Kit's Coty House (Figs. 37, 38) has no stone that we can call a front stone; it is open; but the back stone has the same peculiarity as the Palestine monuments; it is placed considerably within the side ones. The side stones lean inwards against the back stone; whilst the large flat stone at top, finding its own level on the irregular surfaces, holds them all firmly together, without the mortice and tenon which are required by the nicer adjustment of the superincumbent stone upon two uprights at Stonehenge. It is evident that the mode of construction thus employed has preserved these stones in their due places for many centuries. The question then arises, for what purpose was so substantial an edifice erected, having a common character with many other monuments in this country, and not without a striking resemblance to others in a land with which the ancient Britons can scarcely be supposed to have held any intercourse? It is maintained that such buildings, called cromlechs, were erected for the fearful purpose of human sacrifice. "For here we find in truth a great stone scaffold raised just high enough for such a horrid exhibition, and no higher; and just large enough in all its proportions for the purpose, and not too large, and so contrived as to render the whole visible to the greatest multitude of people; whilst it was so framed and put together, though superstitiously constructed only of unhewn stones in imitation of puer and more primeval usages, that no length of time nor any common efforts of violence could destroy it or throw it down." This is King's description of what he believes to have been the terrible use of Kit's Coty House. The situation of this monument certainly renders it peculiarly fitted for any imposing solemnity, to be performed amidst a great surrounding multitude. But it does appear to us that a stone scaffold, so constructed, was of all forms the most unfitted for the sacrifice of a living victim, to be accomplished by the violence of surrounding priests. Diodorus says of the Druids of Gaul, "Pouring out a libation upon a man as a victim, they smite him with a sword upon the breast in the part near the diaphragm, and on his falling who has been thus smitten, both from the manner of his falling and from the convulsions on his limbs, and still more from the manner of the flowing of his blood, they presage what will come to pass." King accommodates Kit's Coty House to this description; arguing that the top of the flat stone was a fitting place for these terrible ceremonies. The notion seems somewhat absurd; the extreme dimensions of the top stone are not more than eleven feet in any direction; a size in itself unsuited enough for such a display of physical force. But this narrow stone is also shelving; it is about nine feet from the ground in front, and seven feet at the back, having a fall of two feet in eleven feet. King says, "And yet the declivity is not such as to occasion the least danger of any slipping or sliding off." The plain reader may possibly ask what at any rate is to prevent the victim falling off when he receives the fatal blow; and wonder how the presage described by Diodorus is to be collected from the manner of his falling, when he must infallibly slide down at the instant of his fall. We must in truth receive the Roman accounts of the sacrificial practices of the ancient Druids with some suspicion. Civilized communities have



46.—Kilmory Rock, as seen from the South-east.



47.—Harold's Stones, Trelech, Monmouthshire.



48.—Coronation Chair. Beneath the seat is the "Stone of Destiny."



49.—The Cheesewring, as seen from the North-west



44.—Hare Stone, Cornwall.



48.—Hugh Lloyd's Pulpit.



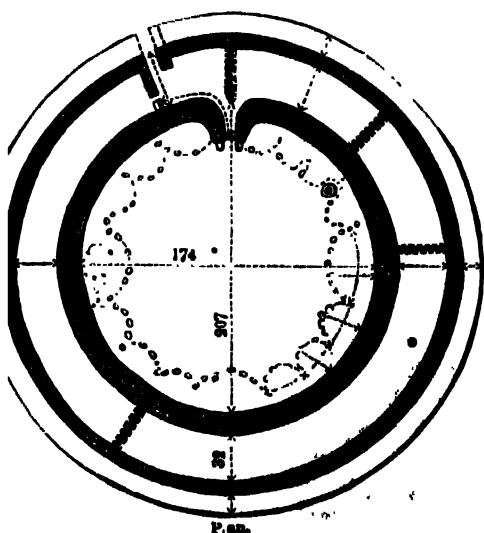
49.—Hut in a Cingalese Village.



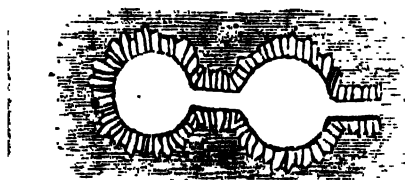
5.—Welsh Pigsty.



50.—Gaulish Huts.—From the Antonine Column.



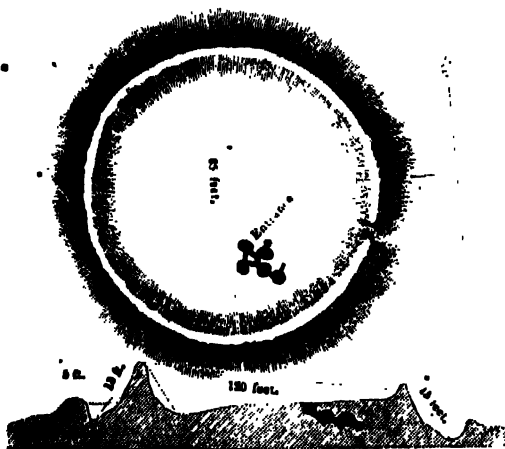
51.—Plan and Section of Charn Castle.



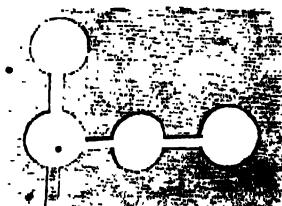
—Plan of Chambers on a Farm twelve miles from Ballyhendron.
No. 3.



56.—The Druid Grove.



54.—Ground-plan and Section of the Subterranean Chamber at Carrighill.



52.—Plan of Chambers at Ballyhendron.



LEIGHTON, BROTHERS

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

fact that the tackle which was used for the restoration of this rocking-stone, and which was applied by military engineers, broke under the weight of the mass which our rude forefathers had set up. The rocking-stones which are found throughout the country are too numerous here to be particularly described. They are in many places distinctly surrounded by Druidical remains, and have been considered as adjuncts to the system of divination by which the priesthood maintained their influence over the people.

In various parts of England, in Wales, in Ireland, and in the Western Islands of Scotland, there are found large single stones, firmly fixed in the earth, which have remained in their places from time immemorial, and which are generally regarded with some sort of reverence, if not superstition, by the people who live near them. They are in all likelihood monuments which were erected in memory of some remarkable event, or of some eminent person. They have survived their uses. Written memorials alone shine with a faint light through the darkness of early ages. The associations that once made these memorials of stone solemn things no longer surround them. When Jack Cade struck his sword upon London Stone, the act was meant to give a solemn assurance to the people of his rude fidelity. The stone still stands; and we now look upon it simply with curiosity, as one of the few remains of Roman London. Some hold that it had "a more ancient and peculiar designation than that of having been a Roman Milliar, even if it ever were used for that purpose afterwards. It was fixed deep in the ground; and is mentioned so early as the time of Æthelstan, king of the West Saxons, without any particular reference to its having been considered as a Roman Milliar stone." (King.) If this stone, which few indeed of the busy throngs of Cannon-street cast a look upon, were only a boundary-stone, such stones were held as sacred things even in the times of the patriarchs: "And Laban said to Jacob, Behold this heap and behold this pillar, which I have cast betwixt me and thee; this heap be witness, and this pillar be witness, that I will not pass over this heap to thee and that thou shalt not pass over this heap and this pillar unto me for harm." (Genesis, c. xxxi., v. 51, 52.) In the parish of Sancred, in Cornwall, is a remarkable stone called the Hare Stone (*hare* or *hoar* meaning literally border or boundary), with a heap of stones lying around it (Fig. 44). It is held that these stones are precisely similar to the heap and the pillar which were collected and set up at the covenant between Jacob and Laban, recorded in the Scriptures with such interesting minuteness. It is stated by Rowland, the author of 'Mona Antiqua,' that wherever there are heaps of stones of great apparent antiquity, stone pillars are also found near them. This is probably too strong an assertion; but the existence of such memorials, which, King says, "are, like the pyramids of Egypt, records of the highest antiquity in a dead language," compared with the clear descriptions of them in the sacred writings, leaves little doubt of the universality of the principle which led to their erection. A heap of stones and a single pillar was not, however, the only form of these stones of memorial. At Trelech, in Monmouthshire, are three remarkable stones, one of which is fourteen feet above the ground, and which evidently formed no part of any Druidical circle. These are called Harold's Stones (Fig. 43). Near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, are some remarkable stones of similar character, called the Devil's Arrows. The magnitude of these stones of memorial was probably sometimes regulated by the importance of the event which they were intended to celebrate; but their sacred character in many cases did not depend upon their size, and their form is sometimes unsuited to the notion that they were boundary stones, or even monumental pillars. The celebrated stone which now forms the seat of the coronation chair of the sovereigns of England is a flat stone, nearly square. It formerly stood in Argyleshire, according to Buchanan; who also says that King Kenneth, in the ninth century, transferred it to Scone, and enclosed it in a wooden chair. The monkish tradition was, that it was the identical stone which formed Jacob's pillow. The more credible legend of Scotland is, that it was the ancient inauguration-stone of the kings of Ireland. "This fatal stone was said to have been brought from Ireland by Fergus, the son of Eric, who led the Delriads to the shores of Argyleshire. Its virtues are preserved in the celebrated leonine verse:—

*NI fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare teneant ibidem.*

Which may be rendered thus:—

*Unless the Fates are fallacious found,
And Prophet's voice be true,
Where'er this monument be found,
The Scottish race shall reign.*

Sir Walter Scott, in his graceful style, gives us this version of his country's legend. The stone, as the youngest reader of English history knows, was removed to Westminster from Scone, by Edward I.; and here it remains, as an old antiquarian has described it, "the ancientest respected monument in the world; for, although some others may be more ancient as to duration, yet thus superstitiously regarded are they not." (Fig. 45.) The antiquity of this stone is undoubted, however it may be questioned whether it be the same stone on which the ancient kings of Ireland were inaugurated on the hill of Tara. This tradition is a little shaken by the fact that stone of the same quality is not uncommon in Scotland. The history of its removal from Scone by Edward I. admits of no doubt. A record exists of the expenses attending its removal; and this is the best evidence of the reverence which attached to this rude seat of the ancient kings of Scotland, who, standing on it in the sight of assembled clans, had sworn to reverence the laws, and to do justice to the people.*

Of the domestic buildings of the early Britons there are no remains, if we except some circular stone foundations, which may have been those of houses. It is concluded, perhaps somewhat too hastily, that such houses were little better than the huts of the rude tribes of Africa of our own day (Fig. 49). In the reign of Edward I. of Llandaf, here, in King's time, several modern houses, of a peculiar construction; and he held the form of these was derived from the dwellings of the ancient Britons (Fig. 55). This form certainly agrees with the description which Strabo gives of the houses of the Gauls, which he said were constructed of poles and wattled work, of a circular form, and with a lofty tapering roof. On the Antonine column we have representations of the Gauls and the Gaulish houses, but here the roofs are for the most part with domes (Fig. 50). Strabo further says, "The forests of the Britons are their cities; for, when they have enclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they build within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle. These buildings are very slight, and not designed for long duration." Caesar says, "What the Britons call a town is a tract of woody country, surrounded by a vallum and a ditch, for the security of themselves and cattle against the incursions of their enemies." The towns within woods were thus fortresses; and here the Druidical worship in the broad glades, surrounded by mighty oaks, which were their natural antiquities, was cultivated amidst knots of men, held together by common views as regarded the present life, and common hopes with reference to the future (Fig. 56). A single bank and ditch, as given in Caesar's description, is found in several parts of the island. There is such an entrenchment in the parish of Cellan, Carnigan, called *Carn Morus*. We shall presently have to speak of the concentric camps, undoubtedly British, which are found on commanding hills, exhibiting a skill in the military art to which Caesar bore testimony, when he described the capital of Cassivelaunus as admirably defended both by nature and art. But we here insert a description of Ciron Castle, in Cornwall, to furnish a proof that the skill of the ancient Britons in building displayed itself in more important works than their wattled huts: "It consists of two circular walls, having a terrace thirty feet wide between (Fig. 51). The walls are built of rough masses of granite of various sizes, some five or six feet long, fitted together, and piled up without cement, but presenting a regular and tolerably smooth surface on the outside. The outer wall was surrounded by a ditch nineteen feet in width; part of this wall in one place is ten feet high, and about five feet thick. Porlase is of opinion that the inner wall must have been at least fifteen feet high; it is about twelve feet thick. The only entrance was towards the south-west, and exhibits in its arrangement a surprising degree of skill and military knowledge for the time at which it is supposed to have been constructed. It is six feet wide in the narrowest part, and sixteen in the widest, where the walls diverge, and are rounded off on either side. There also appear indications of steps, up to the level of the area within the castle, and the remains of a wall which, crossing the terrace from the outer wall, divided the entrance into two parts at its widest end. The inner wall of the castle incloses an area measuring one hundred and seventy-five feet north and south, by one hundred and eighty feet east and west. The centre is without any indication of buildings; but all around, and next to the wall, are the remains of circular inclosures, supposed to have formed the habitable parts of the

* The Coronation Chair, the seat of which rests upon this stone of destiny, is also represented in the illuminated engraving which accompanies this portion of our work. It is a fac-simile of a highly-finished architectural drawing, and is printed in oil colours from twelve separate plates, so united in the printing as to produce a separate outline, and give all the various tints of the original.



60.—Wood. (*Isatis Tinctoria*.)



Side View.

Front View, showing the end.

57.—Ancient British Canoes, found at North Stoke, Sussex.



58.—British Coracles.



61.—Gaulish Costume.



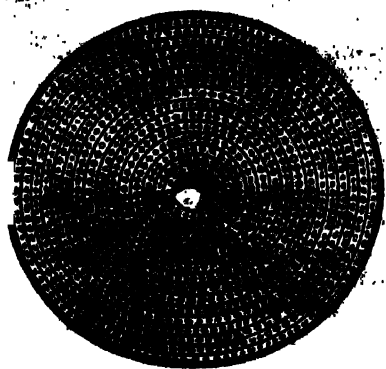
59.—British Pearl Shells. Natural Size.
a. Duck fresh-water Pearl Mussel (*Anodon Anatinus*). b. Swan ditto (*Anodon Cygneus*).



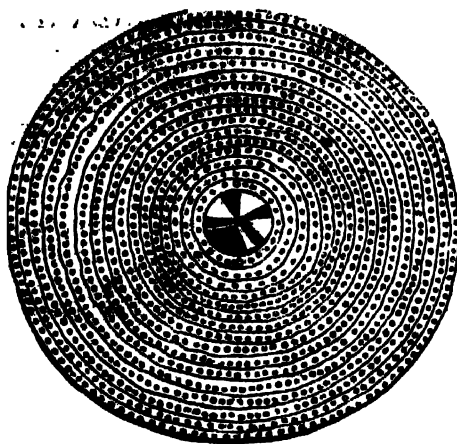
62.—Gaulish Costume.



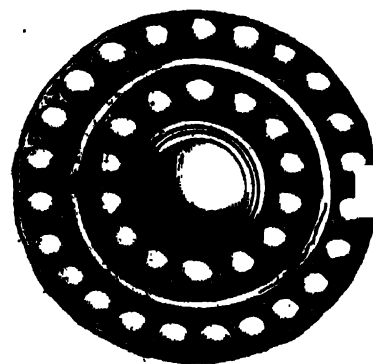
63.—Gaulish Costume.



66.—Shield in the Mayrick Collection



67.—Circular British Shield.



68.—Shield in the British Museum.



64.—Remains of a British Breast-plate found at Mold.



6.—Ancient British Coins.



79.—Group of Ring Coins.

castle. They are generally about eighteen or twenty feet in diameter, but at the northern side there is a large apartment thirty by twenty." (*Pictorial History of England.*)

That the Britons were agriculturists, using the term in a larger sense than applies to the cultivation of small patches of land by solitary individuals, we may reasonably infer from some remarkable remains that are not uncommon in these islands. Tacitus, in his account of the manners of the Germans, says, "the Germans were accustomed to dig subterraneous caverns, and then to cover them with much loose mould, forming a refuge from wintry storms, and a receptacle for the fruits of the earth: in this manner the rigour of the frost is softened." Tacitus also says that these caverns are hiding-places for the people upon the irruption of an enemy. Such pits were common to the ancient people of the East, and are found in modern times in other European countries. There is a singular cavern of this sort at Royston, in Hertfordshire, which was discovered in the market-place of that town in 1742. Kent has several such pits. Haisted, the topographer of that country, describes many such in the heaths and fields and woods near Crayford. He says that at the mouth, and thence downward, they are narrow, like the tunnel or passage of a well; but at the bottom they are large and of great compass, so that some of them have several rooms, one within another, strongly vaulted, and supported with pillars of chalk. Camden has given a rude representation of two caverns near Tilbury in Essex, "spacious caverns in a chalky cliff, built very artificially of stone to the height of ten fathoms, and somewhat straight at the top. A person who had been down to view them gave me a description of them." The chambers in the caverns, which Camden depicts, consist either of a large space, with semicircular recesses, or of two chambers, each with three semicircular recesses connected by a passage. The universality of the practice is shown in the caves which were discovered in Ireland, in 1829, which are described in the *Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of London*, vol. xxiii. (Figs. 52, 53, and 54.) There can be little doubt of the use of such caves. Diodorus Siculus expressly says that the Britons laid up their corn in subterranean repositories. There are other remarkable remains whose purposes do not seem quite so clear. These are artificial pits of a conical form. At the top of the Combe Hills, near Croydon, in Surrey, is a pit of this sort, minutely described by King. An early antiquarian, John Leland—who peregrinated England and Wales in the time of Henry VIII., and whose descriptions, whenever he entered into detail, are so curious that we sigh over his usual brevity, and wish that he were as prolix as the travellers of our own age—thus described similar pits near Caernarvon: "There be a great number of pits made with hand, large like a bowl at the head, and narrow in the bottom, overgrown in the swart with fine grass, and be scattered here and there about the quarters where the head of Kenner river is, that commeth by Caire Kenner. And some of these will receive a hundred men, some two hundred." They be in the Black Mountain." (*Itinerary*, vol. viii. folio 107, a.)

Of a later period than that to which we are referring are probably the very singular caves of Hawthornden. Beneath the rock on which Drummond and Jonson sat, looking out upon the delicious glen whose exquisite beauties would seem the natural abodes of peacefulness and innocence, are the hiding-places of remote generations. Long galleries and dreary caverns cut in the rock, are peopled by tradition with the brave and the oppressed hiding from their enemies. Here we are shown the king's bedchamber; and another cave, whose walls are cut into small recesses of about a foot square, was the king's drawing-room. He was here surrounded by ample conveniences for arranging the petty treasures of his solitude. Setting these traditions aside, we may reasonably conclude that the caves of Hawthornden were at once hiding-places and store-houses: and it is not carrying our fancies too far to believe that the shelved cavities of the rock were receptacles for food, in small portions—the oatmeal and the pulse that were thus preserved from worms and mildew.

The primitive inhabitants of all sea-girt countries are fishermen. It is impossible not to believe that the people of Britain, having at their command the treasures of wide estuaries and deep rivers, were fishermen to a large extent. The Britons must always have been a people who were familiar with the waters. The Severn and the Wye have still their coracles. Little boats so peculiar in their construction that we may readily conceive them to belong to a remote antiquity. Gibson, the translator and best editor of Camden, has described these boats upon the Severn: "The fishermen in these parts use a small thing called a coracle, in which one man being seated will row himself with incredible swiftness with one hand, while with the other he manages his net, angle, or other fishing-

tackle. It is of a form almost oval, made of split sally-twigs interwoven (willow-twigs), round at the bottom, and on that part which is next the water it is covered with a horse-hide. It is about five feet in length and three in breadth, and is so light that, coming off the water, they take them upon their backs and carry them home." Such, we may conclude, were the fishing-boats of our primitive ancestors (Fig. 58). Some of the Roman writers might lead us to believe that the Britons had boats capable of distant navigation; but this is doubted by most careful inquirers. But the light boats which were peculiar to the island were certainly of a construction well suited to their objects; for Cæsar, in his history of the Civil War, tells us that he had learnt their use in Britain, and availed himself of boats of a similar formation in crossing rivers in Spain. These were probably canoes, hollowed out of a single tree. Such have been found, from seven to eight feet long, in morasses and in the beds of rivers, at very distant parts of the country—in Dumfries and in the marshes of the Medway. In 1884 a boat of this description was discovered in a creek of the river Arun, in the village of North Stoke, Sussex (Fig. 57). In draining the Martine Mere, or Marton lake, in Lancashire, eight canoes, each formed of a single tree, were found sunk deep in the mud and sand. The pearl-fishery of Britain must have existed before the Roman invasion, for Suetonius says that the hope of acquiring pearls was a main inducement to Cæsar to attempt the conquest of the country. The great conqueror himself, according to Pliny, the naturalist, dedicated to Venus a breast-plate studded with British pearls, and suspended it in her temple at Rome. In a later age the pearls of Caledonia were poetically termed by Ausonius the white shell-berries. Camden thus describes the pearls of the little river Irt in Cumberland: "In this brook the shell-fish, eagerly sucking in the dew, conceive and bring forth pearls, or, to use the poet's words, shell-berries. These the inhabitants gather up at low water; and the jewellers buy them of the poor people for a trifle, but sell them at a good price. Of these, and such like, Marbodæus seems to speak in that verse,

'Gignit et insignes antiqua Britannia baccas,'
(*'And Britain's ancient shores great pearls produce.'*)"

The British pearls were not found in the shells of the oyster, as is often thought, but in those of a peculiar species of mussel (Fig. 59). The oysters of Britain, celebrated by Pliny and Juvenal after the Roman conquest, contributed, we may reasonably suppose, to the food of the primitive inhabitants.

The dresses of the inhabitants of Britain before the Roman invasion are not, like those of the people of ancient Egypt, and other countries advanced in the practice of the imitative arts, to be traced in painting or sculpture. In Roman statues we have the figures of ancient Gauls, which give us the characteristic dress of the Celtic nations: the bracæ, or close trousers, the tunic, and the sagum, or short cloak (Figs. 61, 62, 63). The dye of the woad was probably used for this cloth, as it was to colour the skins of the warriors stripped for battle (Fig. 60). It is difficult to assign an exact period to their use of cloth in preference to skins. It is equally difficult to determine the date of those valuable relics which have been found in various places, exhibiting a taste of symmetry and nice workmanship in the fabrication of their weapons, offensive and defensive, and the ruder decorations of their persons. Such are the remains of a golden breast-plate found at Mold, in Flintshire now in the British Museum (Fig. 64). Such are the shields (Figs. 65, 66, 67), of one of which (Fig. 67) Sir Samuel Meyrick, its possessor, says, "It is impossible to contemplate the artistic portions without feeling convinced that there is a mixture of British ornaments with such resemblances to the elegant designs on Roman works as would be produced by a people in a state of less civilization." Torques, or gold and bronze necklaces composed of flexible bars, were peculiar to the people of this country. Of all these matters we shall have further to speak in the next chapter—the Roman Period. There also we may more properly notice the great variety of British coins, of which we here present a group (Fig. 68). Ring-money, peculiar to the Celtic nations, undoubtedly existed in Ireland previous to the domination of the Romans in Britain. Although Cæsar says that the ancient Britons had no coined money, there is sufficient probability that they had their metal plates for purposes of currency, such being occasionally found in English barrows. The Ring-money (Fig. 69) has been found in great quantities in Ireland, of bronze, of silver, and of gold. The rings vary in weight; but they are all exact multiples of a standard unit, showing that a uniform principle regulated their size, and that this was determined by their use as current coin. The weapons of the ancient Britons show their acquaintance with the casting of metals. Their axe-

heads, called Celts, are composed of ten parts of copper and one of tin (Figs. 70 and 71); their spear-heads, of six parts of copper and one of tin. Moulds for spear-heads have been frequently found in Britain and Ireland (Figs. 72 and 73).

There are no remains of those terrible war-chariots of the Britons which *Cæsar* describes as striking terror into his legions. King, who labours very hard to prove that the people who stood up not only with undaunted courage, but military skill, against the conquerors of the world, were but painted savages, considers that the British war-chariot was essentially the same as the little low cart which the Welsh used in his day for agricultural purposes (Fig. 74). The painters have endeavoured to realize the accounts of the Roman writers, with more of poetry, and, we believe, with more of truth (Fig. 75).

But if the chariots have perished,—if the spears and the axe-heads are doubtful memorials of the warlike genius of the people,—not so are the mighty earth-works which still attest that they defended themselves against their enemies upon a system which bespeaks their skill as well as their valour. The ramparted hill of Old Sarum, with terrace upon terrace rising upon its banks and ditches, and commanding the country for miles around, is held not merely to have been a Roman station, or a British station after the Romans, but a fortified place of the people of the country, even in the time of the great Druidical monuments which are found scattered over the great plain where this proud hill still stands in its ancient majesty. The Roman walls, the Saxon Towers, the Norman cathedral which have successively crowned this hill, have perished, but here it remains, with all the peculiar character of a British fortress still impressed upon it (Fig. 23). Such a fortress is the Herefordshire beacon (Fig. 76), which forms the summit of one of the highest of the Malvern hills, and looks down upon that glorious valley of the Severn which, perhaps more than any other landscape, proclaims the surpassing fertility of 'Old England.' Such is in all likelihood the castellated hill near Wooler, in Northumberland, which rises two thousand feet above the adjacent plain, with its stone walls, and ditches and crumbling cairns. It was in these hill-forts that the Britons so long defied the Roman power; and one of them (near the confluence of the Coln and Teme, in Shropshire) is still signalled by the name of one of the bravest of those who fought for the independence of their country—*Caer-Cardoc*, the castle of *Caractacus* (Fig. 77). The *Catter-thuns* of Angus (Forfarshire) are amongst the most remarkable of the Caledonian strongholds. They are thus described by Pennant, in his 'Tour in Scotland':—"After riding two miles on black and heathy hills, we ascended one divided into two summits; the higher named the White, the lower the Black *Catter-thun*, from their different colour. Both are Caledonian posts; and the first of most uncommon strength. It is of an oval form, made of a stupendous dike of loose white stones, whose convexity, from the base within to that without, is a hundred and twenty-two feet. On the outside, a hollow, made by the disposition of the stones, surrounds the whole. Round the base is a deep ditch, and below that, about a hundred yards, are vestiges of another that went round the hill. The area within the stony mound is flat; the greater axis or length of the oval is four hundred and thirty-six feet; the transverse diameter, two hundred. Near the east side is the foundation of a rectangular building; and on most parts are the foundations of others small and circular; all which had once their superstructures, the shelter of the possessors of the post. There is also a hollow, now almost filled with stones, the well of the place. The literal translation of the word *Catter-thun* is *Camp-town*." The vitrified forts of Scotland are so mysterious in their origin and their uses, some holding them to be natural volcanic productions, others artificial buildings of earth, made solid by the application of fire, without cement, that we may safely omit them in this notice of the British period.

In speaking of those ancient works in these islands which were constructed upon a large scale for the defence of the country and for the accommodation of the people, it is difficult to define the precise share of the ancient Britons in their construction, as compared with the labours of successive occupants of the country. Old Sarum, for example, has the characteristics of a work essentially different from the camps and castles of Roman origin. But the Romans, too wise a people to be destroyers, would naturally improve the old defences of the island, and adapt them to their own notions of military science. So, we imagine, it would have been with what we are accustomed to call the four great Roman Ways. The old chroniclers record that King *Dunwallo* (called also *Moliuncius* or *Mulmutius*) "began the four highways of Britain, the which were finished and perfited of *Belinus* his son." This is the *Mulmutius* whose civilizing deeds are thus described by *Spenser* :—

"Then made he sacred laws, which some men say
Were unto him reveal'd in vision;
By which he freed the traveller's highway,
The Church's part, and ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gracious *Numa* of Great Brittainy:
For, till his days, the chief dominion
By strength was wielded without policy:
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity."

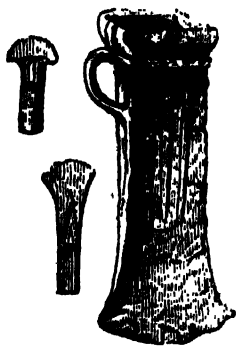
Camden, who naturally enough has a disposition, from the nature of his learning, to hold that the civilization of Britain began from the Roman conquest, laughs to scorn the notion of the great highways being made before the Romans:—"Some imagine that these ways were made by one *Mulmutius*, God knows who, many ages before the birth of Christ; but this is so far from finding credit with me, that I positively affirm they were made from time to time by the Romans. When *Agricola* was Lieutenant here, *Tacitus* tells us, that 'the people were commanded to carry their corn about, and into the most distant countries: not to the nearest camps, but to those that were far off and out of the way.' And the Britons (as the same author has it) complained, 'that the Romans put their lands and bodies to the drudgery of clearing woods and paving fens, with stripes and indignities to boot.' And we find in old records, 'In the days of *Honorius* and *Arcadius*, there were made in Britain certain highways from sea to sea.' That they were the work of the Romans, *Bede* himself tell us: "The Romans lived within that wall (which, as I have already observed, *Severus* drew across the island) to the southward; as the cities, temples, bridges and highways made there, do plainly testify at this day.'" But in these quotations there is nothing to prove that there were not roads in Britain before the Romans. That the more ancient roads were not the magnificent works which the Romans afterwards constructed we may well believe; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to imagine that a people accustomed to military movements were without roads. The local circumstances also belonging to the great Druidical monuments, such as *Stonehenge* and *Abury*, indicate with sufficient clearness that they were not solely constructed with reference to the habits of a stationary population, but that they were centres to which great bodies of the people resorted at particular seasons of solemnity. We may take, therefore, the statements of the old chroniclers with regard to the more ancient and important of the highways as not wholly fabulous. *Robert of Gloucester*, in his rude rhyme, has told us as much as is necessary here to say about them :—

"Faire weyes many on ther ben in Englonde;
But four most of all ther ben I understonde,
That thurh an old kynge were made ere this,
As men schal in this boke assir here toll I wis,
Fram the South into the North takith *Erminge-strete*.
Fram the East into the West goeth *Ikoneld-strete*.
Fram South-est to North-west, that is sum del grete,
Fram *Dover* into *Chestre* goeth *Watlyng-strete*.
The forth of thise is most of alle that tilleth fram *Tatenays*.
Fram the South-west to North-est into *Englonde* ende
Fosse men callith thilke wey that by mony town doth wende.
Thise four weyes on this londe kyng *Belin* the wise
Made and ordeined hem with gret franchise."

We have thus hastily presented a sketch, imperfect in the details, but not without its impressiveness if regarded as exhibiting the solemn picture of man struggling to comprehend the Infinite through clouds and darkness—we have thus attempted to group the memorials of ages which preceded the Roman domination in 'Old England.' We look back upon these earliest records of a past state of society with wonder not unmingled with awe, with shuddering but not with hatred :—

"Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of Days! that to the eternal Sire
These jealous ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flow'd,
Justice, and Order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped;
And still, 'mid you thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form
That fills the soul with unavailing ruth."

WORDSWORTH.



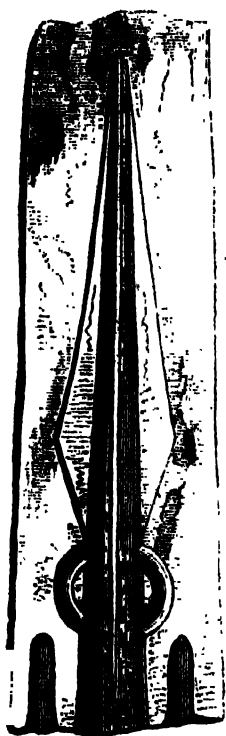
70.—Celt.



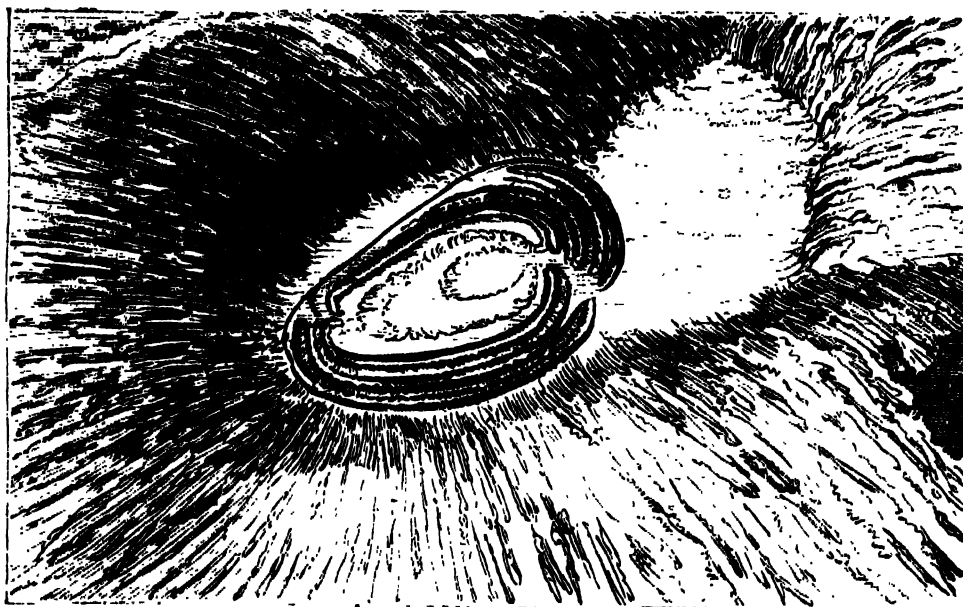
76.—The Herefordshire Beacon



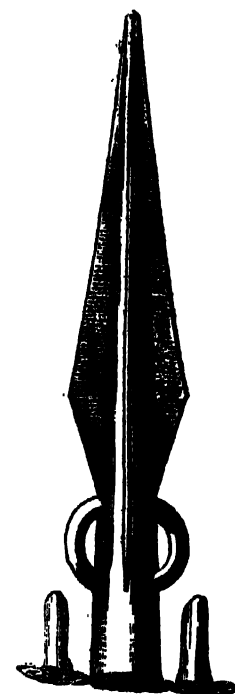
71.—Celt.



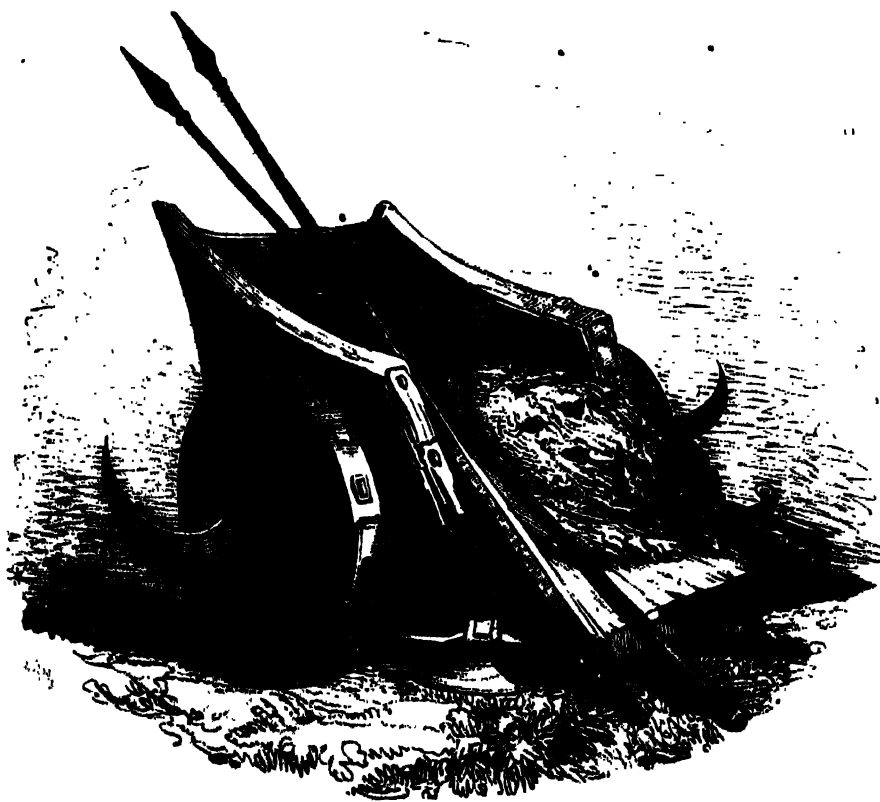
72.—Spear-mould



77.—British Camp at Caer-Cardoc.—From Roy's Military Antiquities.



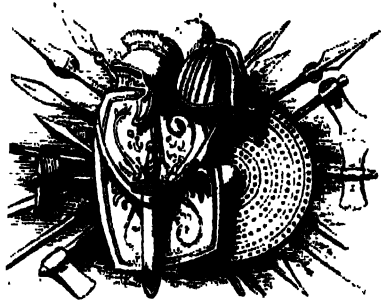
73.—Spear as it would have come from the Mould.



75.—British War Chariot, Shield, and Spears



74.—Welsh Agricultural Cart.



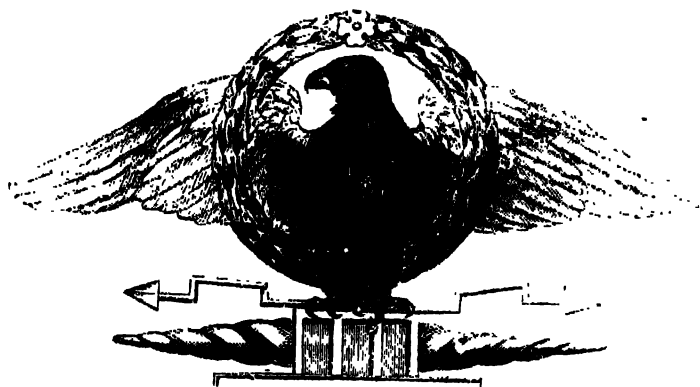
80.—British and Roman Weapons.



79.—Symbols of Rome.



81.—Captive wearing the Torq.



85.—Roman Eagle.



87.—Country near Dover.



8.—Julius Caesar. From a Copper Coin in the British Museum.



82.—Roman General, Standard-Bearer, &c.



CHAPTER II.—THE ROMAN PERIOD.



THE inland part of Britain, says Cæsar, "is inhabited by those who, according to the existing tradition, were the aborigines of the island; the sea-coast, by those who, for the sake of plunder or in order to make war, had crossed over from among the Belgæ, and in almost every case retained the names of their native states from which they emigrated to this island, in which they made war and settled, and begun to till the land. The population is very

great, and the buildings very numerous, closely resembling those of the Gauls: the quantity of cattle is considerable. . . . The island is of a triangular form, one side of the triangle being opposite Gaul. One of the angles of this side, which is in Cantium (Kent), to which nearly all vessels from Gaul come, looks toward the rising sun; the lower angle looks towards the south. . . . Of all the natives, those who inhabit Cantium, a district the whole of which is near the coast, are by far the most civilized, and do not differ much in their customs from the Gauls." With these more civilized people Cæsar negotiated. They had sent him ambassadors and hostages to avert the invasion which they apprehended; but their submission was fruitless. In the latter part of the summer of the year 55 B.C. (Halley, the astronomer, has gone far to prove that the exact day was the 26th of August), a Roman fleet crossed the Channel, bearing the infantry of two legions, about ten thousand men. This army was collected at the Portus Itius (Witsand), between Calais and Boulogne. Eighty galleys (Fig. 86) bore the invaders across the narrow seas. As they neared the white cliffs which frowned upon their enterprise (Figs. 87, 88, 90), Cæsar beheld them covered with armed natives, ready to dispute his landing. The laurelled conqueror (Figs. 83, 84), who, according to Suetonius, only experienced three reverses during nine years' command in Gaul, would not risk the Roman discipline against the British courage, on a coast thus girt with natural defences. It is held that the proper interpretation of his own narrative is, that he proceeded towards the north; and it is considered by most authorities that the flat beach between Walmer Castle and Sandwich was the place of his disembarkation. It was here, then, that the British and Roman weapons first came into conflict (Fig. 80). But the captains and the standard-bearers marched not deliberately to the shore, as they are represented on the Column of Trajan (Fig. 82). The cavalry and the war-chariots of the active Britons met the invader on the beach: and whilst the soldiers hesitated to leave the ships, the standard-bearer of the tenth legion leaped into the water, exclaiming, as Cæsar has recorded, "Follow me, my fellow-soldiers, unless you will give up your eagle to the enemy: I, at least, will do my duty to the republic and to our general!" (Fig. 85.) The Romans made good their landing. The symbols of the great republic were henceforward to become more familiar to the skin-clothed and painted Britons (Fig. 79); but not as yet were they to be bound with the chain of the captive (Fig. 81). The galleys in which the cavalry of Cæsar were approaching the British shores were scattered by a storm. This calamity, and his imperfect acquaintance with the country and with the coast, determined the invader to winter in Gaul. It is a remarkable fact that Cæsar was ignorant of the height to which the tide rises in these narrow seas. A heavy spring-tide came, and his transports, which lay at anchor, were dashed to pieces, and his lighter galleys (Figs. 93, 94, 95), drawn up on the beach, were swamped with the rising waves. This second disaster occurred within a few hours of the conclusion of a peace between the invader and the invaded. That, very night, according to Cæsar, it happened to be full moon, when the tides

always rise highest—"a fact at the time wholly unknown to the Romans." The Britons, with a breach of confidence that may almost be justified in the case of the irruption of a foreign power into a peaceful land, broke the treaty. Cæsar writes that they were signally defeated. But the invader hastily repaired his ships; and set sail, even without his hostages, for the opposite shores, where his power was better established.

Cæsar, early in the next year, returned to a conflict with the people whose coast "looks towards the rising sun." He came in a fleet of eight hundred vessels; and the natives, either in terror or in policy, left him to land without opposition. The flat shores of Kent again received his legions; and he marched rapidly into the country, till he met a formidable enemy in those whom he had described as "the inland people," who "for the most part do not sow corn, but live on milk and flesh, and have their clothing of skins." Cæsar himself bears the most unequivocal testimony to the indomitable courage of this people. The tribes with whom Cæsar came into conflict were, as described by him, the people of Cantium, inhabitants of Kent; the Trinobantes, inhabitants of Essex; the Ceninagni, inhabitants of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge; the Segontiaci, inhabitants of parts of Hants and Berks; the Ancalites, inhabitants of parts of Berks and Wilts; the Briboci, inhabitants of parts of Berks and the adjacent counties; the Cassi, conjectured to be the inhabitants of Cassio hundred, Herts.* Cæsar, after various fortune, carried back his soldiers in the same year to Gaul. He set sail by night, in fear, he says, of the equinoctial gales. He left no body of men behind him; he erected no fortress. It is probable that he took back captives to adorn his triumph. But the Romans, with all their national pride, did not in a succeeding age hold Cæsar's expedition to be a conquest. Tacitus says that he did not conquer Britain, but only showed it to the Romans. Horace, calling upon Augustus to achieve the conquest, speaks of Britain as "intactus," (untouched); and Propertius, in the same spirit, describes her as "invictus," (unconquered). There is, perhaps, therefore, little of exaggeration in the lines which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the Queen in 'Cymbeline':

Remember, Sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors: together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here: but made not here his brag
Of came, and ease, and overcame: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moy'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks.

We have thus narrated very briefly the two descents of Cæsar upon Britain; because, from the nature of his inroad into the country, no monuments exist or could have existed to attest his progress. But it is not so with the subsequent periods of Roman dominion. The great military power of the ancient world may be here traced by what is left of its arms and its arts. Camden has well described the durable memorials of the Roman sway: "The Romans, by planting their colonies here, and reducing the natives under the rules of civil government—by instructing them in the liberal arts, and sending them into Gaul to learn the laws of the Roman empire,—did at last so reform and civilize them by introducing their laws and customs, that for the modes of their dress and living they were not inferior to the other provinces. The buildings and other works were so very magnificent, that we view the remains of them to this day with the greatest admiration; and the common people will have these Roman fabrics to be the works of giants." We proceed to a rapid notice of the more important of these monuments.

* See Maps of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

In that curious record, in old French, of the foundation of the Castle at Dover, which we find in Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' we are told that when Arviragus reigned in Britain, he refused to be subject to Rome, and withheld the tribute; making the Castle of Dover strong with ditch and wall against the Romans, if they should come. The old British hill-forts and cities were not works of regular form, like the camps and castles of the Romans; and thus the earliest remains of the labours of man in Dover Castle exhibit a ditch and a mound of irregular form, a parallelogram with the corners rounded off, approaching to something like an oval. Yet within this ditch are the unquestionable fragments of Roman architecture, still standing up against the storms which have beaten against them for nearly eighteen centuries (Fig. 89). We may well believe, therefore, that the statement of the chronicler is not wholly fabulous when he said that a British king strengthened Dover Castle; and that the Romans, as in other cases, planted their soldiers in the strongholds where the Britons had defied them. Be this as it may, the Roman works of Dover Castle are among the most interesting in the island, remarkable in themselves, suggestive of high and solemn remembrances. Toil up the steep hill, tourist, and mount the tedious steps which place you on the heights where stands this far-famed castle. Look landward, and you have a prospect of surpassing beauty, not unmixed with grandeur; look seaward, and you may descry the cliffs of France, with many a steambont bringing in reality those lands together which dim traditions say were once unsevered by the sea. Look not now upon the Norman keep, for after a little space we will ask you to return thither; but wind round the slight ascent which is still before you, till you are at the foot of the grassy mound upon which stand the ruined walls which attest that here the Romans trod. That octagonal building, some thirty or forty feet high, and which probably mounted to a much greater height, was a Roman pharos, or lighthouse. Mark the thickness of its walls, at least ten feet! see the peculiarity of its construction, wherever the modern casing, far more perishable than the original structure, will permit you. The beacon-fires of that tower have long been burnt out. They were succeeded by bells, which rung their merry peals when kings and lord-wardens came here in their cumbrous pageantry. The bells were removed to Portsmouth, and the old tower was unroofed. Man has taken no care of it; man has assisted the elements in its destruction. But its builders worked not for their own age alone, as the moderns work. Its foundations are laid in clay, and not upon the chalk. The thin flat bricks, which are known as Roman tiles, are laid in even courses, amidst intermediate courses of blocks of hard stalactitical concretions which must have been brought by sea from a considerable distance. Some of the tiles are of a peculiar construction having knobs and ledges as if to bind them fast with the other materials. In the true Roman buildings the uniformity of the courses, especially where tiles are used, is most remarkable. Such is the case in this building: "With alternate courses formed of these and other Roman tiles, and then of small blocks of the stalactitical incrustations, was this edifice constructed, from the bottom to the top;—each course of tiles consisting of two rows; and each course of stalactites, of seven rows of blocks, generally about seven inches deep, and about one foot in length. Five of these alternate courses, in one part, like so many stages or stories, were discernible a few years ago very clearly."—(King.) When the poor fisherman of Rutupiae (Richborough) steered his oyster-laden bark to Gesoriacum (Boulogne), the pharos of Dover lent its light to make his path across the Channel less perilous and lonely. At Boulogne there was a corresponding lighthouse of Roman work; an octagonal tower, with twelve stages of floors, rising to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. This tower is said to have been the work of Caligula. It once stood a bowshot from the sea; but in the course of sixteen centuries the cliff was undermined, and it fell in 1644. The pharos of Dover has had a somewhat longer date, from the nature of its position. No reverence for the past has assisted to preserve what remains of one of the most interesting memorials of that dominion which had such important influences in the civilization of England. The mixed race in our country has, in fact, sprung from these old Romans; and the poetical antiquary thus carries us back to the great progenitors of Rome herself: "Whilst," says Camden, "I treat of the Roman Empire in Britain (which lasted, as I said, about four hundred and seventy-six years), it comes into my mind how many colonies of Romans must have been transplanted hither in so long a time; what numbers of soldiers were continually sent from Rome, for garrisons; how many persons were despatched hither, to negotiate affairs, public or private; and that these, intermarrying with the Britons, seated themselves here, and multiplied into families: for, 'Wherever' (says Seneca) 'the Roman conquers

he inhabits.' So that I have oftentimes concluded that the Britons might derive themselves from the Trojans by these Romans (who doubtless descended from the Trojans), with greater probability than either the Arverni, who from Trojan blood styled themselves brethren to the Romans, or the Mamertini, Hedui, and others, who upon fabulous grounds grafted themselves into the Trojan stock. For Rome, that common mother (as one calls her), challenges all such as citizens—

"Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit."
("Whom conquer'd, she in sacred bonds hath tied.")

The old traditions connected with Dover Castle, absurd as they are, are founded upon the popular disposition to venerate ancient things. The destruction of ancient things in this country, during the last three centuries, was consummated when a sceptical, sneering, unimaginative philosophy was enabled, in its pride of reason, to despise what was old, and to give us nothing that was beautiful and venerable in the place of what had perished. Lambarde thus writes: "The Castle at Dover, say Lydgate and Rosse, was first builded by Julius Cæsar, the Roman Emperour, in memory of whom they of the Castle keep till this day certain vessels of old wine and salt which they affirm to be the remain of such provisions as he brought into it." The honest topographer adds, with a beautiful simplicity, "As touching the which, if they be natural and not sophisticate, I suppose them more likely to have been of that store which Hubert de Burgh laid in there." Now Hubert de Burgh lived three hundred and fifty years before Lambarde; and we are inclined to think that even his vessels of old wine might have stood a fair chance of being tapped and drunk out during the troublesome times which elapsed between the reign of John and the reign of Elizabeth. But yet it were vain of us to despise this confiding spirit of the old writers. We have gained nothing in literature or in art, perhaps very little in morals, by calling for absolute proof in all matters of history; and by fancying that, if we cannot have a clear microscopic bird's-eye view of the past, we are to turn from its dimly-lighted plains, and its misty hills losing themselves in the clouds, as if there were nothing soothing and elevating in their shadowy perspective. There must be doubt and difficulty and uncertainty in all that belongs to very remote antiquity:—

"Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost
On Snowden's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the Ghost
Of Time and Shadows of Tradition crost.
And where the boatman of the Western Isles
Shackens his course to mark those holy piles
Which yet survive on bleak lone's coast.
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame,
Nor Taliesin's unforgetten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led;
Enough—if eyes that sought the Fountain-head
In vain, upon the growing Ill may gaze."

WORDSWORTH.

This is wisdom—a poet's wisdom, which has sprung and ripened in an uncongenial age. But if we seek the "growing Rill," we shall not gaze upon it with less pleasure if we have endeavoured, however imperfectly and erringly, to trace it to the "Fountain-head."

Close by the pharos are the ruins of an ancient church (Fig. 89). This church, which was in the form of a cross, was unquestionably constructed of Roman materials, if it was not of Roman work. The tiles present themselves in the same regular courses as in the pharos. The latter antiquarians are inclined to the belief that this church was constructed of the materials of a former Roman building. It appears exceedingly difficult to reconcile such a belief with the fact that Roman walls, wherever we find them in this country, are almost indestructible. The red and yellow tiles at Richborough, for example, of which we shall have presently to speak, are embedded as firmly in the concrete as the layers of flint in a cliff of chalk. The flints may be removed with much greater ease from the chalk than the tiles from the concrete. The whole forms a solid mass which tool can hardly touch. It would have been no economy, we believe, of labour or of material to have pulled down such a Roman building, to erect another out of its ruins; although, indeed, the building may have been destroyed, and another building of new materials may have been put together upon the principles of Roman construction. Such considerations ought to induce us not lightly to reject the traditions, which have come down to us through the old ecclesiastical annalists, of a very early Christian church, some say the first Christian church, having been erected within the original Roman, or earlier than Roman, hill-fort in Dover Castle. Little is left of this interesting ruin of some Christian church: and



92.—Roman Eagle.



89.—Roman Lighthouse, Church, and Trenches in Dover Castle.



93.—Roman Galley.



96.—Roman Standard-Bearer.



91.—Roman Church in Dover Castle



9.—Roman Soldiers.



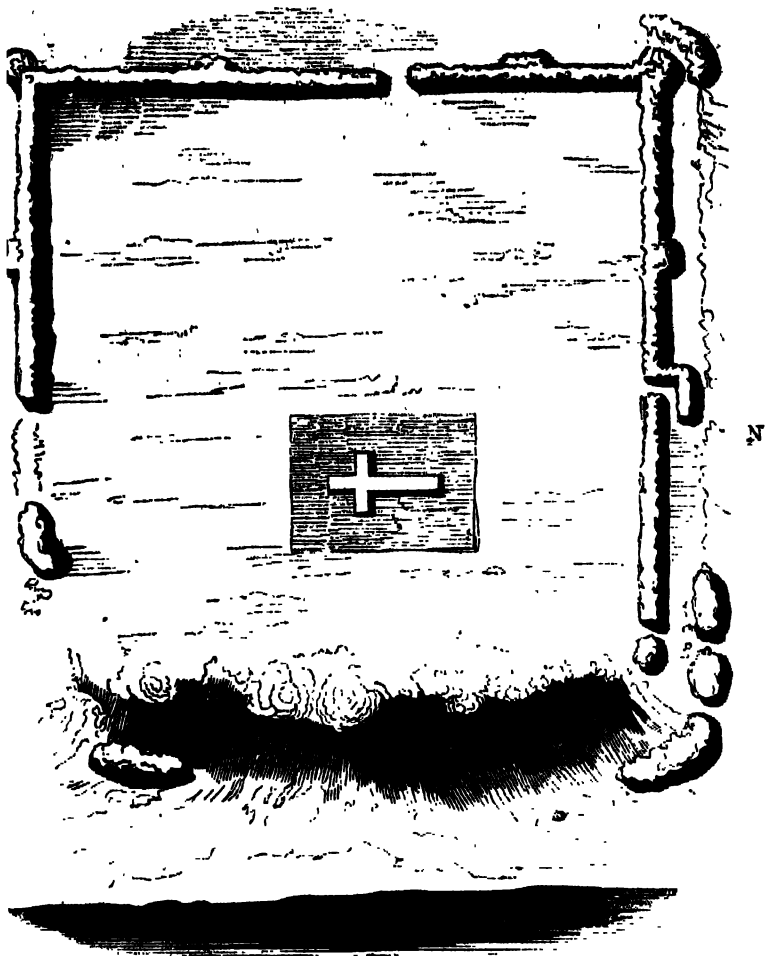
94.—Roman Galley.



90.—Dover Cliffs.



95.—Roman Galley



98.—Plan of Richborough.



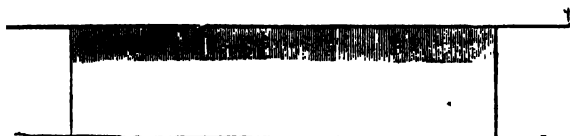
100.—North Wall of Richborough.



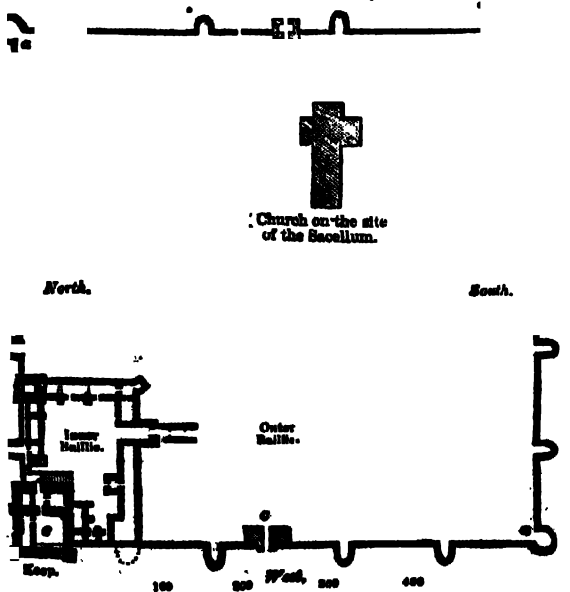
102.—Bronze found at Richborough.



99.—Richborough. General View, from the E. S.



101.—Plan of the Platform and Cross, Richborough.



101.—Plan of Forchester Castle, Hants.



103.—Ruins of Ancient Church of Repulgar.

that little has been defaced by the alterations of successive centuries (Fig. 94). But here is a religious edifice of Roman workmanship, or built after the model of Roman workmanship, in the form dear to the Christian worship, the primitive and lasting symbol of the Christian faith. It is held by some, and perhaps not unreasonably, that here stood the *Prætorium* of the Roman Castle—the elevated spot for state display and religious ceremonial, the place of command and of sacrifice. It is held, too, that upon such a platform was erected the *Sacellum*, the low buildings where the eagles which led the Roman soldiers to victory were guarded with reverential care. Such buildings, it is contended, might grow into Christian churches. It is difficult to establish or to disprove these theories; but the fact is certain that in several of the undoubted Roman castles, or camps, is a small building of cruciform shape, placed not far from the centre of the enclosure. At *Porchester* (Fig. 104) and at *Dover* these buildings have become churches. The chronicle of *Dover Castle* says (see Appendix, No. 1, to Dugdale's *Account of the Nunnery of St. Martin*), "In the year of grace 180, reigned in Britain *Lucius*. He became a Christian under Pope *Eleutherius*, and served God, and advanced Holy Church as much as he could. Amongst other benefits he made a church in the said castle where the people of the town might receive the Sacraments." The chronicler then goes on to tell us of "*Arthur the Glorious*," and the hall which he made in *Dover Castle*; and then he comes to the dreary period of the Saxon invasion under *Hengist*, when "the Pagan people destroyed the churches throughout the land, and thrust out the Christians." The remaining part of this history which pertains to the old church in the castle is told with an impressive quaintness: "In the year of grace 596, *St. Gregory*, the Pope, sent into England his cousin *St. Augustine*, and many other monks with him, to preach the Christian faith to the English. There then reigned in Kent *Adelbert* (*Ethelbert*), who, through the Doctrine of *St. Augustine*, became a Christian with all his people; and all the other people in the land so became through the teachers which *St. Augustine* sent to them. This *Adelbert* had a son whose name was *Adelbold* (*Eadbald*), who, after the death of his father, reigned; and he became a Pagan, and banished the people of Holy Church out of his kingdom. Then the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, *Laurence*, who was preacher after *St. Augustine*, fled with others out of the land. But *St. Peter* appeared to him, and commanded that he should go boldly to the king and reprove him for his misdeeds. He did so, and by the grace of God the king repented and became devout to God and religious. This *Adelbold* ordained twenty-two secular canons in the castle to serve his chapel, and gave them twenty and two provenders (means of support). The said canons dwelt in the castle a hundred and five years, and maintained a great and fine house there, and went in and out of the castle night and day, according to their will, so that the serjeants of the king which guarded the castle could not restrain them." The canons, it would appear from this record, conducted themselves somewhat turbulently and irregularly during these hundred and five years, till they were finally ejected by King *Withred*, who removed them to the church of *St. Martin*, in the town of *Dover*, which he built for them. A fragment of the ruins of the town priory is to be seen near the market-place in *Dover*: This ejection is held to have happened in the year 696. If the story be correct, the church within the castle must have been erected previous to the end of the seventh century. It might have been erected at a much earlier period, when many of the Roman soldiers of Britain were converts to the Roman faith; and here, upon that commanding rock which *Matthew Paris* called "*Clavis et Repagulum totius Regni*," the very key and barrier of the whole kingdom, might the eagles have vailed before the emblems of the religion of peace (Figs. 92, 96), and the mailed soldiers have laid down their shields and javelins (Fig. 97) to mingle in that common worship which made the Roman and the Barbarian equals.

It was a little before the commencement of a glorious corn-harvest that we first saw *Richborough*. Descending from the high fertile land of the Isle of *Thanet*, we passed *Ebbesfleet*, the spot in *Pegwell Bay* where tradition says *Hengist* and *Horsa* landed, to carry war and rapine into the country. The coast here wears an aspect of melancholy dreariness. To the east we looked back upon the bold cliff of *Ramsgate*; to the west, upon the noble promontory of the *South Foreland*. But all the land space between these two extremities of the bay is a vast flat, drained in every direction by broad ditches, amidst which, in propitious seasons, thousands of sheep find a luxuriant though coarse pasture. At low-water the sea retires many furlongs from this flat shore; and then the fisherboy fills his basket with curious shells, which are here found

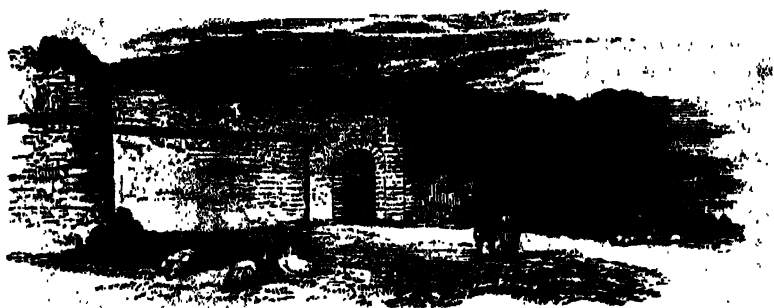
in great variety. When the tide has ebbcd, a narrow stream may be traced for a long distance through the sand, which, when the salt wave has receded, still fills the little channel into which it empties itself from its inland source. This is the river *Stour*, whose main branch, flowing from *Ashford* by the old Roman Castle of *Chilham*, and onward to *Canterbury*, forms the boundary of the Isle of *Thanet* on the south-west; and making a sudden bend southerly to *Sandwich*, returns again in a northerly direction to empty itself into its sea-channel in *Pegwell Bay*. The road crosses the peninsula which is formed by this doubling of the river. At about a mile to the west is a gentle hill crowned with a large mass of low wall. At the distance of two or three miles we distinctly see that this is some remarkable object. It is not a lofty castle of the middle ages, such as we sometimes look upon, with tower and bastion crumbling into picturesque ruin; but here, on the north side, is a long line of wall, without a single aperture, devoid alike of loophole or battlement, and seemingly standing there only to support the broad masses of ivy which spread over its surface in singular luxuriance. We take boat at a little ferry-house, at a place called *Saltpans*. *Leland*, when he went to *Richborough* three hundred years ago, found a hermit there; and he says, "I had antiquities of the heremite, the which is an industrious man." So say we of the ferryman. He has small copper coins in abundance, which tell what people have been hereabout. He rows us down the little river for about three-quarters of a mile, and we are under the walls of *Richborough Castle* (Fig. 99). This is indeed a mighty monument of ages that are gone. Let us examine it with somewhat more than common attention.

Ascending the narrow road which passes the cottage built at the foot of the bank, we reach some masses of wall which lie below the regular line (Plan 98). Have these fallen from their original position, or do they form an outwork connected with fragments which also appear on the lower level of the slope? This is a question not very easy to decide from the appearance of the walls themselves. Another question arises, upon which antiquarian writers have greatly differed. Was there a fourth wall on the south-eastern side facing the river? It is believed by some that there was such a wall, and that the castle or camp once formed a regular parallelogram. It is difficult to reconcile this belief with the fact that the sea has been constantly retiring from *Richborough*, and that the little river was undoubtedly once a noble estuary. *Bede*, who wrote his '*Ecclesiastical History*' in the beginning of the eighth century, thus describes the branch of the river which forms the Isle of *Thanet*, and which now runs a petty brook from *Richborough* to *Reculver*: "On the east side of Kent is the Isle of *Thanet*, considerably large; that is, containing, according to the English way of reckoning, six hundred families, divided from the other land by the river *Wantsum*, which is about three furlongs over, and fordable only in two places, for both ends of it run into the sea." Passing by the fragments of which we have spoken, we are under the north (strictly north-east) wall—a wondrous work, calculated to impress us with a conviction that the people who built it were not the petty labourers of an hour, who were contented with temporary defences and frail resting-places. The outer works upon the southern cliff of *Dover*, which were run up during the war with *Napoleon* at a prodigious expense, are crumbling and perishing, through the weakness of job and contract, which could not endure for half a century. And here stand the walls of *Richborough*, as they have stood for eighteen hundred years, from twenty to thirty feet high, in some places with foundations five feet below the earth, eleven or twelve feet thick at the base, with their outer masonry in many parts as perfect as at the hour when their courses of tiles and stones were first laid in beautiful regularity. The northern wall is five hundred and sixty feet in length. From the eastern end, for more than two-fifths of its whole length, it presents a surface almost wholly unbroken. It exhibits seven courses of stone, each course about four feet thick, and the courses separated each from the other by a double line of red or yellow tiles, each tile being about an inch and a half in thickness. The entrance to the camp through this north wall is very perfect, of the construction marked in the plan. This was called by the Romans the *Porta Principalis*, but in after times the *Postern-gate*. We pass through this entrance, and we are at once in the interior of the Roman Castle. The area within the walls is a field of five acres covered, when we saw it, with luxuriant beans, whose green pods were scarcely yet shrivelled by the summer sun. Towards the centre of the field, a little to the east of the postern-gate, was a large space where the beans grew not. The area within the walls is much higher in most places than the ground without; and therefore the walls present a far more imposing appearance on their outer side. As we pass along the north wall to its western extremity, it

becomes much more broken and dilapidated; large fragments having fallen from the top, which now presents a very irregular line. (Fig. 100.) It is considered that at the north-west and south-west angles there were circular towers. The west wall is very much broken down; and it is held that at the opening (Plan 98) was the Decuman gate (the gate through which ten men could march abreast). The south wall is considerably dilapidated; and from the nature of the ground is at present of much less length than the north wall. Immense cavities present themselves in this wall, in which the farmer deposits his ploughs and harrows, and the wandering gipsy seeks shelter from the driving north-east rain. One of these cavities in the south wall is forty-two feet long, as we roughly measured it, and about five feet in height. The wall is in some places completely pierced through; so that here is a long low arch, with fifteen or eighteen feet of solid work, ten feet thick, above it, held up almost entirely by the lateral cohesion. Nothing can be a greater proof of the extraordinary solidity of the original work. From some very careful engravings of the external sides of the walls given in King's 'Munimenta Antiqua,' we find that the same cavity was to be seen in 1775.

Of the early importance of Richborough we have the most decisive evidence. Bede, eleven hundred years ago, speaks of it as the chief thing of note on the southern coast. Writing of Britain, he says, "On the south it has the Belgic Gaul; passing along whose nearest shore there appears the city called Rutubi Portus, the which port is now by the English nation corruptly called Reptacester: the passage of the sea from Gesoriacum, the nearest shore of the nation of the Morini, being fifty miles, or, as some write, four hundred and fifty furlongs." Camden thus describes the changes in the name of this celebrated place: "On the south side of the mouth of Wantsum (which they imagine has changed its channel), and over against the island was a city, called by Ptolemy, Rhotupis; by Tacitus, Portus Rutulensis, for Rhotupensis, if B. Rhenanus's conjecture hold good; by Antoninus, Rhotupis Portus; by Ammianus, Rhotupis statio; by Orosius, the port and city of Rhotubus; by the Saxons (according to Bede), Reptacester, and by others Raptimouth; by Alfred of Beverley, Richberge; and at this day Richborrow: thus has time sported in varying one and the same name." It is unnecessary for us here to enter into the question whether Rhotupis was Richborough, or Sandwich, or Stonor. The earlier antiquaries, Leland, Lambarde, Camden, decide, as they well might, that the great Roman Castle of Richborough was the key of that haven which Juvenal has celebrated for its oysters (Sat. iv), and Lucan for its stormy seas (lib. vi.). Our readers, we think, will prefer, to such a dissertation, that most curious description of the place which we find in Leland's 'Itinerary'—a description that has been strangely neglected by most modern topographers: "Ratesburgh, otherwise Richeboro, was, or ever the river of Sture did turn his bottom or old canal, within the Isle of Thanet; and by likelihood the main sea came to the very foot of the castle. The main sea is now off of it a mile, by reason of woeze (ooze) that hath there swollen up. The site of the old town or castle is wonderful fair upon a hill. The walls, the which remain there yet, be in compass almost as much as the Tower of London. They have been very high, thick, strong, and well embattled. The matter of them is flint, marvellous and long bricks, white and red after the Britons' fashion. The cement was made of sea-sand and small pebble. There is a great likelihood that the goodly hill about the castle, and especially to Sandwich-ward, hath been well inhabited. Corn groweth on the hill in marvellous plenty; and in going to plough there hath, out of mind, been found, and now is, more antiquities of Roman money than in any place else of England. Surely reason speaketh that this should be Rutupinum. For besides that the name somewhat toucheth, the very near passage from Clyves, or Cales, was to Ratesburgh, and now is to Sandwich, the which is about a mile off; though now Sandwich be not celebrated because of Goodwin Sands and the decay of the haven. There is a good flight shot off from Ratesburgh, towards Sandwich, a great dike, cast in a round compass, as it had been for fence of men of war. The compass of the ground within is not much above an acre, and it is very hollow by casting up the earth. They call the place there Lyleborough. Within the castle is a little parish-church of St. Augustine, and an hermitage. I had antiquities of the hermit, the which is an industrious man. Not far from the hermitage is a cave where men have sought and digged for treasure. I saw it by candle within, and there were conies (rabbits). It was so strait, that I had no mind to creep far in. In the north side of the Castle is a head in the wall, now sore defaced with weather. They call it Queen Bertha Head. Near to that place, hard by the wall, was a pot of Roman money found."

In the bean-field within the walls of Richborough there was a space where no beans grew, which we could not approach without trampling down the thick crop. We knew what was the cause of that patch of unfertility. We had learnt from the work of Mr. King, who had derived his information from Mr. Boys, the local historian of Sandwich, that there was, "at the depth of a few feet, between the soil and rubbish, a solid regular platform, one hundred and forty-four in length, and a hundred and four feet in breadth, being a most compact mass of masonry composed of flint stones and strong coarse mortar." This great platform, "as hard and entire in every part as a solid rock," is pronounced by King to have been "the great parade, or Augurale, belonging to the Prætorium, where was the Sacellum for the eagles and ensigns, and where the sacrifices were offered." But upon this platform is placed a second compact mass of masonry, rising nearly five feet above the lower mass, in the form of a cross, very narrow in the longer part, which extends from the south to the north (or, to speak more correctly, from the south-west to the north-east), but in the shorter transverse of the cross, which is forty-six feet in length, having a breadth of twenty-two feet. This cross, according to King, was the site of the Sacellum. Half a century ago was this platform dug about and under, and brass and lead, and broken vessels were found, and a curious little bronze figure of a Roman soldier playing upon the bagpipes (Fig. 102). Again has antiquarian curiosity been set to work, and labourers are now digging and delving on the edge of the platform, and breaking their tools against the iron concrete. The workmen have found a passage along the south and north sides of the platform, and have penetrated, under the platform, to walls upon which it is supposed to rest, whose foundations are laid twenty-eight feet lower. Some fragments of pottery have been found in this last excavation, and the explorers expect to break through the walls upon which the platform rests, and find a chamber. It may be so. Looking at the greater height of the ground within the walls, compared with the height without, we are inclined to believe that this platform, which is five feet in depth, was the open basement of some public building in the Roman time. To what purpose it was applied in the Christian period, whether of Rome or Britain, we think there can be no doubt. The traveller who looked upon it three centuries ago tells us distinctly, "within the Castle is a little parish-church of St. Augustine, and an hermitage." When Camden saw the place, nearly a century after Leland, the little parish-church was gone. He found no hermitage there, and no hermit to show him antiquities. He says, "To teach us that cities die as well as men, it is at this day a corn-field, wherein when the corn is grown up one may observe the draughts of streets crossing one another, for where they have gone the corn is thinner. . . . Nothing now remains but some ruinous walls of a square tower cemented with a sort of sand extremely binding." He also says that the crossings of the streets are commonly called St. Augustine's Cross. There is certainly more confusion in this description of crossings as one cross. To us it appears more than probable that the "little parish-church of St. Augustine," which Leland saw, had this cross for its foundation, and that when this church was swept away—when the hermit who dwelt there, and there pursued his solitary worship, fell upon evil times—the cross, with a few crumbling walls, proclaimed where the little parish church had stood, and that this was then called St. Augustine's Cross (Fig. 191). The cross is decidedly of a later age than the platform; the masonry is far less regular and compact. Camden, continuing the history of Richborough after the Romans, says, "This Rutupis flourished likewise after the coming in of the Saxons, for authors tell us it was the palace of Ethelbert, king of Kent, and Bede honours it with the name of a city." The belief that the palace of Ethelbert was upon this commanding elevation, so strengthened by art, full no doubt of remains of Roman magnificence, the key of the broad river which allowed an ample passage for ships of burthen from the Channel to the estuary of the Thames, is a rational belief. But Lambarde says of Richborough, "Whether it were that palace of King Ethelbert from whence he went to entertain Augustine, he that shall advisedly read the twenty-fifth chapter of Bede his first book shall have just cause to doubt; forasmuch as he sheweth manifestly that the king came from his palace into the Isle of Thanet to Augustine, and Leland saith that Richborough was then within Thanet, although that since that time the water has changed its old course and shut it clean out of the island." This is a refinement in the old Kentish topographer which will scarcely outweigh the general fitness of Richborough for the palace of the Saxon king. The twenty-fifth chapter of Bede is indeed worth reading "advisedly;" but not to settle this minute point of local antiquarianism. We have given Bede's description of the Isle of Thanet, in which island, he says, "lauded the servant of our Lord, Augustine, and his com-



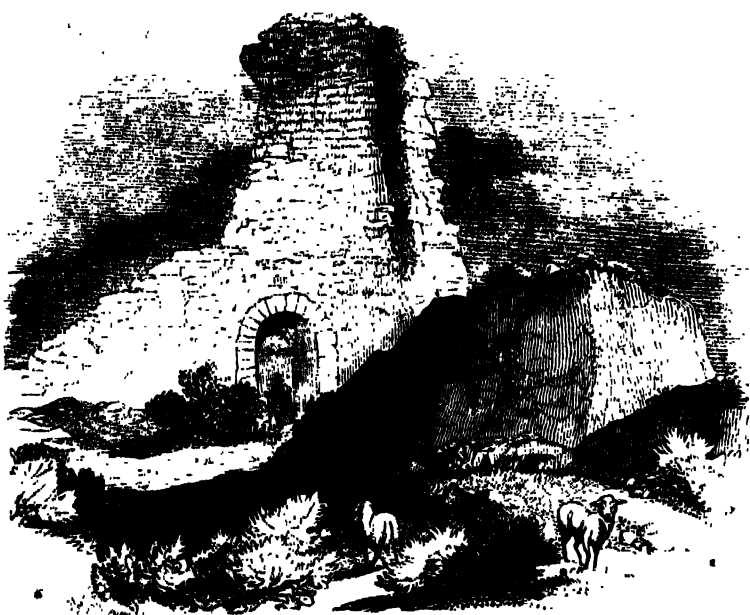
107.—Walls and Gate, Pevensey.



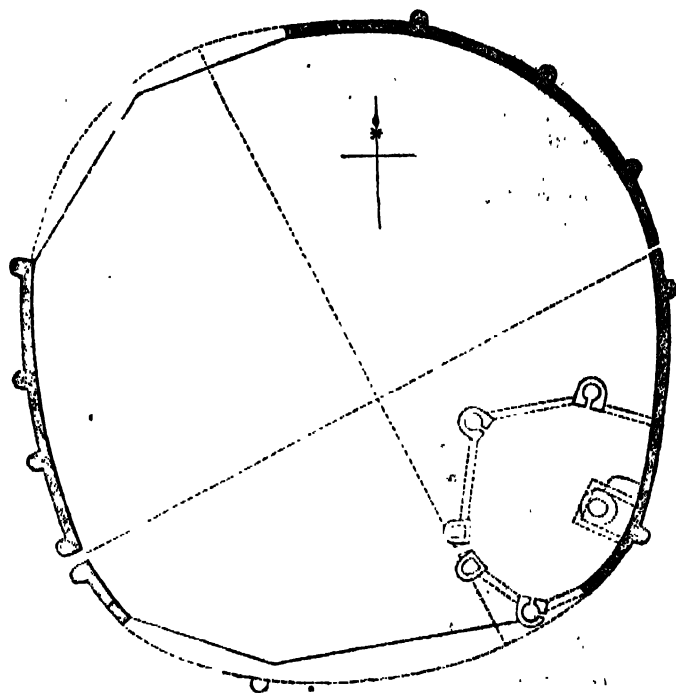
108.—Walls, Pevensey.



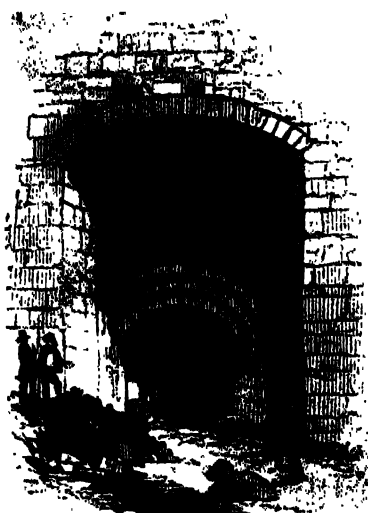
105.—General View of the Ruins of Pevensey Castle.



109.—Supposed Saxon Keep, Pevensey.



106.—Plan of Pevensey Castle.



110.—Sally-port, Pevensey.



111.—Norman Tower, Pevensey.



112.—Interior of Norman Tower, Pevensey.



115.—Rome—a fragment after Piranesi.



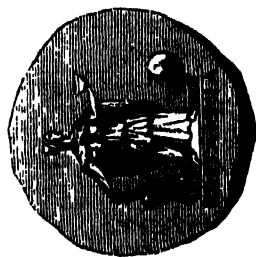
114.—Conflict between Romans and Barbarians. (From the Arch of Trajan.)



116.—Roman Victory,



122.—Coin 6. and in London.



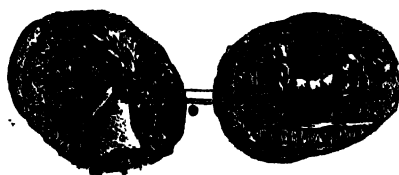
113.—The Thames at Coway Stakes.



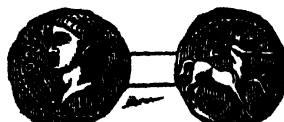
22.—The earliest figure of Britannia on a Roman Coin.



117.—Augustus.



119.—Coin of Claudius, representing his British Triumph. (From the British Museum.)



121.—Coin of Cunobelinus.



120.—Coin of Claudius. Actual size. Gold. Weight 122 grains. In Brit. Mus.



118.—Claudius. (From a Copper Coin in the British Museum.)

persons, being as I. is reported near forty men." The king, according to Bede's narrative, hearing of their arrival, and the nature of their mission, ordered them to stay in the island, where they should be furnished with all necessaries. "Some days after, the king came into the island, and, sitting in the open air, ordered Augustine and his companions to be brought into his presence. For he had taken precaution that they should not come to him in any house, according to the ancient superstition, lest, if they had any magical arts, they might at their coming impose upon and get the better of him. But they came furnished with divine virtue, not with diabolical, bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board, and, singing the litany, offered up their prayers to the Lord for their own, and the eternal salvation of those to whom they were come. Having, pursuant to the king's commands, after sitting down, preached to him and all his attendants there present the Word of Life; he answered thus: 'Your words and promises are very taking, but in regard that they are new and uncertain, I cannot approve of them, forsaking that which I have so long followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from far into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but rather give you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with your necessary sustenance; nor do we forbid you by preaching to gain as many as you can to your religion.' Accordingly he gave them a dwelling-place in the city of Canterbury, which was the metropolis of all his dominions, and pursuant to his promise, besides allowing them their diet, permitted them to preach." This memorable transaction, told with such touching simplicity a little more than a century after its occurrence, by the illustrious monk of Jarrow, imparts a far deeper interest to this locality than its Roman memorials.

John Twyne, a celebrated antiquarian who lived in the sixteenth century, says, "There be right credible persons yet living that have often seen not only small boats but vessels of good burden to pass to and fro upon the Wantsum, where now the water, especially towards the west, is clean excluded; and there be apparent marks that Sarr, where they now go over, was a proper haven." Those who have traversed the low country which lies between Reculver and Sandwich—a task not very easily to be accomplished unless the pedestrian can leap the broad ditches which drain the marsh—will readily comprehend how, in the course of eighteen centuries, the great estuary may have dwindled into a petty rill. There is nothing in the nature of the country to prevent one believing that a large arm of the sea cut off the Isle of Thanet from the mainland of Kent, and that this channel, in the time of the Romans, formed the readiest passage from the coast of Gaul to London. The late Mr. John Rickman has well described the course of communication between the Continent and Britain:—"The Roman roads in Kent deserve notice as having been planned with an intention of greater scope than (within my knowledge) has been ascribed to them. The nearest and middle harbour of access from Gaul was evidently Dover; but whenever the wind was unfavourable for a direct passage, further recourse became desirable, and from Lemanis (Lymne, near Hythe) and Ritupæ (Richborough, near Sandwich) branch roads were made, joining the Dover road at Canterbury; so that a dispatch-boat, by sailing from the windward port, or steering for the leeward of these three ports, could seldom fail of a ready passage to or from the Continent; and especially it is remarkable that the prevailing south-west wind (with this advantage) permitted a direct passage from Gessoriacum or Itius (Boulogne or Wissant) to Ritupæ, in effect to London; the Wantsum channel then and long after existing within the Isle of Thanet to Regulbium (Reculver) on the Thames, being that by which early navigation was sheltered in its access to the British metropolis. Indeed the first paragraph of the Itinerary of Antoninus gives the reputed distance from Gessoriacum to Ritupæ, as if more important or more in use than the shorter passage to Dover." ('Archæologia,' vol. xxviii.) With this explanation we can comprehend the advantage of the Roman position at Reculver. Through this broad channel of the Wantsum the Roman vessels from Boulogne sailed direct into the Thames, without going round the North Foreland; and the entrance to the estuary was defended by the great Castle of Richborough at the one end, and by the lesser Castle of Reculver at the other. The Roman remains still existing at Reculver are less interesting than those at Richborough, chiefly because they are of less magnitude and are more dilapidated. Very close to the ruins of the ancient church, whose spires were once held in such reverence that ships entering the Thames were wont to lower their top sails as they passed (Fig. 103), is an area, now partly under the plough and partly a kitchen-garden. It is somewhat elevated above the surrounding fields; and, descending a

little distance to the west of the ruined church, stands under the Roman wall, which still stands up on the western and southern sides with its layers of flat stone and concrete, defying the dripping rain and the insidious ivy. The castle stood upon a natural rising ground, beneath which still flows the thread-like stream of the river Stour or Wantsum. Although it was once the key of the northern mouth of the great estuary, it did not overhang the sea on the northern cliff, as the old church ruin now hangs. When the legions were here encamped, it stood far away from the dashing of the northern tide, which for many generations has been here invading the land with an irresistible power. Century after century has the wave been gnawing at this cliff; and, as successive portions have fallen, the bare sides have presented human bones, and coins, and fragments of pottery, and tessellated pavements, which told that man had been here, with his comforts and luxuries around him, long before Ethelbert was laid beneath the floor of the Saxon church, upon whose ruins the sister spires of the Norman rose, themselves to be a ruin, now preserved only as a sea-mark. Reculver is a memorable example of the changes produced in a short period of three centuries. Leland's description of the place is scarcely credible to those who have stood beneath these spires, on the very margin of the sea, and have looked over the low ruined wall of the once splendid choir, upon the fishing-boats rocking in the tide beneath:—"Reculver is now scarce half a mile from the shore." In another place—"Reculver standeth within a quarter of a mile or a little more from the sea-side. The town at this time is but village-like; sometime where as the parish church is now was a faire and a great abbey, and Brightwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, was of that house. The old building of the church of the abbey remaineth, having two goodly spiring steeples. In the entering of the choir is one of the fairest and the most ancient cross that ever I saw, nine feet, as I guess, in height; it standeth like a fair column." Long ago has the cross perished, with its curiously-wrought carvings and its painted images; and so has perished the "very ancient book of the Evangelists," which Leland also describes. The Romans have left more durable traces of their existence at Reculver than the ministers of religion, who here, for centuries, had sung the daily praises of Him who delivereth out of their distress those "that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters." The change in names of places sometimes tells the story of their material changes. The Regulbium of the Romans became the Raculfoester of the Saxons, *cester* indicating a camp; that name changes when the camp has perished, and the great abbey is flourishing, to Raculminster; the camp and the abbey have both perished, and we have come back to the Latin Regulbium, in its Anglicized form of Reculver. Some fiercer destruction even than that which swept away the abbey probably fell upon the Roman city. Gibson, speaking of the coins and jewellery which have been found at various times at Reculver, says, "These they find here in such great quantities that we must needs conclude it to have been a place heretofore of great extent, and very populous, and that it has one time or other underwent some great devastation, either by war or fire, or both. I think I may be confident of the latter, there being many patterns found of metals run together." The antiquities of Regulbium are fully described in the elegant Latin treatise of Dr. Battely, '*Antiquitates Rutupinæ*,' 1711.

After the Romans had established a permanent occupation of Britain, the defence of the coast was reduced to a system. Wherever the Romans conquered, they organized, and by their wise arrangements became preservers and benefactors. It is generally supposed that Richborough and Reculver were Roman forts as early as the time of Claudius, but that other castles on the coast were of later date, being for defence against the Saxon pirates of the third century. At this period there was a high military officer called Comes Eittoris Saxonici per Britanniam, the Count of the Saxon Shore in Britain. He was the commander of all the castles and garrisons on the coast of Norfolk, of Essex, of Kent, of Sussex, and of Hampshire. These coasts formed the Saxon Shore. Sir Francis Palgrave thinks that the name was derived from the Saxons having already here made settlements. Others believe that the Saxon Shore was so called from its being peculiarly exposed to the ravages of the Saxons, to resist whom the great castles which stood upon this shore were built or garrisoned. These castles were nine in number; and, although in one or two particulars there are differences of opinion as to their sites, the statement of Hoxley is for the most part admitted to be correct.

On the Norfolk coast there were two forts. Branodunum (Brancaster, about four miles from Burnham Market) overlooked the

Burgh. The station is well defined by the remains which are constantly dug up. **Gariannonum** (Burgh, in Suffolk, situated at the junction of the Waveney and the Yare) is a noble ruin. Two engravings of it will be found at page 36 (Figs. 129, 130). These walls, which are almost fourteen feet high and nine thick, inclose an area forming nearly a regular parallelogram, six hundred and twenty-two feet long by four hundred feet broad. The western boundary is now formed by the river Waveney, it being supposed, and indeed almost proved by a very ancient map, that the west side of the station was once defended by the sea. If there was ever a west wall, which is much to be doubted, it has now entirely disappeared. The east wall is almost perfect, as shown in our engravings. The north and south walls are in great part ruinous. We transcribe from the 'Penny Cyclopædia' a brief description of these walls, written by an architect who visited the place, and surveyed it with great care:—"The whole area of the inclosure was about four acres and three-quarters. The walls are of rubble masonry, faced with alternate courses of bricks and flints: and on the tops of the towers, which are attached to the walls, are holes two feet in diameter and two feet deep, supposed to have been intended for the insertion of temporary watch-towers, probably of wood. On the east side the four circular towers are fourteen feet in diameter. Two of them are placed at the angles, where the walls are rounded, and two at equal distances from the angles; an opening has been left in the centre of the wall, which is considered by Mr. King to be the *Porta Decumana*, but by Mr. Ives the *Porta Prætoriana*. The north and south sides are also defended by towers of rubble masonry. The foundation, on which the Romans built these walls was a thick bed of chalk lime, well rammed down, and the whole covered with a layer of earth and sand, to harden the mass and exclude the water: this was covered with two-inch oak plank placed transversely on the foundation, and over this was a bed of coarse mortar, on which was roughly spread the first layer of stones. The mortar appears to be composed of lime and coarse sand, unsifted, mixed with gravel and small pebbles or shingle. Mr. Ives thinks they used hot grouting, which will account for the tenacity of the mortar. The bricks at Burgh Castle are of a fine red colour and a very close texture—they are one foot and a half long, one foot broad, and one inch and a half thick."

In Essex there was one fort, *Othona* (Ithanchester, not far from Malden), over which the sea now flows.

In Kent there were four castles thus garrisoned and commanded: *Regulbium* (Reculver), *Ritupæ* (Richborough), *Duburæ* (Dover), and *Lemanæ* (Lymne). The remains of this last of the Kentish fortresses are now very inconsiderable. Leland, however, thus describes it:—"Lymme, hill of, or Lyme, was some time a famous haven, and good for ships, that might come to the foot of the hill. [The river Limene, or Rother, formerly ran beneath the hill.] The place is yet called Shipway and Old Haven; farther, at this day the Lord of the Five Ports keepeth his principal court a little by east from Lymme Hill. There remaineth at this day the ruins of a strong fortress of the Britons hanging on the hill, and coming down to the very foot. The compass of the fortress seemeth to be ten acres. The old walls are made of Britons' bricks, very large, and great flint, set together almost indissolubly with mortars made of small pebble. The walls be very thick, and in the west end of the castle appeareth the base of an old tower. About this castle in time of mind were found antiquities of money of the Romans. There went from Lymme to Canterbury a street fair-paved, whereof of this day it is called Stony Street. It is the straightest that ever I saw, and toward Canterbury-ward the pavement continually appeareth for four or five miles." Such is Leland's account, three centuries ago, of a ruin which since that period has more rapidly perished from the subsidence of the soil upon which it stands. Lambard, who wrote half a century after Leland, says of Lymme, "They affirm that the water forsaking them by little and little, decay and solitude came at the length upon the place." There is the gate-house of a later building than the Roman walls still remaining, built of large bricks and flints, as the tower of the neighbouring church is built. These may contain some of the ancient materials.

Anderida, the sea-fort of Sussex, is held by some to be Hastings, by others to be East Bourn. It is not our purpose to enter upon any controversial discussion of such matters; but it appears to us that *Pevensey*, one of the most remarkable castles in our country, which the Roman, and the Saxon, and the Norman, had one after the other garrisoned and fortified,—the ruins of each occupier themselves telling such a tale of "mutability" as one spot has been as likely to have been the *Anderida* of the Saxon times, as Hastings and East Bourn, between which it is situated.

Be that as it may, we proceed briefly to describe this remarkable ruin. The village of *Pevensey* is about equidistant from *Bexhill* and *East Bourn*. The approach to it from either place is as dreary as can well be imagined, over a vast marsh, with nothing to relieve the prospect seaward but the ugly *Martello* towers, which on this coast are stuck so thick that a second William of Normandy would scarcely attempt a landing. They now guard the shore, not against Williams and Napoleons, but against those who invade the land with *scheidam* and brandy. Rising gently out of this flat ground we see the *Castle of Pevensey*. It is, with very slight differences, situated exactly as *Richborough* is situated—a marsh from which the sea has receded, a cliff of moderate height rising out of the marsh, a little stream beneath the cliff. Here, as at *Richborough*, have the Roman galleys anchored; sheltered by the bold promontory of *Beachy Head* from the south-west gales, and secured from the attacks of pirates by the garrison who guarded those walls. We ascend the cliff from the village, and enter the area within the walls at the opening on the east (Plan 106). The external appearance of the gate by which we enter is shown in Fig. 107. This is held to have been the *Prætorian Gate*. The external architecture of the gate and of the walls has evidently undergone great alteration since the Roman period. In some parts we have the herring-bone work of the Saxon, and the arch of the Norman; but the Roman has left his mark indelibly on the whole of these external walls, in the regular courses of brick which form the bond of the stone and rubble, which chiefly constitute the mighty mass. The external towers, which are indicated on the plan, are quite solid: some of these have been undermined and have fallen, but others have been carefully buttressed and otherwise repaired in very modern times (Fig. 108). Having passed into the area by the east gate, we cross in the direction of the dotted line to the south-western or *Decuman Gate*. This is very perfect, having a tower on each side. Going without the walls at this point, and scrambling beneath them to the south, we can well understand how the fort stood proudly above the low shore when the sea almost washed its walls. The ruin on this side is highly picturesque, large masses of the original wall having fallen (Fig. 105). On the north side was a few years since a fragment of a supposed Saxon keep, held to be an addition to the original Roman *Castrum* (Fig. 109). But the most important and interesting adaptation to another period of the Roman *Pevensey* is the Norman keep, the form of which is indicated on the Plan 106, at the south-east, and which was evidently fitted upon the original Roman wall so as to form the coast defence on that side. We purposely reserve any minute description of this very remarkable part of the ruin for another period. The ponderous walls of the Roman dominion are almost merged in the greater interest of the moated keep of the Norman conquest. It will be sufficient for us here to present engravings of the Norman works (Figs. 110, 111, 112), reserving their description for another b. k. The area within the Roman walls of *Pevensey* is seven acres. The irregular form of the walls would indicate that here was a British stronghold before the Roman castle.

The one Roman sea-fort of Hampshire, *Portus Adurnus* (Portsmouth), offers a striking contrast to the decay and solitude which prevail, with the exception of Dover, in all the other forts of the Saxon shore.

In noticing the two descents of *Cæsar* upon Britain (page 26) we said, "From the nature of his inroad into the country, no monuments exist, or could have existed, to attest his progress." But there is a monument, if so it may be called, still existing, which furnishes evidence of the systematic resistance which was made to his progress. Bede, writing at the beginning of the eighth century, after describing with his wonted brevity the battle in which *Cæsar* in his second invasion put the Britons to flight, says, "Thence he proceeded to the river *Thames*, which is said to be fordable only in one place. An immense multitude of the enemy had posted themselves on the farthest side of the river, under the conduct of *Cassibelaun*, and fenced the bank of the river and almost all the ford under water with sharp stakes, the remains of which stakes are to be there seen to this day, and they appear to the beholders to be about the thickness of a man's thigh, and being cased with lead, remain immovable, fixed in the bottom of the river." Camden, writing nine centuries after Bede, whose account he quotes, fixes this remarkable ford of the *Thames* near *Outlands*: "For this was the only place in the *Thames* formerly fordable, and that too not without great difficulty, which the Britons themselves in a manner pointed out to him [*Cæsar*]; for on the other side of the river a strong body of the British had planted themselves, and the bank



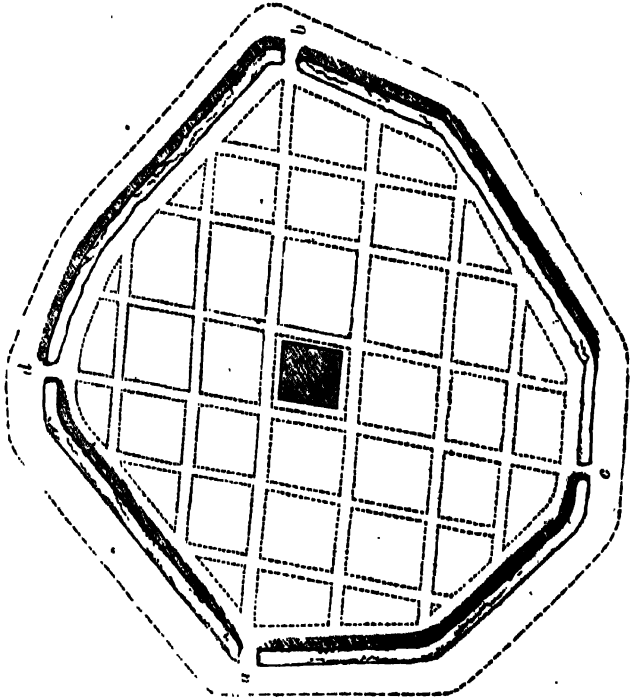
124.—Stichester. The North Wall.



126.—Amphitheatre at Dorchester. (From a sketch taken from the south-west.)



127.—Bathurst, a sculpture from Pompeii.



128.—Stichester. Plan of City. The Western Gate, near to which the Road now leads to the Church near b, the Eastern Gate; c, the South Gate; d, the North Gate.



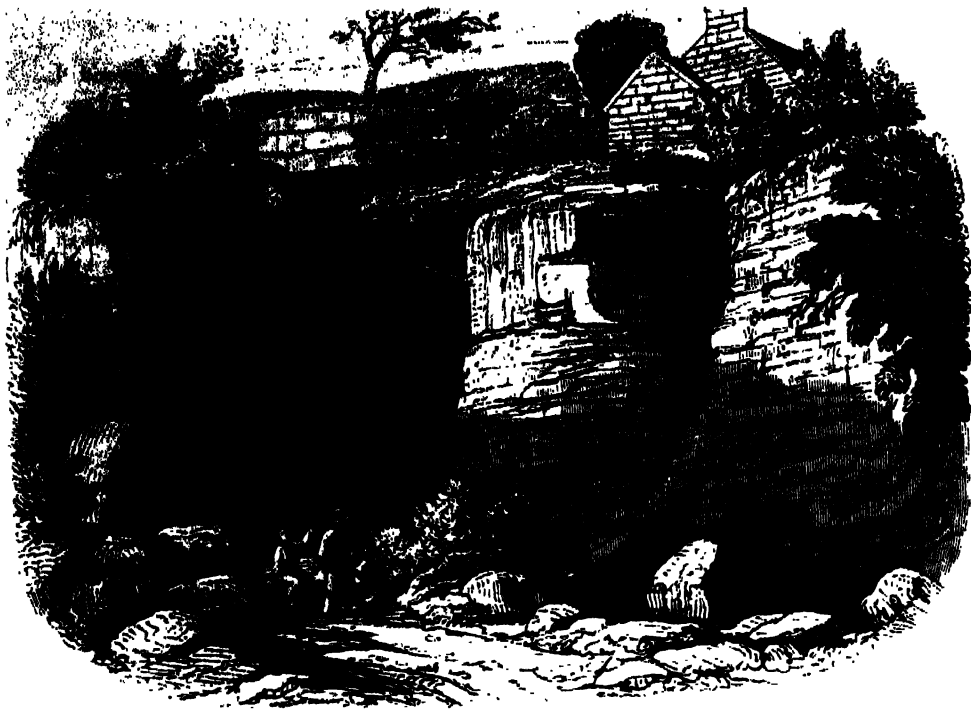
129.—Wall of Ditch Castle.



130.—Wall of Burgh Castle.



131.—Amphitheatre at Pompeii.



131.—Wall of Severus, on the Sandstone Quarries, Denton Dean, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne.



132.—Roman Citizen.



133.—Wall of Severus, near Housestead, Northumberland.



134.—Tomb of a young Roman Physician.



135.—Roman Soldier.



137.—Roman Highway on the Banks of the Tiber.



136.—Roman Image of Victory.

fenced with sharp stakes driven into the ground, and of the same sort were fastened under water." Camden here adopts Cæsar's own words: "*Ripa autem erat acutis siccilibus præfixa munita, ejusdemque generis sub aqua defixæ endæ flumine tangebantur*" (*De Bell. Gal.* lib. v.). Our fine old topographer is singularly energetic in fixing the place of Cæsar's passage: "It is impossible I should be mistaken in the place, because here the river is scarce six foot deep; and the place at this day, from those stakes, is called Coway Stakes; to which we may add that Cæsar makes the bounds of Cassivelaun, where he fixes this his passage, to be about eighty miles distant from that sea which washes the east part of Kent, where he landed: now this ford we speak of is at the same distance from the sea; and I am the first, that I know of, who has mentioned, and settled it in its proper place." It is a rational belief of the English antiquaries that there was a great British road from Richborough to Canterbury, and thence to London. Cæsar's formidable enemy, Cassivelaunus, had retreated in strong force to the north bank of the Thames; and Cæsar speaks of the river as dividing the territories of that chieftain from the maritime states. If we look upon the map of England, we shall see how direct a march it was from Canterbury to Oatlands near Walton, without following the course of the river above London. Crossing at this place, Cæsar would march direct, turning to the north, upon the capital of Cassivelaunus,—Verulam, or Cassiobury. Our engraving (Fig. 113) represents the peaceful river gliding amidst low wooded banks, disturbed only by the slow barge as it is dragged along its stream. At the bend of the river are to this hour these celebrated stakes. They were minutely described in 1735, in a paper read to the Society of Antiquaries, by Mr. Samuel Gale: "As to the wood of these stakes, it proves its own antiquity, being by its long duration under the water so consolidated as to resemble ebony, and will admit of a polish, and is not in the least rotted. It is evident from the exterior grain of the wood that the stakes were the entire bodies of young oak-trees, there not being the least appearance of any mark of any tool to be seen upon the whole circumference, and if we allow in our calculation for the gradual increase of growth towards its end, where fixed in the bed of the river, the stakes, I think, will exactly answer the thickness of a man's thigh, as described by Bede; but whether they were covered with lead at the ends fixed in the bottom of the river, is a particular I could not learn; but the last part of Bede's description is certainly just, that they are immovable, and remain so to this day." Mr. Gale adds, that since stating that the stakes were immovable, one had been weighed up, entire, between two loaded barges, at the time of a great flood.

Gibson, the editor of Camden, confirms the strong belief of his author that at Coway Stakes was the ford of Cæsar, by the following observations:—"Not far from hence upon the Thames is Walton, in which parish is a great camp of about twelve acres, single work, and oblong. There is a road lies through it, and it is probable that Walton takes its name from this remarkable vallum." Mr. Gale, in his paper in the *'Archæologia,'* mentions "a large Roman encampment up in the country directly southward, about a mile and a half distant from the ford, and pointing to it." Here he imagines Cæsar himself entrenched. When we consider that the Romans occupied Britain for more than four centuries, it is extremely hazardous to attempt to fix an exact date to any of their works. Encampments such as these are memorials of defence after defence which the invader threw up against the persevering hostility of the native tribes, or native defences from which the Britons were driven out. For ninety-seven years after the second expedition of Cæsar, the country remained at peace with Rome. Augustus (Fig. 117) threatened an invasion; but his prudence told him that he could not enforce the payment of tribute without expensive legions. The British princes made oblations in the Capitol; and, according to Strabo, "rendered almost the whole island intimate and familiar to the Romans." Cunobelinus (Fig. 121), the Cymbeline of Shakspeare, was brought up, according to the chroniclers, at the court of Augustus. Succeeding emperors left the Britons in the quiet advancement of their civilization, until Claudius (Fig. 118) was stirred up to the hazard of an invasion. In the sonorous prose of Milton—"He, who waited ready with a huge preparation, as if not safe enough amidst the flower of all his Romans, like a great Eastern king with armed elephants marches through Gallia. So full of peril was this enterprise esteemed as not without all this equipage and stronger terrors than Roman armies, to meet the native and the naked British valour defending their country." (Fig. 114.) The genius of Roman victory inscribed the name of Claudius with the addition of Britannicus (Fig. 116). The columns of Claudius still bear the symbols of his British triumphs (Figs. 119, 120). But

the country was not yet wholly won. Then came the glorious resistance of Camotacous, which Tacitus has immortalized. Then came the fierce contests between the Roman invaders and the remnants of the native religion, which the same historian has so glowingly described in his account of the attack of Suetonius upon the island of Mona:—"On the shore stood a line of very dreadful appearance; there were armed men in dense array, and women standing amid them like furies, who, in gloomy attire, and with long hair hanging down, carried torches before them. Around were Druids, who, pouring forth curses and lifting up their hands to heaven, struck terror by the novelty of their appearance into the hearts of the soldiers, who, as if they had lost the use of their limbs, exposed themselves motionless to the stroke of the enemy. At last, moved by the exhortations of their leader, and stimulating one another to despise a band of women and frantic priests, they make their onset, overthrow their opponents, and involve them in the flames which they had themselves kindled. A garrison was afterwards placed among the vanquished; and the groves consecrated to their cruel superstitions were cut down." Then came the terrible revolt of Boadicea or Bonduca,—a merciless rising, followed by a bloody revenge. Beaumont and Fletcher have well dramatized the spirit of this heroic woman:—

"Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers!
Hear us, ye great revengers! and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours;
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast; the vengeance due to these
Make infinite and endless! On our pikes
This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts; and 'fore our troops
Despair and Death. Shame beyond these attend 'em!
Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing:
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!"

BONDUCA.

The Roman dominion in Britain nearly perished in this revolt. Partial tranquillity was secured, in subsequent years of mildness and forbearance, towards the conquered tribes. Vespasian extended the conquests; Agricola completed them in South Britain. His possessions in Caledonia were, however, speedily lost. But the hardy people of the North were driven back in the reign of Antoninus Pius. Then first appeared on the Roman money the graceful figure of Britannia calmly resting on her shield (Fig. 122), which seventeen centuries afterwards has been made familiar to ourselves in the coined money of our own generation. Let us pause awhile to view one of the great Roman cities which is held to belong to a very early period of their dominion in England.

In 1837 a plan was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, reduced from a survey made in 1835, by students of the senior department of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, of a portion of the Roman road from London to Bath. The survey commences close by Staines; at which place, near the pillar which marks the extent of the jurisdiction of the city of London, the line of road is held to have crossed the Thames. Below Staines, opposite to Laleham, there are the remains of encampments; and these again are in the immediate neighbourhood of the ford at which Cæsar crossed the Thames. All the country here about, then, is full of associations with the conquerors of the world; and thus, when the "contemplative man" is throwing his fly or watching his fleet in the gentle waters between Staines and Walton, he may here find a local theme upon which his reveries may fruitfully rest. The more active pedestrian may follow this Roman road, thus recently mapped out, through populous places and wild solitudes, into a country little traversed in modern times; but, like all unhaunted ways, full of interest to the lover of nature. The course of the road leads over the east end of the beautiful table-land known as Englefield Green; then through the yard of the well-known Wheatsheaf Inn, at Virginia Water; and, crossing the artificial lake, ascends the hill, close by the tower called the Belvidere. In Windsor Park the line is for some time lost; but it is extremely well defined at a point near the Sunning Hill road, where vast quantities of Roman pottery and bricks have been discovered. It continues towards Bagshot, where, at a place called Duke's Hill, its western direction suddenly terminates, and it proceeds considerably to the eastward. Here, in 1763, many fragments of Roman pottery were discovered. The Roman road ascends the plain of Hatherly, and ending at a

which runs close to well-known places within the ancient limits of Windsor Forest, called Wickham Bushes and Caesar's Camp. We remember this vast sandy region before it was covered with fir plantations; and in these solitary hills, where the eye for miles could rest upon nothing but barren heath, we have listened with the wonder of boyhood to the vague traditions of past ages, in which the marvels of history are made more marvellous. Caesar's Camp is thus described by Mr. Handasyd, in a letter to the Society of Antiquaries in 1788:—"At the extremity of a long range of hills is situated a large camp, known by the name of Caesar's Camp, which is but slightly noticed by Dr. Stukeley, nor is any particular mention made of it in any account I have hitherto seen. It is a hollow, which has a thick layer of coarse gravel all round it, and seems to have been made to contain rain water. At not half a mile from the camp stand a vast number of thorn bushes, some of a very large size (known by the name of Wickham Bushes), bearing on their ragged branches and large contorted stems evident marks of extreme age, yet in all probability these are but the successors of a race long since extinct. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood have a tradition that here formerly stood a town, but that Julius Caesar, whom they magnify to a giant (for stories lose nothing by telling), with his associates laying the country waste, the poor inhabitants were obliged to fly, and seek an asylum in the valley beneath." As we proceed along the road approaching Finchampstead, we find the object of our search, sometimes easily traced and sometimes continuously lost, bearing the name of the Devil's Highway. At length the line crosses the Loddon, at the northern extremity of Strathfieldsaye (Strathfield being the field of the Strat, Street, or Road), the estate which a grateful nation bestowed upon the Duke of Wellington; through which park it passes till it terminates at the parish church of Silchester. This is the line which the students of the Military College surveyed.* The survey has gone far to establish two disputed points—the situation of the Roman *Pontes*, and whether Silchester should be identified with *Vindonum* or *Callea*. A very able correspondent of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Kempe, thus observes upon the value of the labours of the students of the Military College:—"The survey has effected a material correction of Horsley, for it shows that the station *Pontes*, which he places at Old Windsor, and for which so many different places have been assigned by the learned in Roman topography, must have been where the Roman road from London crossed the Thames at Staines. . . . The line of road presents no place for the chief city of the *Attrebates* until it arrives at the walls of Silchester. Is this, then, really the *Callea* *Attrebatum*? The distance between *Pontes* and *Callea*, according to the Itinerary [of Antoninus], is twenty-two miles; by the Survey, the distance between Staines and Silchester is twenty-six; a conformity as near as can be required, for neither the length of the Roman mile nor the mode of measuring it agreed precisely with ours." Having led our reader to the eastern entrance of this ancient city, we will endeavour to describe what he will find there to reward his pilgrimage. Let us tell him, however, that he may reach Silchester by an easier route than over the straight line of the Roman Highway. It is about seven miles from Basingstoke, and ten from Reading: to either of which places he may move rapidly from London, by the South Western or the Great Western Railway.

If we have walked dreamingly along the narrow lanes whose hedge-rows shut out any distant prospect, we may be under the eastern walls of Silchester before we are aware that any remarkable object is in our neighbourhood. We see at length a church, and we ascend a pretty steep bank to reach the churchyard. The churchyard wall is something very different from ordinary walls—a thick mass of mortar and stone, through which a way seems to have been forced to give room for the little gates that admit us to the region of grassy graves. A quiet spot is this churchyard; and we wonder where the tenants of the sod have come from. There is one sole farmhouse near the church; an ancient farmhouse with gabled roofs that tell of old days of comfort and hospitality. The church, too, is a building of interest, because of some antiquity; and there are in the churchyard two very ancient Christian tombstones of chivalrous times, when the sword, strange contradiction, was an emblem of the cross. But these are modern things compared with the remains of which we are in search. We pass through the churchyard into an open space, where the farmer's ricks tell of the abundance of recent cultivation. These may call to our mind the

story which Camden has told:—"On the ground whereon this city was built (I speak in Nennius's words) the Emperor Constantius sowed three grains of corn, that no person inhabiting there might ever be poor." We look around, and we ask the busy thatchers of the ricks where are the old walls; for we can see nothing but extensive corn-fields, bounded by a somewhat higher bank than ordinary,—that bank luxuriant with oak, and ash, and springing underwood. The farm labourers know what we are in search of, and they ask us if we want to buy any coins—for whenever the heavy rains fall they find coins—and they have coins, as they have been told, of Romulus and Remus, and this was a great place a long while ago. It is a tribute to the greatness of the place that to whomsoever we spoke of these walls and the area within the walls, they called it *the city*. Here was a city, of one church and one farmhouse. The people who went to that church lived a mile or two off in their scattered hamlets. Silence reigned in that city. The ploughs and spades of successive generations had gone over its ruins; but its memory still lived in tradition; it was an object to be venerated. There was something mysterious about this area of a hundred acres, that rendered it very different to the ploughman's eye from a common hundred acres. Put the plough deep as he would, manure the land with every care of the unfertile spots, the crop was not like other crops. He knew not that old Leland, three hundred years ago, had written, "There is one strange thing seen there, that in certain parts of the ground within the walls the corn is marvellous fair to the eye, and, ready to show perfection, it decayeth." He knew not that a hundred years afterwards another antiquary had written, "The inhabitants of the place told me it had been a constant observation amongst them, that though the soil here is fat and fertile, yet in a sort of baulks that cross one another the corn never grows so thick as in other parts of the field" (Camden). He knew from his own experience, and that was enough, that when the crop came up there were lines and cross lines from one side of the whole area within the walls to the other side, which seemed to tell that where the lines ran the corn would not freely grow. The lines were mapped out about the year 1745. The map is in the King's Library in the British Museum. The plan which we have given (Fig. 125) does not much vary from the Museum map, which is founded on actual survey. There can be no doubt that the country-people of Camden's time were right with regard to these "baulks that cross one another." He says, "Along these they believe the streets of the old city to have run." Camden tells us further of the country-people, "They very frequently dig up British [Roman] tiles, and great plenty of Roman coins, which they call Onion pennies, from one Onion, whom they foolishly fancy to have been a giant, and an inhabitant of this city." Speaking of the area within the walls, he says, "By the rubbish and ruins the earth is grown so high, that I could scarcely thrust myself through a passage which they call Onion's Hole, though I stooped very low." The fancy of the foolish people about a giant has been borne out by matters of which Camden makes no mention. "Nennius ascribes the foundation of Silchester to Constantius, the son of Constantine the Great. Whatever improvements he might have made in its buildings or defences, I cannot but think it had a much earlier origin: as the chief fastness of forest stronghold of the *Segontiaci*, it probably existed at the time of Caesar's expedition into Britain. The anonymous geographer of Ravenna gives it a name which I have not yet noticed, *Ard-oneon*; this is a pure British compound, and may be read *Ardal-Onion*, the region of Einion, or Onion" ('Archæologia,' 1837). It is thus here, as in many other cases, that when learning, despising tradition and common opinion, runs its own little circle, it returns to the point from which it set out, and being inclined to break its bounds finds the foolish fancies which it has despised not always unsafe, and certainly not uninteresting, guides through a more varied region.

By a broader way than Onion's Hole we will get without the walls of Silchester. There is a pretty direct line of road through the farm from east to west, which nearly follows the course of one of the old streets. Let us descend the broken bank at the point *a* (Fig. 125.) We are now under the south-western wall. As we advance in a northerly direction, the walls become more distinctly associated with the whole character of the scene. Cultivation here has not changed the aspect which this solitary place has worn for centuries. We are in a broad glade, sloping down to a ditch or little rivulet, with a bold bank on the outer side. We are in the fosse of the city, with an interval of some fifty or sixty feet between the walls and the vallum. The grass of this glade is of the rankest luxuriance. The walls, sometimes entirely hidden by bramble and ivy,—sometimes bare, and exhibiting their peculiar construction,—sometimes fallen in great masses, forced down by the roots of

* An account of this survey is very clearly given in the 'United Service Journal' for January, 1863. Knowing something of the country, we have reversed the order of that description, leading our readers from Staines to Silchester, instead of from Silchester to Staines.



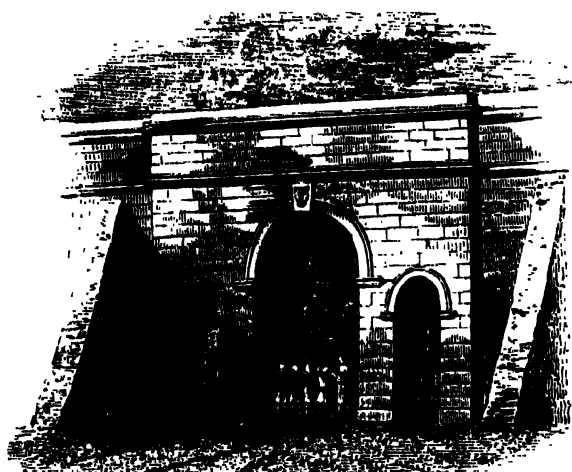
144.—Hadrian.
(From a Copper Coin in the British Museum.)



142.—Old Walls of Rome.



146.—Antoninus Pius.
(From a Copper Coin in the British Museum.)



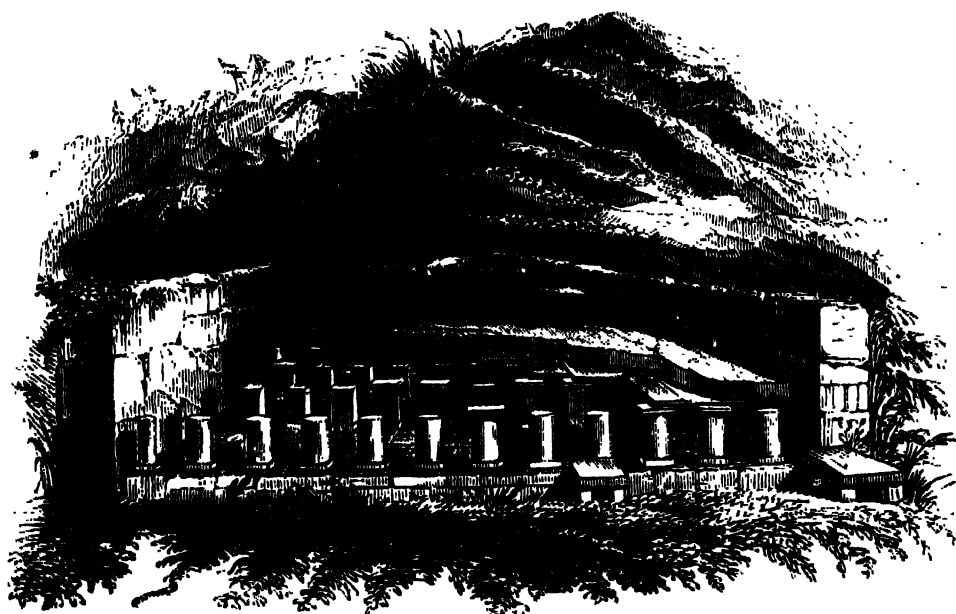
139.—Restoration of the Roman Arch forming Newport Gate, Lincoln.



145.—Copper Coin of Hadrian, "one one in the British Museum."



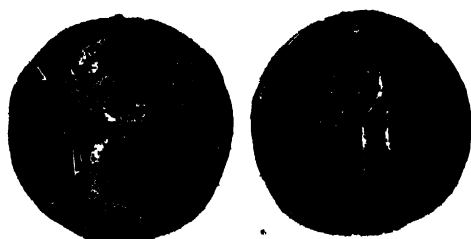
140.—Roman Arch, forming Newport Gate, Lincoln, as it appeared in 1793.



141.—Remains of a Roman Hypocaust, or Subterranean Furnace, for Heating Baths, at Lincoln.



143.—Ancient Arch on Road leading into Rome.



147.—Copper Coin of Antoninus Pius, commemorative of his victories in Britain, from one in the British Museum.



138.—Profile of the Roman Wall and Vallum, near the South Agger Port Gate.



Section and Wall of Severus.



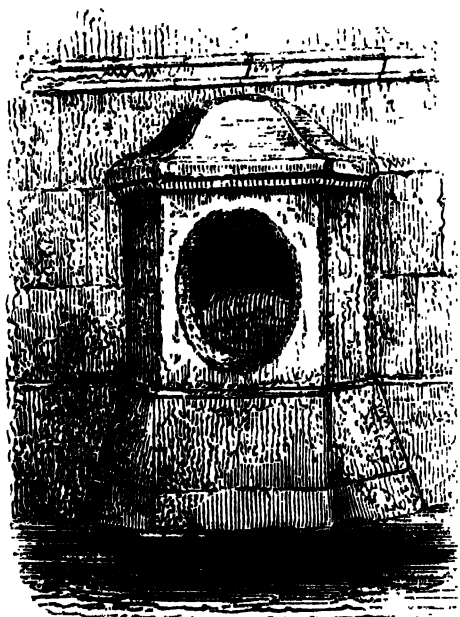
Wall and Ditch of Severus.



148.—Part of a Roman Wall; the site of the Ancient Verulam, near St. Albans.



149.—Part of the Roman Wall of London excavated behind the Minorita.



150.—London Stone.



151.—Dunrobert Bridge.



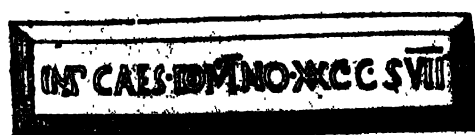
152.—Bronze Patena. View 1.



153.—Bronze Patena. View 2.

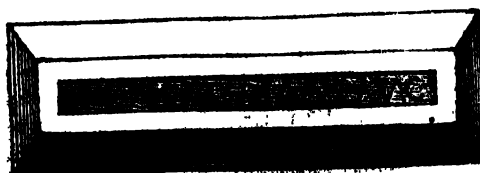


154.—Bronze Patena. View 3.

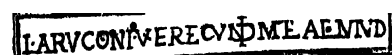


155.—Pig of Lead, with the Roman Stamp.

No. 6.



156.—Pig of Lead, with the Roman Stamp.



157.—Pig of Lead, with the Roman Stamp.

mighty trees, which have shared the ruin that they precipitated,—sometimes with a gnarled oak actually growing out of their tops,—present such a combination of picturesqueness as no pencil can reach, because it can only deal with fragments of the great mass. The desolation of the place is the most impressive thing that ever smote our minds with a new emotion. We seem alone in the world; we are here amidst the wrecks of ages; tribes, whose names and localities are matters of controversy, have lived here before the Romans, for the Romans did not form their cities upon such a plan. The Romans have come here, and have mixed with the native people. Inscriptions have been found here: one dedicated to the Hercules of the Segontiaci, showing that this place was the *Caer Segont* of the Britons; another in honour of Julia Domna, the second wife of the Emperor Severus. Splendid baths have been dug up within the walls: there are the distinct remains of a forum and a temple. In one spot so much coin has been found, that the place goes by the name of Silver Hill. The city was the third of British towns in extent. There is an amphitheatre still existing on the north-eastern side of the wall, which tells us that here the amusements of ancient Rome were exhibited to the people. History records that here the Roman soldiers forced the imperial purple upon Constantine, the rival of Honorius. The monkish chroniclers report that in this city was King Arthur inaugurated. And here, in the nineteenth century, in a country thickly populated,—more abundant in riches, fuller of energy than at any other period,—intersected with roads in all directions,—lies this Silchester, which once had its direct communications with London, with Winchester, with Old Sarum, the capital doubtless of a great district,—here it lies, its houses and its temples probably destroyed by man, but its walls only slowly yielding to that power of vegetable nature which works as surely for destruction as the fire and sword, and topples down in the course of centuries what man has presumed to build for unlimited duration; neglected, unknown, almost a solitary place amidst thick woods and bare heaths. It is an ingenious theory which derives the supposed Roman name of this place from the great characteristic of it which still remains: “The term *Gallewa*, or *Calleva*, of the Roman Itineraries, appears to have had the same source, and was but a softened form of the British *Gual Vawr*, or the Great Wall; both names had their root perhaps in the Greek *χάλις* (*silex*), whence also the French *Caillon* (a pebble). *Silchester* or *Silcheater* is therefore but a Saxonizing, to use the term, of *Silicis Castrum*, the Fortress of the Flint or Wall, by the easy metonymy which I have shown.” (*Archæologia*, 1837.) The striking characteristic of Silchester is the ruined wall, with the flourishing trees upon it and around it, and the old trees that have grown up centuries ago, and are now perishing with it. This is the poetry of the place, and the old topographers felt it after their honest fashion. Leland says, “On that wall grow some oaks of ten cart-load the piece.” Camden says, “The walls remain in good measure entire, only with some few gaps in those places where the gates have been; and out of those walls there grow oaks of such a vast bigness incorporated as it were with the stones, and their roots and boughs are spread so far around, that they raise admiration in all who behold them.” (Fig. 124.)

“High towns, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries”—

ye are fallen. Fire has consumed you; earth is heaped upon you; the sapling oak has sprung out of the ashes of your breathing statues and your votive urns, and having flourished for five hundred years, other saplings have rooted themselves in your ruins for another five hundred years, and again other saplings are rising—so to flourish and so to perish. Time, which has destroyed thee, Silchester, clothes thee with beauty. “Time loves thee:”

“He, gentlest among the thralls
Of Destiny, upon those wounds hath laid
His lenient touches.”

Mr. John Rickman, speaking of Silchester, “the third of British towns in extent,” says, “that the Romanized inhabitants of the last-named town were distinguished by their cultivated taste, is testified by the amphitheatre outside the walls, one of the few undisputed relics of that kind in Britain.” (*Archæologia*, vol. xxviii.) Whether the presence of the inhabitants of Silchester at the brutal games of the Romans be any proof of their cultivated taste may be reasonably questioned; but the existence of the amphitheatre is an evidence that the Roman customs were here established, and that the people had become habituated to them. The amphitheatre at

Silchester is situated without the walls, to the north-east. There can be no doubt about the form and construction of this relic of antiquity. We stand upon a steep circular bank covered with trees, and descend by its sloping sides into an area of moderate dimensions. Some describers of this place tell us that the seats were ranged in five rows, one above the other. Earlier, and perhaps more accurate observers, doubt whether seats were at all used in these turf amphitheatres. “It is well known that the Romans originally stood at games, till luxury introduced sitting; and it is observable, that the Castrensian amphitheatres in general preserve no signs of subsellia, or seats; so that the people must have stood on the grassy declivity. I saw no signs of seats in that of Carleon, nor in the more perfect one near Dorchester, as Stukeley has also observed. Nor do I recollect that any such have been discovered in any other Castrensian amphitheatre, at least in our island, where they seem to have been rather numerous.” (Mr. Strange, in ‘*Archæologia*,’ vol. v.) The very perfect amphitheatre at Dorchester is much larger than that of Silchester, Stukeley having computed that it was capable of containing twenty-three thousand people. The form, however, of both amphitheatres is precisely similar (Fig. 126). Their construction was different. The bank of the amphitheatre at Silchester is composed of clay and gravel; that at Dorchester of blocks of solid chalk. These were rude structures compared with the amphitheatres of those provinces of Rome which had become completely Romanized. Where the vast buildings of this description were finished with architectural magnificence, the most luxurious accommodation was provided for all ranks of the people. Greece and Britain exhibit no remains of these grander amphitheatres, such as are found at Nîmes and at Verona. The amphitheatre of Pompeii, though of larger dimensions than the largest in England, Dorchester, appears to have been constructed upon nearly the same plan as that (Fig. 128.) Some bas-reliefs found at Pompeii indicate the nature of the amusements that once made the woods of Silchester ring with the howlings of infuriated beasts and the shouts of barbarous men (Fig. 127).

The Roman Wall—the Wall of Agricola—the Wall of Hadrian—the Wall of Severus—the Picts’ Wall—the Wall, are various names by which the remains of a mighty monument of the Romans in England are called by various writers. William Hutton, the liveliest and the least pedantic of antiquarians, who at seventy-eight years of age twice traversed the whole length of the Roman Wall, denominates it “one of the grandest works of human labour, performed by the greatest nation upon earth.” From a point on the river Tyne, between Newcastle and North Shields, to Boulness on the Solway Frith, a distance of nearly eighty miles, have the remains of this wall been distinctly traced. It was the great artificial boundary of Roman England from sea to sea; a barrier raised against the irruptions of the fierce and unconquerable race of the Caledonians upon the fertile South, which had received the Roman yoke, and rested in safety under the Roman military protection. The *Wall*, speaking popularly, consists of three distinct works, which by some are ascribed to the successive operations of Agricola, of Hadrian (Figs. 144, 145), and of Severus. The Wall of Antoninus (Figs. 146, 147), now called Grimes Dyke, was a more northerly intrenchment, extending from the Clyde to the Forth; but this rampart was abandoned during subsequent years of the Roman occupation, and the boundary between the Solway Frith and the German Ocean, which we are now describing, was strengthened and perfected by every exertion of labour and skill. Hutton may probably have assigned particular portions of the work to particular periods upon insufficient evidence, but he has described the works as they appeared forty years ago better than any other writer, because he described from actual observation. We shall, therefore, adopt his general account of the wall, before proceeding to notice any remarkable features of this monument.

“There were four different works in this grand barrier, performed by three personages, and at different periods. I will measure them from south to north, describe them distinctly, and appropriate each part to its proprietor; for, although every part is dreadfully mutilated, yet, by selecting the best of each, we easily form a whole; from what is, we can nearly tell what was. We must take our dimensions from the original surface of the ground.

“Let us suppose a ditch, like that at the foot of a quickset-hedge, three or four feet deep, and as wide. A bank rising from it ten feet high, and thirty wide in the base; this, with the ditch, will give us a rise of thirteen feet at least. The other side of the bank sinks into a ditch ten feet deep, and fifteen wide, which gives the north side of this bank a declivity of twenty feet. A small part of the soil thrown out on the north side of this fifteen-foot ditch,

forms a bank three feet high and six wide, which gives an elevation from the bottom of the ditch of thirteen feet. Thus our two ditches and two mounds, sufficient to keep out every rogue but he who was determined not to be kept out, were the work of Agricola.

"The works of Hadrian invariably join those of Agricola. They always correspond together, as beautiful parallel lines. Close to the north side of the little bank I last described, Hadrian sunk a ditch twenty-four feet wide, and twelve below the surface of the ground, which, added to Agricola's three-foot bank, forms a declivity of fifteen feet on the south, and on the north twelve. Then follows a plain of level ground, twenty-four yards over, and a bank exactly the same as Agricola's, ten feet high, and thirty in the base; and then he finishes, as his predecessor began, with a small ditch of three or four feet.

"Thus the two works exactly coincide; and must, when complete, have been most grand and beautiful. Agricola's works cover about fifty-two feet, and Hadrian's about eighty-one; but this will admit of some variation.

"Severus's works run nearly parallel with the other two; lie on the north, never far distant; but may be said always to keep them in view, running a course that best suited the judgment of the maker. The nearest distance is about twenty yards, and greatest near a mile; the medium, forty or fifty yards.

"They consist of a stone wall eight feet thick, twelve high, and four the battlements; with a ditch to the north, as near as convenient, thirty-six feet wide and fifteen deep. To the wall were added, at unequal distances, a number of stations, or cities, said to be eighteen, which is not perfectly true; eighty-one castles, and three hundred and thirty castelets, or turrets, which, I believe, is true: all joining the wall.

"Exclusive of this wall and ditch, these stations, castles, and turrets, Severus constituted a variety of roads, yet called Roman roads, twenty-four feet wide, and eighteen inches high in the centre, which led from turret to turret, from one castle to another; and still larger and more distant roads from the wall, which led from one station to another, besides the grand military way before mentioned, which covered all the works, and no doubt was first formed by Agricola, improved by Hadrian, and, after lying dormant fifteen hundred years, was made complete in 1752.

"I saw many of these smaller roads, all overgrown with turf; and when on the side of a hill, they are supported on the lower side with edging stones.

"Thus Agricola formed a small ditch, then a bank and ditch, both large, and then finished with a small bank.

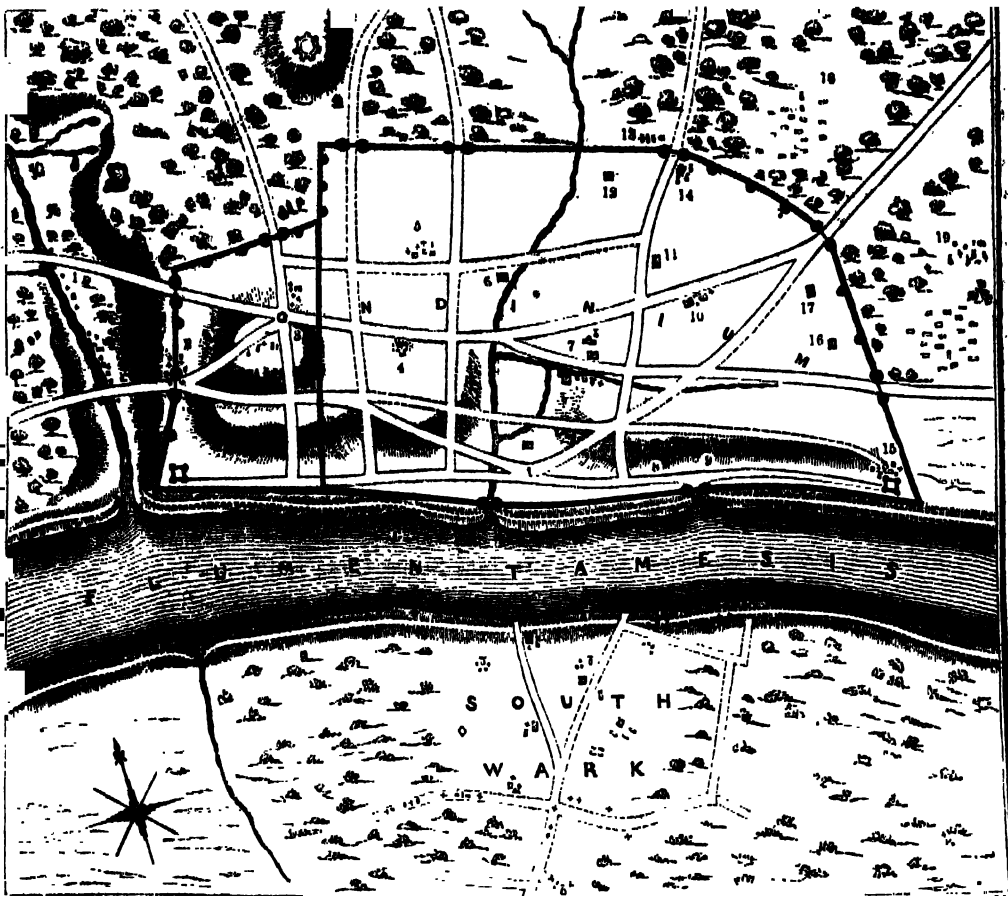
"Hadrian joined to this small bank a large ditch, then a plain, a large mound, and then finished with a small ditch.

"Severus followed nearly in the same line, with a wall, a variety of stations, castles, turrets, a large ditch, and many roads. By much the most laborious task. This forms the whole works of our three renowned chiefs."

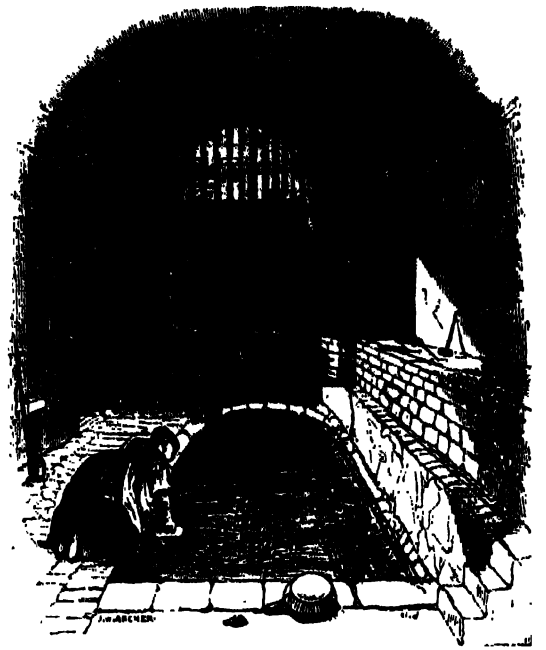
Eleven hundred years before the persevering Hutton began his toilsome march along the Roman Wall, Bede had described it as "still famous and to be seen eight-foot in breadth and twelve in height, in a straight line from east to west, as is still visible to the beholders." Bede resided in the neighbourhood of the Wall, and he notices it as a familiar object would naturally be noticed—as incidental to his narrative. The dimensions which he gives are, however, perfectly accurate, as Gibson has pointed out. Long before Bede noticed the Wall the Romans had quitted the country; and this great barrier was insufficient to protect the timid inhabitants of the South against the attacks of their Northern invaders, "who, finding that the old confederates were marched home, and refused to return any more, put on greater boldness than ever, and possessed themselves of all the North, and the remote parts of the kingdom to the very Wall. To withstand this invasion the towers are defended by a lazy garrison, undisciplined, and too cowardly to engage an enemy, being enfeebled with continual sloth and idleness. In the meanwhile the naked enemy advance with their hooked weapons, by which the miserable Britons are pulled down from the tops of the walls and dashed against the ground." This is the description of Gildas, our most ancient historian, who lived in the sixth century. Generations passed away; new races grew up on each side of the Wall; and there, for another long period of strife, was the great scene of the Border feuds between the English and the Scotch. It is no wonder that the traces of the Wall in many places should be almost obliterated; or that the fair cities and populous stations which, under the Roman dominion, existed along its line, should have left only fragmentary remains of their former greatness. And yet these remains are most remarkable. Housesteads, which is about the centre of the work, is held to

have been the eighth station, Borecovicus: and the fragments of antiquity here discovered have commanded the admiration of all antiquarian explorers. Gibson, who surveyed a portion of the Wall in 1708, here saw seven or eight Roman altars which had been recently dug up, and a great number of statues. Alexander Gordon, whose 'Itinerarium Septentrionale' was published in 1726, describes Housesteads, "so named from the marks of old Roman buildings still appearing on that ground," as "unquestionably the most remarkable and magnificent Roman station in the whole island of Britain." He says, amidst his minute descriptions of statues and altars, "It is hardly credible what a number of august remains of the Roman grandeur is to be seen here to this day; seeing in every place where one casts his eye there is some curious Roman antiquity to be seen, either the marks of streets and temples in ruins, or inscriptions, broken pillars, statues, and other pieces of sculpture, all scattered along this ground." When Hutton surveyed the Wall, he found one solitary house upon the site of the Roman City; and in this lone dwelling a Roman altar, complete as in the day the workman left it, formed the jamb which supported the mantel-piece, "one solid stone, four feet high, two broad, and one thick." The gossiping antiquary grows rhetorical amidst the remains of Borecovicus:—"It is not easy to survey these important ruins without a sigh; a place once of the greatest activity, but now a solitary desert: instead of the human voice is heard nothing but the wind." Some of the statues and inscriptions found at Housesteads and other parts of the Roman Wall now form a portion of the beautiful collection of Roman antiquities in the Newcastle Museum (Figs. 133, 134, 135, and 136). Of these the Roman soldiers and the Victory are rudely engraved in Gordon's book. The appearance of the Wall at Housesteads is shown in Fig. 132; and this engraving suggests a conviction of the accuracy of Camden's description of the Wall:—"I have observed the track of it running up the mountains and down again in a most surprising manner." The massive character of the works is well exhibited at the sandstone-quarries at Denton Dean, where the wall, whose fragment is five feet high, has only three courses of facing-stones on one side and four on the other. Blocks of stone of such dimensions must of themselves have formed a quarry for successive generations to hew at and destroy (Fig. 131). There is a pretty tradition recorded by Camden, which offers as good evidence of the Roman civilization as the fragments of their temples and their statues. The tomb of a young Roman physician is amongst the antiquities of the Newcastle Museum; and our old topographer tells us, "One thing there is which I will not keep from the reader, because I had it confirmed by persons of very good credit. There is a general persuasion in the neighbourhood, handed down by tradition, that the Roman garrisons upon the frontiers set in these parts abundance of medicinal plants for their own use. Whereupon the Scotch surgeons come hither a-simpling every year in the beginning of summer; and having by long experience found the virtue of these plants, they magnify them very much, and affirm them to be very sovereign." The general appearance of the Roman Wall and Vallum is exhibited in Fig. 138. This was delineated by John Warburton, from a portion of the wall near Halton-Chesters, in 1722. A little farther beyond this point Hutton was well repaid for his laborious walk of six hundred miles, by such a satisfactory view of the great Roman work, that the admiration of the good old man was raised into an enthusiastic transport, at which the dull may wonder, and the unimaginative may laugh, but which had its own reward. With this burst of the happy wayfarer we conclude our notice of "that famous wall which was the boundary of the Roman province." "I now travel over a large common, still upon the Wall, with its trench nearly complete. But what was my surprise when I beheld, thirty yards on my left, the united works of Agricola and Hadrian, almost perfect! I climbed over a stone wall to examine the wonder; measured the whole in every direction; surveyed them with surprise, with delight; was fascinated, and unable to proceed; forgot I was upon a wild common, a stranger, and the evening approaching. I had the grandest works under my eye of the greatest men of the age in which they lived, and of the most eminent nation then existing; all which had suffered but little during the long course of sixteen hundred years. Even hunger and fatigue were lost in the grandeur before me. If a man writes a book upon a turnpike-road, he cannot be expected to move quick; but, lost in astonishment, I was not able to move at all."

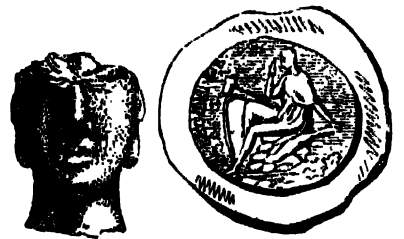
The Wall of Antoninus, or Grimes Dyke, to which we have already referred, was carried across the north of Britain, under the direction of Lollius Urbicus, the legate of Antoninus Pius, about the year A. D. 140. It is noticed by an ancient Roman writer as a turf wall; and although its course may be readily traced, it has, from the nature of its construction, not left such enduring remains



158.—Plan of Roman London.



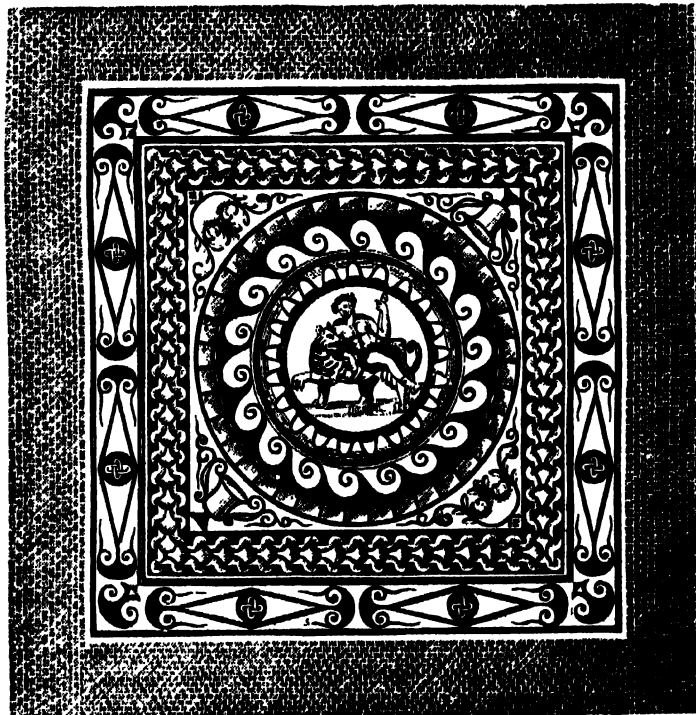
159.—Roman Bath, Strand Lane.



165.—Coin and fragment.



160.—Sepulchral Stone found at Ludgate.



161.—Tessellated Pavement.



162.—Bronze Statues found in the Thames.



163.—Vases, Lamps, &c., found after the Great Fire.



164.—Roman Antiquities found on the Site of St. Paul's Cathedral.

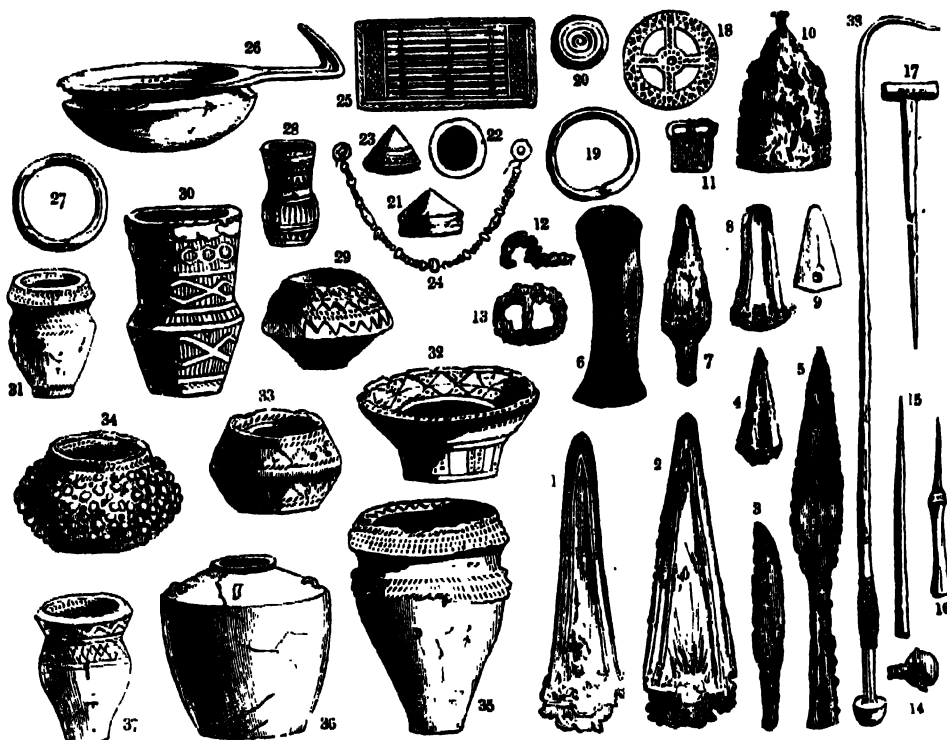


166.—Urns, Vases, Key, Bead, and Fragment of Pottery, found in Lombard Street, 1786



167.—Altar of Apollo, and Vases.

- 1 Bronze Spear-Head.
- 2 Bronze Dagger.
- 3 Iron Knife.
- 4 Bronze Lance-Head.
- 5 Iron Lance-Head.
- 6 Celt.
- 7 Bronze Lance-Head.
- 8 Bronze Celt.
- 9 Ivory Arrow-Head.
- 10 Iron Boss of a Shield.
- 11 Bronze Buckle.
- 12 Iron Crook.
- 13 Iron Ring.
- 14 Plated Iron Stud.
- 15 Bronze Pin.
- 16 } Bronze Pins with Ivory Handles.
- 17 }
- 18 } Bronze Ornaments.
- 19 }

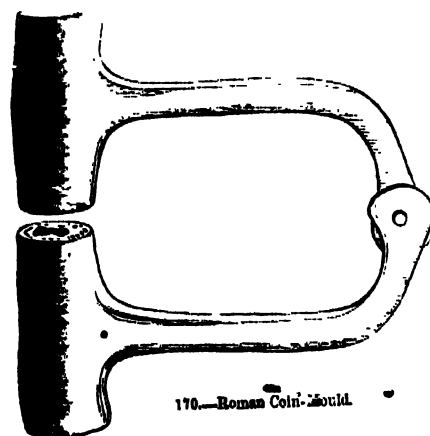


- 20 Amulet.
- 21 Gold Box.
- 22 } Gold Ornaments.
- 23 }
- 24 Amber and Bead Necklace.
- 25 Gold Breastplate.
- 26 Patena.
- 27 Ivory Bracelet.
- 28 Drinking Cup.
- 29 Incense Cup.
- 30 }
- 31 } Drinking Cups.
- 32 }
- 33 } Double Drinking Cups.
- 34 }
- 35 }
- 36 } Urns.
- 37 }
- 38 Druidical Hook for gathering the Sacred Mistletoe.

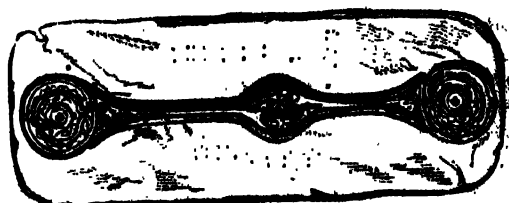
168.—Roman-British Weapons, Ornaments, &c.



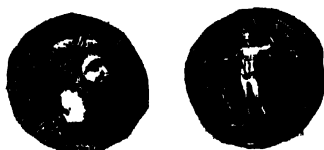
169.—Roman Vessels, &c., found in Britain.



170.—Roman Coin-Mould.



171.—Metal coating of an ancient Roman-British Shield, found in the bed of the river Witham, and now in the Meyrick Collection.



172.—British Coin of Constantine. From a unique Gold Coin in the British Museum.



173.—Constantine the Great. From a Gold Coin in the British Museum.

as the Wall of Severus. The Wall of Antoninus connected a line of Roman forts; and these were necessarily built of substantial materials. Duntocher Bridge, on the line of this wall, was long popularly considered to have been a Roman work; but it has been more reasonably conjectured to have been a very ancient work, constructed out of materials found on the line of the wall (Fig. 148). The military way in some places runs parallel with Grimes Dyke. The ditch itself presents in some places a wonderful example of the Roman boldness in engineering. At a part called Bar Hill, Gordon describes "the fossa running down in a straight line from the top of the hill in such a magnificent manner as must surprise the beholder, great part of it being cut through the solid rock, and is of such a vast breadth and depth, that when I measured it it was no less than forty feet broad and thirty-five feet deep." The surprise of Mr. Gordon was before the age of railways: the time may perhaps arrive when the deep cuttings and tunnellings through the solid rock in the nineteenth century shall be compared with the Roman works of the second century, by new races of men who travel by other lines or with different mechanism. But, however obscure may then be the history of our own works, it is quite certain that we shall have left our traces upon the earth; some consolation, though small, to balance the reflections which are naturally suggested when we look upon the ruins of populous cities and mighty defences, and consider how little we know of their origin, of the people who built them, and of the individual life that was once busy in these solitary places.

We have described, rapidly and imperfectly, some ancient places now buried in deep solitude, which were once filled with many people who pursued the ordinary occupations of human industry, and who were surrounded with the securities, comforts, and elegancies of social life. Great changes have necessarily been produced in the revolution of two thousand years. Hume, in his 'Essay of the Populousness of Ancient Nations,' says, "The barbarous condition of Britain in former times is well known, and the thinness of its inhabitants may easily be conjectured, both from their barbarity, and from a circumstance mentioned by Herodian, that all Britain was marshy, even in Severus's time, after the Romans had been fully settled in it above a century." In process of time the marshes were drained; the population of the hills, as in the case of Old Sarum, descended into the plains. The advantages of communication located towns upon the banks of rivers, which were restrained within deep channels by artificial bounds. London thus grew when the Thames was walled out of the low lands. So probably York, when the Ouse became tributary to man, instead of being a pestilent enemy. When the civilizers taught the original inhabitants to subdue the powers of nature to their use, the sites of great towns were fixed, and have remained fixed even to our own day, in consequence of those natural advantages which have continued unimpaired during the changes of centuries. The Romans were the noblest of colonizers. They did not make their own country rich by the exhaustive process which has been the curse of modern colonization. They taught the people their own useful arts, and they shared the riches which they had been the instruments of producing. They distributed amongst subdued nations their own refinements; and in the cultivation of the higher tastes they found that security which could never have resulted from the coercion of brutal ignorance. Tacitus says of Agricola, the great colonizer of England, "That the Britons, who led a roaming and unsettled life, and were easily instigated to war, might contract a love of peace and tranquillity by being accustomed to a more pleasant way of living, he exhorted and assisted them to build houses, temples, courts, and market-places. By praising the diligent, and reproaching the indolent, he excited so great an emulation amongst the Britons, that after they had erected all those necessary edifices in their towns, they proceeded to build others merely for ornament and pleasure, such as porticoes, galleries, baths, banqueting-houses, &c." Many of the still prosperous places of England, even at the present day, show us what the Romans generally, if not especially Agricola, did for the advancement of the arts of life amongst our remote forefathers. Lincoln is one of these cities of far-off antiquity—a British, a Roman, a Saxon city. Leland says, "I heard say that the lower part of Lincoln town was all marsh, and won by policy, and inhabited for the commodity of the water. . . . It is easy to be perceived that the town of Lincoln hath been notably builded at three times. The first building was on the very top of the hill, the oldest part whereof inhabited in the Britons' time was the northeast part of the hill, directly without Newport gate, the ditches whereof yet remain, and great tokens of the old town-walls taken out of a ditch by it, for all the top of

Lincoln Hill is quarry-ground. This is now a suburb to Newport Gate." And there at Lincoln still stands Newport Gate—the Roman gate,—formed by a plain square pier and a semicircular arch (Figs. 139, 140). The Roman walls and the Roman arches of Lincoln are monuments of the same great people that we find at Rome itself (Figs. 142, 143). At Lincoln too are the remains of such baths as Agricola taught the Britons to build (Fig. 141). The Newport Gate of Lincoln, though half filled up by the elevation of the soil, exhibits a central arch sixteen feet wide, with two lateral arches. Within the area of the Roman walls now stand the Cathedral and the Castle, monuments equally interesting of other times and circumstances. At Lincoln, as at all other ancient places, we can trace the abodes of the living in the receptacles for the dead. The sarcophagi, the stone coffins, and the funeral urns here found, tell of the people of different ages and creeds mingled now in their common dust.

A fragment of Roman wall still proclaims the site of the ancient Verulam (Fig. 149). Camden says, "The situation of this place is well known to have been close by the town of St. Albans. . . . Nor hath it yet lost its ancient name, for it is still commonly called Verulam; although nothing of that remains besides ruins of walls, chequered pavements, and Roman coins, which they now and then dig up." The fame of the Roman Verulam was merged in the honours of the Christian St. Albans; and the bricks of the old city were worked up into the church of the proto-martyr of England. Bede tells the story of the death of St. Alban, the first victim in Britain of the persecution of Diocletian, in the third century, with a graphic power which brings the natural features of this locality full before our view: "The most reverend confessor of God ascended the hill with the throng, the which decently pleasant agreeable place is almost five hundred paces from the river, embellished with several sorts of flowers, or rather quite covered with them; wherein there is no part upright, or steep, nor anything craggy, but the sides stretching out far about, is levelled by nature like the sea, which of old it had rendered worthy to be enriched with the martyr's blood for its beautiful appearance."

"Thus was Alban tried,
England's first martyr, whom no threats could shake:
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith—nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice."

WORDSWORTH.

In the time of Aubrey, some half-century later than that of Camden, there were "to be seen in some few places some remains of the walls of this city." Speaking of Lord Bacon, Aubrey says, "Within the bounds of the walls of this old city of Verulam (his lordship's barony) was Verulam House, about a half mile from St. Alban's, which his lordship built, the most ingeniously-contrived little pile that ever I saw." It was here that Bacon, freed, however dishonourably, from the miserable intrigues of Whitehall, and the debasing quirks and quibbles of the Courts, laid the foundations of his ever-during fame. Aubrey tells us a story which is characteristic of Bacon's enthusiastic temperament:—"This magnanimous Lord Chancellor had a great mind to have made it [Verulam] a city again; and he had designed it to be built with great uniformity; but fortune denied it to him, though she proved kinder to the great Cardinal Richelieu, who lived both to design and finish that specious town of Richelieu, where he was born, before an obscure and small village." Fortune not only denied Bacon to found this city, but even the "ingeniously-contrived little pile," his gardens, and his banqueting-houses, which he had built at an enormous cost, were swept away within thirty years after his death: "One would have thought," says Aubrey, "the most barbarous nation had made a conquest here." To use the words of the philosopher of Verulam himself, "It is not good to look too long upon these turning wheels of Vicissitude, lest we become giddy."

York, the Eboracum of the Romans, was one of the most important of these British cities. Its Roman remains have very recently been described by a learned resident of this city:—"One of the angle-towers, and a portion of the wall of Eboracum attached to it, are to this day remaining in an extraordinary state of preservation. In a recent removal of a considerable part of the more modern wall and rampart, a much larger portion of the Roman wall, connected with the same angle-tower, but in another direction, with remains of two wall-towers, and the foundations of one of the gates of the station, were found buried within the ramparts; and excavations at various times and in different parts of the present city have discovered so many indubitable remains of the fortifications

of Eboracum, on three of its sides, that the conclusion appears to be fully warranted that this important station was of a rectangular form, corresponding very nearly with the plan of a Polybian camp, occupying a space of about six hundred and fifty yards, by about five hundred and fifty, enclosed by a wall and a rampant mound on the inner side of the wall, and a fosse without, with four angle-towers, and a series of minor towers or turrets, and having four gates or principal entrances, from which proceeded military roads to the neighbouring stations mentioned in the 'Itinerary' of Antonine. Indications of extensive suburbs, especially on the south-west and north-west, exist in the numerous and interesting remains of primeval monuments, coffins, urns, tombs, baths, temples, and villas, which from time to time, and especially of late years, have been brought to light. Numberless tiles, bearing the impress of the sixth and ninth legions, fragments of Samian ware, inscriptions, and coins from the age of Julius Cæsar to that of Constantine and his family, concur, with the notice of ancient geographers and historians, to identify the situation of modern York with that of ancient Eboracum." ('Penny Cyclopædia,' vol. xxvii.)

And well might York have been a mighty fortress, and a city of palaces and temples; for here the Roman emperors had their chief seat when they visited Britain; here Severus and Constantius Chlorus died; here, though the evidence is somewhat doubtful, Constantine the Great was born.

Bath, a Roman city, connected by great roads with London and with the south coast, famous for its baths, a city of luxury amongst the luxurious colonizers, has presented to antiquarian curiosity more Roman remains than any other station in England. The city is supposed to be now twenty feet above its ancient level; and here, whenever the earth is moved, are turned up altars, tessellated pavements, urns, vases, lachrymatories, coins. Portions of a large temple consisting of a portico with fluted columns and Corinthian capitals, were discovered in 1790. The remains of the ancient baths have been distinctly traced. The old walls of the city are held to have been built upon the original Roman foundations. These walls have been swept away, and with them the curious relics of the elder period, which Leland has thus minutely described:—"There be divers notable antiquities engraved in stone that yet be seen in the walls of Bath betwixt the south gate and the west gate, and again betwixt the west gate and the north gate." He then notices with more than ordinary detail a number of images, antique heads, tombs with inscriptions, and adds, "I much doubt whether these antique works were set in the time of the Romans' dominion in Britain in the walls of Bath as they stand now, or whether they were gathered of old ruins there, and since set up in the walls, re-edified in testimony of the antiquity of the town." Camden appears to have seen precisely the same relics as Leland saw, "fastened on the inner side of the wall between the north and west gates." These things were in existence, then, a little more than two hundred years ago. There have been no irruptions of barbarous people into the country, to destroy these and other things of value which they could not understand. We had a high literature when these things were preserved; there were learned men amongst us; and the writers of imagination had that reverence for antiquity which is one of the best fruits of a diffused learning. From that period we have been wont to call ourselves a polite people. We are told that since that period we have had an Augustan age of letters and of arts. Yet somehow it has happened that during these last two centuries there has been a greater destruction of ancient things, and a more wanton desecration of sacred things, perpetrated by people in authority, sleek, self-satisfied functionaries, practical men, as they termed themselves, who despised all poetical associations, and thought the beautiful incompatible with the useful—there has been more wanton outrage committed upon the memorials of the past, than all the invaders and pillagers of our land had committed for ten centuries before. The destruction has been stopped, simply because the standard of taste and of feeling has been raised amongst a few.

It is inconsistent with our plan to attempt any complete detail of the antiquities of any one period, as they are found in various parts of the kingdom. To accomplish this, each period would require a volume, or many volumes. Our purpose is to excite a general spirit of inquiry, and to gratify that curiosity as far as we are able, by a few details of what is most remarkable. Let us finish our account of the Roman cities by a brief notice of Roman London.

A writer whose ability is concurrent with his careful investigation of every subject which he touches, has well described the circumstances which led to the choice of London as a Roman city, upon a site which the Britons had peopled, in all likelihood, before the Roman colonization:—

"The spot on which London is built, or at least that on which the

first buildings were most probably erected, was pointed out by nature for the site of a city. It was the suspicion of the sagacious Wren, as we are informed in the 'Parentalia,' that the whole valley between Camberwell Hill and the hills of Essex must have been anciently filled by a great frith or arm of the sea, which increased in width towards the east; and that this estuary was only in the course of ages reduced to a river by the vast sand-hills which were gradually raised on both sides of it by the wind and tide, the effect being assisted by embankments, which on the Essex side are still perfectly distinguishable as of artificial origin, and are evidently works that could only have been constructed by a people of advanced mechanical skill. Wren himself ascribed these embankments to the Romans; and it is stated that a single breach made in them in his time cost 17,000*l.* to repair it—from which we may conceive both how stupendous must have been the labour bestowed on their original construction, and of what indispensable utility they are still found to be. In fact, were it not for this ancient barrier, the broad and fertile meadows stretching along that border of the river would still be a mere marsh, or a bed of sand overflowed by the water, though left perhaps dry in many places on the retirement of the tide. . . . The elevation on which London is built offered a site at once raised above the water, and at the same time close upon the navigable portion of it—conditions which did not meet in any other locality on either side of the river, or estuary, from the sea upwards. It was the first spot on which a town could be set down, so as to take advantage of the facilities of communication between the coast and the interior presented by this great natural highway." ('London,' vol. i. No. IX.)

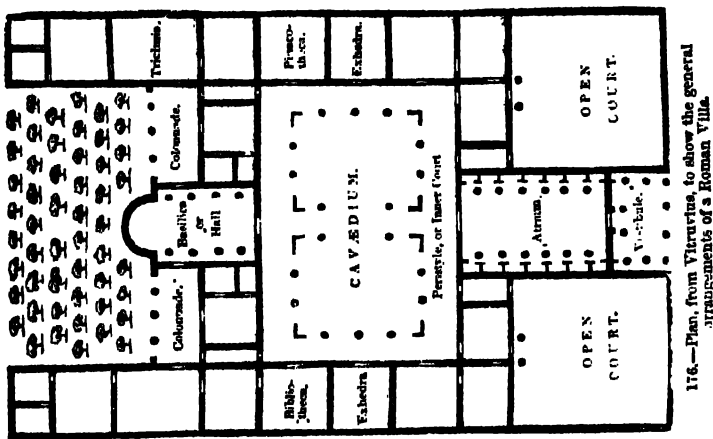
The walls of London were partly destroyed in the time of Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He says, "The wall of the city is high and great, continued with seven gates, which are made double, and on the north distinguished with turrets by spaces. Likewise on the south London hath been enclosed with walls and towers; but the large river of Thames, well stored with fish, and in which the tide ebbs and flows, by continuance of time hath washed, worn away, and cast down those walls." Camden writes: "Our historians tell us that Constantine the Great, at the request of Helena, his mother, first walled it [London] about with heavy stone and British bricks, containing in compass about three miles; whereby the city was made a square, but not equilateral, being longer from west to east, and from south to north narrower. That part of these walls which runs along by the Thames is quite washed away by the continual beating of the river; though Fitz-Stephen (who lived in Henry the Second's time) tells us there were some pieces of it still to be seen. The rest remains to this day, and that part towards the north very firm: for having not many years since [1175] been repaired by one Jocelyn, who was Mayor, it put on, as it were, a new face and freshness. But that towards the east and the west, though the Barons repaired it in their wars out of the demolished houses of the Jews, is all ruinous and going to decay." The new face and freshness that were put on the north wall by one Jocelyn the Mayor, have long since perished. A few fragments above the ground, built-in, plastered over, proclaim to the curious observer, that he walks in a city that has some claim to antiquity. It was formerly a doubt with some of those antiquarian writers who saw no interest in any inquiry except as a question of dispute, whether the walls of London were of Roman construction. A careful observer, Dr. Woodward, in the beginning of the last century, had an opportunity of going below the surface, and the matter was by him put beyond a doubt. He writes:—"The city wall being upon this occasion, to make way for these new buildings, broke up and beat to pieces, from Bishopgate, onwards, S.E. so far as they extend, an opportunity was given of observing the fabric and composition of it. From the foundation, which lay eight feet below the present surface, quite up to the top, which was in all near ten foot, 'twas compiled alternately of layers of broad flat bricks and of rag-stone. The bricks lay in double ranges; and each brick being about one inch and three-tenths in thickness, the whole layer, with the mortar interposed, exceeded not three inches. The layers of stone were not quite two foot thick of our measure. 'Tis probable they were intended for two of the Roman, their rule being somewhat shorter than ours. To this height the workmanship was after the Roman manner; and these were the remains of the ancient wall supposed to be built by Constantine the Great. In this 'twas very observable that the mortar was, as usually in the Roman works, so very firm and hard, that the stone itself as easily broke and gave way as that. 'Twas thus far from the foundation upwards nine foot in thickness." The removal of old houses in London is still going on as in Woodward's time; and more important excavations have been made in our own day, and at the



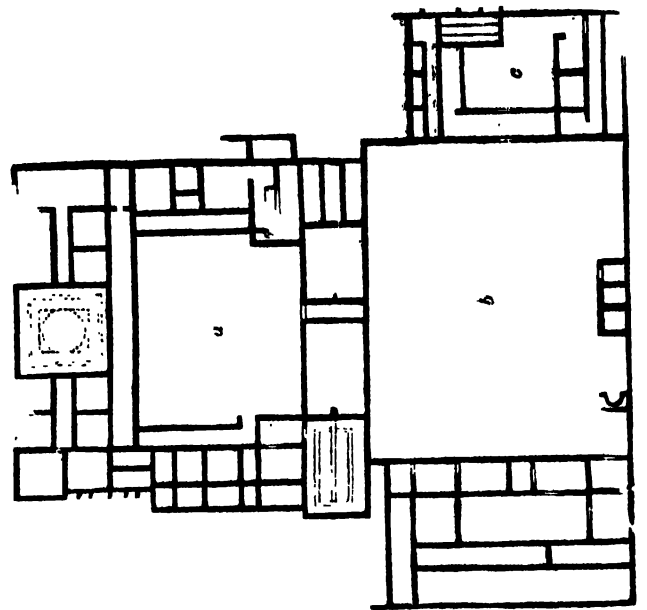
174.—Atrium of a Roman House.



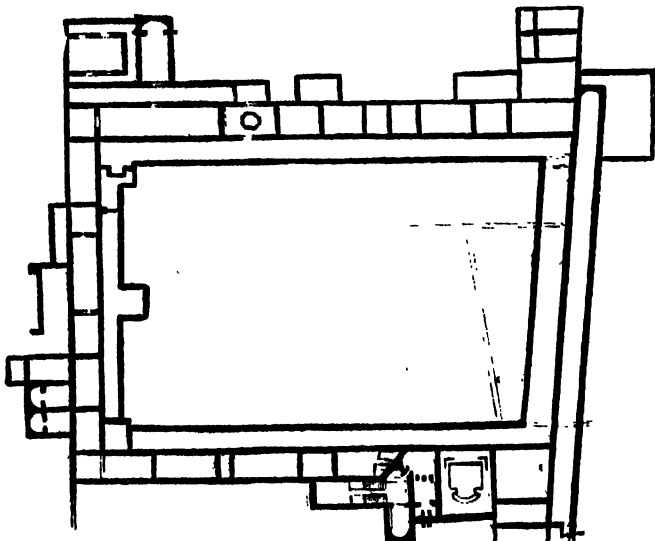
175.—Room of Roman House. Restoration from Pompeii.



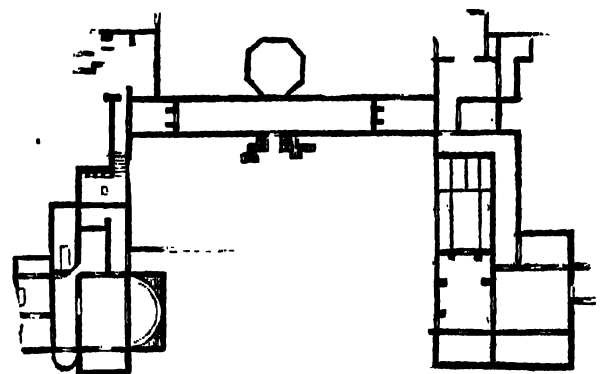
176.—Plan, from Vitruvius, to show the general arrangements of a Roman Villa.



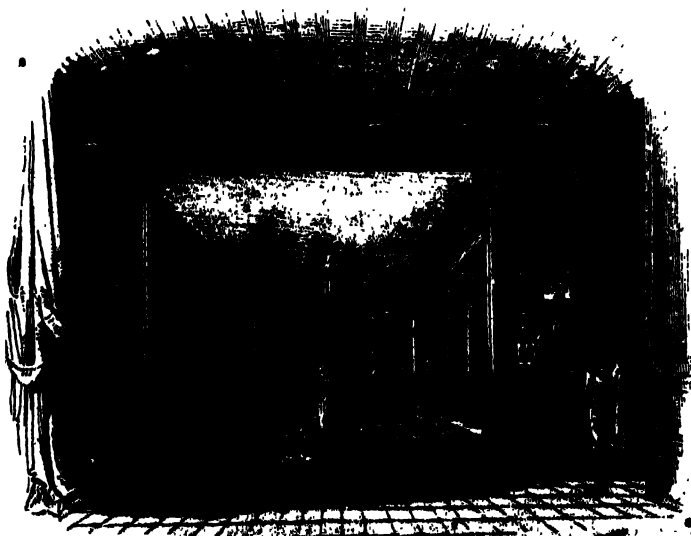
177.—Roman Villa, Wolsborough.



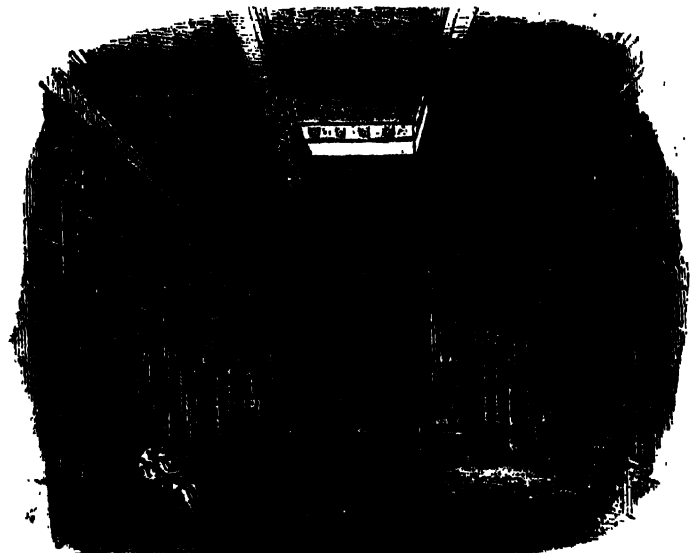
179.—Roman Villa, Dignor.



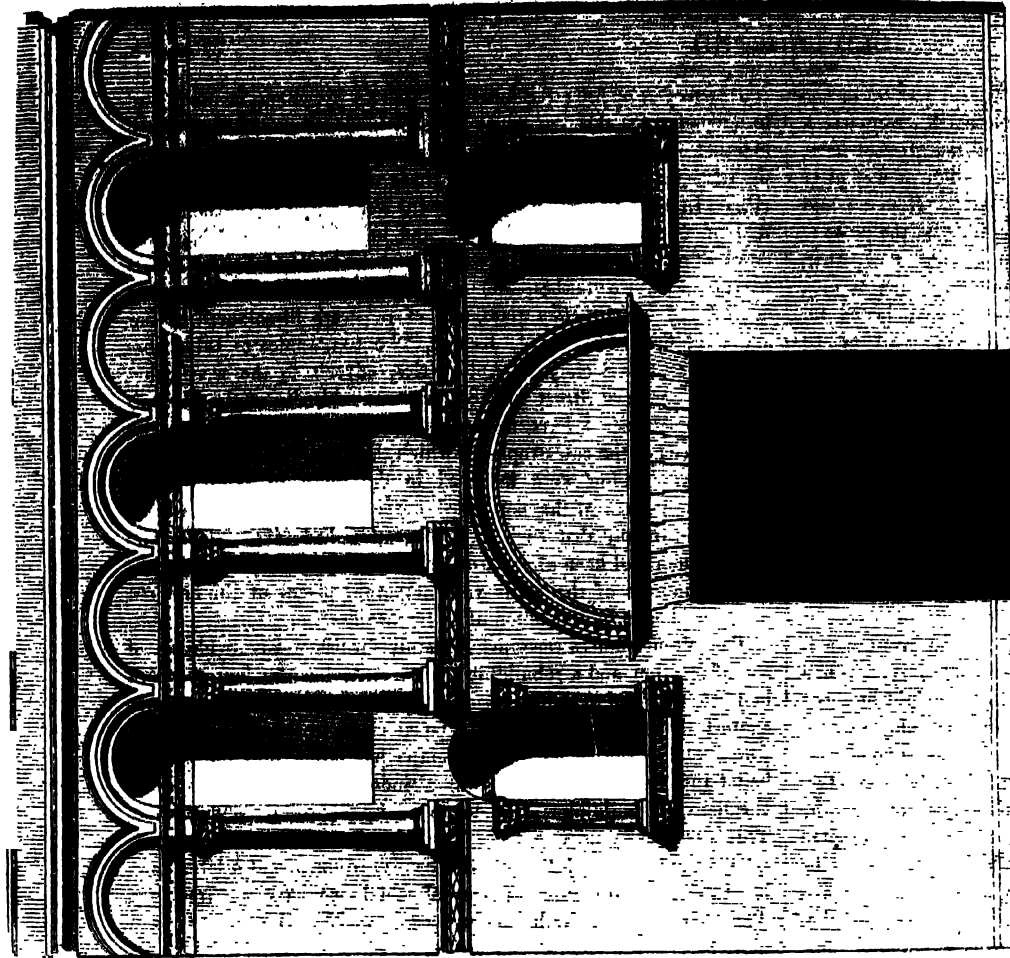
178.—Roman Villa, Great Witcombe, Gloucestershire.



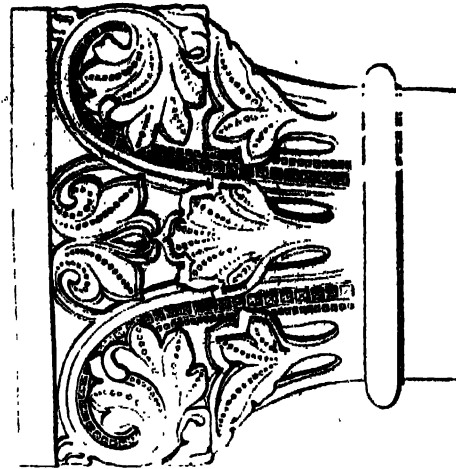
180.—Room of a Roman House. Restoration from Pompeii.



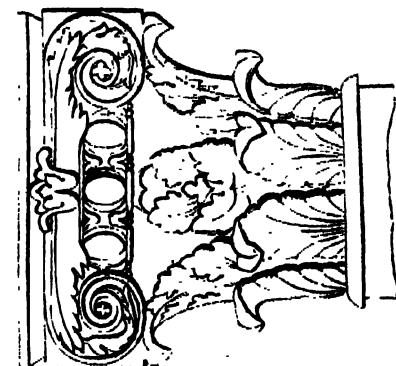
181.—Atrium of a Roman House. Restoration from Pompeii.



187.—Golden Gate of the Palace of Theodorian at Spalato.



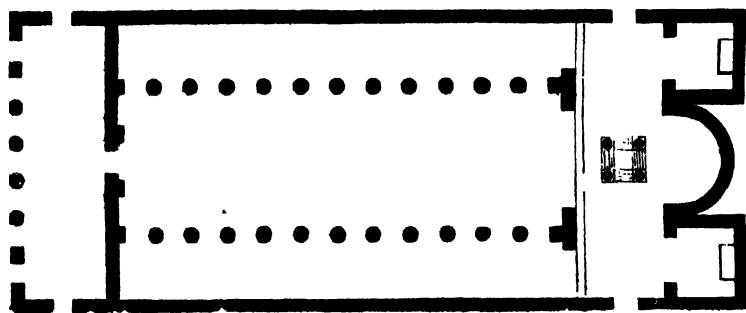
186.—Capital from the Doorway of Mausoleum.



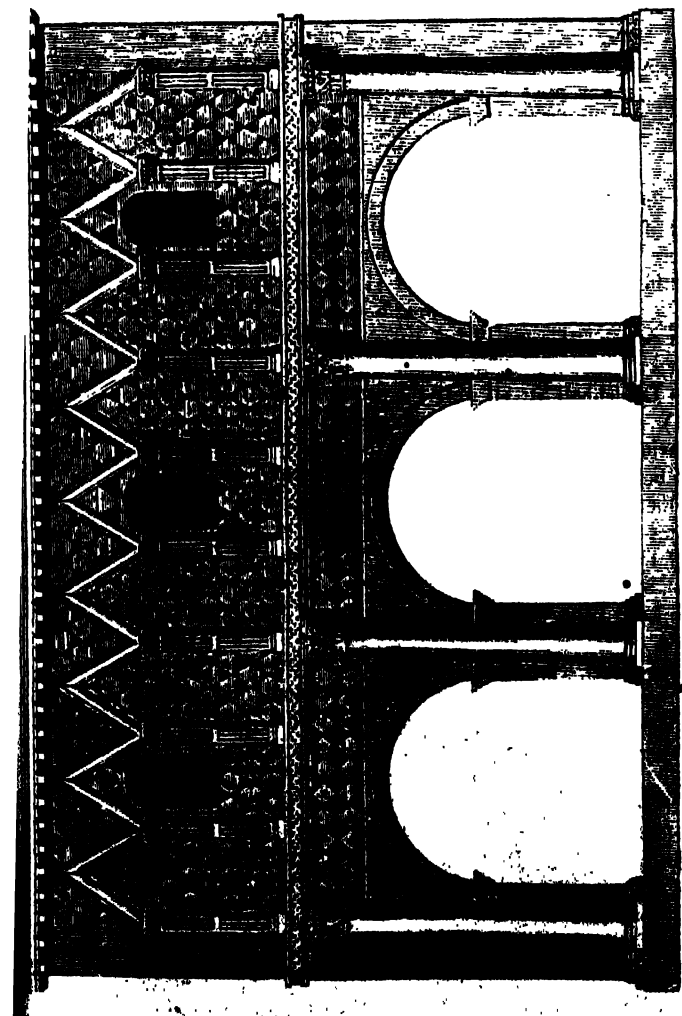
184.—Capital from the Portico at Lorch.



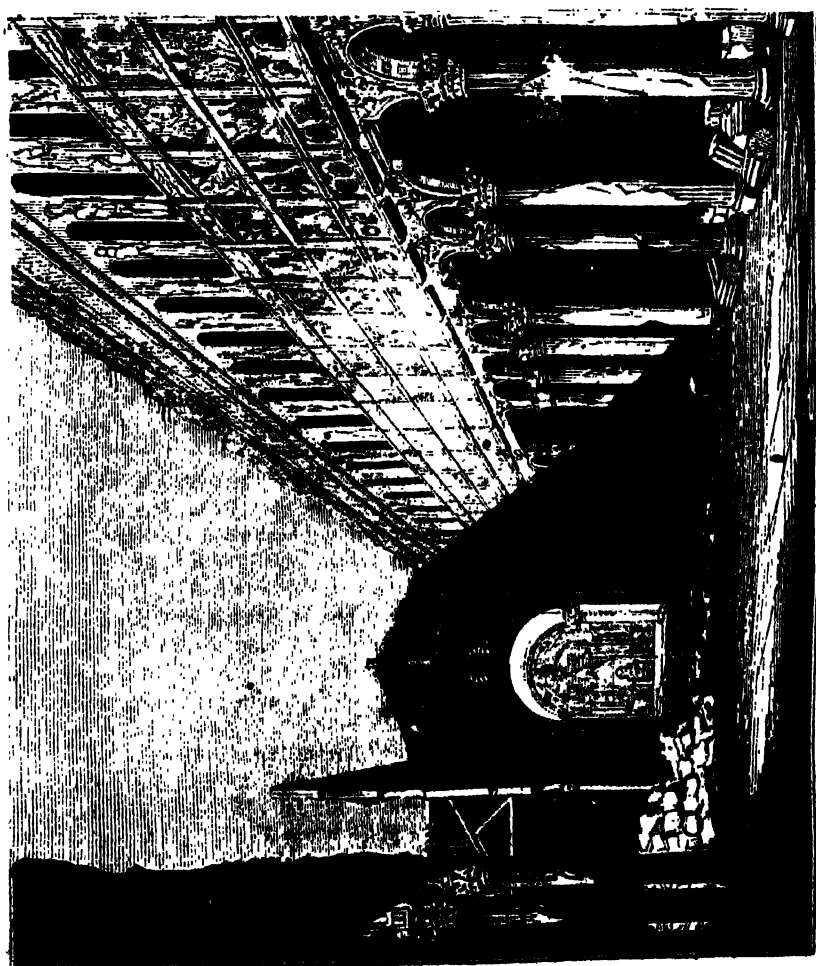
188.—Console from the Palace at Spalato.



185.—Ground Plan of the Church of Gregoriano, Rome.



183.—Portico at Lorch.



182.—Basilica of St. Paul, at Rome, 1823. After the Fire.

very hour in which we are writing. Close by St. Paul's, in the formation of a deep sewer, the original peat-earth, over which probably the Thames once flowed before man rested his foot here, has been dug down to. In such excavations the relics of age after age have turned up. The Saxon town lies above the Roman; and the Norman above the Saxon; but when the spade and the pickaxe have broken against some mass solid as the granite rock, then the labourer knows that he has come to a building such as men build not now, foundations that seem intended to have lasted for ever, the Roman work. Woodward described the Wall as he saw it in Camomile Street in 1707. Mr. Craik, the writer whom we have recently quoted, has recorded the appearance of the Wall as he saw it in 1841, laid bare for the works of the Blackwall Railway.

"Beneath a range of houses which have been in part demolished, in a court entering from the east side of Cooper's Row, nearly opposite to Milbourn's Almshouses, and behind the south-west corner of America Square, the workmen, having penetrated to the natural earth—a hard, dry, sandy gravel—came upon a wall seven feet and a half thick, running a very little to the west of north, or parallel to the line of the Minories; which, by the resistance it offered, was at once conjectured to be of Roman masonry. When we saw it, it had been laid bare on both sides, to the height of about six or seven feet, and there was an opportunity of examining its construction, both on the surface and in the interior. The principal part of it consisted of five courses of squared stones, regularly laid, with two layers of flat bricks below them, and two similar layers above—the latter at least carried all the way through the wall—as represented in the drawing (Fig. 150). The mortar, which appeared to be extremely hard, had a few pebbles mixed up with it; and here and there were interstices, or air-cells, as if it had not been spread, but poured in among the stones. The stones were a granulated limestone, such as might have been obtained from the chalk-quarries at Greenhithe or Northfleet. The bricks, which were evidently Roman, and, as far as the eye could judge, corresponded in size as well as in shape with those described by Woodward, had as fine a grain as common pottery, and varied in colour from a bright red to a palish yellow. A slight circular or oval mark—in some cases forming a double ring—appeared on one side of each of them, which had been impressed when the clay was in a soft state." ('London,' Vol. I. No. ix.)

A peculiarity in the construction of a portion of the ancient wall of London was discovered during some large excavations for sewerage, between Lambeth Hill and Queenhithe, in 1841. The wall in this part measured in breadth from eight to ten feet. Its foundation was upon piles, upon which was laid a stratum of chalk and stones; then a course of ponderous hewn sandstones, held together by the well-known cement; and upon this solid structure the wall itself, composed of layers of rag and flint, between the layers of Roman tiles. The peculiarity to which we allude was described to the Antiquarian Society by Mr. Charles Roach Smith:—"One of the most remarkable features of this wall is the evidence it affords of the existence of an anterior building, which from some cause or other must have been destroyed. Many of the large stones above mentioned are sculptured and ornamented with mouldings, which denote their prior use in a frieze or entablature of an edifice, the magnitude of which may be conceived from the fact of these stones weighing in many instances upwards of half a ton. Whatever might have been the nature of this structure, its site, or cause of its overthrow, we have no means of determining." The undoubted work of fourteen or fifteen centuries ago is something not to be looked upon without associations of deep and abiding interest; but when we find connected with such ancient labours more ancient labours, which have themselves been overthrown by the changes of time or the vicissitudes of fortune, the mind must fall back upon the repose of its own ignorance, and be content to know how little it knows."

In the year 1785 a sewer, sixteen feet deep, was made in Lombard Street. Sewers were not then common in London, and Sir John Henniker, speaking of this work, says, "A large trench has been excavated in Lombard Street for the first time since the memory of man." In making this excavation vast quantities of Roman antiquities were discovered, which are minutely described and represented in the eighth volume of the 'Archæologia.' Amongst other curiosities was found a beautiful gold coin of the Emperor Galba. The coin came into the possession of Sir John Henniker, who thus relates the circumstances under which it was found:—"The soil is almost uniformly divided into four strata; the uppermost, thirteen feet six inches thick, of factitious earth; the second, two feet thick, of brick, apparently the ruins of buildings; the third, three inches thick, of wood-ashes, apparently the remains of a town built of wood,

and destroyed by fire; the fourth, of Roman pavement, common and tessellated. On this pavement the coin in question was discovered, together with several other coins, and many articles of pottery. Below the pavement the workmen find virgin earth." ('Archæologia,' vol. viii.) In 1831 various Roman remains were found in the construction of a sewer in Crooked Lane, and in Eastcheap. There, at a depth of about seventeen feet, were found the walls of former houses covered with wood-ashes, and about them were also found many portions of green molten glass, and of red ware discoloured by the action of fire. Mr. A. J. Kempe, who communicates these discoveries to the Society of Antiquaries, adverts to the wood-ashes found in Lombard Street in 1785; and he adds, "Couple this with the circumstances I have related, and what stronger evidence can be produced of the catastrophe in which the dwellings of the Roman settlers at London were involved in the reign of Nero? The Roman buildings at the north-east corner of Eastcheap afforded a curious testimony that such a conflagration had taken place, and that London had been afterwards rebuilt by the Romans. Worked into the mortar of the walls were numerous pieces of the fine red ware, blackened by the action of an intense fire."

The circumstances recorded certainly furnish strong evidence of a conflagration and a rebuilding of the city; but the fact recorded in 1785, that under the wood-ashes was a coin of Galba, is evidence against the conflagration having taken place in the time of Nero, whom Galba succeeded. Mr. Kempe has fallen into the general belief that when Londinium was abandoned to the vengeance of Boadicea, its buildings were destroyed by a general conflagration. This was in the year A. D. 61. The coin of Galba under the wood-ashes would seem to infer that the conflagration was at a later date, in connection with circumstances of which we have no tradition. The short reign of Galba commenced A. D. 68. But be this as it may, here, seventeen feet under the present pavement of London, are the traces of Roman life covered by the ashes of a ruined city, and other walls built with the fragments of those ruins, and over these the aggregated rubbish of eighteen centuries of inhabitancy. The extent of Roman London, of the London founded or civilized, burnt, rebuilt, extended by the busiest of people, may be traced by the old walls, by the cemeteries beyond the walls, and by the remains of ancient relics of utility and ornament constantly turned up wherever the soil is dug into to a sufficient depth. Look upon the plan of this Roman London (Fig. 158). The figures marked upon the plan show the places where the Romans have been traced. 1. Shows the spot in Fleet Ditch where vases, coins, and implements were found after the Great Fire of 1666. In many other parts were similar remains found on that occasion (Fig. 163). On the plan, 2 shows the point where a sepulchral stone was found at Ludgate, which is now amongst the Arundel Marbles at Oxford (Fig. 160). In the plan, 3 marks the site of St. Paul's, where many remains were found by Sir Christopher Wren, in digging the foundation of the present Cathedral—the burial-place of "the colony when Romans and Britons lived and died together" (Fig. 164). At the causeway at Bow Church, marked 4, Roman remains were found after the Great Fire. At Guildhall, marked 5, tiles and pottery were found in 1822. In Lothbury, in 1805, digging for the foundation of an extended portion of the Bank of England, marked 6, a tessellated pavement was found, which is now in the British Museum. Other tessellated pavements have been found in various parts of London, the finest specimens having been discovered in 1803, in Leadenhall Street, near the portico of the India House, (Fig. 161). The spot in Lombard Street and Birchin Lane, where, previous to the discoveries in 1785 already mentioned, remains had been found in 1730 and 1774, is marked 7 on the plan. Some of these remains are represented in Fig. 166. In 1787 Roman coins and tiles were found at St. Mary at Hill, close by the line of the Thames, marked 8. In 1824, near St. Dunstan's in the East, on the same line, marked 9, were pavements and urns found. In Long Lane, marked 10, a pavement has been found; also a tessellated pavement in Crosby Square, marked 11; a pavement in Old Broad Street, marked 12; a tessellated pavement in Crutched Friars, marked 16; a pavement in Northumberland Alley, marked 17. Sepulchral monuments have been found within the City wall, as in Bishopsgate, in 1707, marked 14; and in the Tower, in 1777, marked 15. But the great burial-places, especially of the Christianized Romans, were outside the wall; as at the cemetery beyond Bishopsgate, discovered in 1725, marked 13; that in Goodman's Fields, marked 19, found in 1787; and that at Spitalfields, marked 18, discovered as early as 1677. The old London antiquary, Stow, thus speaks of this discovery: "On the east side of this churchyard lieth a large field, of old time called Loleworth, now Spitalfield, which about the year 1576 was broken up for clay to

make brick; in the digging whereof many earthen pots called Urns were found full of ashes, and burnt bones of men, to wit of the Romans who inhabited here. For it was the custom of the Romans to burn their dead, to put their ashes in an urn, and then to bury the same with certain ceremonies, in some field appointed for that purpose near unto their city. . . . There hath also been found (in the same field) divers coffins of stone, containing the bones of men; these I suppose to be the burials of some special persons, in time of the Britons or Saxons, after that the Romans had left to govern here. Moreover there were also found the skulls and bones of men without coffins, or rather whose coffins (being of great timber) were consumed. Divers great nails of iron were there found, such as are used in the wheels of shod carts, being each of them as big as a man's finger, and a quarter of a yard long, the heads two inches over."

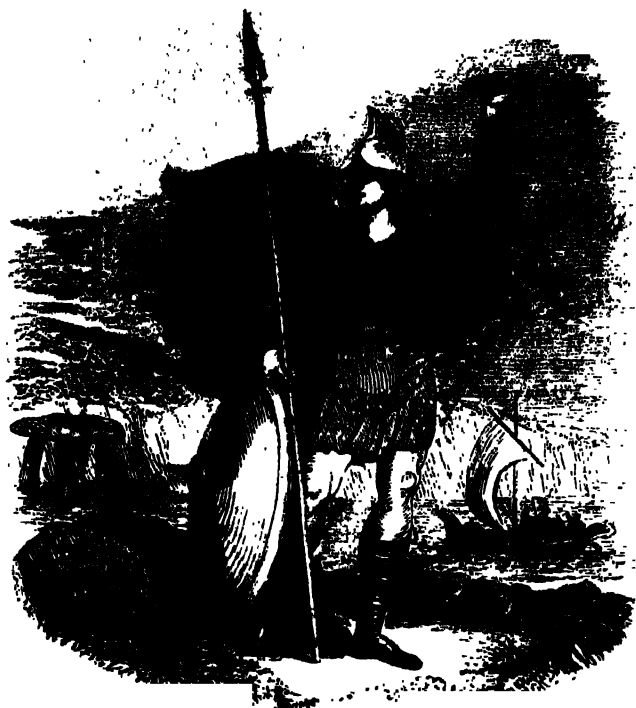
The plan thus detailed indicates the general extent of Roman London. Within these limits every year adds something to the mass of antiquities that have been turned up, and partially examined and described, since the days when Stow saw the earthen pots in Spitalfields. Traces of the old worship have at various times been found. A very curious altar was discovered fifteen feet below the level of the street in Foster Lane, Cheapside, in 1830. Attention has recently been directed to a supposed Roman bath in Strand Lane, represented in Fig. 159 (See 'London,' Vol. II.). But the bed of the Thames has been as prolific as the highways that are trampled upon, in disclosing to its excavators traces of the great colonizers of England. Works of high art in silver and in bronze were found in 1825 and 1837, embedded in the soil over which the river has been rolling for ages. In the southern bank of the Thames evidences have recently been discovered that parts of Southwark contiguous to the river were occupied by the Romans, as well as the great city on the opposite bank. Mr. Charles Roach Smith, in a paper read to the Society of Antiquaries in 1841, says, "The occurrence of vestiges of permanent occupancy of this locality by the Romans, is almost uninterrupted from the river to St. George's Church in the line of the present High Street." Mr. Smith is decidedly of opinion that a considerable portion of Southwark formed an integral part of Londinium, and that the two shores were connected by a bridge. Mr. Smith holds, "First, that with such a people as the Romans, and in such a city as Londinium, a bridge would be indispensable; and, secondly, that it would naturally be erected somewhere in the direct line of road into Kent, which I cannot but think pointed toward the site of Old London Bridge, both from its central situation, from the general absence of the foundations of buildings in the approaches on the northern side, and from discoveries recently made in the Thames on the line of the old bridge." The bronzes, metallions, and coins found in the line of the old bridge, which have been dredged up by the ballast-heavers from their position, and the order in which they occur, strongly support the opinion of Mr. Smith. The coins comprise many thousands of a series extending from Julius Caesar to Honorius; and Mr. Smith infers "that the bulk of these coins might have been intentionally deposited, at various periods, at the erection of a bridge across the river, whether it were built in the time of Vespasian, Hadrian, or Pius, or at some subsequent period, and that they also might have been deposited at such times as the bridge might require repairs or entire renovation."

The shrewd observer and sensible writer whom we have quoted has a valuable remark upon the peculiar character of the Roman antiquities of London:—"Though our Londinium cannot rival, in remains of public buildings, costly statues, and sculptured sarcophagi and altars, the towns of the mother-country, yet the reflective antiquary can still find materials to work on,—can point to the localities of the less obtrusive and imposing, but not less useful, structures—the habitations of the mercantile and trading population of this ever-mercantile town. The numerous works of ancient art which have yet been preserved afford us copious materials for studying the habits, manners, and customs of the Roman colonists; the introduction and state of many of the arts during their long sojourn in Britain, and their positive or probable influence on the British inhabitants. This is, in fact, the high aim and scope of the science of antiquities—to study mankind through their works."

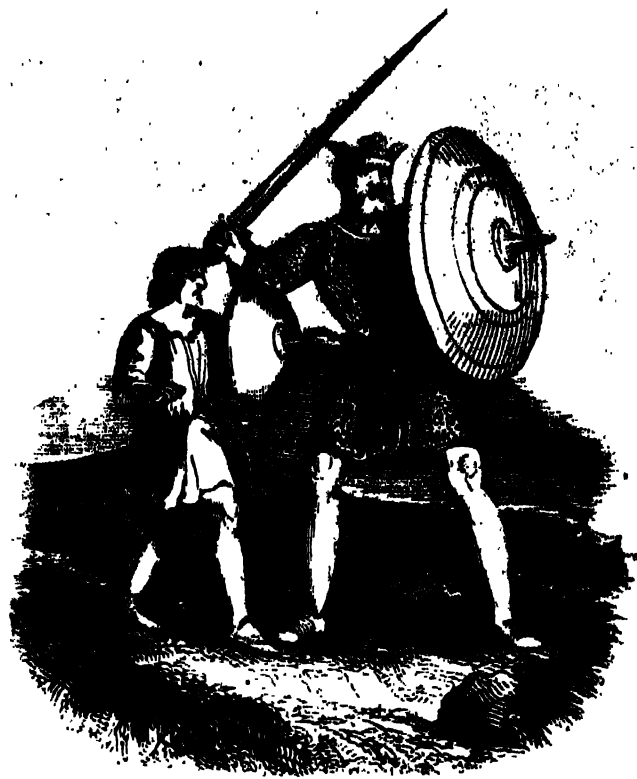
It is in this spirit that we would desire to look at the scattered antiquities of 'Old England,' to whatever period they may belong. Whenever man delves into the soil, and turns up a tile or an earthen pot, a coin or a weapon, an inscription which speaks of love for the dead, or an altar which proclaims the reverence for the spiritual, in some form, however mistaken, we have evidences of antique modes of life, in whose investigation we may enlarge the narrow bounds of our own every-day life. Those who have

descended into the excavated streets of the buried Pompeii, and have walked in subterranean ways which were once radiant with the sunshine, and have entered houses whose paintings and sculptures are proofs that here were the abodes of comfort and elegance, where taste displayed itself in forms which cannot perish,—such have beheld with deep emotion the consequences of a sudden ruin which in a few hours made the populous city a city of the dead. But when we pierce through the shell of successive generations abiding in a great city like London, to bring to light the fragments of a high state of civilization, crushed and overthrown by change and spoliation, and forgotten amidst the trample of successive generations of mankind in the same busy spot, the eye may not so readily awaken the mind to solemn reflection; but still every fragment has its own lesson, which cannot be read unprofitably. It is not the exquisite art by which common materials for common purposes were moulded by a tasteful people, that can alone command our admiration. A group of such is exhibited in Fig. 169. That these are Roman is at once proclaimed by their graceful forms. But mingled with these are sometimes found articles of inferior workmanship and less tasteful patterns, which show how the natives of the Roman colony had gradually emulated their arts, and were passing out of that state when the wants of life were supplied without regard to the elegancies which belong to an advanced civilization (see Fig. 168). The Romans put the mark of their cultivated taste as effectually upon the drinking-cups and the urns of the colonized Britons, compared with the earlier works of the natives, as the emperor Hadrian put his stamp upon the pigs of lead which were cast in the British mines, and which may still be seen in our national Museum (Figs. 165, 166, 167). The bronze patera, or drinking bowl, found in Wiltshire, marked with the names of five Roman towns on its margin, was a high work of Roman-British art (Figs. 152, 153, 154). The metal coating of an ancient Roman-British shield, found in the bed of the river Witham, belongs to a lower stage of the same art (Fig. 171). The British coin of Carausius (Fig. 173), of which a unique example in gold is in the British Museum, and the coin of Constantine the Great in the same collection (Fig. 172), each probably came out of the Roman coin-mould (Fig. 170). After years of contest and bloodshed, the Roman arts became the arts of Britain; and when our Shakspeare made Iachimo describe the painting and the statuary of Imogen's chamber, though the description might be an anachronism with regard to Cymbeline, it was a just representation of the influence of Roman taste on the home-life of Britain, when the intercourse of the countries had become established, and the peaceful colonization of those whose arts always followed in the wake of their arms, had introduced those essentially Roman habits, of which we invariably find the relics when in our ancient cities we come to the subsoil on which the old Britons trod.

A writer on early antiquities, Mr. King, to whom we have several times referred, has a notion that the private dwellings of the Romans, especially in this island, were not remarkable for comfort or elegance, to say nothing of magnificence: "In most instances a Roman Quæstor, or Tribune, sitting here in his toga on his moveable sella, or wallowing on his triclinium, on one of those dull, dark, and at best ill-looking works of mosaic, did not, after all, appear with much more real splendour, as to any advantages from the refinements of civilized life, than an old Scotch laird in the Highlands, sitting in his plaid on a joint-stool, or on a chair of not much better construction, in the corner of his rough, rude, castle-tower." This is a bold assertion, and one that indicates that the writer has no very clear perception of what constitutes the best evidence of the existence of the "refinements of civilized life." The first dull, dark, ill-looking work of mosaic, which Mr. King describes, is a tessellated pavement, which he says "shows great design and masterly execution." The remains of villas discovered in England have for the most part painted walls, even according to Mr. King some proof of refinement, if all other proofs were absent. But the rooms with the painted walls had no fire-places with chimneys, and must have been warmed when needful, "merely by hot air from the adjoining hypocaust." This is a curious example of the mutation of ideas in half a century. The Romans in Britain, according to Mr. King, could have had no comfort or refinement, because they had no open fires, and warmed their rooms with hot air. The science of our own day says that the open fire and chimney are relics of barbarism, and that comfort and refinement demand the hot air. The remains of a hypocaust at Lincoln (Fig. 141) alone indicate something beyond the conveniences possessed by the old Scotch laird sitting on his joint-stool. But, in truth, the bare inspection of the plan of any one of the Roman villas discovered in



188.—Arms and Costume of a Saxon Military Chief.



189.—Arms and Costume of an Anglo-Saxon King and Armour-Bearer.



194.—Ringed Mail. (Cotton MS. Claud. B. 4.)



195.—Anglo-Saxon Mantle, Cape, and Weapons.



193.—Costume of a Soldier. (From Cotton MS. Tib. C. 6.)



191.—Arms and Costume of the Tribes on the Western shores of the Baltic.



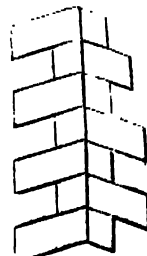
192.—Arms and Costume of Danish Warriors.



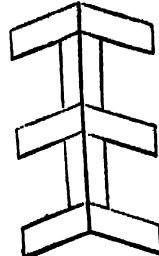
196.—St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's.



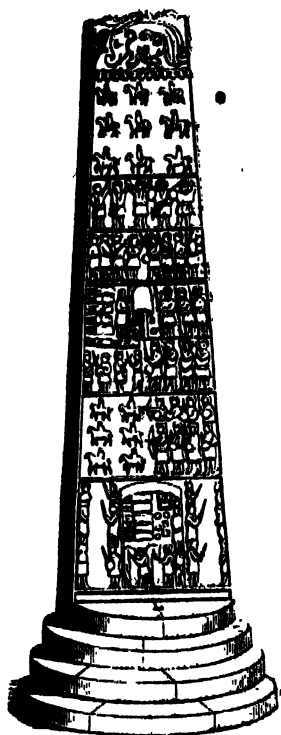
199.—Lomb.



200.—Quoined Work.



201.—Long and Short Work.



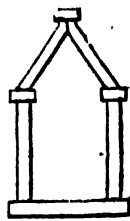
207.—Sueno's Pillar at Forres.



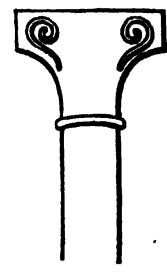
197.—St. Martin's Church, Canterbury.



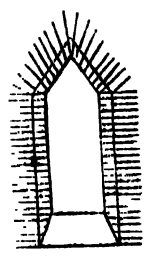
202.—Bakusre.



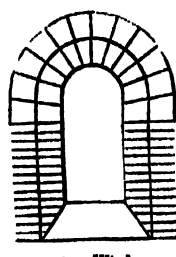
203.—Arch.



204.—Column and Capital.



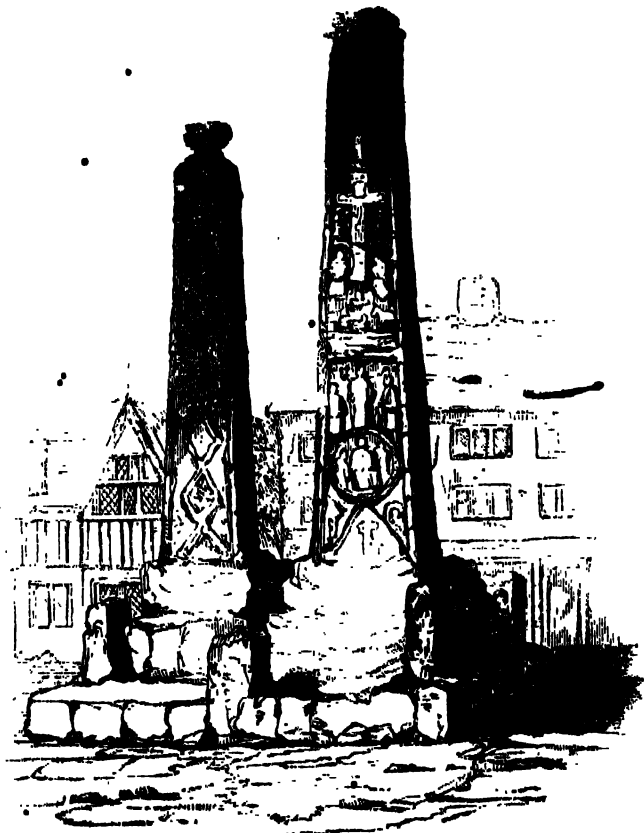
205.—Window.



206.—Window.



198.—Ruins of the Monastery of St. Albans, on I-Chinsh-Kin.



208.—Crosses at Sandbach.

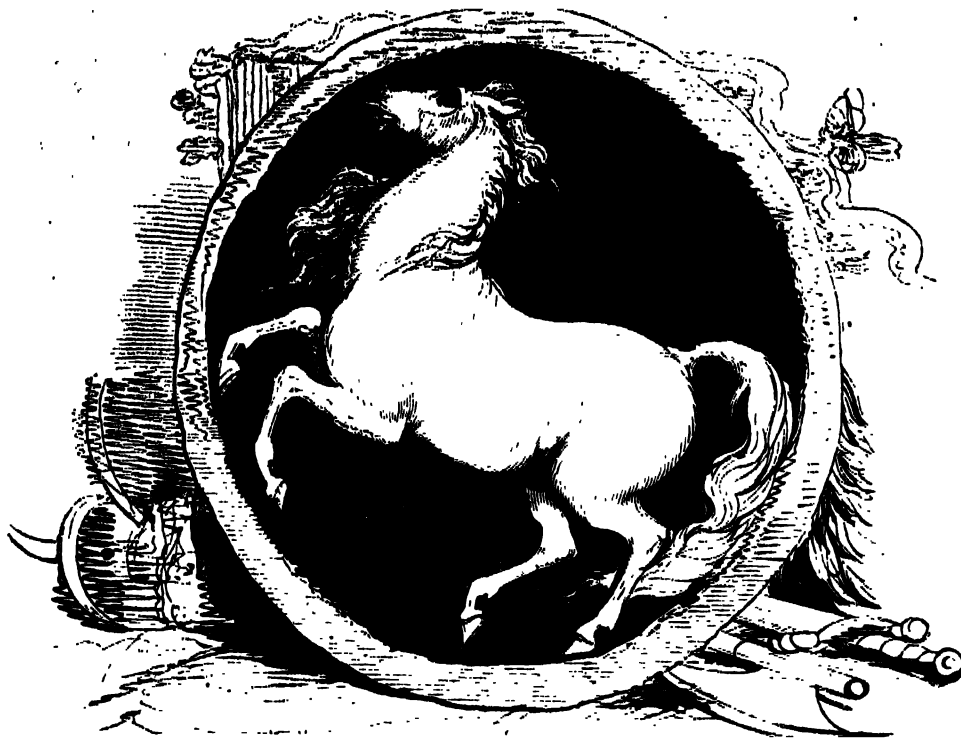
England will show that the colonizers brought here the same tasteful arrangements of their private dwellings as distinguished similar remains in the states wholly peopled by Romans. Vitruvius has given us the general plan of a Roman villa (Fig. 176), which we copy, that it may be compared with the plans of Roman villas discovered in England. The most important of these is that at Woodchester, near Stroud, in Gloucestershire, which was discovered by Mr. Lysons in 1795 (Fig. 177). The plan of this remarkable building, which Mr. Lysons has been able distinctly to trace, shows that there was a large open court, or atrium, marked *b*; an inner court, marked *a*; and a smaller court in the wing, marked *c*. Round these were grouped the various apartments and domestic offices, about sixty in number. Mr. King seems to think somewhat meanly of these apartments, as they seldom exceed twenty or twenty-five feet in length, with a proportionate breadth; and because "there is no reason from any remaining traces of any sort or kind to suppose there was ever a staircase in any part, or so much as one single room above the ground-floor."

Another Roman villa, of which we have given the plan (Fig. 179), is described by the same indefatigable antiquary, Mr. Samuel Lysons, who, in consequence of the accidental discovery of a mosaic pavement at Bignor, in Sussex, in 1811, was enabled during that year and the succeeding six years to trace the plan of a building of great extent and magnificence, with rich pavements and painted walls. "Many of the ornaments and general style of the mosaic work bear a striking resemblance to those of the pavements discovered at Pompeii, which could not have been of a later date than the reign of Titus." Sir Humphry Davy in some degree confirms this opinion in a letter to Mr. Lysons: "I have examined the colours found on the walls of the Roman house discovered at Bignor, in Sussex; and I find that they are similar in chemical composition to those employed in the baths of Titus at Rome, and in the houses and public buildings at Pompeii and Herculaneum." We cannot have better evidence that the same arts of design, and the same scientific means of ornament, were employed in Britain as at Pompeii. Accomplished architects have been enabled, from what remains tolerably entire in that buried city, to form a general notion of the internal arrangements of a Roman house. We present such to our readers in the beautiful restorations of Mr. Poynter (Figs. 174, 175, 180, and 181). The villa discovered at Great Witcombe, in Gloucestershire, in 1818 (Fig. 178), exhibits the most complete example of the remains of the Roman baths in this country. several of the walls still existing, from four to five feet above the level of the floors, and most of the doorways being preserved.

The influence of the Roman taste and science upon the domestic architecture of the colonized Britons must no doubt have been considerable. "The use of mortar, plaster, and cement, of the various tools and implements for building, the art of making the flat tiles, and all things connected with masonry and bricklaying, as known and practised by the Romans, must of course in the progress of their works, have been communicated to their new subjects; and it appears that, by the close of the third century, British builders had acquired considerable reputation. The panegyrist Eumenius tells us that when the Emperor Constantius rebuilt the city of Autun, in Gaul, about the end of the third century, he brought the workmen chiefly from Britain, which very much abounded with the

best artificers." ('Pictorial History of England,' vol. I.) It would appear, however, that although there can be no doubt that many splendid buildings, such as Giraldus Cambrensis describes as having seen in the twelfth century at Caerleon, were models for the successors of the Romans, no remains of a very high style of art have been discovered in Britain. Mr. Rickman says, "I think it is clear that nothing *very good* of Roman work ever existed in Britain; all the fragments of architecture which have been discovered, whether large or small, whether the tympanum of a temple, as found at Bath, or small altars as found in many places. I believe they were all deficient either in composition or in execution, or in both, and none that I know of have been better, if so good, as the debased work of the Emperor Diocletian in his palace at Spalatro. With these debased examples, we cannot expect that the inhabitants of Britain would (while harassed with continual intestine warfare) improve on the models left by the Romans." ('Archæologia,' vol. xxv.)

It is easy to understand how the Roman architecture of Britain should not have been in the best taste. When the island was permanently settled under the Roman dominion, the arts had greatly declined in Rome itself. In architecture, especially, the introduction of incongruous members, in combination with the general forms derived from the Greeks, produced a corruption which was rapidly advancing in the third century, and which continued to spread till Roman architecture had lost nearly all its original distinctive characters. The models which the Romans left in Britain, to a people harassed with continual invasion and internal dissension, were no doubt chiefly of this debased character. Of the buildings erected for the Pagan worship of the Saxons we have no traces. The re-establishment of Christianity by the conversion of the Saxons was rapidly followed by the building of churches. What was the nature of the material of these churches, whether any of them still exist, whether portions even may yet be found in our ecclesiastical buildings, have been fruitful subjects of antiquarian discussion. There is somewhat of a fashion in such opinions. In the last century, all churches with heavy columns and semicircular arches were called Saxon. Some twenty years ago it was maintained that we had no Saxon buildings at all. The present state of opinion amongst unprejudiced inquirers is, we think, fairly represented in the following candid argument of Mr. Rickman: "On that part of our architectural history which follows the departure of the Romans from Britain, and which precedes the Norman Conquest, there is of course great obscurity; but while in the days of Dr. Stukeley, Horace Walpole, &c., their appears to have been much too easy an admission of Saxon dates on the mere appearance of the semicircular arch, I think there has been of late perhaps too great a leaning the other way; and because we cannot directly prove that certain edifices are Saxon, by documentary evidence, we have been induced, too easily perhaps, to consider that no Saxon buildings did exist, and have not given ourselves the trouble sufficiently to examine our earlier Norman works to see if they were not some of them entitled to be considered as erected before the Conquest." This is the subject which we shall be called upon to illustrate in our next chapter; but in the mean time we refer to some of the details of later Roman art, which we give at page 49 (Figs. 182—188). It is to these forms and arrangements that the architecture of the Anglo-Saxons and Norman is to be traced as to a common source.



The Standard of the White Horse.

CHAPTER III.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.



N axe was to be laid to the root of that prosperity which Britain unquestionably enjoyed under the established dominion and protection of the Romans. The military people whom Cæsar led to the conquest of Gaul were, five hundred years afterwards, driven back upon Italy by hordes of fierce invaders, who swarmed wherever plenty spread its attractions for wandering poverty. "The

blue-eyed myriads" first came to Britain as allies. The period when they came was one of remarkable prosperity, according to the old ecclesiastical chronicler, whose account of this revolution is the most distinct which we possess. Bede says, that after the "Irish Rovers" had returned home, and "the Picts" were driven to the farthest part of the Island, through a vigorous effort of the unaided Britons, the land "began to abound with such plenty of grain as had never been known in any age before. With plenty, luxury increased; and this was immediately attended with all sorts of crimes." Then followed a plague; and to repel the apprehended incursions of the northern tribes, "they all agreed with their king, Vortigern (Guorteryn), to call over to their aid, from the parts beyond the sea, the Saxon nation." The standard of the White Horse floated on the downs of Kent and Sussex; and the strange people who bore it from the shores of the Baltic fixed it firmly in the land, whose institutions they remodelled, whose name was henceforth changed, whose language was merged in the tongue which they spake. "Then the nation of the Angles, or Saxons, being invited by the aforesaid king, arrived in Britain with three long ships, and had a place assigned them to reside in by the same king, in the eastern part of the island, as it were to fight for their country, but in reality to subdue this."

Britain was henceforth the land of the Angles—Engla-land, Engle-land, Engle-lond. Little more than a century after the settlement in, or conquest of, the country by the three nations of the Jutes, the Saxons, and the Angles, the supreme monarch, or Bretwalda, thus subscribed himself:—"Ego Ethelbertus, Rex Anglorum." The Angles and the Saxons were distinct nations, and they subdued and retained distinct portions of the land. But even the Saxon chiefs of Wessex, when they had extended their dominions into the kingdom of the Angles, called themselves kings of Engla-land. In our own times we are accustomed to use

the term Anglo-Saxons, when we speak of the wars, the institutions, the literature, and the arts of the people who for five centuries were the possessors of this our England, and have left the impress of their national character, their language, their laws, and their religion upon the race that still tread the soil which they trod.

The material monuments which are left of these five centuries of struggles for supremacy within, and against invasion from without, of Paganism overthrowing the institutions of Christianized Britain by the sword, and overthrown in its turn by the more lasting power of a dominant church—of wise government, of noble patriotism, vainly contending against a new irruption of predatory sea-kings,—these monuments are few, and of doubtful origin. The Anglo-Saxons have left their most durable traces in the institutions which still mingle with the laws under which we live,—in the literature which has their written language for its best foundation,—in the useful arts which they cultivated, and which have descended to us as our inheritance.

The most enduring monuments are the Manuscripts and the Illuminations produced by the patient labour of their spiritual teachers, which we may yet open in our public libraries, and look upon with as deep an interest as upon the fragments of the more perishable labours of the architect and the sculptor. But of buildings, and even the ornamented fragments of churches and of palaces, this period has left us few remains in comparison with its long duration, and the unquestionable existence of a high civilization during a considerable portion of these five centuries. But it is possible that these remains are not so few as we are taught to think. It has been the fashion to believe that the invading Dane swept away all these monuments of piety and of civil order; that whatever of high antiquity after the Romans here exists, is of Norman origin. We have probably yielded somewhat too readily to this modern belief. For example, Bishop Wilfred, who lived in the seventh century, was a great builder and restorer of churches, and Richard, Prior of Hexham, who lived in the twelfth century, describes *from his own observation* the church which Wilfred built at Hexham. According to this minute description, it was a noble fabric, with deep foundations, with crypts, and oratories, of great height, divided into three several stories or tiers, and supported by polished columns; the capitals of the columns were decorated with figures carved in stone; the body of the church was compassed about with pectices and porticoes. Such a church we should now call Norman. Within the limits of a work like ours it is impossible to discuss such matters of controversy. We here only enter a protest against the belief that all churches now existing with some of the characteristics of the church of Wilfred, must be of the period after the Conquest.



213.—Consecration of a Saxon Church. (From Cotton MS.)



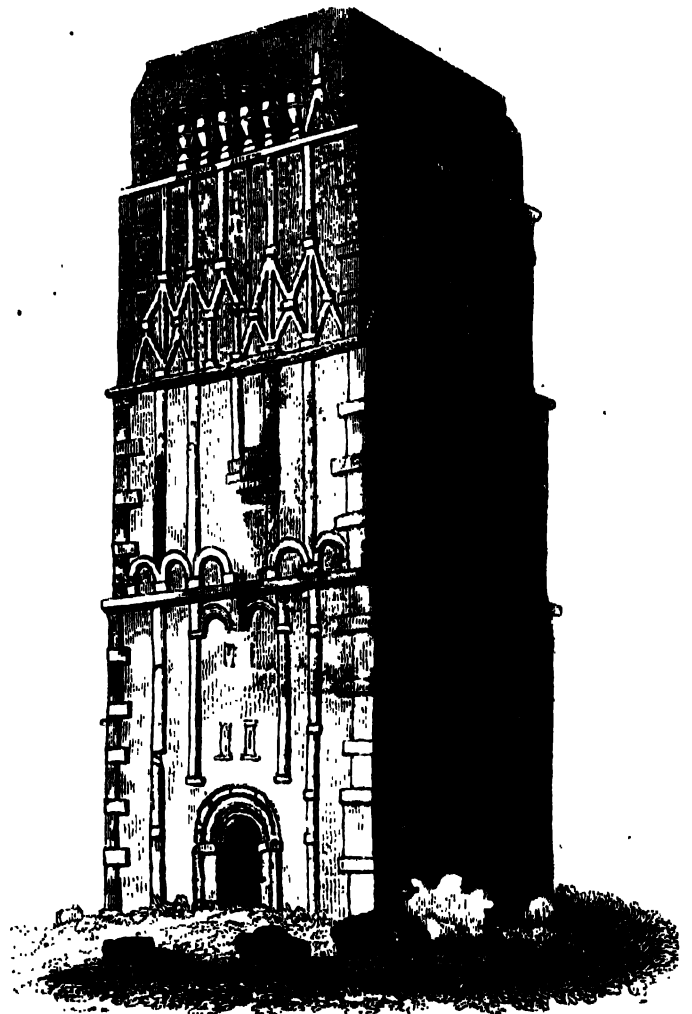
212.—Doorway from the Palace of Westminster.



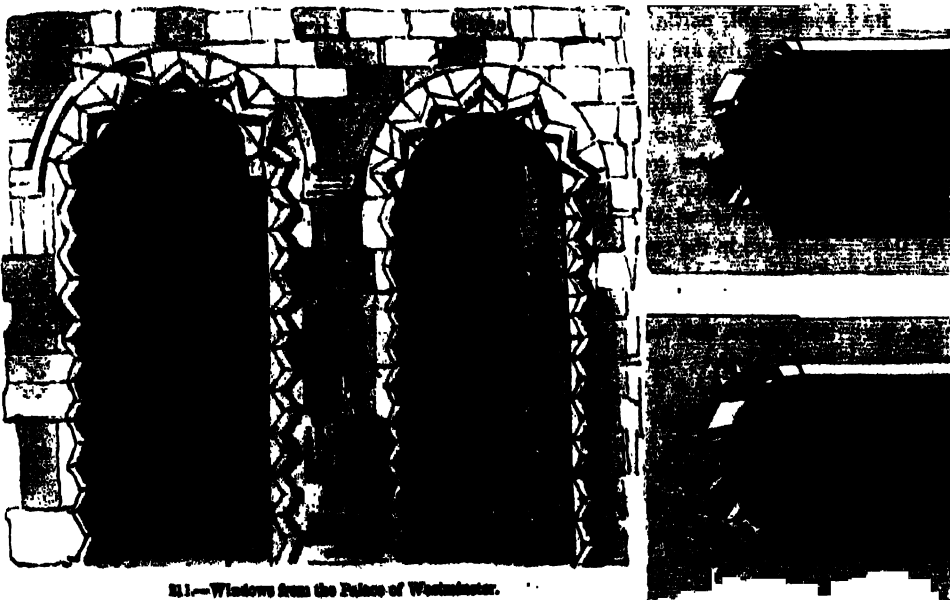
214.—Capital of a Column in the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral.



210.—View of the Officiant's Chapel, Westminster Abbey,—now used as the Fix Office.



209.—Tower of Earl's Barton Church.



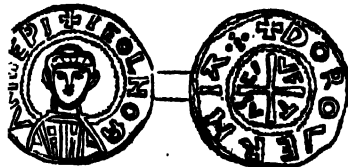
211.—Windows from the Palace of Westminster.



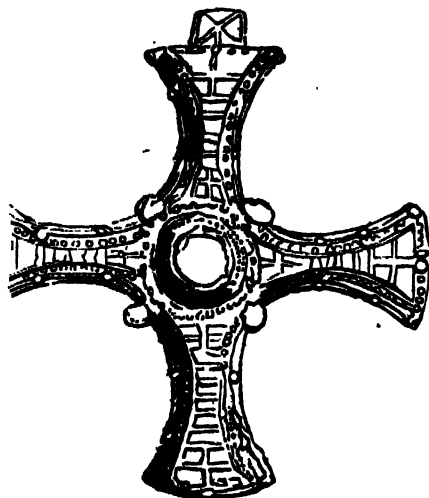
216.—Bechem Church. (From the Bayeux Tapestry.)



217.—St. Augustine. (Royal MS.)



—Silver Penny of Odoth, Archbishop of Canterbury.



2.—Golden Cross worn by St. Cuthbert, and found on his body at the opening of his Tomb in 1827.



218.—Portrait of St. Dunstan in Archiepiscopal Costume. (Cotton MS.)



219.—Egfrid, King of Northumberland, and an Ecclesiastical Synod offering the Bishopric of Hexham to St. Cuthbert. (MS. Life of Bede, A. D. 1200.)



224.—St. Dunstan. (Royal MS.)



221.—Bishop and Priest.



222.—Abbot Eunothe and St. Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury. (Bri. Mus. MS.)

NPRIN
CIPPIO

ERAT UERBUM. ET UERBUM
ERAT APUD DOMINUM. ET DOMINUS
ERAT UERBUM. HOC ERAT
IN PRINCIPIO APUD DOMINUM.
OMNIA PER IPSUM FACIAS UNUM.
ET IN IPSO FACTUM EST NIBIL.
QUOD FACTUM EST.
IN IPSO VITA EST. ET VITA
ERAT LUX HOMINUM.
ET LUX IN TENEBRIS LUCET.
ET TENEBRAE EAM NON
COMPREHENDERUNT.
FUIT HOMINUM ISSUS AD OMNEM
CUM NOMEN GENERATIONIS IOHANNES
HIC VENIT IN TESTIMONIUM
UT TESTIMONIUM PER HIBERET

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11

220.—Folio from the Latin Gospels presented by King Athelstan to the church of Canterbury.



220.—St. Cuthbert. (From one of the external Canopies of the Middle Tower of Durham.)

When Johnson and Boswell visited Iona, or Icolm-kill, the less imaginative traveller was disappointed:—"I must own that Icolm-kill did not answer my expectations. . . . There are only some grave-stones flat on the earth, and we could see no inscriptions. How far short was this of marble monuments, like those in Westminster Abbey, which I had imagined here!" So writes the matter-of-fact Boswell. But Johnson, whose mind was filled with the various knowledge that surrounded the barren island with great and holy associations, had thoughts which shaped themselves into sentences often quoted, but too appropriate to the objects of this work not to be quoted once more:—

"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessing of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue! That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

"The ruins of Iona" are not the ruins of "Saint Columba's cell," of that monastery which the old national Saint of Scotland founded in the midst of wide waters, when he came from the shores of Ireland to conquer a rude and warlike people by the power of the Gospel of peace; to preach with his followers "such works of charity and piety as they could learn from the prophetic, evangelical, and apostolical writings;" and, in addition to this first sacred duty, to be the depositaries of learning and the diffusers of knowledge. The walls amidst whose shelter Columba lived, training his followers by long years of discipline to the fit discharge of their noble office, have been swept away; the later erections are crumbling into nothingness (Figs. 198, 199); the burial-place of the Scottish kings is overgrown with rank weeds, and their tombs lie broken and defaced amidst fragments of monumental stones of the less illustrious dead. Silent and deserted is this "guardian of their bones." The miserable hovels of a few fishermen contain the scanty population of an island which was once trodden by crowds of the noble and the learned. Here the highest in rank once came to bow before the greater eminence of exalted piety and rare knowledge. To be an inmate of the celebrated monastery of Iona was to gain a reputation through the civilized world. This was not the residence of lazy monks, as we are too much accustomed to call all monks, but of men distinguished for the purity and simplicity of their lives, and by the energy and disinterestedness of their labours. Iona sent forth her missionaries into every land from which ignorance and idolatry were to be banished by the workings of Christian love. When the bark that contained a little band of these self-devoted men went forth upon the stormy seas that beat around these western isles, to seek in distant lands the dark seats where Druidism still lingered, or the fiercer worship of Odin lifted its hoarse voice of war and desolation, then the solemn prayer went up from the sacred choir for the heavenly guidance of "those who travel by land or sea." When the body of some great chief was embarked at Corpach, on the mainland, and the waters were dotted with the boats that crowded round the funeral bark, then the chants of the monks were heard far over the sea, like the welcome to some hospitable shore, breathing hope and holy trust. Such are the materials for the "local emotion" which is called forth by "the ruins of Iona;" and such emotion, though the actual monuments that are associated with it like these are shapeless fragments, is to be cherished in many a spot of similar sanctity, where, casting aside all minor differences of opinion, we know that the light of truth once shone there amidst surrounding darkness, and that "one bright particular star" there beamed before the dawning.

We have already quoted Bede's interesting narrative of the arrival of Augustine in the Isle of Thanet (p. 34). The same authentic writer subsequently tells us of the lives of Augustine and his fellow-missionaries at Canterbury: "There was in the east side near the city a church dedicated to the honour of St. Martin, formerly built whilst the Romans were still in the island, wherein the queen (Bertha), who, as has been said before, was a Christian, used to pray. In this they at first began to meet, to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach, and to baptize; till the king being converted to the faith, they had leave granted them more freely to preach, and build or repair churches in all places." On "the east side of

the city" of Canterbury still stands the church of St. Martin. Its windows belong to various periods of Gothic architecture; its external walls are patched after the barbarous fashion of modern repairs; it is deformed within by wooden boxes to separate the rich from the poor, and by ugly monumental vanities, miscalled sculpture; but the old walls are full of Roman bricks, relics, at any rate, of the older fabric where Bertha and Augustine "used to pray" (Fig. 197). Some have maintained that this is the identical Roman church which Bede describes; and tradition has been pretty constant in the belief that it is as old as the second century. Mr. King has his own theory upon the matter: "Some have supposed it to have been built by Roman Christians, of the Roman soldiery; but if that had been the case, there would surely have been found in it the regular alternate courses of Roman bricks. Instead of this, the chancel is found to be built almost entirely of Roman bricks; and the other parts with Roman bricks and other materials, irregularly intermixed. There is therefore the utmost reason to think that it was built as some imitation only of Roman structures by the rude Britons, before their workmen became so skilful in Roman architecture as they were afterwards rendered, when regularly employed by the Romans." Whether a British, a Roman, or a Saxon church, here is a church of the highest antiquity in the island, rendered memorable by its associations with the narrative of the old ecclesiastical historian. There is a remarkable font in this church—a stone font with rude carved-work, resembling a great basin, and standing low on the floor. Such a font was adapted to the mode of baptism in the primitive times. In such a church might Augustine and his followers have sung and prayed; in such a font might Augustine have baptized. Venerated, then, be the spot upon which stands the little church of St. Martin. It is a pleasant spot on a gentle elevation. The lofty towers and pinnacles of the great Cathedral rise up at a little distance; the County Infirmary and the County Prison stand about it. It was from this little hill, then, that a sound went through the land which, in a few centuries, called up those glorious edifices which attest the piety and the magnificence of our forefathers; which, in our own days, has raised up institutions for the relief of the sick and the afflicted poor; but which has not yet banished those dismal abodes which frown upon us in every great city, where society labours, and labours in vain, to correct and eradicate crime by restraint and punishment. Something is still wanting to make the teaching which, more than twelve centuries ago, went forth throughout the land from this church of St. Martin, as effectual as its innate purity and truth ought to render it. The teaching has not even to this day penetrated the land. It is heard at stated seasons in consecrated places; it is spoken about in our parish schools, whence a scanty knowledge is distributed amongst a rapidly-increasing youthful population, in a measure little adapted to the full and effectual banishment of ignorance. Our schools are few; our prisons are many. The work which Augustine and his followers did is still to do; but it is a work which a state that has spent eight hundred millions in war thinks may yet be postponed. The time may come, if that work be postponed too long, when the teachers of Christian knowledge may as vainly strive against the force of the antagonist principle, as the monks of Bangor strove, with prayer and anthem,

"When the heathen trumpets' clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang."

Whilst we are disputing in what way the people shall be taught, ignorance is laying aside its ordinary garb of cowardice and servility, and is putting on its natural properties of insolence and ferocity. Let us set our hand to the work which is appointed for us, before it be too late to work to a good end, if to do this work at all.

Camden describes a place upon the estuary of the Humber which, although a trivial place in modern days, is dear to every one familiar with our old ecclesiastical history: "In the Roman times, not far from its bank upon the little river Foulness (where Wighton, a small town, but well stocked with husbandmen, now stands), there seems to have formerly stood Delgovitia; as is probable both from the likeness and the signification of the name. For the British word *Delgwe* (or rather *Ddelw*) signifies the statues or images of the heathen gods; and in a little village not far off there stood an idol-temple, which was in very great honour even in the Saxon times, and, from the heathen gods in it, was then called God-mund-ingham, and now, in the same sense, Godmanham." This is the place which witnessed the conversion to Christianity of Edwin, King of Northumbria. The whole story of this conversion, as told by Bede, is one of those episodes that we call superstitious, in which history reflects the confiding faith of popular tradition, which does

not resign itself to the belief that all worldly events depend solely upon material influences. But one portion of this story has the best elements of high poetry in itself, and has therefore gained little by being versified even by Wordsworth. Edwin held a council of his wise men, to inquire their opinion of the new doctrine which was taught by the missionary Paulinus. In this council one thus addressed him: "The present life of man, O King, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to a sparrow swiftly flying through the room, well warmed with the fire made in the midst of it, wherein you sit at supper in the winter, with commanders and ministers, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within is not affected with the winter storm; but after a very brief interval of what is to him fair weather and safety, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, returning from one winter to another. So this life of man appears for a moment; but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." Never was a familiar image more beautifully applied; never was there a more striking picture of ancient manners—the storm without, the fire in the hall within, the king at supper with his great men around, the open doors through which the sparrow can flit. To this poetical counsellor succeeded the chief priest of the idol-worship, Coifi. He declared for the new faith, and advised that the heathen altars should be destroyed. "Who," exclaimed the king, "shall first desecrate their altars and their temples?" The priest answered, "I; for who can more properly than myself destroy these things that I worshipped through ignorance, for an example to all others, through the wisdom given me by the true God?"

"Prompt transformation works the novel lore.
The Council closed, the priest in full career
Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned."

WORDSWORTH.

The altars and images which the priest of Northumbria overthrew have left no monuments in the land. They were not built, like the Druidical temples, under the impulses of the great system of faith which, dark as it was, had its foundations in spiritual aspirations. The pagan worship which the Saxons brought to this land was chiefly cultivated under its sensual aspects. The Valhalla, or heaven of the brave, was a heaven of fighting and feasting, of full meals of boar's flesh, and large draughts of mead. Such a future called not for solemn temples, and altars where the lowly and the weak might kneel in the belief that there was a heaven for them, as well as for the mighty in battle. The idols frowned, and the people trembled. But this worship has marked us, even to this hour, with the stamp of its authority. Our Sunday is still the Saxon Sun's-day; our Monday the Moon's-day; our Tuesday Tiuco's-day; our Wednesday Woden's-day; our Thursday Thor's-day; our Friday Friga's-day; our Saturday Sater's-day. This is one of the many examples of the incidental circumstances of institutions surviving the institutions themselves—an example of itself sufficient to show the folly of legislating against established customs and modes of thought. The French republicans, with every aid from popular intoxication, could not establish their calendar for a dozen years. The Pagan Saxons have fixed their names of the week-days upon Christian England for twelve centuries, and probably for as long as England shall be a country.

Some of the material monuments of the ages after the departure of the Romans, and before the Norman conquest, are necessarily obscure in their origin and objects. It was once the custom to refer some of the remains which we now call Druidical to the period when Saxon and Danes were fighting for the possession of the land—trophies of battle and of victory. There are some monuments to which this origin is still assigned; and such an origin has been ascribed to the remarkable stone at Forres, called Sueno's Pillar (Fig. 207). It is a block of granite twenty-five feet in height, and nearly four feet in breadth at its base. It is sculptured in the most singular manner, with representations of men and horses in military array and warlike attitudes; some holding up their shields in exultation, others joining hands in token of fidelity. There is to be seen also the fight and the massacre of the prisoners; and the whole is surmounted by something like an elephant. On the other side of this monument is a large cross, with figures of persons in authority in amicable conference. It has been held that all this represents the expulsion of some Scandinavian

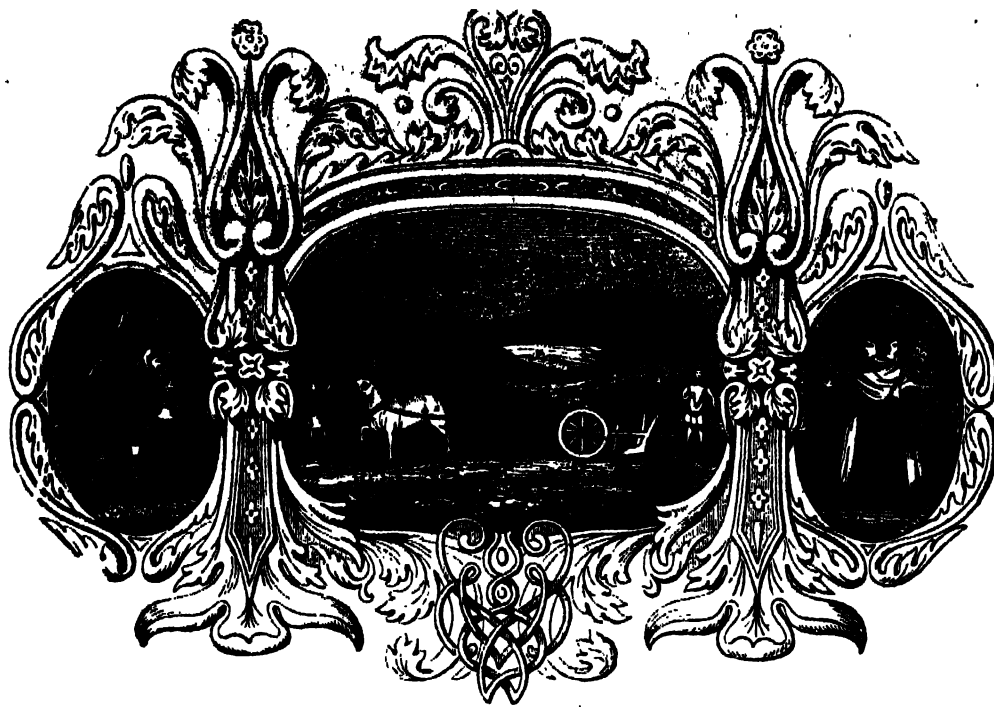
adventurers from Scotland, who had long infested the country about the promontory of Burghhead, and refers also to a subsequent peace between Malcolm, King of Scotland, and Sueno, King of Norway. Be this as it may, the cross denotes the monument to belong to the Christian period, though its objects were anything but devotional. Not so the crosses at Sandbach, in Cheshire. These are, no doubt, works of early piety; and they are stated by Mr. Lysons to belong to a period not long subsequent to the introduction of Christianity amongst the Anglo-Saxons (Fig. 208.) If so, we may regard them with no common interest; for the greater monuments of that century, after the arrival of Augustine, when Christianity was spread throughout the land, are, as far as we know and are taught to believe, almost utterly perished. Brixworth Church, in Northamptonshire, which has been so subjected to alteration upon alteration that an engraving would furnish no notion of its peculiar early features, is considered by some to have been erected in the time of the Romans. But this very ancient specimen of ecclesiastical architecture would scarcely be so interesting, even if its date were clearly proved, as the decided remains of some church or monastic buildings of the sixth or seventh centuries—even of some building contemporary with our illustrious Alfred. There may be such; but antiquarianism is a jealous and suspicious questioner, and calls for evidence at every step. We are told by an excellent authority that "an interesting portion of the Saxon church erected by Paulinus, or Albert, [at York] has been recently brought to light beneath the choir of the present cathedral." (Mr. Wellbeloved, in 'Penny Cyclopædia.') This church, founded by Edwin soon after his baptism, was undoubtedly a stone building; and it marks the progress of the arts in this century, that in 669 Bishop Wilfred glazed the windows. The glass for this purpose seems to have been imported from abroad, since the famous Benedict Biscop, Abbot of Wearmouth, is recorded as the first who brought artificers skilled in the art of making glass into this country from France. ('Pictorial History of England,' vol. i.)

Wilfred found the church of York in a ruinous state, on taking possession of the see. He roofed it with lead; he put glass in the place of the ancient lattice-work. Time has brought to light some relics of this church at York, buried beneath the nobler Cathedral of a later age. It is probable that the more ancient churches were as much removed and changed by the spirit of ecclesiastical improvement as by the course of civil strife. One generation repaired, amended, swept away the work of previous generations. We have seen this process in our own times, when marble columns have been covered with plaster and the decorated window with its gorgeous tracery replaced by a villanous casement. The Norman church-builders did not so improve upon the Saxon; but it is still to be regretted that even their improvements, and those of the builders who again remodelled the Norman work, have left us so little that we can rely upon for a very high antiquity. It would be something to look upon the church at Ripon which Wilfred built of polished stone, and adorned with various columns and porticoes; or upon that at Hexham, which was proclaimed to have no equal on this side the Alps. It would be something to find some fragment of the paintings which Benedict Biscop brought from Rome to adorn his churches at Wearmouth and at Yarrow; but they perished with his library under the ravaging Danes. More than all, we should desire to look upon some fragment of that church which the good and learned Aldhelm built at Malmesbury, and whose consecration he has himself celebrated in Latin verses of considerable spirit. He was a poet, too, in his vernacular tongue; and he applied his poetry and his knowledge of music to higher objects than his own gratification. The great Alfred himself entered into his note-book the following anecdote of the enlightened Abbot, which William of Malmesbury relates:—"Aldhelm had observed with pain that the peasantry were become negligent in their religious duties, and that no sooner was the church service ended than they all hastened to their homes and labours, and could with difficulty be persuaded to attend to the exhortations of the preacher. He watched the occasion, and stationed himself in the character of a minstrel on the bridge over which the people had to pass, and soon collected a crowd of hearers by the beauty of his verse. When he found that he had gained possession of their attention, he gradually introduced among the popular poetry which he was reciting to them, words of a more serious nature, till at length he succeeded in impressing upon their minds a truer feeling of religious devotion." (Wright's 'Biographia Britannica Literaria.') Honoured be the memory of the good Abbot of Malmesbury!

The identical bridge upon which the minstrel stood has long



228.—Copper Strya.



227.—Saxon Emblems of the Month of January.



229.—Silver Oda.



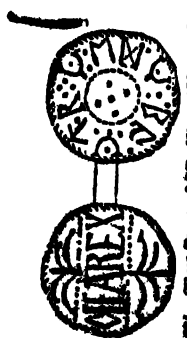
228.—Hawking (From Cotton MS.)



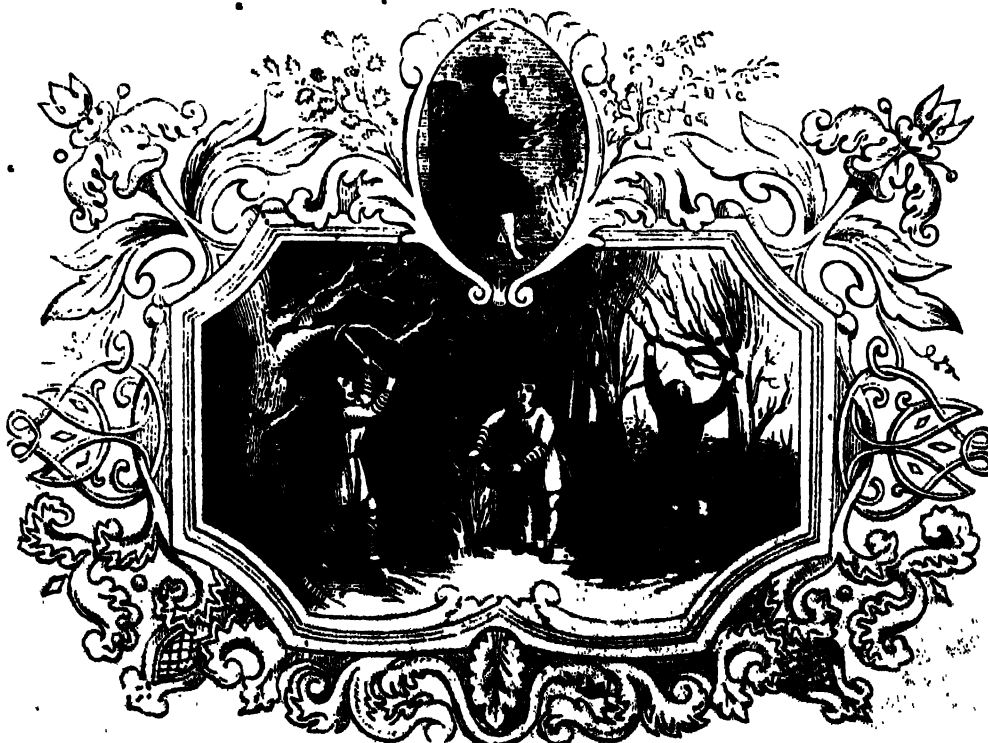
229.—Residence of a Saxon Nobleman.



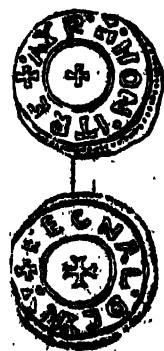
231.—Bear-Hunting—(From Cotton MS.)



231.—Silver Penny of Oda, King of Mercia.



230.—Saxon Emblems of the Month of February.



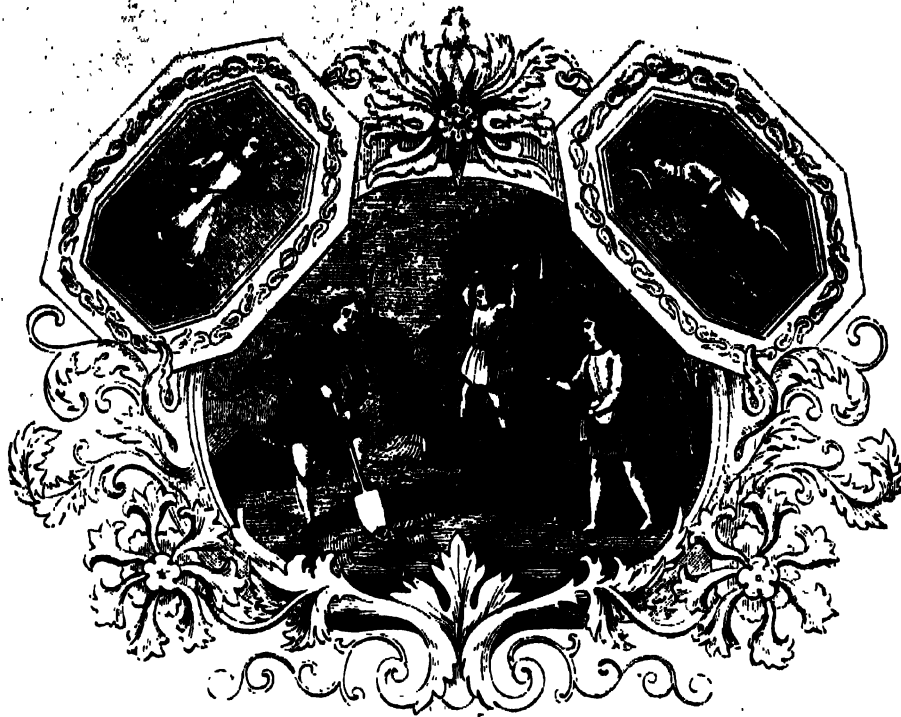
230.—Silver Penny of Dagwald, King of Northumbria.



240.—Silver Penny of Edgar, King of England.



242.—Silver Penny of Canavil, King of Mercha.



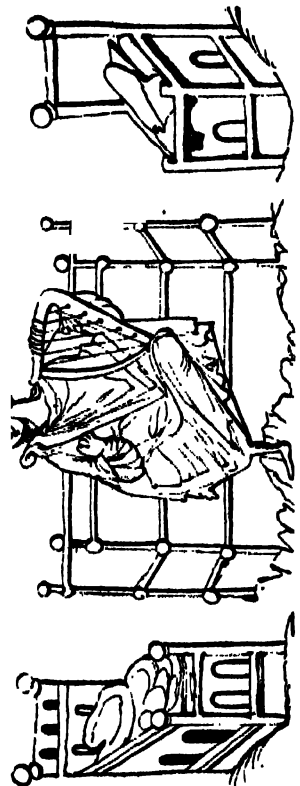
236.—Saxon Emblems of the Month of March.



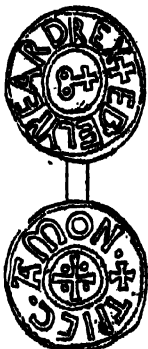
238.—Quarrel Party. (Haddan MS. No. 902.)



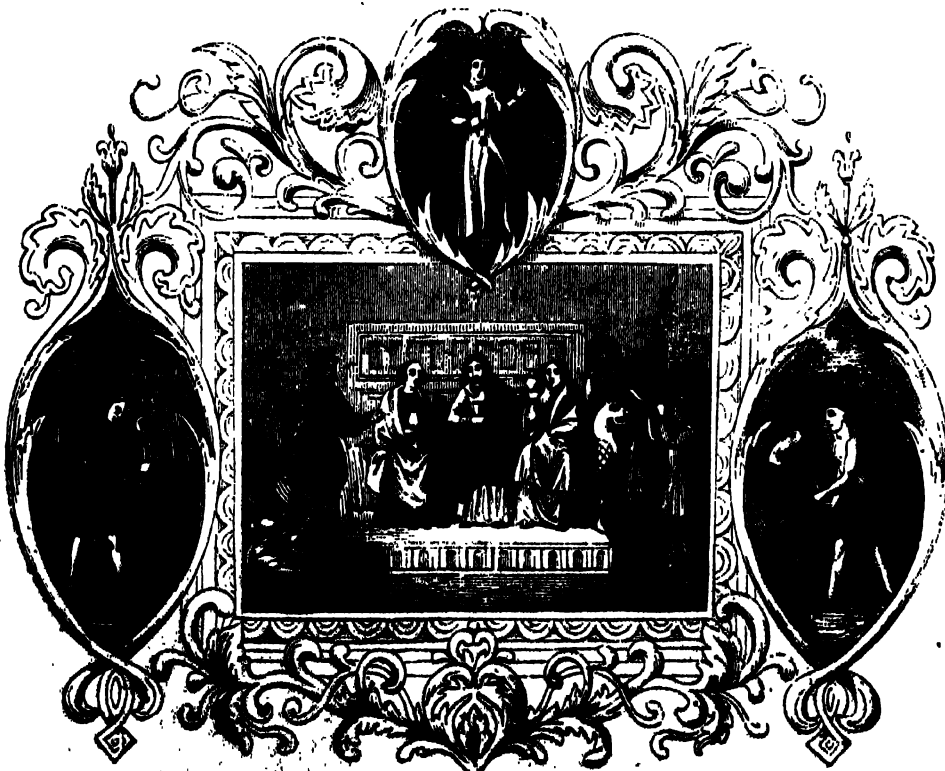
239.—Ploughing, Sowing, Mowing, Cleaning, Measuring Corn, and Harvest-Supper.



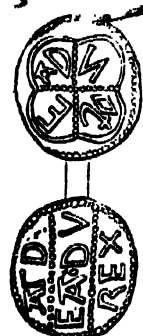
240.—Quarrel Party. (From Haddan MS. No. 902.)



244.—Silver Penny of Eadwald, King of Mercha.



237.—Saxon Emblems of the Month of April.



244.—Silver Penny of Eadwald, King of Mercha.

ago fallen into the narrow stream; the church to which the preacher invited the people by gentle words and sweet sounds has been supplanted by a nobler church, surrounded by the ruins of a gorgeous fabric of monastic splendour. We may not believe, say the antiquaries, that the wonderful porches and the intersecting arches of Malmesbury are of Saxon origin. But, in spite of the antiquaries, they must be associated with the beautiful memory of Aldhelm. His name is not now spoken in that secluded town; but the people there have still their Saxon memories of ancient days. The poor, who have extensive common-rights, say that they owe them all to King Athelstan; the humble children who learn to read in an ancient building called the Hall of St. John, connect their instruction with the memory of some great man of old, who wished that the poor should be taught and the indigent relieved,—for over the ancient porch under which they enter is recorded that a worthy burgher of Malmesbury in 1694 left ten pounds annually to instruct the poor, in addition to a like donation from King Athelstan! We wish that throughout the land there were more such living memorials of the past, even though they were the mere shadows of tradition. It is well for the lowly cottagers of Malmesbury that they are in blissful ignorance that the monument of their Saxon benefactor, in the restored choir of their Abbey Church, belongs to a later period. They look upon that recumbent effigy with reverence—they keep the annual feast of Athelstan with rejoicing. The hero-worship of Malmesbury is that of Athelstan. It has come down from the days of Saxon song, when the victories of the grandson of Alfred were thus celebrated:—

"Here Athelstan, King,
of earth the lord,
the giver of the bracelets of the nobles,
and his brother also,
Edmund the Ætheling,
the Elder, a lasting glory
won by slaughter in battle
with the edges of swords
at Brunenburgh.
The wall of shields they cleaved,
They hewed the nobles' banners."

But Athelstan left the memory of something better than victories. He was a lawgiver; and there are traces in his additions to the Code of Alfred of a public provision for the destitute amongst his subjects. The traditions of Malmesbury have, we doubt not, a solid foundation. He was a scholar, and collected a library for his private use. Some of these books were preserved at Bath up to the period of the Reformation; two of these precious manuscripts are in the Cotton Collection in the British Museum. The Gospels upon which the Saxon Kings are held to have taken their Coronation oath is one of them (see Fac-simile of the 1st Chapter of St. John, Fig. 226). It is not only at Malmesbury that the memory of Athelstan is to be venerated.

We have already alluded to the change of opinion which is beginning to take place with regard to the remains of Saxon architecture existing in this country (p. 54). We do not profess to discuss controverted points, which would be of slight interest to the general reader; and we shall therefore find it the safer course to describe our earliest cathedrals, and other grand ecclesiastical structures, under the Norman period. But it is now pretty generally admitted that many of our humble parish churches may be safely referred to dates before the conquest; and some of the characteristic features of these we shall now proceed to notice. We believe, curious as this question naturally is, and especially interesting as it must be at the present day, when our ecclesiastical antiquities are become objects of such wide-spreading interest, that no systematic attempt to fix the chronology of the earliest church architecture has yet been made. In 1833 Mr. Thomas Rickman thus wrote to the Society of Antiquaries:—"I was much impressed by a conversation I had with an aged and worthy dean, who was speaking on the subject of Saxon edifices, with a full belief that they were numerous. He asked me if I had investigated those churches which existed in places where 'Domesday-Book' states that a church existed in King Edward's days; and I was obliged to confess I had not paid the systematic attention I ought to have done to this point; and I now wish to call the attention of the Society to the propriety of having a list made of such edifices, that they may be carefully examined." We are not aware that the Society has answered the call; but the course suggested by the aged and worthy dean was evidently a most rational course, and it is strange that it had been so long neglected. 'Domesday-Book' records what churches existed in the days of Edward the Confessor;

—does any church exist in the same place now? if so, what is the character of that church? To procure answers is not a difficult labour to set about by a Society; but it is probable that it will be accomplished, if at all, by individual exertion. Mr. Rickman has himself done something considerable towards arriving at the same conclusions that a wider investigation would, we believe, fully establish. In 1834 he addressed to the Society of Antiquaries 'Further Observations on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of France and England,' in which the characteristics of Saxon remains are investigated with professional minuteness, with reference to buildings which the writer considers were erected before the year 1010:—

"As to the masonry, there is a peculiar sort of quoining, which is used without plaster as well as with, consisting of a long stone set at the corner, and a short one lying on it, and bounding one way or both into the wall; when plaster is used, these quoins are raised to allow for the thickness of the plaster. Another peculiarity is the use occasionally of very large and heavy blocks of stone in particular parts of the work, while the rest is mostly of small stones; the use of what is called Roman bricks; and occasionally of an arch with straight sides to the upper part, instead of curves. The want of buttresses may be here noticed as being general in these edifices, an occasional use of portions with mouldings, much like Roman, and the use in windows of a sort of rude balustre. The occasional use of a rude round staircase, west of the tower, for the purpose of access to the upper floors; and at times the use of rude carvings, much more rude than the generality of Norman work, and carvings which are clear imitations of Roman work. . .

"From what I have seen, I am inclined to believe that there are many more churches which contain remains of this character, but they are very difficult to be certain about, and also likely to be confounded with common quoins, and common dressings in counties where stone is not abundant, but where flint, rag, and rough rubble plastered over, form the great extent of walling.

"In various churches it has happened that a very plain arch between nave and chancel has been left as the only Norman feature, while both nave and chancel have been rebuilt at different times, but each leaving the chancel arch standing. I am disposed to think that some of these plain chancel arches will, on minute examination, turn out to be of this Saxon style."

Mr. Rickman then gives a list of "twenty edifices in thirteen counties, and extending from Whittingham, in Northumberland, north, to Sompting, on the coast of Sussex, south; and from Barton on the Humber, on the coast of Lincolnshire, east, to North Burcombe, on the west." He justly observes, "This number of churches, extending over so large a space of country, and bearing a clear relation of style to each other, forms a class much too important and extensive to be referred to any anomaly or accidental deviation." Since Mr. Rickman's list was published many other churches have been considered to have the same "clear relation of style." We shall therefore notice a few only of the more interesting.

The church of Earl's Barton, in Northamptonshire, is a work of several periods of our Gothic architecture; but the tower is now universally admitted to be of Saxon construction (Fig. 209). It exhibits many of the peculiarities recognised as the characteristics of this architecture. 1st, We have the "long stone set at the corner, and a short one lying on it"—the long and short work, as it is commonly called (Fig. 201). These early churches and towers sometimes exhibit, in later portions, the more regular quoined work in remarkable contrast (Fig. 200). 2nd, The Tower of Earl's Barton presents the "sort of rude balustre, such as might be supposed to be copied by a very rough workman by remembrance of a Roman balustre" (Fig. 202). 3rd, It shows the form of the triangular arch, which, as well as the balustre, are to be seen in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. 4th, It exhibits, "projecting a few inches from the surface of the wall, and running up vertically, narrow ribs, or square-edged strips of stone, bearing, from their position, a rude similarity to pilasters." (Bloxam's 'Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture.') The writer of the valuable manual we have quoted adds, "The towers of the churches of Earl's Barton and Barnack, Northamptonshire, and one of the churches of Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, are so covered with these narrow projecting strips of stonework, that the surface of the wall appears divided into rudely formed panels." 5th, The west doorway of this tower of Earl's Barton, as well as the doorway of Barnack, exhibit something like "a rude imitation of Roman mouldings in the impost and architrave." The larger openings, such as doorways, of these early churches generally present the semicircular arch; but the smaller, such as windows, often exhibit the triangular arch (Figs. 206, 205). The semicircular arch is, however, found in the windows of some churches as well as the straight-lined arch. Sometime in

Sussex (Fig. 206). In this church the doorway has a column with a rude capital, "having much of a Roman character" (Fig. 204). A doorway remaining of the old palace at Westminster exhibits the triangular arch (Fig. 212). The windows of the same building present the circular arch, with the single zigzag moulding (Fig. 211).

Mr. Rickman has mentioned the plain arch which is sometimes found between the chancel and nave, which he supposes to be Saxon. In some churches arches of the same character divide the nave from the aisles. Such is the case in the ancient church of St. Michael's, St. Alban's, of the interior of which we give an engraving (Fig. 196). The date of this church is now confidently held to be the tenth century, receiving the authority of Matthew Paris, who states that it was erected by the Abbot of St. Alban's in 948.

The church at Bosham, in Sussex, which is associated with the memory of the unfortunate Harold, is represented in the Bayeux tapestry, of which we shall hereafter have fully to speak (Fig. 216). It is now held that the tower of the "church is of that construction as to leave little doubt of its being the same that existed when the church was entered by Harold."

It would be tedious were we to enter into any more minute description of the Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastical remains. The subject, however, is still imperfectly investigated: and the reader will be startled by the opposite opinions that he will encounter if his inquiries conduct him to the more elaborate works which touch upon this theme. It is singular that, admitting some works to be Saxon, the proof which exists in the general resemblance of other works is not held to be satisfactory, without it is corroborated by actual date. Mr. Britton, for example, to whom every student of our national antiquities is under deep obligation, especially for having rescued their delineation from tasteless artists, to present them to our own age with every advantage of accurate drawing and exquisite engraving, thus describes the portion of Edward the Confessor's work at Westminster which is held to be of the later Saxon age; but he admits, with the greatest reluctance, the possibility of the existence of other Saxon works, entire, which earlier antiquaries called Saxon. ('Architectural Antiquities,' vol. v.) The engraving, Fig. 210, illustrates Mr. Britton's description:—

"There are considerable remains of one building yet standing, though now principally confined to vaults and cellaring, which may be justly attributed to the Saxon era, since there can be no doubt that they once formed a part of the monastic edifices of Westminster Abbey, probably the church, which was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor in the latter years of his life. These remains compose the east side of the dark and principal cloisters, and range from the college dormitory on the south to the Chapter-house on the north. The most curious part is the vaulted chamber, opening from the principal cloister, in which the standards for the *trial of the Pie* are kept, under the keys of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other officers of the Crown. The vaulting is supported by plain groins and semicircular arches, which rest on a massive central column, having an abacus moulding, and a square impost capital, irregularly fluted. In their original state, these remains, which are now subdivided by several cross walls, forming store-cellars, &c., appear to have composed only one apartment, about one hundred and ten feet in length and thirty feet in breadth, the semicircular arches of which were partly sustained by a middle row of eight short and massive columns, with square capitals diversified by a difference in the sculptured ornaments. These ancient vestiges now form the basement story of the College School, and of a part of the Dean and Chapter's Library."

One of the most curious representations of an Anglo-Saxon Church is found in a miniature accompanying a Pontifical in the Public Library at Rouen, which gives the Order for the Dedication and consecration of Churches. (See Fig. 215, where the engraving is accurately stated to be from the Cotton MS.) This miniature, which is in black outline, represents the ceremony of dedication. The bishop, not wearing the mitre, but bearing his pastoral staff, is in the act of knocking at the door of the church with this symbol of his authority. The upper group, behind the bishop, represents priests and monks; the lower group exhibits the laity, who were accustomed to assemble on such occasions with solemn rejoicing. The barrels are supposed to contain the water which was to be blessed and used in the dedication. The form of the church, and the accessories of its architecture, are very curious. The perspective is altogether false, so that we see two sides of the building at the same time; and the proportionate size of the parts is quite disregarded, so that the door reaches almost to the roof. But the form of the towers, the cock on the steeple, the ornamental iron-work of the door, show how few essential changes have been produced in

eight hundred or a thousand years. Some ascribe the date of this manuscript to the eighth century, and others to the close of the tenth century. The figures of the bishop and priest (Fig. 221) are from the same curious relic of Anglo-Saxon art; for all agree that this Pontifical is of English origin. In the 'Archæologia,' vol. xxv., is a very interesting description of this manuscript, in a letter from John Gage, Esq. The writer, in his introductory remarks, gives some particulars of the ancient practice of the dedication of churches:—

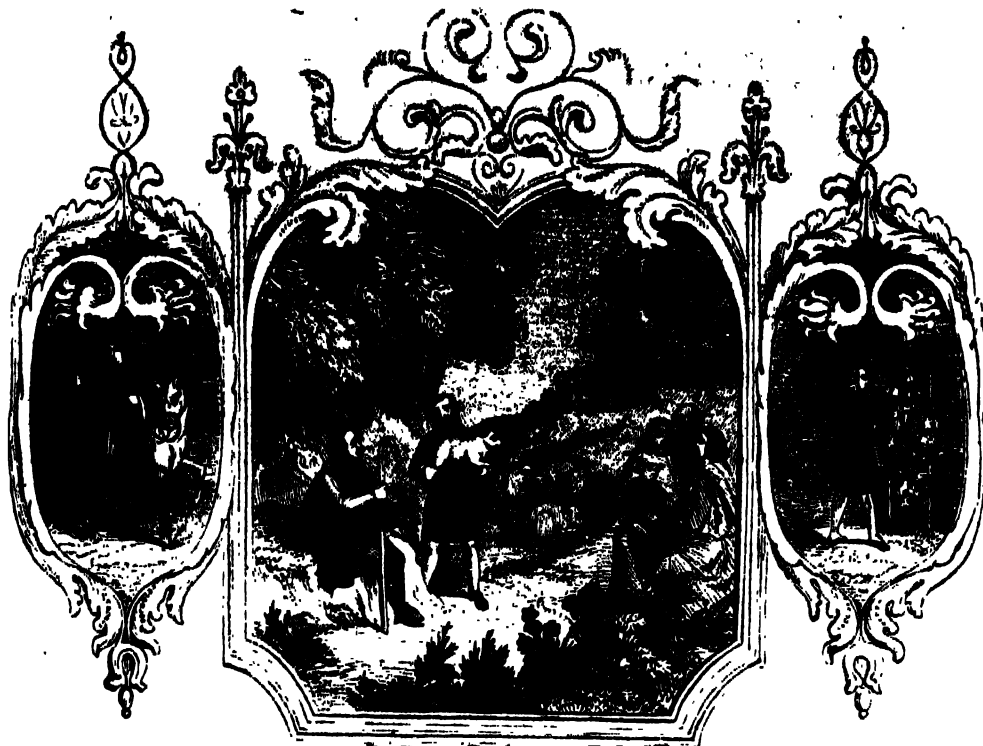
"Gregory the Great, in his instructions to St. Augustine, bade him not destroy the Pagan temples, but the idols within them; directing the precinct to be purified with holy water, altars to be raised, and sacred relics deposited; and because the English were accustomed to indulge in feasts to their gods, the prudent Pontiff ordained the day of dedication, or the day of the nativity of the Saint in whose honour the Church should be dedicated, a festival, when the people might have an opportunity of assembling, as before, in green bowers round their favourite edifice, and enjoy something of former festivity. This was the origin of our country wakes, rush-bearings, and church ales." When Archbishop Wilfred had built his church at Ripon, the dedication was attended by Egfrid, King of Northumbria, with his brother Ælwin, and the great men of his kingdom. The church was dedicated, the altar consecrated, the people came and received communion; and then the Archbishop enumerated the lands with which the church was endowed. After the ceremony the King feasted the people for three days. The dedication of the church at Winchelcumb was marked by an event which showed that the Christian morality did not evaporate in ritual observances. Kenulf, King of Mercia, with Bishops and Ealdormen, was present, and he brought with him Eadbert, the captive King of Kent. "At the conclusion of the ceremony, Kenulf led his captive to the altar, and as an act of clemency granted him his freedom." This was a more acceptable offering than his distribution of gold and silver to priests and people. The dedication of the conventual church at Ramsey is described by the Monk of Ramsey, who gives some curious details of the architectural construction of a former church. In 969 a church had been founded by the Ealdorman Aylwin, which is recorded to have been "raised on a solid foundation, driven in by the battering-ram, and to have had two towers above the roof: the lesser was in front, at the west end; the greater, at the intersection of the four parts of the building, rested on four columns, connected together by arches carried from one to the other. In consequence, however, of a settlement in the centre tower, which threatened ruin to the rest of the building, it became necessary, shortly after the church was finished, to take down the whole and rebuild it." The dedication of this church was accompanied by a solemn recital of its charter of privileges. "Then, placing his right hand on a copy of the Gospels, Aylwin swore to defend the rights and privileges, as well of Ramsey, as of other neighbouring churches which were named."

But the narrative of the circumstances attending the original foundation of this church, as related by Mr. Sharon Turner from the 'History of the Monk of Ramsey,' are singularly instructive as to the impulses which led the great and the humble equally to contribute to the establishment of monastic institutions. They were told that the piety of the men who had renounced the world brought blessings on the country; they were urged to found such institutions, and to labour in their erection. Thus was the Ealdorman, who founded the church of Ramsey, instructed by Bishop Oswald; and to the spiritual exhortation the powerful man was not indifferent.

"The Ealdorman replied, that he had some hereditary land surrounded with marshes, and remote from human intercourse. It was near a forest of various sorts of trees, which had several open spots of good turf, and others of fine grass for pasture. No buildings had been upon it but some sheds for his herds, who had manured the soil. They went together to view it. They found that the waters made it an island. It was so lonely, and yet had so many conveniences for subsistence and secluded devotion, that the bishop decided it to be an advisable station. Artificers were collected. The neighbourhood joined in the labour. Twelve monks came from another cloister to form the new fraternity. Their cells and a chapel were soon raised. In the next winter they provided the iron and timber, and utensils, that were wanted for a handsome church. In the spring, amid the fenny soil, a firm foundation was laid. *The workmen laboured as much for devotion as for profit.* Some brought the stones; others made the cement; others applied the wheel machinery that raised the stones on high; and in a reasonable time the sacred edifice with two towers appeared, on what had been before a desolate waste." Wordsworth has made



246.—Silver Penny of Canute, King of Denmark.



245.—Saxon Emblems of the Month of May.



247.—Silver Penny of Canute, King of Denmark.



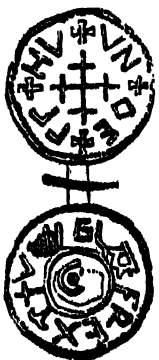
248.—Trombones, or Flutes. (From the Cotton MS. Cleopatra.)



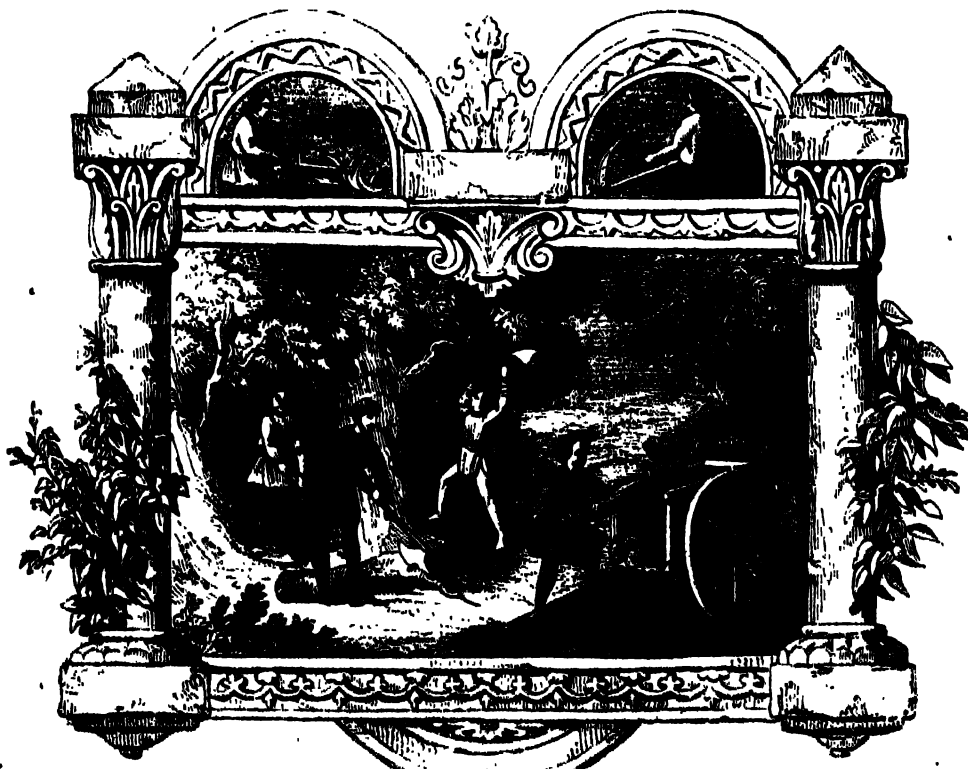
247.—Dinner Party. (Cotton MS.)



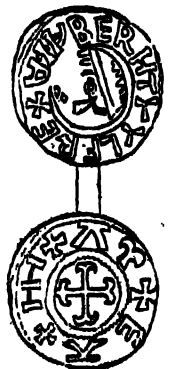
249.—Drinking from Cows' Horn. (Cotton MS.)



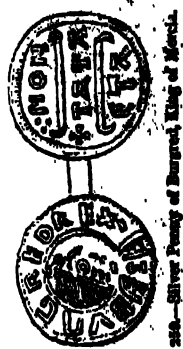
252.—Silver Penny of Wipac, King of Mercia.



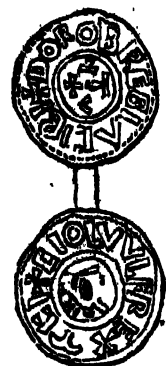
246.—Saxon Emblems of the Month of June.



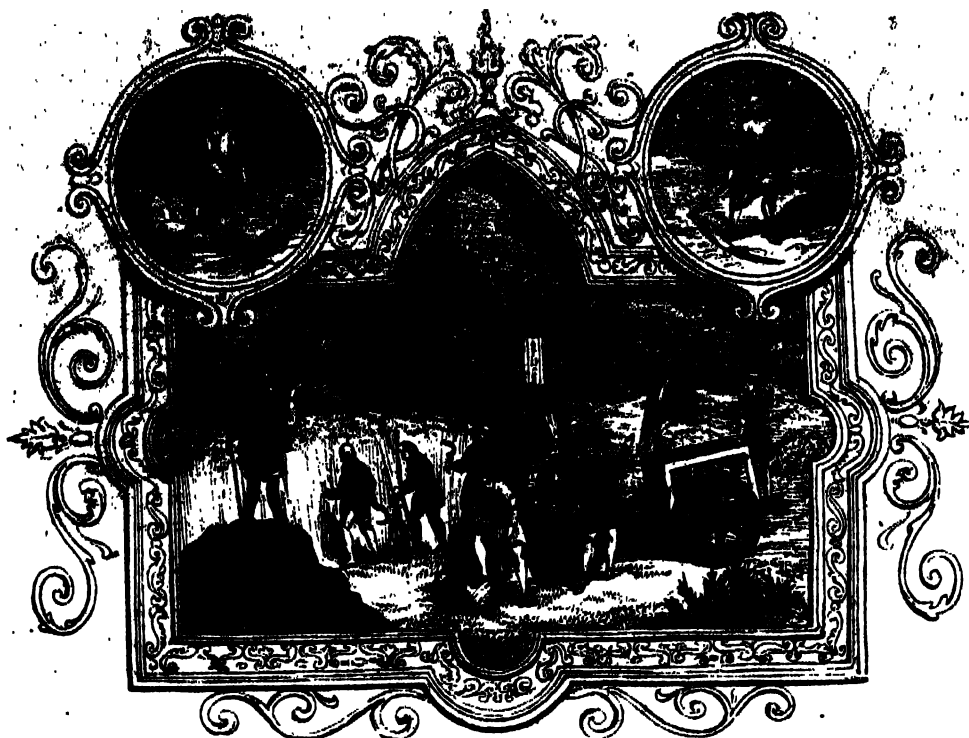
253.—Silver Penny of Wipac, King of Mercia.



256.—Silver Penny of Burges, King of Mercia.



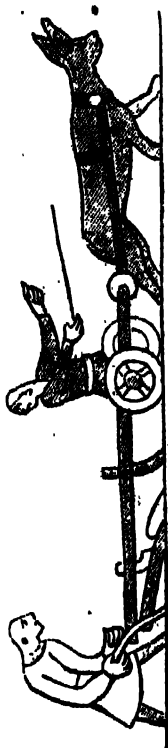
260.—Silver Penny of Oodwulf, King of Mercia.



254.—Saxon Emblems of the month of July.



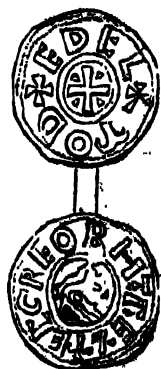
255.—Threshing and Winnowing Corn.



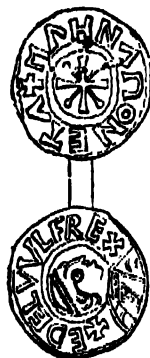
254.—Wood Plough. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



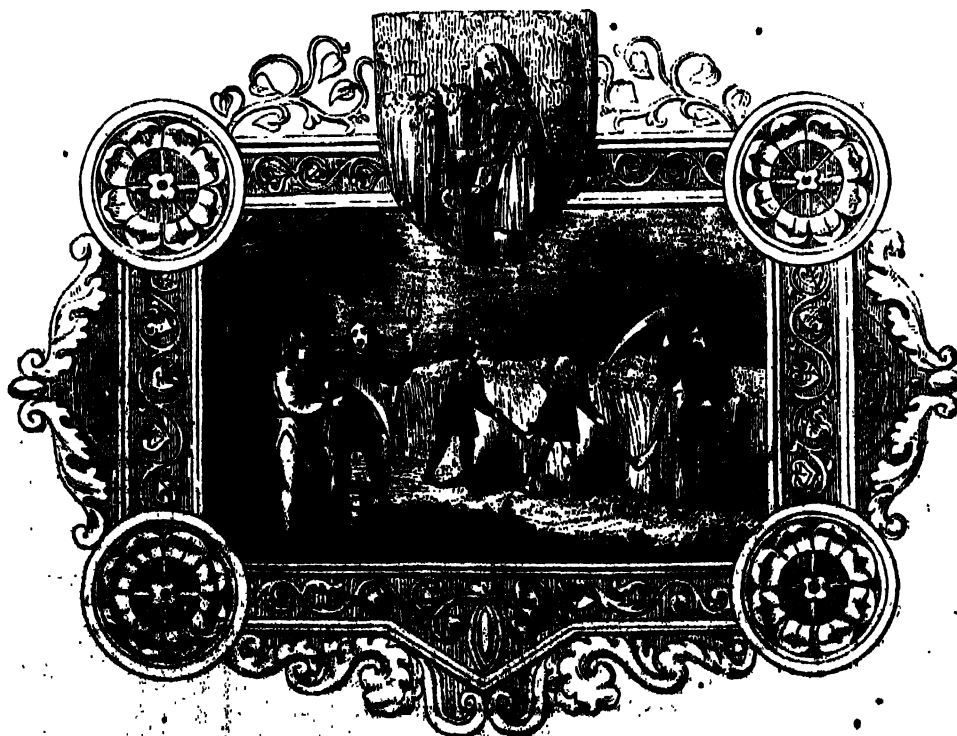
—Harrow. Tapestry.



251.—Silver Penny of Egbert.



262.—Silver Penny of Ethelwulf.



258.—Saxon emblem of the month of August.

this description the foundation of one of his fine architectural sketches:—

"By such examples moved to imitate his praise,
The people work like outspread sails;
Eager to build the quiet nation;
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a general blessing; timely rains,
Or needful sunshine, prosperous enterprise,
And peace and equity."

Monarchs vied with the people in what they deemed a work acceptable to heaven. Westminster Abbey was built by Edward the Confessor, by setting aside the tenth of his revenue for this holy purpose. "The devout and pious king has dedicated that place to God, both for its neighbourhood to the famous and wealthy city, and for its pleasant situation among fruitful grounds and green fields, and for the nearness of the principal river of England, which from all parts of the world conveys whatever is necessary to the adjoining city." Camden quotes this from a contemporary historian, and adds, "Be pleased also to take the form and figure of this building out of an old manuscript:—The chief aisle of the church is roofed with lofty arches of square work, the joints answering one another; but on both sides it is enclosed with a double arch of stones firmly cemented and knit together. Moreover, the cross of the church, made to encompass the middle choir of the singers, and by its double supporter on each side to bear up the lofty top of the middle tower, first rises singly with a low and strong arch, then mounts higher with several winding stairs artificially contrived, and last of all with a single wall reaches to the wooden roof, which is well covered with lead."

The illuminated manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxon period (and there are many not inferior in value and interest to the Pontifical which we have recently pointed out) furnish the most authentic materials for a knowledge of the antiquities of our early Church. It is a subject of which we cannot here attempt to give any connected view. Our notices must be essentially fragmentary. As works of art we shall have more fully to describe some of the illuminations which are found in our public and private libraries. In connection with our church history, it is scarcely necessary for us to do more than point attention to the spirited representation of St. Augustine (Fig. 217); to the same founder of Christianity amongst the Anglo-Saxons (Fig. 222); to the portrait of St. Dunstan (Fig. 218); and the kneeling figure of the same energetic enthusiast (Fig. 224). The group representing St. Cuthbert and King Egfrid (Fig. 219) belongs to the Norman period of art.

The picture history of the manners and customs of a remote period is perhaps more interesting and instructive, is certainly more to be relied on, than any written description. It is difficult for a writer not to present the forms and hues of passing things as they are seen through the glass of his own imagination. But the draftsman, especially in a rude stage of art, is in a great degree a faithful copyist of what he sees before him. The paintings and sculptures of Egypt furnish the best commentary upon many portions of the Scripture record. The coloured walls of the ruined houses of Pompeii exhibit the domestic life of the Roman people with much greater distinctness than the incidental notices of their poets and historians. This is especially the case as regards the illuminations which embellish many Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. Some of these were not intended by the draftsmen of those days to convey any notion of how the various ranks around them were performing the ordinary occupations of life: they were chiefly for the purpose of representing, historically as it were, events and personages with which the people were familiarised by their spiritual instructors. But, knowing nothing of those refinements of art which demand accuracy of costume, and caring nothing for what we call anachronisms, the limners of the Anglo-Saxon chronicles and paraphrases painted the Magi in the habits of their own kings, riding on horses with the equipment of the time (Fig. 283); they put their own harp into the hands of the Royal Psalmist (Fig. 284); and they exhibited their own methods of interment when they delineated the raising of Lazarus (Fig. 289). There are some, but few, Anglo-Saxon pictures of a different character. They are intended to represent the industrious occupations, the sports, and the entertainments of their own nation. A series of such pictures is found in a Saxon Calendar, supposed by Mr. Strutt to be written at the commencement of the eleventh century, and which is preserved in the Cotton Library at the British Museum (Tiberius, B. 5). The Calendar is written partly in Latin, and partly in Saxon. The pictures represent the characteristic employments of each Month of the year. The series of engravings of the months, which occupy a

part of this and of the previous sheet of our work, are principally founded, with exceptions of the drawing, upon the illustrations of the old Calendar. We probably cannot adopt a more convenient mode of briefly describing the occupations of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, than by following the order which these pictorial antiquities suggest to us.

JANUARY.

The central portion of the engraving (Fig. 227) represents the ploughman at his labour. Four oxen are employed in the team, and they are guided by a man in front, who bears a long staff. The sower follows immediately behind the ploughman. Fig. 228, which is a literal copy from another manuscript, presents, at once, the operations of ploughing, sowing, mowing, measuring corn into sacks, and the harvest supper. Fig. 256 is a rude representation, from the Bayeux tapestry, of the wheel-plough. Fig. 257, from the same authority, shows us the sower following the harrow—a more accurate representation than that of the sower following the plough. We thus see that the opening of the year was the time, in which the ground was broken up, and the seed committed to the bounty of heaven. We cannot with any propriety assume that the seed was literally sown in the coldest month, although it is possible that the winter began earlier than it now does. December was emphatically called Winter-monat, winter-month. The Anglo-Saxon name of January was equally expressive of its fierce and gloomy attributes; its long nights, when men and cattle were sheltering from the snow-storm and the frost, but the hungry wolf was prowling around the homestead. Verstegan says, "The month which we now call January, they called Wolf-monat, to wit, wolf-month, because people are wont always in that month to be in more danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season else of the year; for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, these ravenous beasts could not find of other beasts sufficient to feed upon." We must consider, therefore, that the Saxon emblems for January are rather indicative of the opening of the year than of the first month of the year. There are preserved in the Cotton Library some very curious dialogues composed by Alfric of Canterbury, who lived in the latter part of the tenth century, which were for the instruction of the Anglo-Saxon youth in the Latin language, upon the principle of interlinear translation; and in these the ploughman says, "I labour much. I go out at day-break, urging the oxen to the field, and I yoke them to the plough. It is not yet so stark winter, that I dare keep close at home, for fear of my lord." (Turner's 'Anglo-Saxons.') We thus see that the ploughing is done after the harvest, before the winter sets in. The ploughman continues, "But the oxen being yoked, and the shear and coulter fastened on, I ought to plough every day one entire field or more. I have a boy to threaten the oxen with a goad [the long staff represented in the engraving], who is now hoarse through cold and bawling. I ought also to fill the bins of the oxen with hay, and water them, and carry out their soil." The daily task of the ploughman indicates an advanced state of husbandry. The land was divided into fields; we know from Saxon grants that they had hedges and ditches. He was as careful, too, to carry upon the land the ordure of the oxen, as if he had studied a modern 'Muck-Manual.' He knew the value of such labour, and set about it probably in a more scientific manner than many of those who till the same land nine hundred years after him. Mr. Sharon Turner has given a brief and sensible account of the Anglo-Saxon husbandry, from which the following is an extract:—

"When the Anglo-Saxons invaded England, they came into a country which had been under the Roman power for about four hundred years, and where agriculture, after its more complete subjection by Agricola, had been so much encouraged, that it had become one of the western granaries of the empire. The Britons, therefore, of the fifth century may be considered to have possessed the best system of husbandry then in use, and their lands to have been extensively cultivated with all those exterior circumstances which mark established proprietorship and improvement: as small farms; inclosed fields; regular divisions into meadow, arable, pasture, and wood; fixed boundaries; planted hedges; artificial dikes and ditches; selected spots for vineyards, gardens, and orchards; connecting roads and paths; scattered villages, and larger towns; with appropriated names for every spot and object that marked the limits of each property, or the course of each way. All these appear in the earliest Saxon charters, and before the conquering invaders had time or ability to make them, if they had not found them in the island. Into such a country the Anglo-Saxon adventurers came, and by their facilities to rural civilisation soon became an agricultural people. The natives, whom they

displaced, conquered, and enslaved, became their educators and servants in the new arts, which they had to learn, of grazing and tillage; and the previous cultivation practised by the Romanised Britons will best account for the numerous divisions and accurate and precise descriptions of land which occur in almost all the Saxon charters. No modern conveyance could more accurately distinguish or describe the boundaries of the premises which it conveyed." ('History of the Anglo-Saxons,' Vol. III., Appendix, No. 2.)

The little emblems of January (Fig. 227) are from manuscripts which incidentally give appropriate pictures of the seasons. The man bearing fuel and the two-headed Janus belong the one to literal and the other to learned art. It is difficult to understand how we retained the names of the week-days from Saxon paganism, and adopted the classical names of the months.

FEBRUARY.

"They called February Sprout-kele, by kele meaning the kele-wort, which we now call the cole-wort, the great pot-wort in time long past that our ancestors used; and the broth made therewith was thereof also called kele. For before we borrowed from the French the name of potage, and the name of herb, the one in our own language was called kele, and the other wort; and as the kele-wort, or potage herb, was the chief winter wort for the sustenance of the husbandman, so was it the first herb that in this month began to yield out wholesome young sprouts, and consequently gave thereunto the name of Sprout-kele." So writes old Verstegan; and, perhaps, if we had weighed earlier what he thus affirms, we might have better understood Shakspeare when he sings of the wintry time,

"While greasy Joan doth kele the pot."

The Saxon pictures of February show us the chilly man warming his hands at the blazing fire; and the labourers more healthily employed in the woods and orchards, pruning their fruit-trees and lopping their timber (Fig. 228). Speuser has mingled these emblems in his description of January, in the 'Faëry Queen'; but he carries on the pruning process into February:—

"Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needless spray."

MARCH.

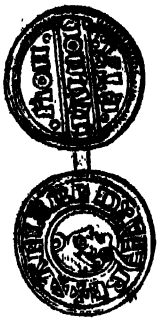
The picture in the Saxon Calendar (Fig. 236) now gives us distinctly the seed-time. But the tools of the labourers are the spade and the pickaxe. We are looking upon the garden operations of our industrious forefathers. They called this month "Lenet-monat," length-month (from the lengthening of the days); "and this month being by our ancestors so called when they received Christianity, and consequently therewith the ancient Christian custom of fasting, they called this chief season of fasting the fast of Lenet, because of the Lenet-monat, wherein the most parts of the time of this fasting always fell."

The great season of abstinence from flesh, and the regular recurrence through the year of days of fasting, rendered a provision for the supply of fish to the population a matter of deep concern to their ecclesiastical instructors. In the times when the Pagan Saxons were newly converted to Christianity, the missionaries were the great civilizers, and taught the people how to avail themselves of the abundant supply of food which the sea offered to the skilful and the enterprising. Bede tells us that Wilfred so taught the people of Sussex. "The bishop, when he came into the province, and found so great misery of famine, taught them to get their food by fishing. Their sea and rivers abounded in fish, and yet the people had no skill to take them, except only eels. The bishop's men having gathered eel-nets everywhere, cast them into the sea, and by the help of God took three hundred fishes of several sorts, the which being divided into three parts, they gave a hundred to the poor, a hundred to those of whom they had the nets, and kept a hundred for their own use." The Anglo-Saxons had oxen and sheep; but their chief reliance for flesh meat, especially through the winter season, was upon the swine, which, although private property, fed by thousands in the vast woods with which the country abounded. Our word *Bacon* is "of the beechen-tree, anciently called *bucon*, and whereas swine's flesh is now called by the name of *bacon*, it grew only at the first unto such as were fattened with *bacon* or beech mast." As abundant as the swine were the eels that flourished in their ponds and ditches. The consumption of this species of fish appears

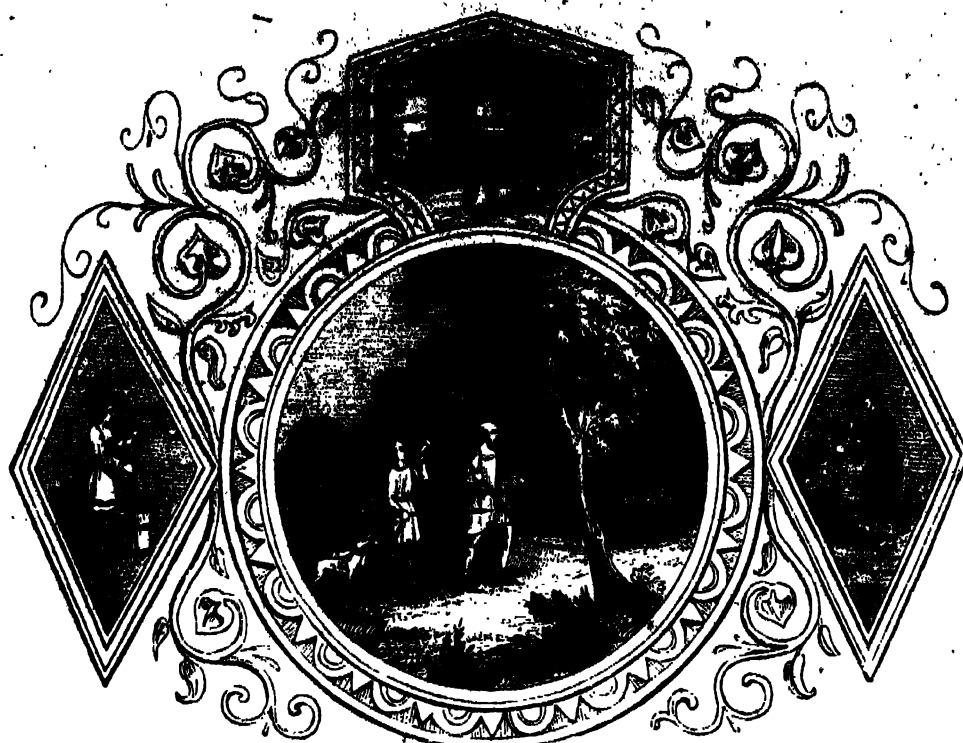
to have been very great. Rents were paid in eels, boundaries of lands were defined by eel-dykes, and the monasteries required a regular supply of eels from their tenants and dependants. We find, however, that the people had a variety of fish, if they could afford to purchase of the industrious labourers in the deep. In the 'Dialogues of Alfric,' which we have already quoted from Mr. Turner, there is the following colloquy with a fisherman: "What gettest thou by thine art?—Big loaves, clothing, and money. How do you take them?—I ascend my ship, and cast my net into the river; I also throw in a hook, a bait, and a rod. Suppose the fishes are unclean?—I throw the unclean out, and take the clean for food. Where do you sell your fish?—In the city. Who buys them?—The citizens; I cannot take so many as I can sell. What fishes do you take?—Eels, haddocks, minnies, and eel-pouts, skate and lampreys, and whatever swims in the river. Why do you not fish in the sea?—Sometimes I do; but rarely, because a great ship is necessary there. What do you take in the sea?—Herrings and salmons, porpoises, sturgeons, oysters and crabs, muscles, winckles, cockles, flounders, plaice, lobsters, and such like. Can you take a Whale?—No, it is dangerous to take a whale; it is safer for me to go to the river with my ship than to go with many ships to hunt whales. Why?—Because it is more pleasant for me to take fish which I can kill with one blow; yet many take whales without danger, and then they get a great price; but I dare not from the fearfulness of my mind." We thus see that three centuries after Wilfred had taught the people of Sussex to obtain something more from the waters than the rank eels in their mud-ponds, the produce of the country's fishery had become an article of regular exchange. The citizens bought of the fisherman as much fish as he could sell; the fisherman obtained big loaves and clothing from the citizens. The enterprise which belongs to the national character did not rest satisfied with the herrings and salmons of the sea. Though the little fisherman crept along his shore, there were others who went with many ships to hunt whales. We cannot have a more decisive indication of the general improvement which had followed in the wake of Christianity, even during a period of constant warfare with predatory invaders.

APRIL.

The Illumination of the Saxon Calendar for this month represents three persons elevated on a sort of throne, each with drinking-cups in their hands, and surrounded with attendants upon their festivities (Figs. 237, 267). Strutt, in his description of this drawing, says, "Now, taking leave of the laborious husbandman, we see the nobleman regaling with his friends, and passing this pleasant month in banquetings and music." But he assigns no cause for the appropriateness of this jollity to the particular season. Is not this picture an emblem of the gladness with which the great festival of Easter was held after the self-denials of Lent? April was called by the Anglo-Saxons "by the name of Oster-monat; some think, of a goddess called Goster, whereof I see no great reason, for if it took appellation of such a goddess (a supposed cause of the easterly winds), it seemeth to have been somewhat by some miswritten, and should rightly be Oster and not Goster. The winds indeed, by ancient observation, were found in this month most commonly to blow from the east, and east in the Teutonic is Ost, and Ost-end, which rightly in English is East-end, hath that name for the eastern situation thereof, as to the ships it appeareth which through the narrow seas do come from the west. So as our name of the feast of Easter may be as much to say as the feast of Oster, being yet at this present in Saxony called Oster, which cometh of Oster-monat, their and our old name of April." Those who are banqueting on the dais in the illumination, have each cup in their hands; the man sitting at their feet is filling a horn from a tankard; the young man on the right is drinking from a horn. There is a clear distinction between the rank of the persons assembled at this festivity; and the difference of the vessels which they are using for their potations might imply that the horns were filled with the old Saxon ale or mead, and the cups with the more luxurious wine. In Alfric's Colloquy a lad is asked what he drank; and he answers, "Ale if I have it, or water if I have not." He is further asked why he does not drink wine, and he replies, "I am not so rich that I can buy me wine, and wine is not the drink of children or the weak-minded, but of the elders and the wise." But if we may reason from analogy, the drinking-horn had a greater importance attached to it than the drinking-cup. Inheritances of land were transferred by the transfer of a horn; estates were held in fee by a horn. The horn of Ulphus (Fig. 292) is a remarkable curiosity still preserved in the Sacristy of the Cathedral at York.



262.—Coins of Alfred.



263.—Saxon Emblems of the month of September.



266.—Silver Coins of Alfred.



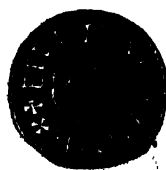
264.—Dance. (Cotton MS.)



265.—Dinner. The Company pledging each other. (Cotton MS.)



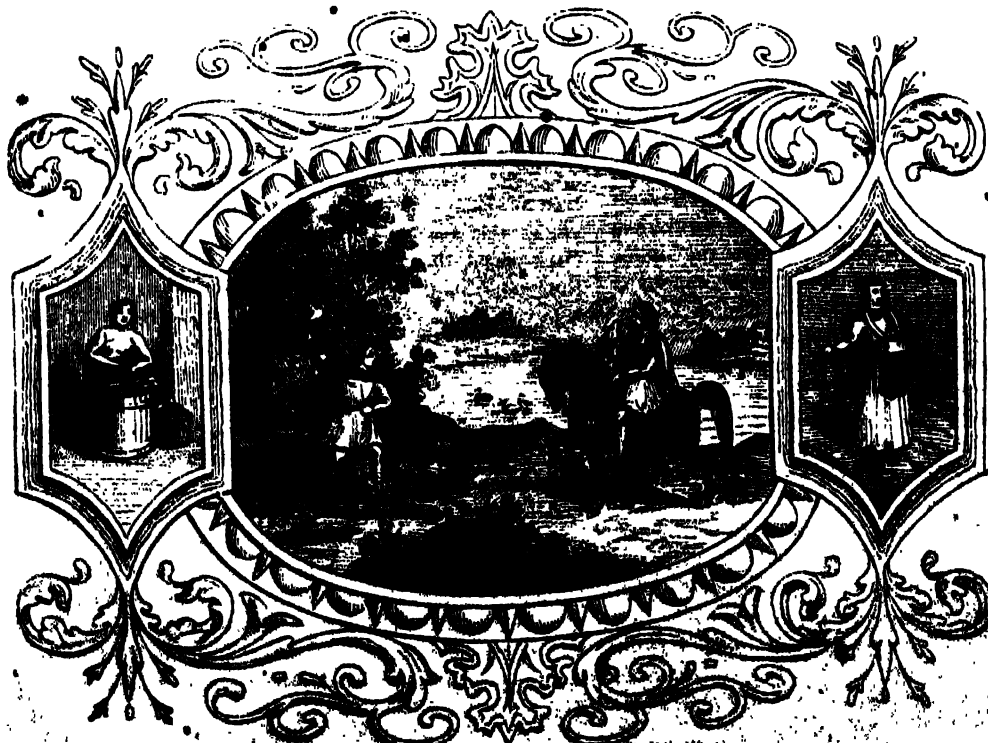
267.—An Elevated and richly Ornamented Seat. (Cotton MS.)



271.—Silver Coin of Edgar.



272.—Silver Coin of Edward.



264.—Saxon Emblems of the month of October.

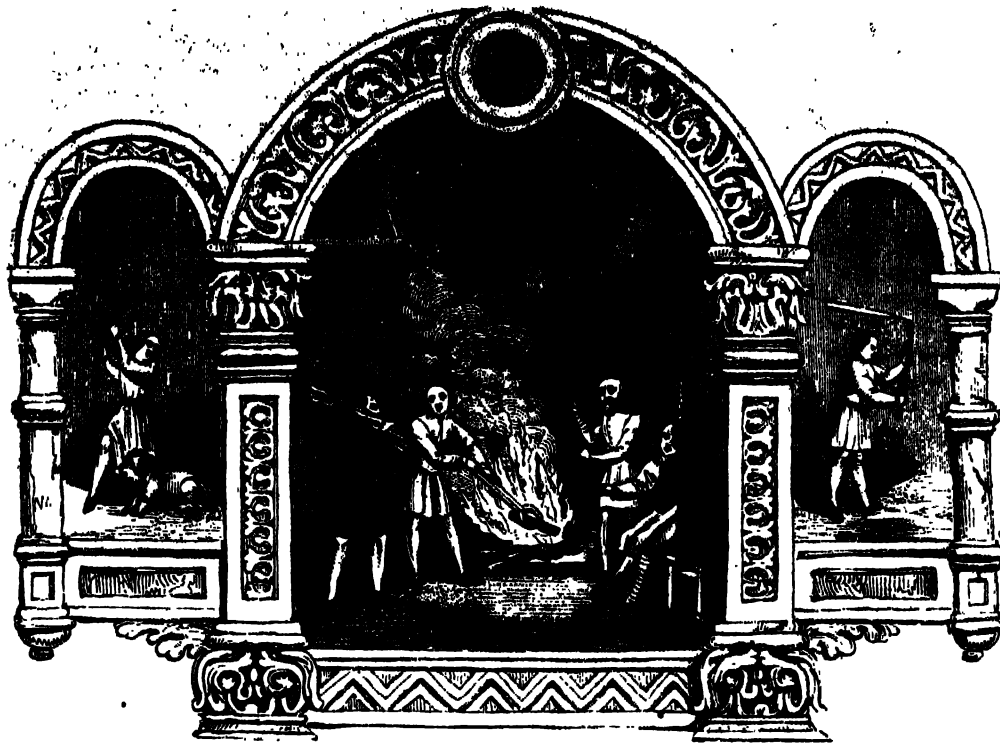


273.—Silver Coin of Alfred.





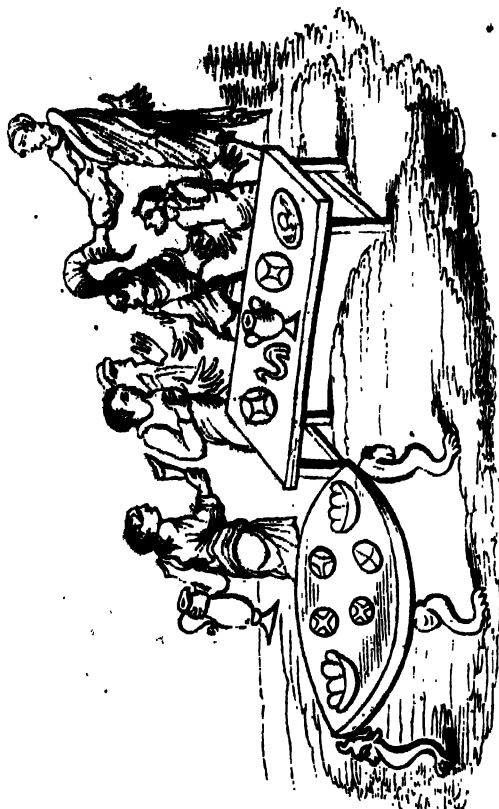
219.—Silver Penny of Edward the Confessor.



273.—Saxon Emblems of the month of November.



250.—Silver Penny of Edward the Confessor.



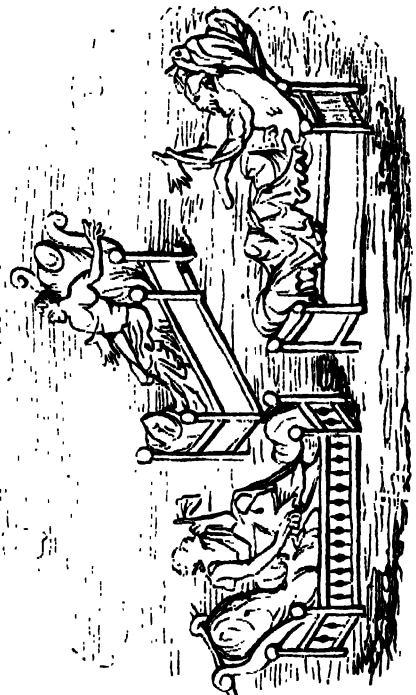
277.—Saxon Tables. (Harleian MS.)



275.—Feast at a Round Table. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



276.—Wheel-Bed. (Cotton MS.)



278.—Saxon Beds. (Cotton MS.)



281.—Silver Penny of Edward the Confessor.



284.—Saxon Emblems of the month of December.



282.—Silver Coins of Edward the Confessor.

Ulphus was a Danish nobleman of the time of Edward, who, as Camden informs us, "By reason of the difference which was like to rise between his sons about the sharing of his lands and lordships after his death, resolved to make them all alike; and thereupon coming to York with that horn wherewith he was used to drink, filled it with wine, and kneeling devoutly before the altar of God and St. Peter, prince of the apostles, drank the wine, and by that ceremony enfeoffed this church with all his lands and revenues." During the Civil Wars the horn of Ulphus came into the possession of Lord Fairfax, after being sold to a goldsmith; and it was subsequently restored to the church by the Fairfax family in 1675. The Pusey family in Berkshire hold their possessions by a horn given to their ancestors by King Canute (Fig. 290). So Camden informs us; though the inscription upon the horn which records the fact (Fig. 291) is held by Camden's editor, Bishop Gibson, to be of a much more recent date. Nearly all the Saxon representations of convivial meetings—and these are sufficiently numerous to furnish pretty clear evidence of the hospitality of that age—exhibit the guests for the most part drinking from horns (Fig. 249). Whether the wine or mead were drunk from horn or cup, the early custom of pledging appears to have been universal (Fig. 265). According to the old chroniclers, it was the first wine-pledge that delivered over Britain to the power of the Saxons, when the beautiful Rowena sat down in the banqueting-hall by the side of Vortigern, and betrayed him by her wine-cup, and her Waes Heal (Be of health). Robert of Gloucester has recorded this first wassail in his rough rhyme, which has been thus paraphrased:

"Health, my Lord King," the sweet Rowena said;
 "Health," cried the Chieftain to the Saxon maid;
 Then gaily rose, and, 'mid the concourse wide,
 Kissed her halo lips, and placed her by his side.
 At the soft scene such gentle thoughts abound,
 That healths and kisses 'mongst the guests went round:
 From this the social custom took its rise;
 We still retain and still must keep the prize."

Selden, who gives the story in his Notes to Drayton, conjectures of the wassail of the English that it was "an unusual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of health-wishing (and so perhaps you might make it wish-heil), which was expressed among other nations in that form of drinking to the health of their mistresses and friends."

MAY.

Spenser has clothed his May with all the attributes of poetry:—

"Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
 Dock'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
 Upon two Brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The Twins of Leda; which on either side
 Supported her like to their sovereign Queen:
 Lord! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied,
 And leap'd and danc'd as they had ravish'd been,
 And Cupid self about her flutter'd all in green."

The Saxon name of the month has a pastoral charm about it which is as delightful as the gorgeous imagery of the great poet. "The pleasant month of May they termed by the name of Trimilkt, because in that month they began to milk their kine three times in the day." The illumination of the Calendar carries us into the pleasant fields, where the sheep are nibbling the thymy grass, and the old shepherd, seated upon a bank, is looking upon the lamb which the labourer bears in his arms. The shepherd describes his duty in the Colloquy of Alfric: "In the first part of the morning I drive my sheep to their pasture, and stand over them in heat and in cold with dogs, lest the wolves destroy them. I lead them back to their folds and milk them twice a day, and I move their folds, and make cheese and butter; and I am faithful to my lord." The garments of the Anglo-Saxons, both male and female, were linen as well as woollen; but we can easily judge that in a country whose population was surrounded by vast forests and dreary marshes, wool, the warmer material of clothing, would be of the first importance. The fleece which the shepherd brought home in the pleasant summer season was duly spun throughout the winter, by the females of every family, whatever might be their rank. King Edward the Elder commanded that his daughters should be instructed in the use of the distaff. Alfred, in his will, called the female part of his family the spindle side. At this day, true to their ancient usefulness (the form of which, we hope not the substance, has passed away), unmarried ladies are called spinners. But the Anglo-Saxon ladies attained a high degree of skill in the ornamental work belonging to clothing.

The Norman historians record their excellencies with the needle, and their skill in embroidery. Minute descriptions of dress are not amongst the most amusing of reading, although they are highly valuable to the systematic chronicler of manners. It may be sufficient for us to point attention, first to the cloaks, the plain and embroidered tunics, and the shoes of the males (Fig. 286, and incidentally in other Figures). These were the loose and flowing garments of the superior classes, a costume certainly of great beauty. The close tunic of the labourers (Fig. 255) is distinguished by the same fitness for the rank and occupation of the wearers. The practice of bandaging or cross-gartering the hose is indicated in many Anglo-Saxon drawings (Figs. 284, 288). Secondly, the ladies wore a long and ample garment with loose sleeves (the gunna, whence our gown), over a closer-fitting one, which had tight sleeves reaching to the wrist; over these a mantle was worn by the superior classes, and a sort of hood or veil upon the head (Figs. 286, 287). Those who desire further information upon the subject of the Anglo-Saxon costume may consult Mr. Planché's valuable little work upon 'British Costume,' or the 'Pictorial History of England,' Book II., Chap. VI.

JUNE.

The emblem which we have given for this month (Fig. 246) is assigned to July in the Saxon Calendar; but Mr. Strutt is of opinion that the illuminator transposed the emblems of June and July, as there would be no leisure for felling trees during the harvest time, which is represented in the original as taking place in June and in August. The field operations of August are properly a continuance of those of July, according to Mr. Strutt. But it is not improbable that the hay harvest was meant to be represented by one illumination, and the grain harvest by the other. June was called by a name which describes the pasturing of cattle in the fields not destined for winter fodder. These were the meadows, which were too wet and rank for the purposes of hay. The blythe business of hay-making was upon the uplands. Verstegan says: "Unto June they gave the name of Weyd-monat, because their beasts did then weyd in the meadows, that is to say, go to feed there, and thereof a meadow is also in the Teutonic called a weyd, and of weyd we yet retain our word wade, which we understand of going through watery places, such as meadows are wont to be." The felling of trees in the height of summer, when the sap was up, was certainly not for purposes of timber. It was necessary to provide a large supply of fuel for winter use. In grants of land sufficient wood for burning was constantly permitted to be cut; and every estate had its appropriate quantity of wood set out for fuel and for building.

JULY.

This was the Heu-monat or Hey-monat, the Hay-month. The July of Spenser bears the scythe and the sickle:—

"Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide."

These instruments were probably indifferently used in the harvest of the Anglo-Saxons, as they still are in many of our English counties (Figs. 254, 258).

AUGUST.

This was especially the harvest-month. "August they call Aru-monat, more rightly Barn-monat, intending thereby the then filling of their barns with corn." The arable portion of an estate was probably comparatively small. The population of the towns was supplied with corn from the lands in their immediate vicinity. There was no general system of exchange prevailing throughout the country. In the small farms enough corn was grown for domestic use; and when it failed, as it often did, before the succeeding harvest, the cole-wort and the green pulse were the welcome substitutes. Wheat bread was not in universal use. The young monks of the Abbey of St. Edmund ate the cheaper barley bread. The baker, in Alfric's Colloquy, answers to the question of "What use is your art? we can live long without you?"—"You may live through some space without my art, but not long nor so well; for without my craft every table would seem empty, and without bread all meat would become nauseous. I strengthen the heart of man, and little ones could not do without me." In the representation of a dinner-party (Fig. 247), some food is placed on the table, but the kneeling servants offer the roasted meat on spits, from which the guests cut slices into their trenchers. We smile at these primitive manners, but they were a refinement upon those of the heroes of Homer, who were their own cooks.

And thus did his dear friend's will; and he that did desire
To cheer the lords (some said from fight) set on a blazing fire
A great hearth put, and like it a chain of golden pot
And set great bowls; and Antenor held, while he places out
To roast and boil right sumptuously: then of a well-fed swine,
He took the choicest cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine:
The great hearth was made of fire; of which the force once past,
He took the spit low, near the coals, to make it brown at last:
Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and took it from the racks:
This roasted and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes
Bread in fair baskets; which set on, Achilles brought the meat,
And to divinet Ithacus took his opposed seat.
Upon the bench: then did he will his friend to sacrifice;
Who sat sweet incense in the fire, to all the Deities.
Thus fell they to their ready food."

CHAPMAN'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD, Book ix.

An illumination amongst the Harleian Manuscripts exhibits to us an interesting part of the economy of a lord's house in the Saxon times. In the foreground are collected some poor people, aged men, women, and children, who are storing in their vessels, or humbly waiting to receive, the provisions which the lord and the lady are distributing at their hall door. It was from this highest of the occupations of the rich and powerful, the succour of the needy, that the early antiquaries derived our titles of Lord and Lady. The modern etymologists deny the correctness of this derivation, and maintain that the names are simply derived from a Saxon verb, which means to raise up, to exalt. Horne Tooke, in his 'Diversions of Purley,' maintains this opinion; and our recent dictionary-makers adopt it. Nevertheless, we shall transcribe old Verstegan's ingenious notion of the origin of the terms, which has something higher and better in it than mere word-splitting: "I find that our ancestors used for Lord the name of Laford, which (as it should seem) for some aspiration in the pronouncing, they wrote Hlaford, and Hlafurd. Afterwards it grew to be written Loverd, and by receiving like abridgement as other of our ancient appellations have done, it is in one syllable become Lord. To deliver therefore the true etymology, the reader shall understand, that albeit we have our name of bread from Bread, as our ancestors were wont to call it, yet used they also, and that most commonly, to call bread by the name of Hlaf, from whence we now only retain the name of the form or fashion wherein bread is usually made, calling it a loaf, whereas loaf, coming of Hlaf or Laf, is rightly also bread itself, and was not of our ancestors taken for the form only, as now we use it. Now was it usual in long foregoing ages, that such as were endued with great wealth and means above others, were chiefly renowned (especially in these northern regions) for their house-keeping and good hospitality; that is, for being able, and using to feed and sustain many men, and therefore were they particularly honoured with the name and title of Hlaford, which is as much to say, as an afforder of Laf, that is, a bread-giver, intending (as it seemeth) by bread, the sustenance of man, that being the substance of our food the most agreeable to nature, and that which in our daily prayers we especially desire at the hands of God. The name and title of lady was anciently written Hleafdian, or Leafdian, from whence it came to be Lafdy, and lastly Lady. I have showed here last before how Hlaf or Laf was sometime our name of bread, as also the reason why our noble and principal men came to be honoured in the name of Laford, which now is Lord, and even the like in correspondence of reason must appear in this name of Leafdian, the feminine of Laford; the first syllable whereof being anciently written Hleaf, and not Hlaf, must not therefore alienate it from the like nature and sense, for that only seemeth to have been the feminine sound, and we see that of Leafdian we have not retained Leady, but Lady. Well then both Hlaf and Hleaf, we must here understand to signify one thing, which is bread; Dian is as much to say as serve; and so is Leafdian a bread-server. Whereby it appeareth that as the Laford did allow food and sustenance, so the Leafdian did see it served and disposed to the guests. And our ancient and yet continued custom that our ladies and gentlewomen do use to carve and serve their guests at the table, which in other countries is altogether strange and unusual, both for proof hereof well accord and correspond with this our ancient and honourable feminine appellation."

SEPTEMBER.

The illumination of the Saxon Calendar for this month exhibits the chase of the wild boar in the woods, where he fattened on acorns and beech-masts. The Saxon name of the month was *Septembru*, or *Barley-month*; the month either of the barley harvest or the barley beer making. But the pictorial representation of September shows us the bold hunting with dog and boar-spear. The old British breed of strong hounds, excellent for

hunting and war, which Strabo describes as exported to other countries, was probably not extinct. Even the most populous places were surrounded with thick woods, where the boar, the wolf, and the bear lurked, or came forth to attack the unhappy wayfarer. London was bounded by a great forest. Fitz-Stephen says, writing in the reign of Henry the Second—"On the north side are fields for pasture and open meadows very pleasant, among which the river waters do flow, and the wheels of the mills are turned about with a delightful noise. Very near lieth a large forest, in which are woody groves of wild beasts in the coverts, whereof do lurk bucks and does, wild boars and bulls." All ranks of the Anglo-Saxons delighted in the chase. The young nobles were trained to hunting after their school-days of Latin, as we are told in Asser's 'Life of Alfred.' Harold Harefoot, the king, was so called from his swiftness in the foot-chase. The beating the woods for the boar, as represented in Fig. 231, was a service of danger, and therefore fitted for the training of a warlike people.

OCTOBER.

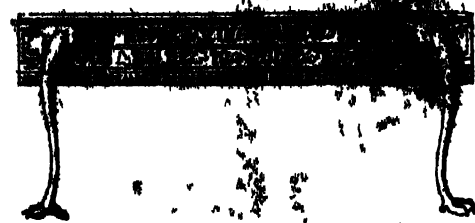
This was the Wyn-monat, the Wine month of the Anglo-Saxons. Spenser's personification of the month is an image of "Old England:"—

"Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
While he was treading in the wine-fat's sen,
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic and so full of lust."

The illumination of the Saxon Calendar (Fig. 264) shows us the falconer with his hawk on fist, ready to let her down: the wind at the heron or the wild duck. Other illuminations of this early period exhibit the grape-picker and the grape-presser. The wine-press of the time will appear in a subsequent page. Much has been written upon the ancient culture of the vine in England. Bede says, "The island excels for grain and trees, and is fit for feeding of beasts of burden and cattle. It also produces vines in some places." The later chroniclers, who knew the fact, quote Bede without disputing his assertion. Winchester, according to some of the earlier antiquaries, derived its name from Vintonia, the city of the vine; but this is very questionable. The Bishop of Rochester had a vineyard at Halling; and one of the bishops, as Lambard tells us, sent to Edward II. "a present of his drinks, and withal both wine and grapes of his own growth in his vineyard at Halling, which is now a good plain meadow." The same authority says, "History hath mention that there was about that time [the Norman invasion] great store of vines at Santlac [Battle]." He has a parallel instance of the early culture of the vine:—"The like whereof I have read to have been at Windsor, insomuch as tithe of them hath been there yielded in great plenty; which giveth me to think that wine hath been made long since within the realm, although in our memory it be accounted a great dainty to be ar off." Lambard then particularly describes the tithe of the Windsor vineyard, as "of wine pressed out of grapes that grew in the little park there, to the Abbot of Waltham; and that accompts have been made of the charges of planting the vines that grew in the said park, as also of making the wines, whereof some parts were spent in the household, and some sold for the king's profit." This is an approach to a wine-manufacture upon a large scale. There can be little doubt that many of the great monasteries in the South of England had their vineyards, and made the wine for the use of their fraternities. They might not carry the manufacture so far as to sell any wine for their profit; but the vineyard and the wine-press saved them the cost of foreign wines, for their labour was of little account. The religious houses founded in the Anglo-Saxon period had probably, in many cases, their vineyards as well as their orchards. There is an express record of a vineyard at Saint Edmundsbury; Martin, Abbot of Peterborough, is recorded in the Saxon Chronicle to have planted a vineyard; William Thorn, the monastic chronicler, writes that in his abbey of Northome the vineyard was "ad commodum et magnum honorem"—a profitable and celebrated vineyard. Vineyards are repeatedly mentioned in Domesday-Book. William of Malmesbury thus notices vineyards in his description of the abundance of the County of Gloucester:—"No county in England has so many or so good vineyards as this, either for fertility or sweetness of the grape. The vine has in it no unpleasant tartness or eagerness [sourness, from *aigre*], and is little inferior to the French in sweetness." Camden, in quoting this passage, adds, "We are not to wonder that so many places in this country from their vines are called vineyards, because they afforded plenty of wine; and that they yield none now is rather to be imputed to the sloth of the inhabitants than the indisposition of the



288.—Royal Costume, and the Harness and Equipment of Horses (Cotton MS.)



289.—Repertoire of the Carpenter in the Bayeux Tapestry.



284.—The King, accompanied by other Instruments (Cotton MS.)



285.—Haxon C) takes Plain and Embroidered Tunics, and Hose. (Cotton MS.)



286.—Costume of a female exhibiting the under and upper sleeved Funt; the Mantle, and Hood (Harleian MS.)



287.—Anglo-Saxon Females. The standing figure is Etheldrytha, a Princess of East Angles; from the Benedictional of St. Dunstons.



288.—Mantle Cap.



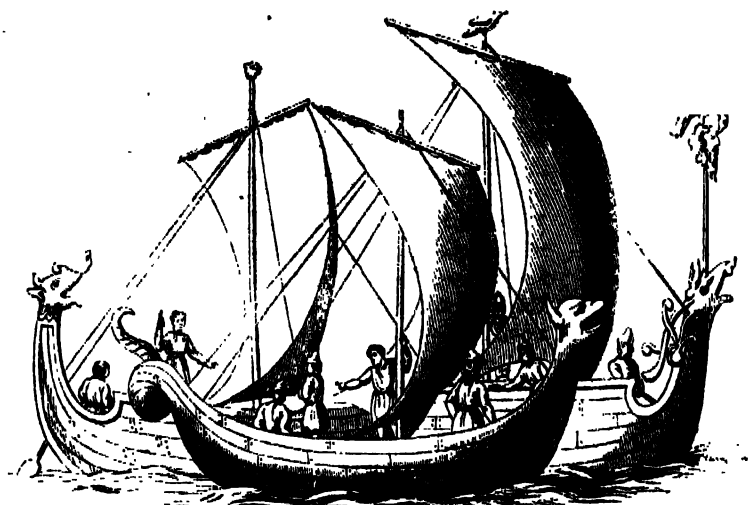
289.—Costume of the Anglo-Saxons.



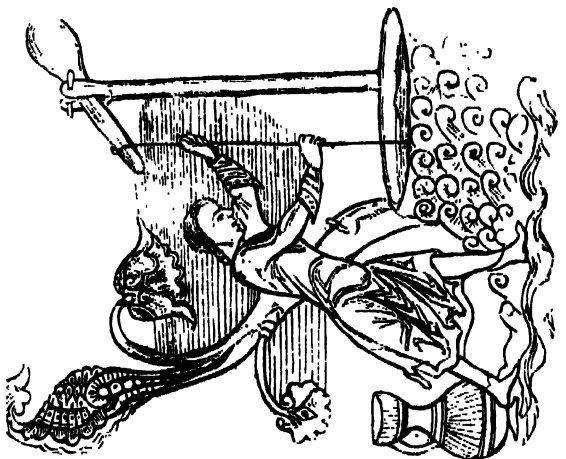
289.—Costume of the Anglo-Saxons.



296.—Entrance of the Mine of Odin, an ancient Lead-Mine in Derbyshire.



298.—Saxon Ships, from an Engraving in Strutt's Chronicle of England, made up from various Saxon Illuminations.

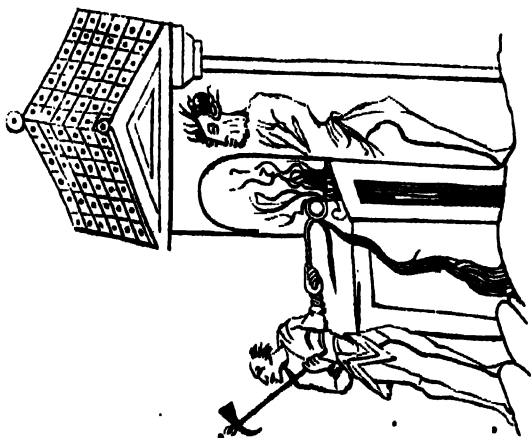


297.—Raising Water from a Well with a loaded Lever. (Cotton MS. Nero, G. 4.)

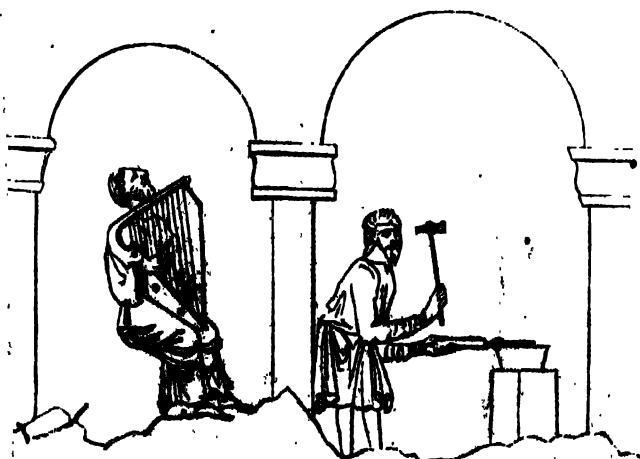


293.—Wine-press. (Cotton MS.)

E.



294.—Sailor. (From Cotton MS. B. 4.)



295.—Sailor; a Harp in the other compartment. (From Cotton MS.)



Plan of Heraclea.

W.

299.—Anglo-Saxon Map of the Tenth Century.

climate." This question of the ancient growth of the vine in England was the subject of a regular antiquarian passage-at-arms in 1771, when the Honourable Daines Barrington entered the lists to overthrow all the chroniclers and antiquaries, from William of Malinesbury to Samuel Pegge, and to prove that the English grapes were currants—that the vineyards of Domesday-book and other ancient records were nothing but gardens—that the climate of England would never have permitted the ripening of grapes for wine. The throng of partisans to this battle-field was prodigious. The Antiquarian Society inscribed the paper pellets shot on this occasion as "The Vineyard Controversy."

We have no hesitation in believing that those who put faith in the truth of the ancient records were right;—that vineyards were plentiful in England, and that wine was made from the English grapes. It was not a change in the climate, nor the sloth of the people, that rendered the vineyards less and less profitable in every age, and finally produced their complete extinction. The wine of France was largely imported into England soon after the Norman Conquest. It is distinctly recorded that a passion for French wines was a characteristic of the court and the nobility in the reign of Henry III. The monks continued to cultivate their vines,—as in the sunny vale of Beaulieu, where the abbey, which King John founded, had its famous vineyard; but the great supply of wine, even to the diligent monks, was from the shores of France, where the vine could be cultivated upon the commercial principle. Had the English under the Plantagenets persevered in the home cultivation of the vine for the purpose of wine-making, whilst the claret of a better vine-country, that could be brought in a few hours across the narrow sea, was excluded from our ports, the capital of England would have been fruitlessly wasted in struggles against natural disadvantages, and the people of England would have been for the most part deprived of the use and enjoyment of a superior drink to their native beer. The English vineyards were gradually changed into plain meadows, as Lambard has said, or into fertile corn-fields. Commercially the vine could not be cultivated in England, whilst the produce of the sunny hills of France was more accessible to London and Winchester than the corn which grew in the nearest inland county. The brethren of a monastery, whose labour was a recreation, might continue to prune their vines and press their grapes, as their Saxon ancestors had done before them; but for the people generally, wine would have been a luxury unattainable, had not the ports of Sandwich and Southampton been freely open to the cheap and excellent wine of the French provinces. This is the course of every great revolution in the mode of supplying the necessities, or even the luxuries, of a people amongst whom the principle of exchange has been established. The home growth for a while supplies the home consumption. A cheaper and better supply is partially obtained through exchange and easy communication—from another parish, another county, another province, and finally from another country. Then the home growth lingers and declines; capital is diverted into other channels, where it can be more profitably employed. Governments then begin to strive against the natural commercial laws, by the establishment of restrictive or prohibitory duties. A struggle goes on, perhaps prolonged for centuries, between the restrictions and the principle of exchange. The result is certain. The law of exchange is a law of progress; the rule of restriction is a rule of retrogression. The law of exchange goes on to render the communications of mankind, even of those who are separated by mighty oceans, as easy as the ancient communications of those who were only separated by a river or a mountain. The rule of restriction, generation after generation, and year after year, narrows its circle, which was first a wide one, and held & confining people within its fold; but, as it approaches to the end, comes to contain only a class, then a few of the more prejudiced of a class, and lastly, those who openly admit that the rule is for their exclusive benefit. The meadows and the corn-fields of England have profitably succeeded her unprofitable vineyards; and the meadows and the corn-fields will flourish because the same law of exchange that drove out the vineyards will render the home exchange of corn and meat more profitable, generally, to producer and consumer than the foreign exchange. England is essentially a corn-growing and a mutton-growing country; and we have no fear that her fields will have falling crops, or her downs not be white with flocks, if the law of exchange should free itself from every restriction. England was not a wine-growing country, and therefore her vineyards perished before the same natural laws that will give the best, because the most steady, encouragement to her bread-growing and beer-growing capacity.

NOVEMBER.

This was the Wint-monat, the wind-month, of the Anglo-Saxons. Its emblems were the blazing hearth and the swine-killing (Fig. 273). The great slaughter-time was come,—the days of fresh meat were passing away. The beeves, and the sheep, and the hogs, whose store of green feed was now exhausted, were doomed to the salting-tubs. The Martinmas beef,—the beef salted at the feast of St. Martin—is still known in the northern parts of the island; and the proverb which we adopted from Spain "His Martinmas will come, as it does to every hog," speaks of a destiny as inevitable as the fate of the acorn-fed swine at the salting season.

Mr. Strutt, in his explanation of the illumination of the Saxon Calendar, says, "This month returns us again to the labourers, who are here heating and preparing their utensils." He then refers us to another drawing of a blacksmith. The Saxon illumination is very rude. In the centre of the composition there is a blazing fire upon the floor; a group on the right are warming their hands; whilst one man on the left is bearing a bundle of fuel, and another doing something at the fire with a rough pair of tongs. We believe that our artist has translated the illumination correctly, in considering this the fire of the domestic hearth, which the labourers are supplying with fresh billets. But as the subject is interpreted by Mr. Strutt, it refers to the craft of the smith, the most important occupation of early times; and we may therefore not improperly say a few words upon this great handicraftsman, who has transmitted us so many inheritors of his name even in our own day. Verstegan says, "Touching such as have their surnames of occupations, as Smith, Taylor, Turner, and such others, it is not to be doubted but their ancestors have first gotten them by using such trades; and the children of such parents being content to take them upon them, their after-coming posterity could hardly avoid them, and so in time cometh it rightly to be said,—

'From whence came Smith, all be he knight or squire,
But from the smith that forgeth at the fire.'

But the author of an ingenious little book, lately published, on "English Surnames," Mr. Lower, points out that the term was originally applied to all smiters in general. The Anglo-Saxon Smith was the name of any one that struck with a hammer,—a carpenter, as well as a worker in iron. They had specific names for the ironsmith, the goldsmith, the coppersmith; and the numerous race of the Smiths are the representatives of the great body of artificers amongst our Saxon ancestors. The ironsmith is represented labouring at his forge in Fig. 294, and in Fig. 295, where, in another compartment of the drawing, we have the figure of a harper. The monks themselves were smiths; and St. Dunstan, the ablest man of his age, was a worker in iron. The ironsmith could produce any tool by his art, from a ploughshare to a needle. The smith in Alfric's Colloquy says, "Whence the share to the ploughman, or the goad, but for my art? Whence to the fisherman an angle, or to the shoewright an awl, or to the sempstress a needle, but for my art?" No wonder then that the art was honoured and cultivated. The antiquaries have raised a question whether the Anglo-Saxon horses were shod; and they appear to have decided in the negative, because the great districts for the breed of horses were fenny districts, where the horses might travel without shoes (See 'Archæologia,' vol. iii.). The crotchets of the learned are certainly unfathomable. Mr. Pegge, the writer to whom we allude, says, "Here in England one has reason to think they began to shoe soon after the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror gave to Simon St. Liz, a noble Norman, the town of Northampton, and the whole hundred of Falkley, then valued at forty pound per annum, to provide shoes for his horses." If the shoes were not wanted, by reason of the nature of the soil in Anglo-Saxon times, the invading Normans might have equally dispensed with them, and William might have saved his manor for some better suit and service. Montfaucon tells us, that when the tomb of Childeric, the father of Clovis, who was buried with his horse in the fifth century, was opened in 1653, an iron horse-shoe was found within it. If the horse of Childeric wore iron horse-shoes, we may reasonably conclude that the horses of Alfred and Athelstane, of Edgar and Harold, were equally provided by their native smiths. There is little doubt that the mines of England were well worked in the Saxon times. "Iron-ore was obtained in several counties, and there were furnaces for smelting. The mines of Gloucestershire in particular are alluded to by Giraldus Cambrensis as producing an abundance of this valuable metal; and there is every reason for supposing that these mines were wrought by the Saxons, as indeed they had most probably been by their predecessors the Romans.

The lead-mines of Derbyshire, which had been worked by the Romans, furnished the Anglo-Saxons with a supply of ore (Fig. 296); but the most important use of this metal in the Anglo-Saxon period, that of covering the roofs of churches, was not introduced before the close of the seventh century." ('Pictorial History of England,' Book II. Chap. VI.) It is not impossible that something more than mere manual labour was applied to the operations of lifting ore from the mines, and freeing them from water, the great obstacle to successful working. In the Cotton Manuscripts we have a representation of the Anglo-Saxon mode of raising water from a well with a loaded lever (Fig. 297). At the present day we see precisely the same operation carried on by the market-gardeners of Isleworth and Twickenham. A people that have advanced so far in the mechanical arts as thus to apply the lever as a labour-saving principle, are in the direct course for reaching many of the higher combinations of machinery. The Anglo-Saxons were exporters of manufactured goods in gold and silver; and after nine hundred years we are not much farther advanced in our commercial economy than the merchant in Alfric's Colloquy, who says, "I send my ship with my merchandise (Fig. 298), and sail over the sea-like places, and sell my things, and buy dear things, which are not produced in this land. . . . Will you sell your things here as you bought them there?—I will not, because what would my labour benefit me? I will sell them here dearer than I bought them there, that I may get some profit to feed me, my wife, and children." The geographical knowledge of the Anglo-Saxons was, no doubt, imperfect enough; but it was sufficient to enable them to carry on commercial operations with distant lands. The Anglo-Saxon map (Fig. 299) is taken from a manuscript of the tenth century, in the Cottonian Library. It was published in the 'Penny Magazine,' No. 340, from which we extract the following remarks upon it:—"The defects of the map are most apparent in the disproportionate size and inaccurate position of places. The island to the left of Ireland is probably meant for one of the Western Islands of Scotland; but it is by far too large, and is very incorrectly placed. The same remark will apply to the islands in the Mediterranean. The form given to the Black Sea appears just such as would be consequent upon loose information derived from mariners. However, in the absence of scientific surveys of any coast, and considering the little intercourse which took place between distant countries, the Anglo-Saxon map represents as accurate an outline as perhaps ought to be expected."

DECEMBER.

The emblem of the Saxon Calendar is that of the threshing season (Fig. 274). The flail has a reverend antiquity amongst us; the round sieve slowly does the work of winnowing; the farmer stands by with his notched stick, to mark how many baskets of the winnowed corn are borne to his granary. Other emblems show us the woodman bearing his fuel homewards, to make his hearth cheerful in the Winter-monat, winter-month; or the jolly yeoman lifting his drinking-horn during the festivities of the Heligh-monat, holy-month, for December was called by both these names. Then was the round table filled with jocund guests (Fig. 275). Then were the harp and the pipe heard in the merry halls; and the dancers were as happy amidst the smoke of their wood-fires, as if their jewels had shone in the clear blaze of a hundred wax-lights (Figs. 248, 266).

The Anglo-Saxon illuminations in the preceding pages, which are fac-similes, or nearly so, of drawings accompanying the original manuscripts in our public libraries, will not have impressed those unfamiliar with the subject with any very high notion of the state of art in this island eight or nine hundred years ago. It must be remembered that these specimens are selected, not as examples of the then state of art, but as materials for the history of manners and of costume. The false perspective, the slovenly delineations of the extremities, and the general distortion of the human figure, will at once be apparent. But there was nevertheless a school of art, if so it may be called, existing in England and Ireland, which has left some very remarkable proofs of excellence, and indeed of originality, in a humble walk of pictorial labour. The illuminated letters of the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts are wholly different from those of any continental school; and they display a gracefulness of ornament, and a power of invention, which may be profitably studied in these our own times when ornamental design in connection with manufactures is escaping from the monotonous barbarism which has so long marked us in such matters as a tasteless and unimaginative people. "The chief features of this species of illumination are

described by Sir F. Madden to be—extreme intricacy of pattern, interlacings of knots in a diagonal or square form, sometimes interwoven with animals, and terminating in heads of serpents or birds. Though we cannot distinctly trace the progress of this art, we may conclude that it continued in a flourishing and improving state in the interval from the eighth to the tenth and eleventh centuries, which were so prolific in Anglo-Saxon works of calligraphy and illumination, that, perhaps, says a competent authority, speaking of this period, our public libraries and the collections abroad contain more specimens executed in this country than any other can produce during the same space of time." ('Pictorial History of England,' Book II. Chap. V.) We give three examples, out of the great variety which exists in this branch of art. The illuminated letter P is of the eighth century (Fig. 301), at which period the illumination of books formed a delightful occupation to the more skilful in the monastic establishments, and was even thought a proper employment by the highest dignitaries of the Church. There is a splendid example known as the 'Durham Book,' which was the work of Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in 721. Dunstan himself, at a subsequent period, varied the course of his austerities and his ambition by employing his hand in the illumination of manuscripts. The ornament (Fig. 300) and the letter Q (Fig. 302) are of the tenth century.

But, although the examples are not very numerous, we have proof that the taste thus cultivated in the cloisters of the Anglo-Saxons was occasionally capable of efforts which would not have been unworthy of that period and that country to which we assign the revival of the arts. We are too much accustomed to think that there was no art in Europe, and very little learning, during what we are pleased to call the dark ages. But in the centuries so designated there were, in our own country, divines, historians, poets, whose acquirements might be an object of honourable rivalry to many of those who are accustomed to sneer at their scientific ignorance and their devotional credulity. At the time when Italian art was in the most debased condition, there was a monk in England (and there may have been many more such whose labours have perished) who, in all the higher qualities of design, might have rivalled the great painters who are held, three centuries later, to have been almost the creators of modern art. In the most successful labours of the Anglo-Saxon cloister there was probably little worldly fame; of rivalry there was less. The artist, in the brief intervals of his studies and his devotions, laboured at some work of several years, which was to him a glory and a consolation. He was worthily employed, and happily because his pencil embodied the images which were ever present to his contemplation. He did not labour for wealth amidst struggling competitors. Dante says of the first great Italian artists:—

"Cimabue thought

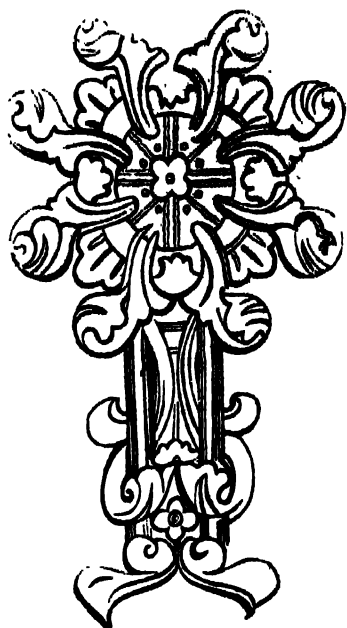
To lord it over painting's field; and now
The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclips'd.
Thus hath one Guilo from the other snatch'd
The letter'd prize: and he, perhaps, is born,
Who shall drive either from their nest The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,
Shifting the point it blows from."

There is an Anglo-Saxon collection of drawings in existence, undoubtedly produced in the tenth century, whose excellence is such that the artist might have pretended "to lord it over painting's field" even amongst the Cimabues and Giottoes. His name is supposed to have been Godemann; but even that is doubtful. To him, whoever he was, might now be addressed the subsequent lines of Dante:—

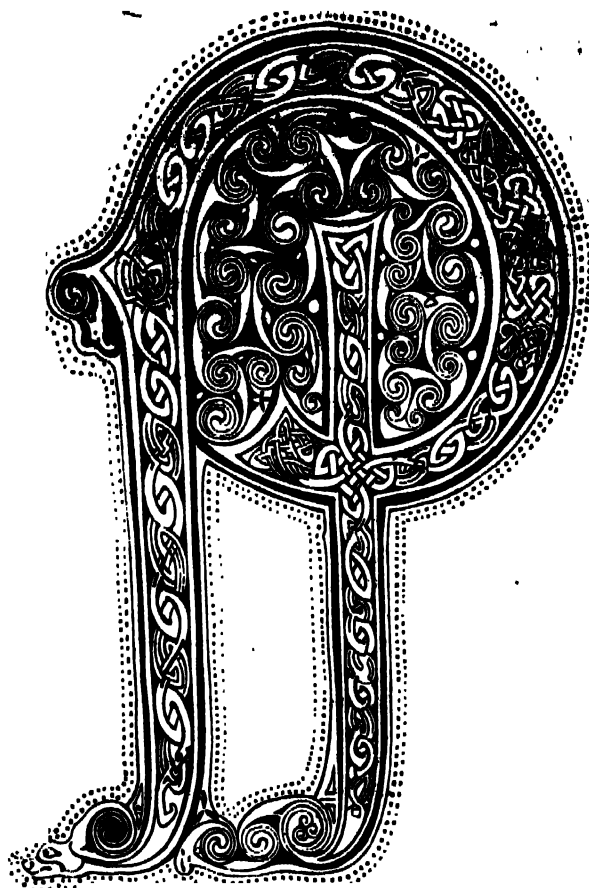
"Shalt thou more

Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh
Part shrivell'd from thee, than if thou hadst died
Before the coral and the pap were left:
Or ere some thousand years have past?"

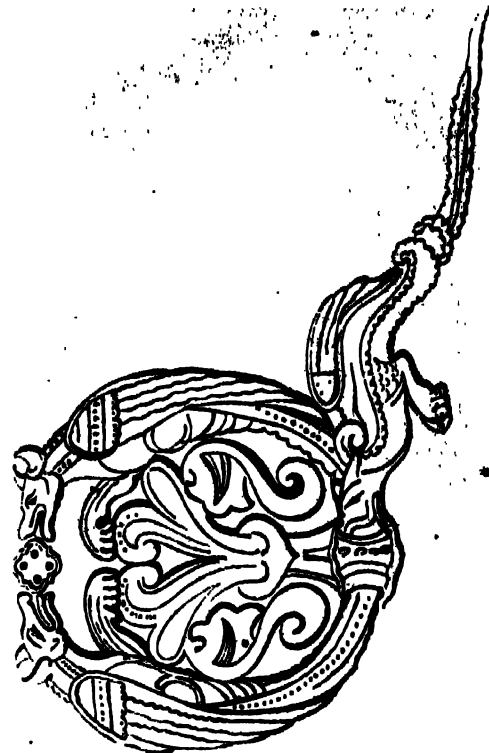
But he has vindicated the general claims of his countrymen to take their rank, in times which men falsely call barbarous, amidst those who have worthily elevated the grosser conceptions of mankind into the ideal, showing that art had a wider and a purer sphere than the mere imitation of natural objects. The Benedictional of St. Ethelwold, an illuminated manuscript of the tenth century, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, is the work to which we allude. It is fully described by Mr. Gage, in the twenty-fourth volume of the 'Archæologia;' and the Antiquarian Society, greatly to their honour, caused to be beautifully engraved in their Transactions thirty plates of the miniatures with which this remarkable



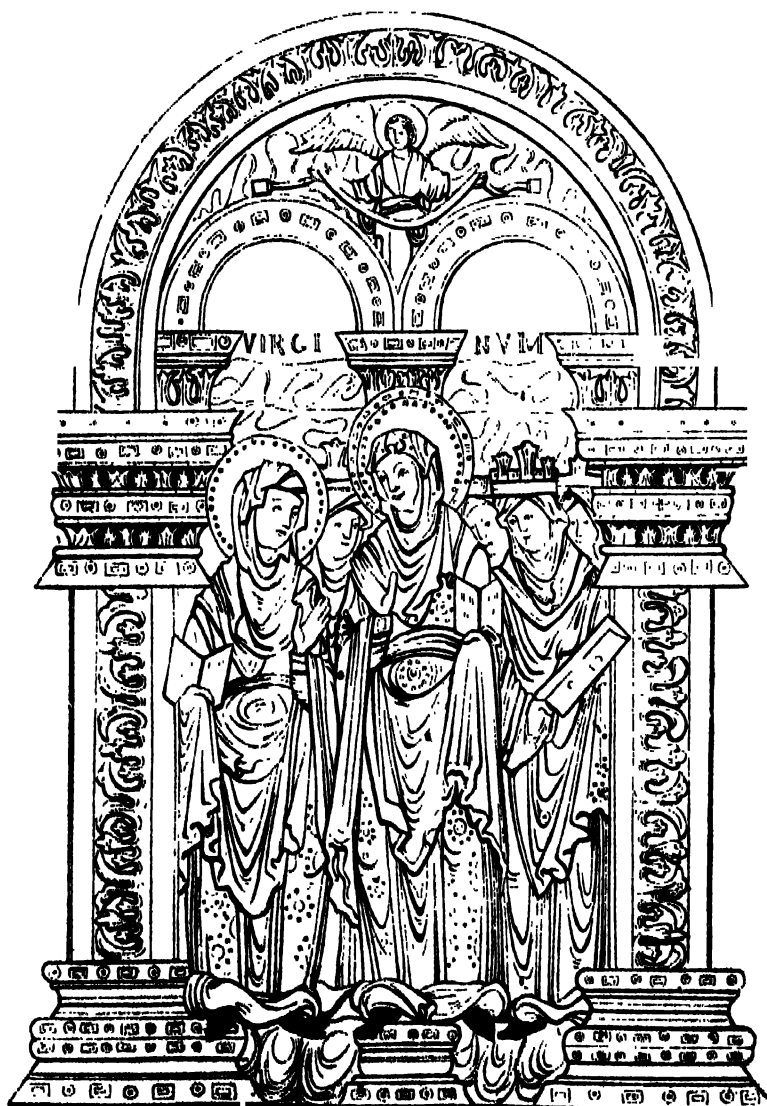
300.—Anglo-Saxon Ornament.
(From MS. of the Tenth Century.)



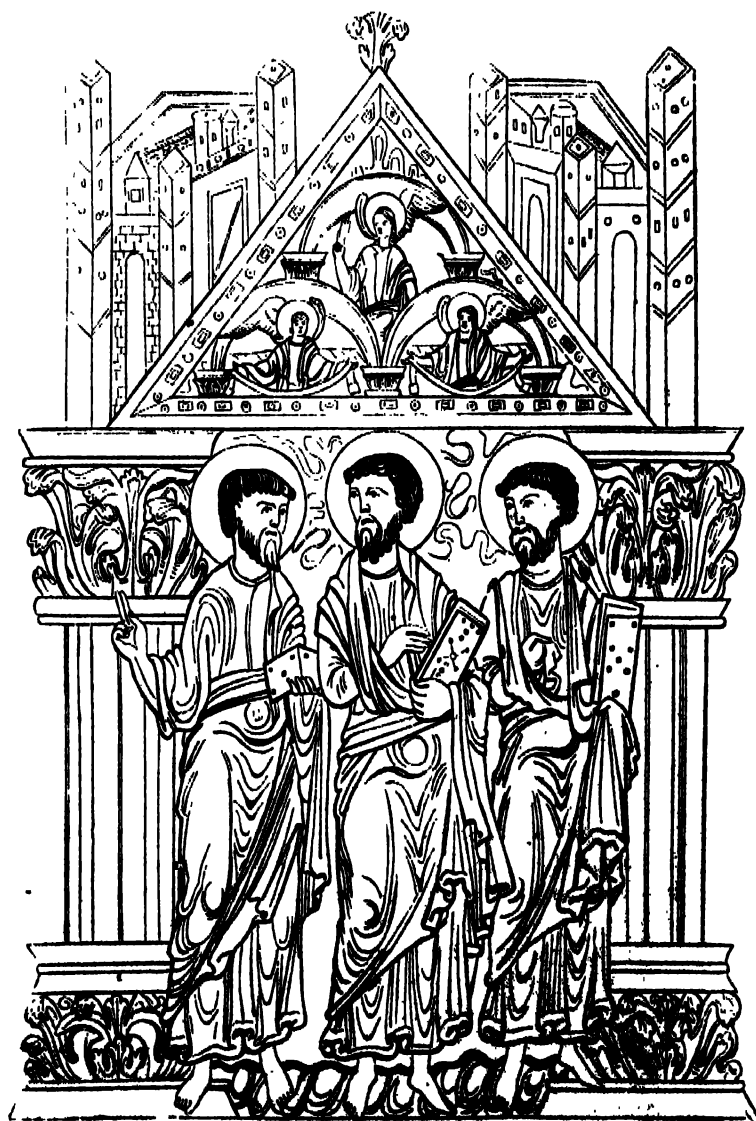
301.—Anglo-Saxon Illuminated Letter. (From MS. of the Eighth Century.)



302.—Anglo-Saxon Illuminated Letter. (From MS. of the Tenth Century.)



303.—From St. Ethelwold's Benedictional. Illumination V.



304.—From St. Ethelwold's Benedictional. Illumination VII.



305.—St. Mary's Chapel at Kingston.



306.—Ancient Church at Greensted.



311.—King Edgar. (From Cotton MS.)



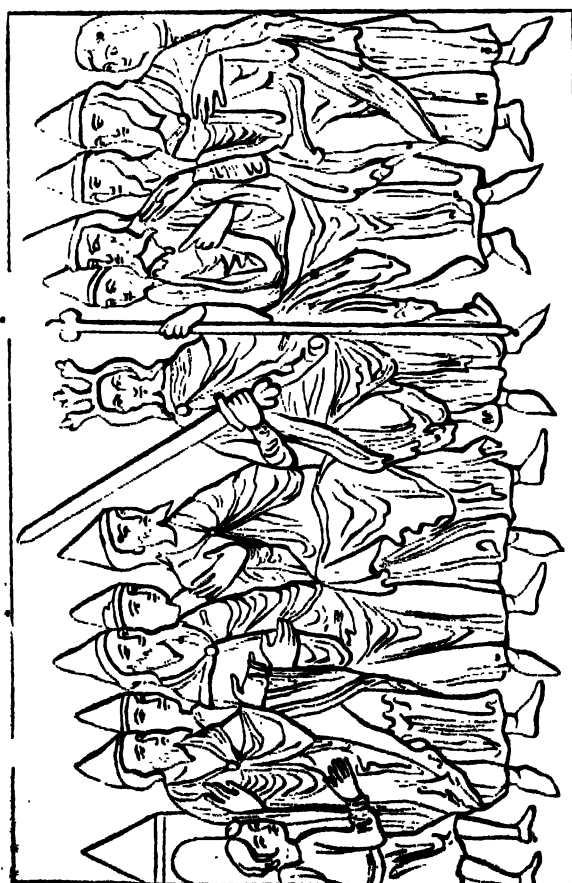
308.—Portrait of King Alfred. (Drawn from Coins and Busto.)



312.—Canute and his Queen. (From the Register of Hyde Abbey.)



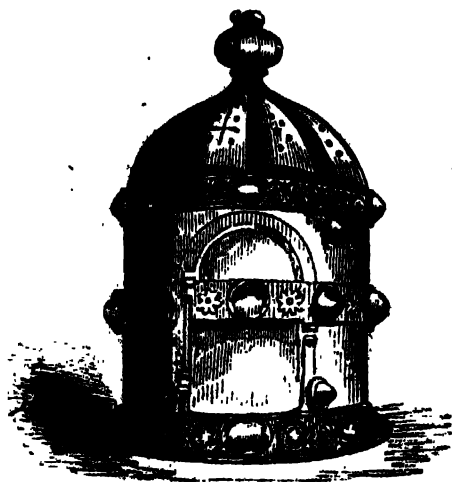
313.—Seal of Aelfric, Earl of Mercia.



307.—The Witenagemot. The King presiding. (From Cotton MS.)



314.—From Cotton MS.



310.—Ramon Lantern. (Engraved in Stott's Chronicles of England.)



309.—Alfred's "Jewel."

work is adorned. This manuscript was the ancient Benedictional of the See of Winchester; and it is stated at the commencement of the work, that "A prelate whom the Lord had caused to be head of the Church of Winchester, the great Æthelwold, commanded a certain monk subject to him to write the present book; he ordered also to be made in it many arches elegantly decorated and filled up with various ornamental pictures, expressed in divers beautiful colours and gold." At the end of this introduction, or dedication, the writer subscribes his name Godemann. This monk of St. Swithin's subsequently became Abbot of Thorney. Mr. Gage says, "Although it is likely that this superb volume, filled with beautiful miniatures, and ornaments of the richest design, was finished before Godemann had the government of the Abbey of Thorney, we are sure of one thing, that it was executed in this country between the years 963, when Ethelwold received the episcopal mitre, and 984, when he died. . . . That Godemann was the illuminator of the manuscript, as well as the writer of it, I see no reason to doubt. Illumination was part of the art of calligraphy; and generally speaking, the miniature painting and the writing in the early manuscripts are to be presumed the work of the same hand." To furnish a general idea, though certainly an insufficient one, of the remarkable merit of the miniatures of this book, we present copies of the fifth and the seventh plates, as engraved in the 'Archæologia.' Fig. 303 is the second of two miniatures entitled 'Chorus Virginum.' Fig. 304 is the second of four miniatures, each containing a group of three Apostles. It is fortunately unnecessary that we should attempt ourselves any critical remarks on the rare merits of this early work of Anglo-Saxon art; for in the paper in the 'Archæologia' is inserted a communication from the late Mr. Ottley, whose familiar acquaintance with the works of the early masters, both in painting and engraving, and the general correctness of his judgment, have established for him a high reputation. We extract from his letter a passage which points out not only the beauties, but defects of this work, and of Anglo-Saxon art in general; and further notices the superiority of the best productions of this our early school, both in colour and drawing, to the works of its European contemporaries:—

"In the thirteenth century, as every one knows, the art of painting and sculpture in Italy received new life at the hands of Niccola Pisano, Giunta, Cimabue, and Giotto; from which time they steadily progressed, till the happy era of Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth. But for some centuries preceding the thirteenth I have sometimes seen reason to conjecture that the arts were in a more flourishing state in various countries distant from Italy than there; to say nothing of Greece, from which, it is probable, the inhabitants of those countries, like the Italians themselves, directly or indirectly, and perhaps at distant periods, originally derived instruction in those matters. That the art of miniature painting, especially, was better known and more successfully practised in France in the thirteenth century, and probably long before, than in Italy, has always appeared to me clear, from the well-known passage in the eleventh canto of Dante's 'Purgatorio,' where the poet thus addresses Oderigi d'Agubbio, a miniature painter, said to have been the friend of Cimabue:—

"Oh dissi lui non se tu Oderisi,
L'onor d'Agubbio, e l'onor di quell' arte
Oho alluminar d'chiamata a Parisi?
(Art thou not Oderigi? art not thou
Agubbio's glory, glory of that art
Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?)

"But to return to St. Ethelwold's manuscript. The next thing I would mention is the justness of the general proportions of the figures, especially those larger standing figures of Confessors, female Saints, and Apostles, which occupy the first seven pages of the book. The two groups, entitled Chorus Virginum, are particularly admirable in this respect, as well as for the easy gracefulness of the attitudes of some of them, and the cast of the draperies; so that, had the faces more beauty and variety of expression, and were the hands less like one another in their positions, and better drawn, little would remain to be desired. This deficiency of beauty in the heads, amounting, I fear I must admit, to positive ugliness, appears to have been in a great measure occasioned by the difficulty which the artist encountered in his attempts to finish them with body-colours; as may be seen by comparing these heads with those drawn only in outline in the last miniature in the book; if, indeed, the colouring was not in great part performed by a different person from him who drew the outlines; and, I would add, that the fault is more apparent, throughout the volume, in the large than in the smaller figures. Indeed, the little angels, holding scrolls, or sacred

volumes, especially the two last, have so much gracefulness and animation, are so beautifully draped, and so well adapted in their attitudes to the spaces they occupy, that I hardly know how to praise them sufficiently.

"Wherever the naked parts of the figure are shown, there we have most evidence of the incompetence of the artist; and consequently the figures of the Apostles, whose feet and ankles appear uncovered, are less agreeable than those of the above female Saint. But, as you are aware, this unskilfulness in the art of drawing the naked parts of the human figure is not the fault of the painter, but of the period; and, indeed, it was not until three centuries after the date of this manuscript, that any notable advancement was made in this difficult part of the art.

"The draperies of the figures throughout the volume, with scarce any exception, are well cast; though the smaller folds are often too strongly marked in proportion to the larger ones; which, with the want of any decided masses of light and shadow distinguishing those sides of objects which are turned towards the light from such as are not so, prevents their producing the agreeable effect which they otherwise would do; but this, again, is more the fault of the time than of the artist. The colouring throughout these Illuminations is rich, without being gaudy. It is possible that in the tenth century some of the gay colours, in the use of which the miniature painters of more modern times indulged so freely, were but little known. If I am wrong in this supposition, we must accord to the illuminator of this manuscript the praise of having possessed a more chastened taste than many of his successors."

It would be absurd to pretend that the work attributed to Godemann is an average specimen of Anglo-Saxon art. The illuminations, for example, are very superior to those of the sacred poem known as Cædmon's Metrical Paraphrase of Scripture History, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In these the human figure is badly drawn; and there is perhaps more of invention in the initial letters than in the larger compositions. The poem itself is a most remarkable production of the early Anglo-Saxon times. The account which Bede gives of one Cædmon, the supposed author of this poem, is a most curious one:—"There was in this Abbess's Monastery [Abbess Hilda] a certain brother, particularly remarkable for the grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses, so that whatever was interpreted to him out of Holy Writ, he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and compunction, in his own, that is the English, language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to the heavenly life. Others after him attempted in the English nation to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him; for he did not learn the art of poetising of men, but through the divine assistance, for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those that relate to religion suited his religious tongue; for having lived in a secular habit, till well advanced in years, he had never learnt anything of versifying; for which reason being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the more mirth, that all present should sing in their turns, when he saw the instrument come towards him, he rose up from table, and returned home. Having done so at a certain time, and going out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stable, the care of horses falling to him that night, and composing himself there to rest at the proper time, a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, Cædmon, sing some song to me. He answered, I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place, because I could not sing. The other who talked to him replied, However, you shall sing. What shall I sing? rejoined he. Sing the beginning of creatures, said the other. Hereupon, he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard."

The ode which Cædmon composed under this inspiration is preserved in Anglo-Saxon, in King Alfred's translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History; and the following is an English translation from Alfred's version:—

"Now must we praise
The guardian of heaven's kingdom,
The Creator's might,
And his mind's thought;
Glorious Father of men!
As of every wonder he,
Lord Eternal,
Formed the beginning.
He first framed
For the children of earth
The heaven as a roof;
Holy Creator!

Then mid-earth,
The Guardian of mankind,
The eternal Lord,
Afterwards produced
The earth for men,
Lord Almighty!"

The Metrical Paraphrase to which we have alluded is ascribed by some to a second *Cædmon*; but the best philological antiquaries are not agreed upon this matter. As to its extraordinary merits there is no difference of opinion. Sir Francis Palgrave says, "The obscurity attending the origin of the *Cædmonian* poems will perhaps increase the interest excited by them. Whoever may have been their author, their remote antiquity is unquestionable. In poetical imagery and feeling, they excel all the other early remains of the North." One of the remarkable circumstances belonging to these poems, whether written by the cow-herd of Whitby, or some 'sat monk, is that we here find a bold prototype of the fallen angels or 'Paradise Lost.' Mr. Conybeare says that the resemblance to Milton is so remarkable in that portion of the poem which relates to the Fall of Man, that "much of this portion might be almost literally translated by a cento of lines from that great poet." The resemblance is certainly most extraordinary, as we may judge from a brief passage or two. Every one is familiar with the noble lines in the first book of 'Paradise Lost'—

"Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space which measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal."

The Anglo-Saxon Paraphrase of *Cædmon* was printed at Amsterdam in 1655. Can there be a question that Milton had read the passage which Mr. Thorpe thus translated?—

"Then was the Mighty angry,
The highest Ruler of heaven
Hurled him from the lofty seat;
Hate had he gained at his Lord,
His favour he had lost,
Incensed with him was the Good in his mind.
Therefore he must seek the gulf
Of hard hell-torment,
For that he had warr'd with heaven's Ruler.
He rejected him then from his favour,
And cast him into hell,
Into the deep parts,
When he became a devil
The fiend with all his comrades
Fell then from heaven above,
Through as long as three nights and days,
The angels from heaven into hell."

Who can doubt that when the music of that speech of Satan beginning

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime
That we must change for heaven?"

swelled upon Milton's exquisite ear, the first note was struck by the rough harmony of *Cædmon*?—

"This narrow place is most unlike
That other that we ere know
High in heaven's kingdom."

It would be quite beside our purpose to attempt any notice, however brief, of the Anglo-Saxon literature in general. Those who are desirous of popular information on this most interesting subject may be abundantly gratified in Mr. Sharon Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' in Mr. Conybeare's 'Illustrations of Saxon Poetry,' and especially in Mr. Wright's admirable volume of 'Literary Biography' of 'the Anglo-Saxon period.' The study of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature is reviving in our times; and we have little doubt that the effect will be, in conjunction with that love of our elder poets which is a healthful sign of an improving taste, to infuse something of the simple strength of our ancient tongue into the dilutions and platitudes of the multitudes amongst us "who write with ease." Truly does old Verstegan say, "Our ancient English Saxons' language is to be accounted the Teutonic tongue, and albeit we have in later ages mixed it with many borrowed words, especially out of the Latin and French, yet remaineth the Teutonic unto this day the ground of our speech, for no other offspring hath our language originally had than that." The noble language—"the tongue that Shakespeare spake"—which is our inheritance, may be saved

from corruption by the study of its great Anglo-Saxon elements. All the value of its composite character may be preserved, with a due regard to its original structure. So may we best keep our English with all its honourable characteristics, so well described by Camden:—"Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips, for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majestic, but fulsome, running too much on the o, and terrible like the devil in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave their dregs to themselves. And when thus substantialness combineth with delightfulness, fulness with fineness, seemliness with portliness, and currentness with staidness, how can the language which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of all sweetness?" ('Remains.')

The coins of a country are amongst the most valuable and interesting of its material monuments. The study of coins is not to be considered as the province of the antiquary alone. Coins are among the most certain evidences of history." ('Penny Cyclopædia.') In our engravings we have presented a series of coins, from the earliest Anglo-Saxon period to the time of Edward the Confessor. They begin at page 60, Fig. 232; and continue in every page to page 69, Fig. 282. To enter into a minute description of these coins would be tedious to most readers, and not satisfactory, with our limited space, to the numismatic student. We shall therefore dismiss this branch of Old England's antiquities with a few passing remarks suggested by some of this series.

The little silver coin, Fig. 233, is called a *scatta*. This is a literal Anglo-Saxon word which means money; and when, in Anglo-Saxon familiar speech, the entertainer at a tavern is called upon to pay the *shot*, the coin of Victoria does the same office as the *scat* of the early kings of Kent.

"As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot," says Ben Jonson. The penny is next in antiquity to the *scat*. The silver coins of the princes of the Heptarchy are for the most part pennies. There is an extensive series of such coins of the kings of Mercia. The halfpenny and the farthing are the ancient names of the division of the penny; they are both mentioned in the Saxon Gospels. The coins of Offa, king of Mercia (Fig. 234), are remarkable for the beauty of their execution, far exceeding in correctness of drawing and sharpness of impression those of his predecessors or successors. "At the beginning of the ninth century Egbeorht or Egbert ascended the throne of the West Saxon kingdom; and in the course of his long reign, brought under his dominion nearly the whole of the Heptarchic states; he is therefore commonly considered as the first sole monarch of England, notwithstanding those states were not completely united in one sovereignty until the reign of Edgar. On his coins, he is usually styled Egbeorht Rex, and sometimes the word Saxonum is added in a monogram, within the inner circle of the obverse: some of his coins have a rude representation of his head, and some are without it. From Egbert's time, with very few exceptions, the series of English pennies is complete; indeed, for many hundred years, the penny was the chief coin in circulation." ('Penny Cyclopædia.') The silver pennies of Alfred bear a considerable price; and this circumstance may be attributed in some degree to the desire which individuals in all subsequent ages would feel, to possess some memorial of a man who, for four hundred years after his death, was still cherished in the songs and stories of the Anglo-Saxon population, mixed as they were with Norman blood, as the Shepherd of the people, the Darling of England (Figs. 268, 272). A relic, supposed more strictly to pertain to the memory of Alfred, is now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It is an ornament of gold which was found in the Isle of Athelney, the scene of Alfred's retreat during the days of his country's oppression. The inscription round the figure, holding flowers, means, "Alfred had me wrought" (Fig. 309). The Saxon lantern, which Strutt has engraved in his 'Chronicle of England' (Fig. 310), is also associated with the memory of Alfred, in that story which Asser, his biographer, tells of him, that he invented a case of horn and wood for his wax candle, by the burning of which he marked the progress of time. The genuineness of Asser's Biography has been recently questioned; but there is little doubt that its facts were



315.—Great Seal of Edward the Confessor.



316.—Harold's Interview with King Edward on his return from Normandy. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



318.—Great Seal of Edward the Confessor.



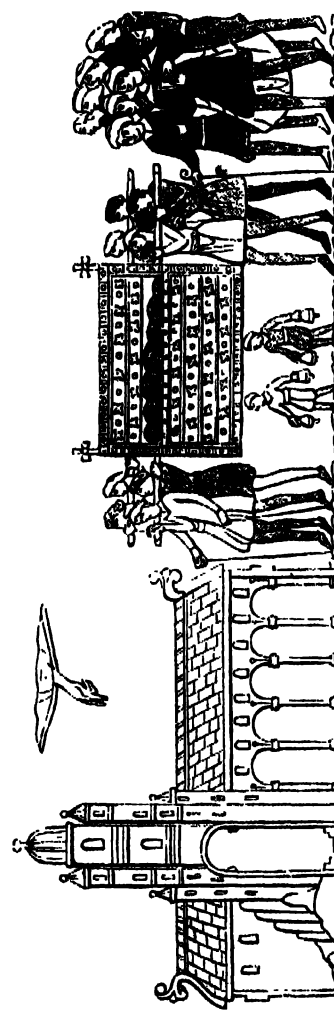
320.—Harold on his Journey to Bohem. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



318.—Harold taking leave of Edward on his departure for Normandy. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



322.—The Crown offered to Harold by the People. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



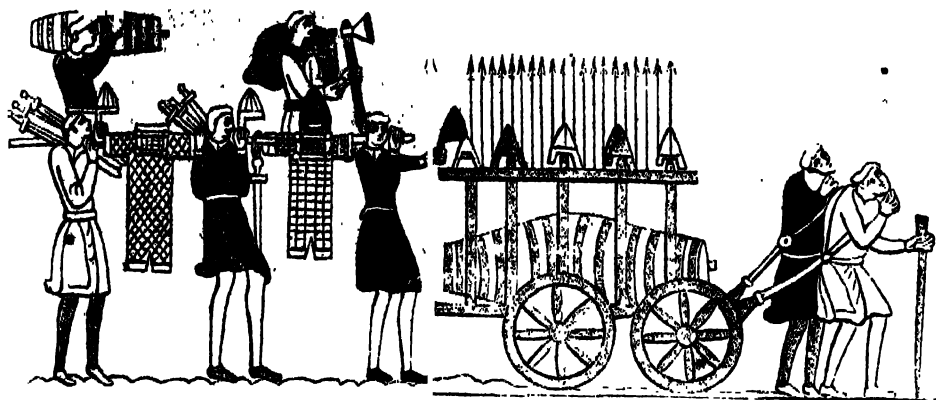
321.—Funeral of Edward the Confessor, at Westminster Abbey. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



323.—Coronation of Harold. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



317.—The Sickness and Death of Edward the Confessor. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



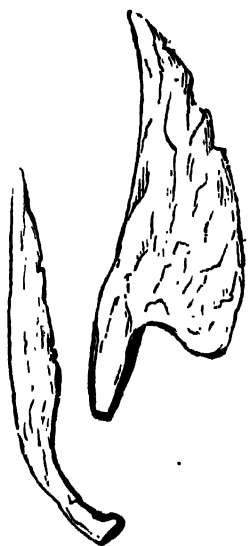
329.—Normans carrying Arms and Provisions for the Invading Fleet. (Bayeux Tapestry)



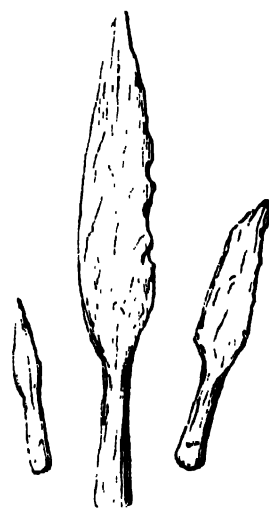
331.—The Military Habits of the Anglo-Saxons.



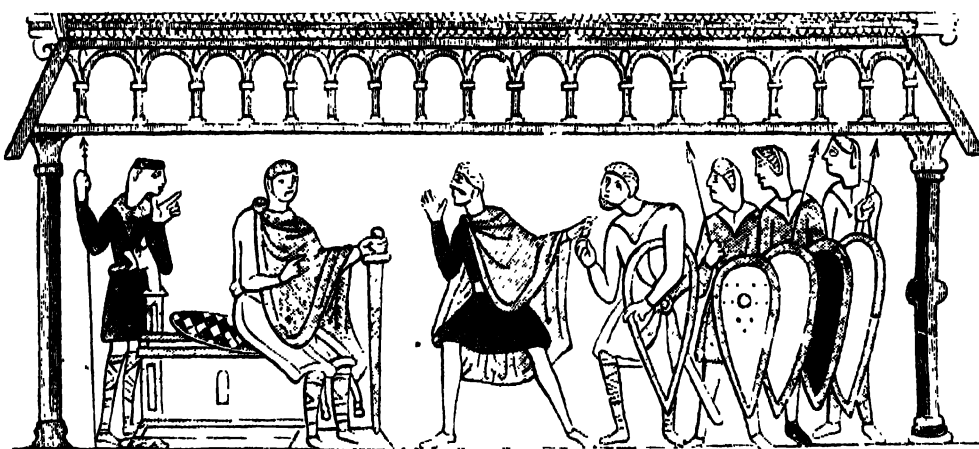
330.—Battle-Scene. (From the Cotton MS. Claud. B. 1.)



332.—Anglo-Saxon Weapons.



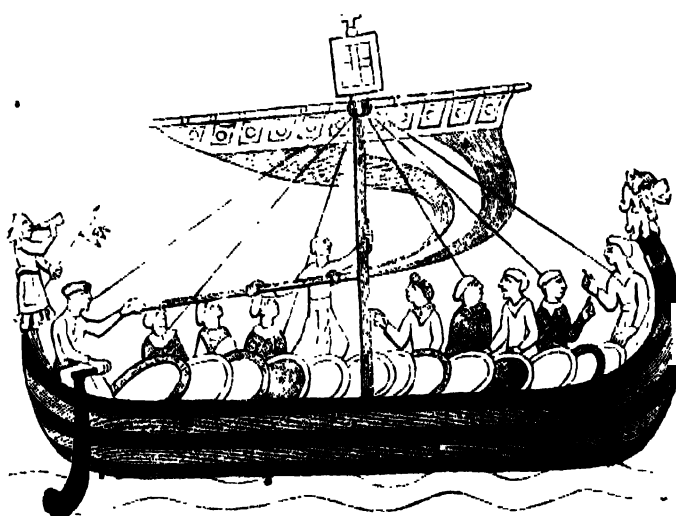
333.—Anglo-Saxon Weapons.



325.—Harold's appearance at the Court of the Count of Ponthieu. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



324.—Harold coming to anchor on the Coast of Normandy. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



328.—A Ship of the fleet of Duke William transporting Troops for the Invasion of England. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



327.—William giving orders for the Invasion. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



326.—Harold's Oath to William. (Bayeux Tapestry.)

founded upon an older narrative. The portrait of Alfred (Fig. 308) is copied from that in Spelman's 'Life:' but the materials out of which it is composed are probably not much to be relied upon.

There is a very remarkable object in Berkshire, not a great distance from Wantage, the birth-place of Alfred, which has been considered a memorial of the bravery and patriotism which he displayed even before he came to the throne. In the reign of Ethelred the First, the brother of Alfred, the Danes, who had invaded Berkshire, were routed with great slaughter in a battle known as that of *Æscesdun* (Ash-tree Hill); and it was contended by Dr. Wise, a learned antiquary of the last century, that the ridge of chalk hills extending from Wantage into Wiltshire was the scene of this battle, and that the White Horse which is cut out on the slope of the chalk is a memorial of this great victory. The White Horse, which gives its name to the hill, and to the fertile valley beneath, is a most singular object. It is a rude figure, three hundred and seventy-four feet in length, formed by removing the turf, and laying bare the chalk, on the north-west face of this hill, just above a lofty and steep declivity, which is visible from the surrounding country. When the afternoon sun shines upon this side of the ridge, the White Horse may be seen from a great distance—as far, it is said, as fifteen miles. Lysons mentions that there was a tradition that lands in the neighbourhood were formerly held by the tenure of cleaning the White Horse, by cutting away the springing turf. An annual festival was once held at this ancient ceremonial labour, called by the people *Scouring the Horse*. But as the regard for ancient memorials was dying out within the last century, and the peasants of Berkshire were ground down to a worse than serf-like condition of dependence on the poor-rates, the old festival was given up, the White Horse was left to be overgrown and obliterated, and even the memory of Alfred lived no longer amongst his Saxon descendants in these lonely valleys, who had grown up in ignorance and pauperism, because the humanities which had associated their forefathers with their superiors in rank were unwisely severed. The age of festivals, whether of religion or patriotism, is gone. We ought to mention that some antiquaries differ from Dr. Wise, and believe the White Horse to be of earlier origin than the age of Alfred. There can be no question, however, that it is a work of very high antiquity.

The civil government of the Anglo-Saxons, whether under the Heptarchy, or after the kings of Wessex had obtained that ascendancy which constituted the united monarchy of all England, is associated with very few existing monuments beyond those of its medallie history. There was an ancient chapel at Kingston existing about half a century ago, in which kings Edrid, Edward the Martyr, and Ethelred are stated to have been crowned. That chapel is now destroyed (Fig. 305). An engraving was made of it whilst the tradition was concurrent with the existence of the old building. Kingston was unquestionably the crowning place of the Saxon kings. There is a remarkable little church existing at Greensted, a village about a mile from Ongar, in Essex. It was described about a century ago in the '*Vetusta Monumenta*' of the Society of Antiquaries; and attention has recently been called to it by a correspondent of the '*Penny Magazine*.' "In one of the early incursions of the Danes into England (A.D. 870), Edmund, King of East Anglia, was taken prisoner by them, and, refusing to abjure the Christian religion, put to a cruel death. He was a favourite of the people, but especially of the priests; and came naturally, therefore, to be spoken of as a martyr, and his remains to be held in estimation as those of a saint. In the reign of Ethelred the Unready, the Danes, emboldened by the cowardice or feeble policy of the king, who only sought to buy them off from day to day, and made tyrannous by the diminished opposition everywhere offered to them, ravaged the country in all directions, until at length, in the year 1010, 'that dismal period,' as Mr. Sharon Turner calls it, 'their triumph was completed in the surrender of sixteen counties of England and the payment of forty-eight thousand pounds.' In this year the bones of St. Edmund were removed from Ailwin to London, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Danes. They appear to have remained in London about three years, when they were carried back to Bedriceworth (Bury St. Edmund's). A MS. cited by Dugdale in the '*Monasticon*,' and entitled '*Registrum Canobii S. Edmundi*,' informs us that on its return to Bury, 'his body was lodged (*hospitabatur*) at Aungre, where a wooden chapel remains as a memorial to this day.' It is this same 'wooden chapel' which is supposed to form the nave of Greensted church. The inhabitants of the village have always had a tradition that the corpse of a king rested in it, and the appearance of the building vouches for its great antiquity" (Fig. 306).

The Witenagemot, or the great council of the nation—prelates, ealdormen, and thanes or governors of boroughs, with the crowned king presiding—is represented in one of the Cotton manuscripts in the British Museum (Fig. 307). We have an example of the almost regal dignity of the greater noblemen, in the remarkable seal of Alfric Earl of Mercia, who lived towards the end of the tenth century. The earl not only bears the sword of authority, but wears a diadem (Fig. 313). There are representations of particular monarchs in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, which are perhaps more valuable as examples of costume than as individual portraits. Such is that of King Edgar (Fig. 311), and of Canute and his queen (Fig. 312).

The seal which we have mentioned (or rather, the brass matrix of the seal) of Alfric, Earl of Mercia, which was found by a labourer in cutting away a bank near Winchester in 1832, is one of several proofs which have set at rest a long-disputed question as to the use of seals among the Anglo-Saxons. The legal antiquaries of the seventeenth century, such as Selden and Coke, speak without any hesitation of charters with seals granted by the Saxon kings. Mr. Astle, a very competent authority, asserted in 1791, that our Saxon ancestors did not use seals of wax appended to their deeds ('*Archæologia*,' vol. x.). He acknowledged, however, that if such a seal could be found of a date before the time of the Confessor, the argument against their use, derived from the fact that the word *Sigillum* did not always mean seal, would be set at rest. The opinion of Astle was founded upon that of earlier antiquaries. The late Mr. Douce, in some remarks upon two wax impressions of the seal of the Abbey of Wilton, which he believes to be the original Anglo-Saxon seal, notices these objections: "If Dr. Hickes and the other objectors could have expected successfully to demonstrate that the Saxons used no seals, it was necessary for them to annihilate not only the numerous early seals of the German emperors and French kings, but even the gems and other sigillatory implements of the ancients. It would, indeed, have been a remarkable circumstance, that during a period wherein many of the European monarchs were continuing the immemorial practice of affixing seals to public instruments, the Saxon sovereigns of England, who were not inferior in knowledge and civilization to their contemporaries, and who borrowed many of their customs from Italy and France, should have entirely suspended a practice so well known and established. It is much less extraordinary that a very small number of Saxon seals should be remaining, than that, all circumstances considered, they should not have been frequently used. All that the objectors have been able to prove is, that a great many Saxon instruments were destitute of seals; that some were forged with seals in Norman times; and that the words '*Signum*' and '*Sigillum*' were often used to express the mere signature of a cross, which nevertheless was the representative of a seal." In 1821, the seal of Ethelwald, Bishop of Dunwich, was found about a hundred yards from the site of the Monastery of Eye. That remarkable seal is now in the British Museum; and Mr. Hudson Gurney, who transmitted an account of it to the Society of Antiquaries, says, "On the whole I conceive there can remain no doubt but that this was the genuine seal of Ethelwald, Bishop of Dunwich, about the middle of the ninth century, and that it sets at rest the question hitherto in dispute touching the use of seals among the Anglo-Saxons."

These few remarks may not improperly introduce to our readers the first of an uninterrupted series of monuments belonging to our monarchical government—the great seals of England. The seal of King Edward the Confessor is represented in Figs. 315 and 316. On one side, according to the description of this seal by Sir Henry Ellis, the king "is represented sitting on a throne bearing on his head a sort of mitre, in his right hand he holds a sceptre finishing in a cross, and in his left a globe. On the other side he is also represented with the same sort of head-dress, sitting. In his right a sceptre finishing with a dove. On his left a sword, the hilt pressed toward his bosom. On each side is the same legend—*SIGILLUM EADWARDI ANGLORUM BASILEI*. This seal of King Edward is mentioned several times in the '*Domesday Survey*.' ("Archæologia,' vol. xviii.). The seal of William the Conqueror, which belongs to the next book, is little superior in workmanship to that of the Confessor; and the sitting figures of each have considerable resemblance (Fig. 342). The impression of the seal of the Conqueror is preserved in the Hotel Soubise at Paris, being appended to a charter by which the king granted some land in England to the abbey of St. Denis, in France. This seal establishes the fact that grants of lands immediately after the Conquest were guaranteed by the affixing of a waxen seal; and although this might not be invariably the case, it goes far to throw a doubt upon the authenticity of the old rhyming grant said to be made by

William to the ancient family of the Hoptons, which Stow and other early antiquaries have believed to be authentic. Stow gives it in his 'Annals,' upon "the testimony of an old chronicle in the library at Richmond," omitting three introductory lines, upon the authority of which in the sixteenth century a legal claim was actually set up to the estate of the lords of Hopton:—

"To the heirs male of the Hopton lawfully begotten:—
From me and from mine, to thee and to thine,
Whilo the water runs, and the sun doth shine;
For lack of heirs, to the king again.
I, William, king, the third year of my reign,
Give to thee, Norman Huntere,
To me that art both lefe and dear,
The Hop and Hoptown,
And all the bounds up and down,
Under the earth to hell,
Above the earth to heaven,
From me and from mine,
To thee and to thine,
As good and as fair
As ever they mine were.
To witness that this is sooth,
I bite the white wax with my tooth,
Before Jugg, Maud, and Margery,
And my third son Henry,
For one bow and one broad arrow,
When I come to hunt upon Yarrow."

We give the above, with some slight corrections, from Blount's 'Ancient Tenures.'

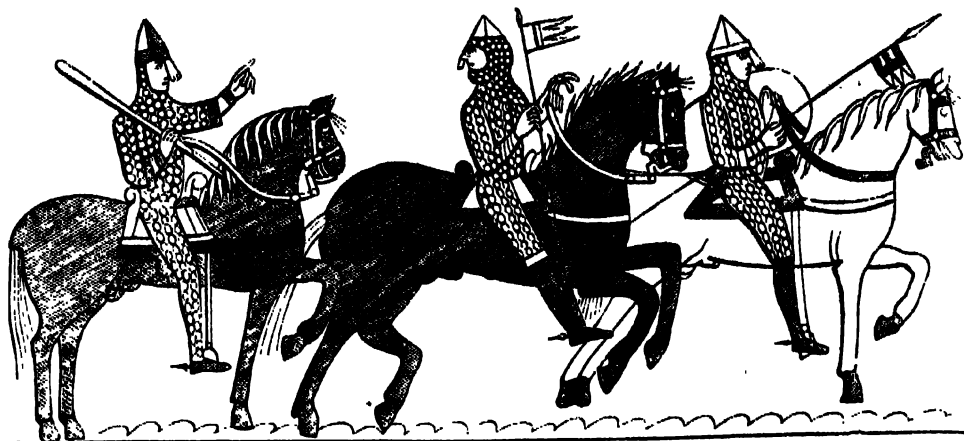
The most extraordinary memorial of that eventful period of transition, which saw the descendants of the old Saxon conquerors of Britain swept from their power and their possessions, and their places usurped by a swarm of adventurers from the shores of Normandy, is a work not of stone or brass, not of writing and illumination more durable than stone or brass, but a roll of needlework, which records the principal events which preceded and accompanied the Conquest, with a minuteness and fidelity which leave no reasonable doubt of its being a contemporary production. This is the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry. When Napoleon contemplated the invasion of England in 1803, he caused this invaluable record to be removed from Bayeux, and to be exhibited in the National Museum at Paris; and then the French players, always ready to seize upon a popular subject, produced a little drama in which they exhibited Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror, sitting in her lonely tower in Normandy whilst her husband was fighting in England, and thus recording, with the aid of her needlewomen, the mighty acts of her hero, portrayed to the life in this immortal worsted-work. But there is a more affecting theory of the accomplishment of this labour than that told in the French vaudeville. The women of England were celebrated all over Europe for their work in embroidery; and when the husband of Matilda ascended the throne of England, it is reasonably concluded that the skilful daughters of the land were retained around the person of the queen. They were thus employed to celebrate their own calamities. But there was nothing in this tapestry which told a tale of degradation. There is no delineation of cowardly flight or abject submission. The colours of the threads might have been dimmed with the tears of the workers, but they would not have had the deep pain of believing that their homes were not gallantly defended. In this great invasion and conquest, as an old historian has poetically said, "was tried by the great assize of God's judgment in battle the right of power between the English and Norman nations—a battle the most memorable of all others; and, howsoever miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England." There was nothing in this tapestry to encourage another invasion eight centuries later. In one of the compartments of the tapestry were represented men gazing at a meteor or comet, which was held to presage the defeat of the Saxon Harold. A meteor had appeared in the south of France, at the time of the exhibition of the tapestry in 1803; and the mountebank Napoleon proclaimed that the circumstances were identical. The tapestry, having served its purpose of popular delusion, was returned to its original obscurity. It had previously been known to Lancelot and Montfaucon, French antiquaries; and Dr. Ducarel, in 1767, printed a description of it, in which he stated that it was annually hung up round the nave of the church of Bayeux on St. John's day. During the last thirty years this ancient work has been fully described, and its date and origin discussed. Above all, the Society of Antiquaries have rendered a most valuable service to the world, by causing a complete set of coloured fac-simile drawings to be made by an accomplished artist, Mr. Charles Stothard, which have

since been published in the 'Vetusta Monumenta.' The more remarkable scenes of the seventy-two compartments of the tapestry are engraved in our pages: and we may fitly close our account of the antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon period with a brief notice of this most interesting historical record.

In the Hôtel of the Prefecture at Bayeux is now preserved this famous tapestry. In 1814, so little was known of it in the town where it had remained for so many centuries, that Mr. Hudson Gurney was coming away without discovering it, not being aware that it went by the name of the "Toile de St. Jean." It was coiled round a windlass; and drawing it out at leisure over a table, he found that it consisted of "a very long piece of brownish linen cloth, worked with woollen thread of different colours, which are as bright and distinct, and the letters of the superscriptions as legible, as if of yesterday." The roll is twenty inches broad, and two hundred and fourteen feet in length. Mr. Gurney has some sensible remarks upon the internal evidence of the work being contemporaneous with the Conquest. In the buildings portrayed there is not the trace of a pointed arch; there is not an indication of armorial bearings, properly so called, which would certainly have been given to the fighting knights had the needlework belonged to a later age; and the Norman banner is invariably *Argent*, a cross *Or* in a border *Azure*, and not the later invention of the Norman leopards. Mr. Gurney adds, "It may be remarked, that the whole is worked with a strong outline; that the clearness and relief are given to it by the variety of the colours." The likenesses of individuals are preserved throughout. The Saxons invariably wear moustaches; and William, from his erect figure and manner, could be recognised were there no superscriptions. Mr. Charles Stothard, who made the drawings of the tapestry which have been engraved by the Society of Antiquaries, communicates some interesting particulars in a letter written in 1819. He adds to Mr. Gurney's account of its character as a work of art, that "there is no attempt at light and shade, or perspective, the want of which is substituted by the use of different-coloured worsteds. We observe this in the off-legs of the horses, which are distinguished alone from the near-legs by being of different-colours. The horses, the hair, and mustachios, as well as the eyes and features of the characters, are depicted with all the various colours of green, blue, red, &c., according to the taste or caprice of the artist. This may be easily accounted for, when we consider how few colours composed their materials."

The first of the seventy-two compartments into which the roll of needlework is divided, is inscribed "Edwardus Rex" (Fig. 318). We omit the inscriptions which occur in each compartment, except in two instances. The crowned king, seated on a chair of state, with a sceptre, is giving audience to two persons in attendance; and this is held to represent Harold departing for Normandy. The second shows Harold, and his attendants with hounds, on a journey. He bears the hawk on his hand, the distinguishing mark of nobility. The inscription purports that the figures represent Harold, Duke of the English, and his soldiers, journeying to Bosham (Fig. 320). The third is inscribed "Ecclesia," and exhibits a Saxon church, with two bending figures about to enter. This we have given in another place, as an architectural illustration (Fig. 216). The fourth compartment represents Harold embarking; and the fifth shows him on his voyage. We give the sixth (Fig. 324), which is his coming to anchor previous to disembarking on the coast of Normandy. The seventh and eighth compartments exhibit the seizure of Harold by the Count of Ponthieu. The ninth (Fig. 325) shows Harold remonstrating with Guy, the Count, upon his unjust seizure.

We pass over the compartments from ten to twenty-five, inclusive, which exhibit various circumstances connected with the sojourn of Harold at the court of William. Mr. Stothard has justly observed, "That whoever designed this historical record was intimately acquainted with whatever was passing on the Norman side, is evidently proved by that minute attention to familiar and local circumstances evinced in introducing, solely in the Norman party, characters certainly not essential to the great events connected with the story of the work." The twenty-sixth compartment (Fig. 326) represents Harold swearing fidelity to William, with each hand on a shrine of relics. All the historians appear to be agreed that Harold did take an oath to William to support his claims to the crown of England, whatever might have been the circumstances under which that oath was extorted from him. The twenty-seventh compartment exhibits Harold's return to England; and the twenty-eighth shows him on his journey after landing. For the convenience of referring to those parts of the tapestry which are connected with King Edward the Confessor, we have grouped them



336.—Duke William addressing his soldiers at the field of Hastings. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



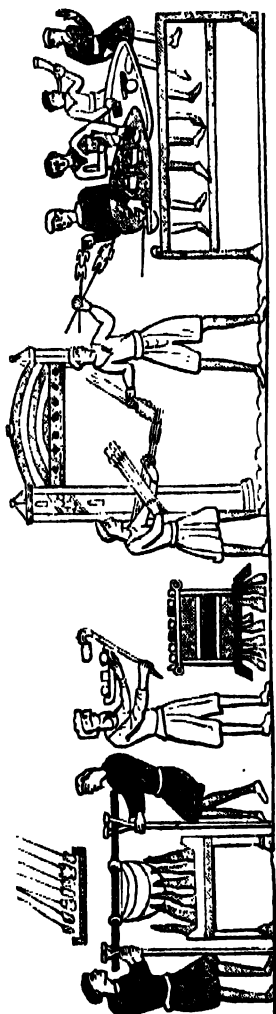
334.—Orders given for the erection of a fortified camp at Hastings. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



340.—Group associated with the conquest.



337.—Battle of Hastings. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



335.—Cooking and Feasting of the Normans at Hastings. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



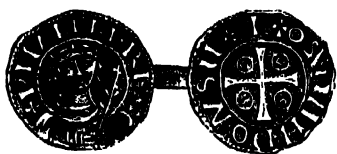
338.—Battle of Hastings. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



339.—Death of Harold. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



342.—Great Seal of William the Conqueror.



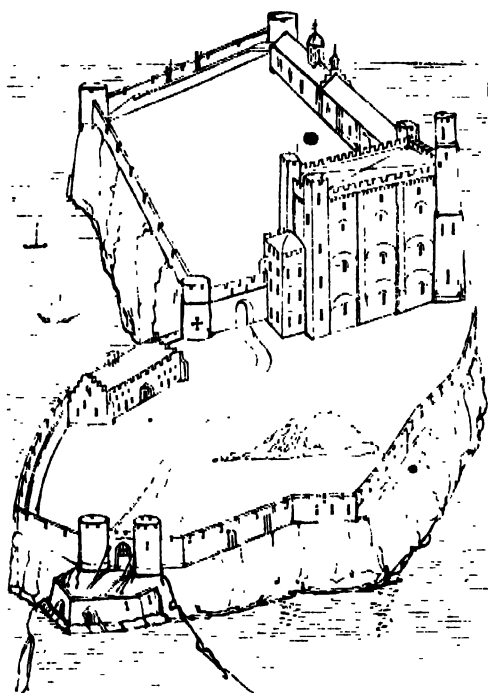
344.—Silver Penny of William I. (From a specimen in Brit. Mus.)



11.—William I. and Tonstain bearing the Consecrated Banner at the Battle of Hastings. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



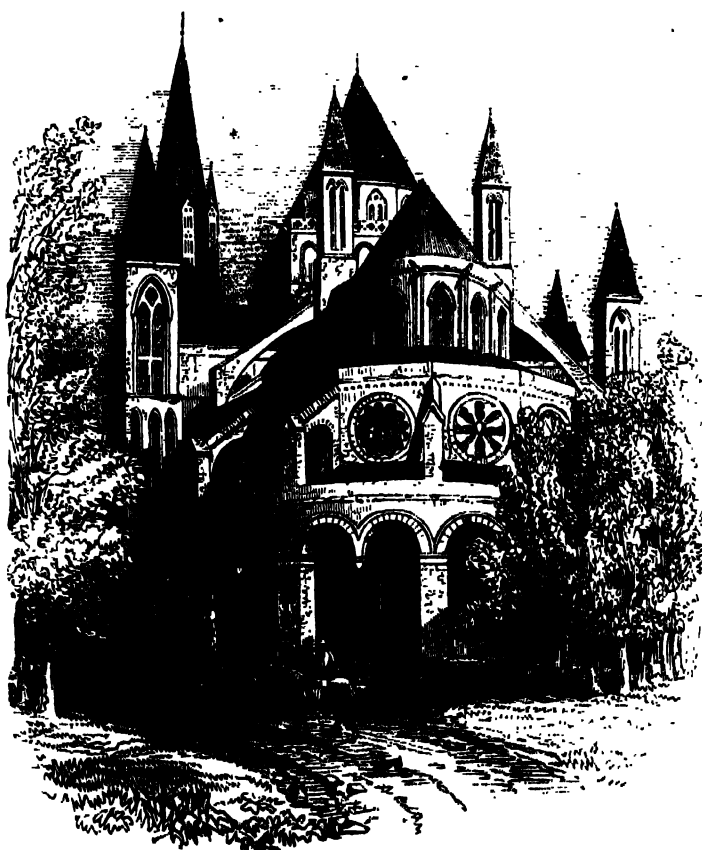
343.—Arms of William the Conqueror.



346.—A Norman Castle.



345.—Castle of Lillicbonne.—General View of Ruins, Church, &c.



348.—The Abbey of St. Etienne (Stephen), Caen.



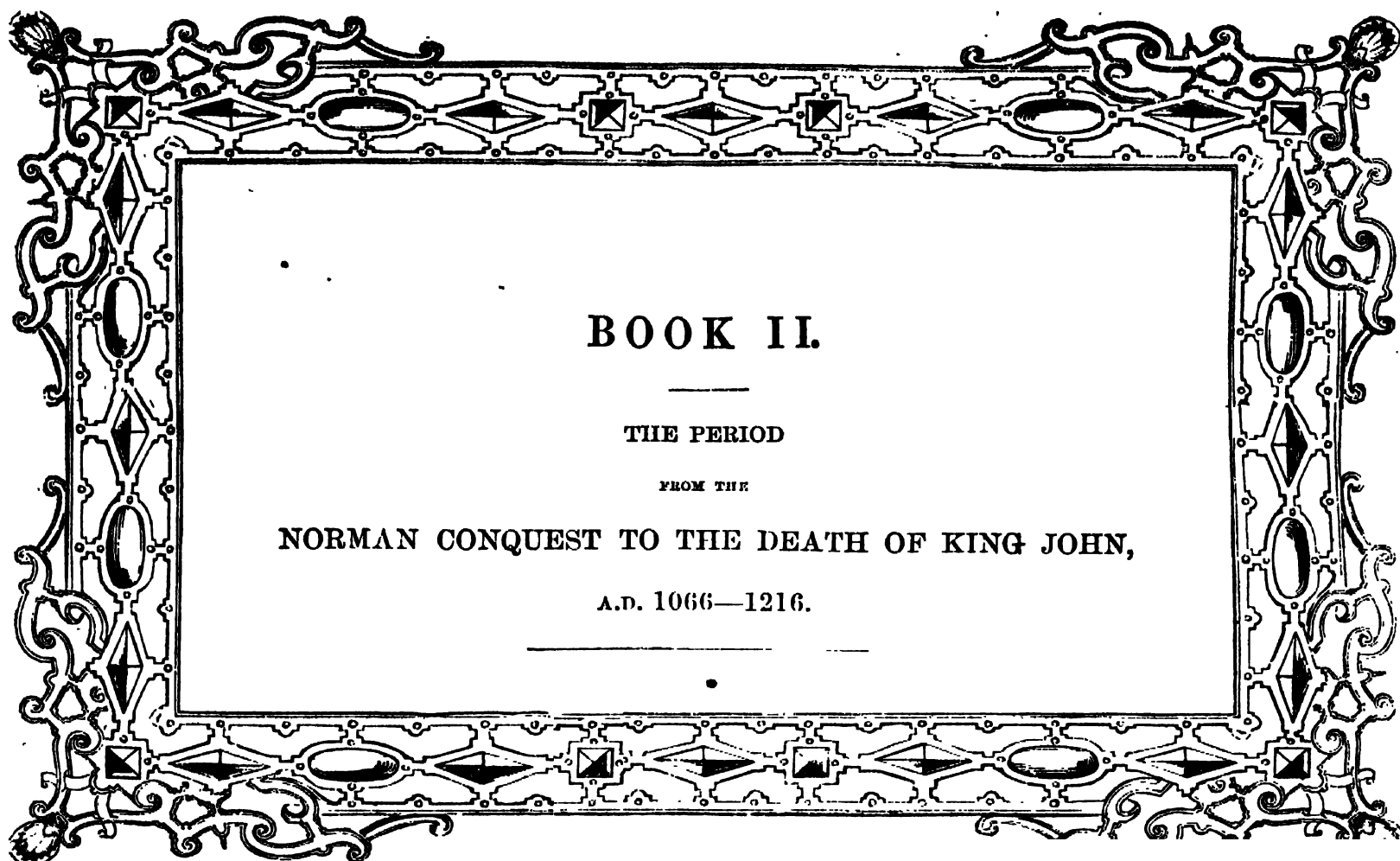
347.—Statue of William the Conqueror. Placed against one of the external Pillars of St. Stephen, Caen.

in one page (80), not following their order in the tapestry. The twenty-ninth compartment (Fig. 319) has an inscription purporting that Harold comes to Edward the King. The thirtieth shows the funeral procession of the deceased Edward to Westminster Abbey, a hand out of heaven pointing to that building as a monument of his piety (Fig. 321). The inscription says, "Here the body of Edward the King is borne to the church of St. Peter the Apostle." The thirty-first and thirty-second compartments exhibit the sickness and death of the Confessor (Fig. 317). The thirty-third shows the crown offered to Harold (Fig. 322). The thirty-fourth presents us Harold on the throne, with Stigant the Archbishop (Fig. 323). Then comes the compartment representing the comet already mentioned; and that is followed by one showing William giving orders for the building of ships for the invasion of England (Fig. 327). We have then compartments, in which men are cutting down trees, building ships, dragging along vessels, and bearing arms and armour. The forty-third has an inscription, "Here they draw a car with wine and arms" (Fig. 329). After a compartment with William on horseback, we have the fleet on its voyage. The inscription to this recounts that he passes the sea with a great fleet, and comes to Pevensey. * Three other compartments show the disembarkation of horses, the hasty march of cavalry, and the seizure and slaughter of animals for the hungry invaders. The forty-ninth compartment bears the inscription "This is Wadard." Who this personage on horseback, thus honoured, could be, was a great puzzle, till the name was found in Domesday-Book as a holder of land in six English counties, under Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother. This is one of the circumstances exhibiting the minute knowledge of the designers of this needlework. The fiftieth and fifty-first compartments present us the cooking and the feasting of the Norman army (Fig. 335). We have then the dining of the chiefs; the Duke about to dine, whilst Odo blesses

the food; and the Duke sitting under a canopy. The fifty-fifth shows him holding a banner, and giving orders for the construction of a camp at Hastings (Fig. 334).

Six other compartments show us the burning of a house with firebrands, the march out of Hastings, the advance to the battle, and the anxious questioning by William of his spies and scouts as to the approach of the army of Harold. The sixty-third presents a messenger announcing to Harold that the army of William is near at hand. The sixty-fourth bears the inscription, that Duke William addresses his soldiers that they should prepare themselves boldly and skilfully for the battle. We have then six compartments, each exhibiting some scene of the terrible conflict (Figs. 337, 338). The seventy-first shows the death of Harold (Fig. 339). The tapestry abruptly ends with the figures of flying soldiers.

We have probably been somewhat too minute in the description of this remarkable performance. If any apology be necessary, it may be best offered in the words of Mr. Amyot, in his 'Defence of the Early Antiquity of the Bayeux Tapestry,' which is almost conclusive as to the fact of its being executed under the direction of Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror ('Archæologia,' vol. xix). "If the Bayeux Tapestry be not history of the first class, it is perhaps something better. It exhibits genuine traits, elsewhere sought in vain, of the costume and manners of that age which, of all others, if we except the period of the Reformation, ought to be the most interesting to us; that age which gave us a new race of monarchs, bringing with them new landholders, new laws, and almost a new language. As in the magic pages of Froissart, we here behold our ancestors of each race in most of the occupations of life—in courts and camps—in pastime and in battle—at feasts, and on the bed of sickness. These are characteristics which of themselves would call forth a lively interest; but their value is greatly enhanced by their connection with one of the most important events in history, the main subject of the whole design."



BOOK II.

THE PERIOD

FROM THE

NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE DEATH OF KING JOHN,

A.D. 1066—1216.

CHAPTER I.—REGAL AND BARONIAL ANTIQUITIES.



N MAGNO NAVIGIO MARE
TRANSIVIT, ET VENIT AD
PEVENSEÆ.

Such is the inscription to the forty-fifth compartment of the Bayeux Tapestry—In a great ship he passes the sea, and comes to Pevensey. The Bay of Pevensey is not now as it was on the 28th of September, A.D. 1066, when this great ship sailed into it, and a bold man, one whose stern will and powerful mind was to change the destiny of England, leaped upon the

strand, and, falling upon his face, a great cry went forth that it was an evil omen;—but the omen was turned into a sign of gladness when he exclaimed, with his characteristic oath, "I have taken seisin of this land with both my hands." The shores of the bay are now a dreary marsh, guarded by dungeon-looking towers, which were built to defend us from such another seisin (Fig. 349). The sea once covered this marsh, and the Norman army came a mile or so nearer to the chalk hills, beyond which they knew there was a land of tempting fertility. It must have been somewhat near the old Roman castle that the disembarkation took place, whose incidents are exhibited in the Bayeux Tapestry. Here were the horses removed from the ships: here each horseman mounted his own, and galloped about to look upon a land in which he saw no enemy; here were the oxen and the swine of the Saxon farmer slaughtered by those for whom they were fatted not; here was the cooking, and the dining, and the rude pomp of the confident Duke who knew that his great foe was engaged in a distant conflict. The character of William of Normandy was so remarkable, and indeed was such an element of success in his daring attempt upon the English crown, that what is personally associated with him, even though it be found not in our own island, belongs to the antiquities of England. He was a *stark* man, as the Saxon chronicler describes him from personal knowledge, a man of unbending will and ruthless determination, but of too lofty a character to be needlessly cruel or wantonly destructive. Of his pre-eminent abilities there can be no question. Connected with such a man, then, his purposes and his

success, the remains of his old Palace at Lillebonne (Fig. 345), which may be readily visited by those who traverse the Seine in its steam-boats, is an object of especial interest to an Englishman. For here was the great Council held for the invasion of England, and the attempt was determined against by the people collectively, but the wily chief separately won the assent of their leaders, and the collective voice was raised in vain. More intimately associated with the memory of the Conqueror is the Church of St. Etienne at Caen (Fig. 348), which he founded: and where, deserted by his family and his dependants, the dead body of the sovereign before whom all men had trembled was hurried to the grave, amid fearful omens and the denunciations of one whom he had persecuted. The mutilated statue of William may be seen on the exterior of the same church (Fig. 347). In England we have one monument, connected in the same distinct manner with his personal character, whilst it is at the same time a memorial of his great triumph and the revolution which was its result—we mean Battle Abbey. When Harold heard—

"That due William to Hastings was come,"

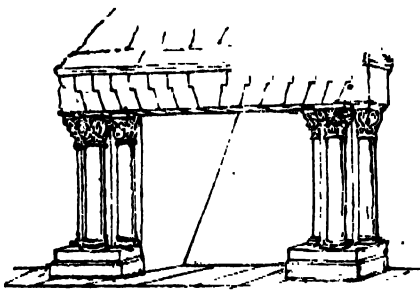
he gallantly set forward to meet him—but with an unequal force. He knew the strength of his enemy, but he did not quail before it. The chroniclers say that Harold's spies reported that there were more priests in William's camp than fighting men in that of Harold; and they add that the Saxon knew better than the spies that the supposed priests were good men-at-arms. Mr. Stothard, in his 'Account of the Bayeux Tapestry,' points out, with reference to the figures of the Normans, that "not only are their upper lips shaven, but nearly the whole of their heads, excepting a portion of hair left in front." He adds, "It is a curious circumstance in favour of the great antiquity of the Tapestry, that time has, I believe, handed down to us no other representation of this most singular fashion, and it appears to throw a new light on a fact which has perhaps been misunderstood: the report made by Harold's spies that the Normans were an army of priests is well known. I should conjecture, from what appears in the Tapestry, that their resemblance to priests did not so much arise from the upper lip being shaven, as from the circumstance of the complete tonsure of the back part of the head." Marching out from their entrenched camp at Hastings (Fig. 350), the Normans, all shaven and shorn, encountered the moustached Saxons on the 14th of October. The Tapestry represents the Saxons fighting on foot, with javelin and battle-axe, bearing their shields with the old British characteristic of a boss in



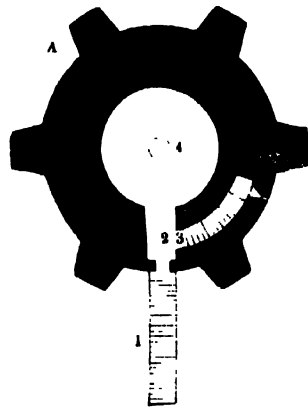
349.—Peverney Bay, Sussex.



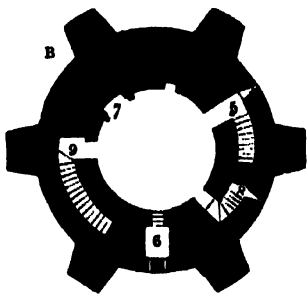
352.—William granting Lands to his Nephew, the Earl of Brittany. (From the Registrum Honoris de Richmond.)



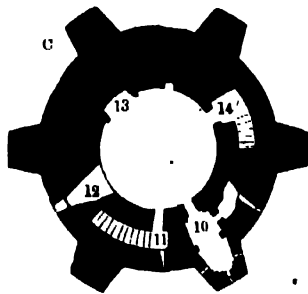
353.—Fireplace, Conisborough Castle.



354.—Second Story of Conisborough Castle



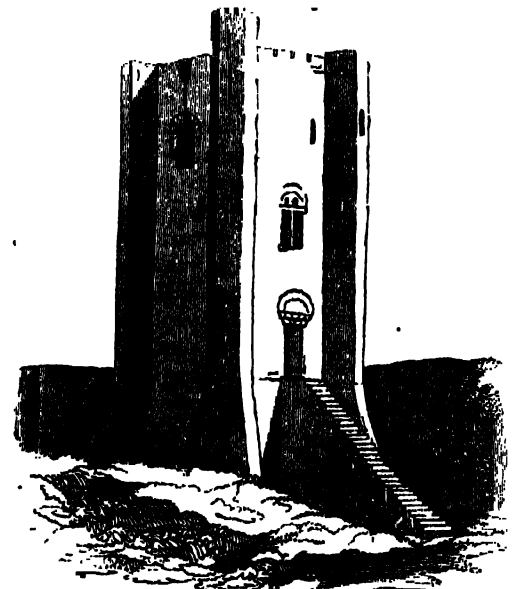
355.—Third Story of Conisborough Castle.



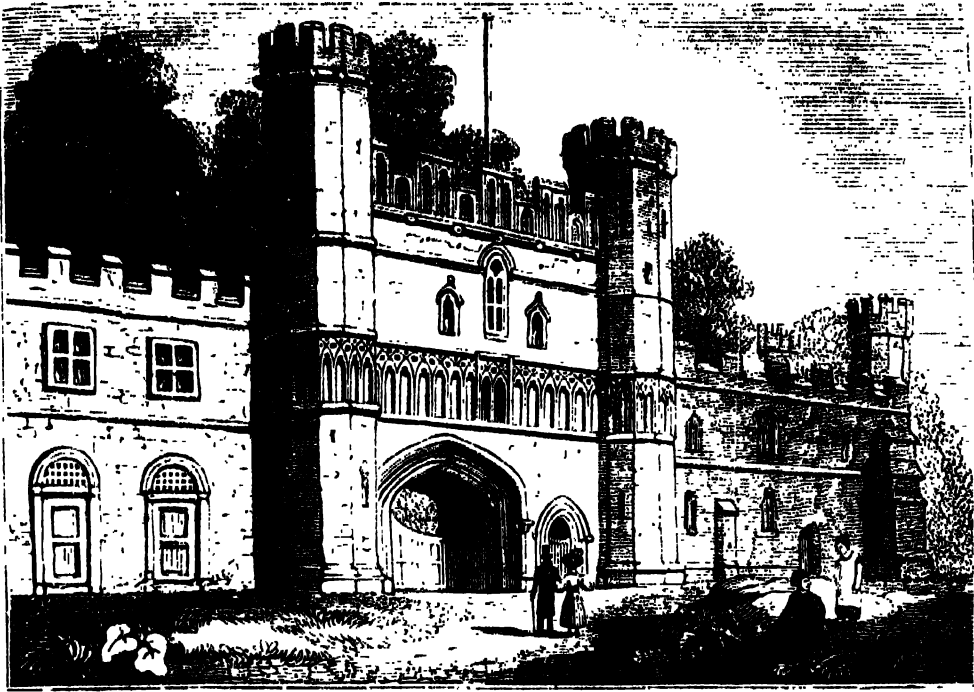
356.—Fourth Story of Conisborough Castle.



359.—Hastings, from the Fairlight Downs.



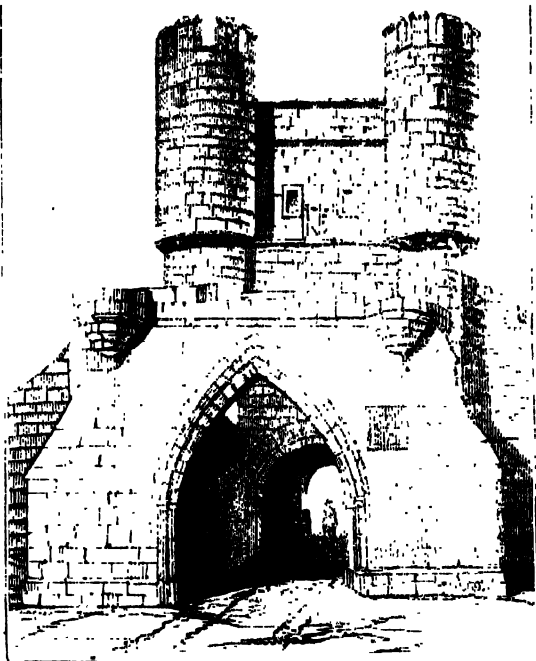
357.—Conisborough Castle.



358.—Battle Abbey Gateway.

Rex tunc in dno Sibeha. De firma regis. E. fact. Te se defil
 p. xvi. hid. Nichil geldausp. tunc e. xvi. cap. In dno sunt
 ii. cap. 7. xvi. auli 7. x. boril cu. av. cap. Un. gela. q. Will.
 tunc de rage ai dunt' bida melensina. In v. seru. 7. mo
 lon de av. sel 7. xvi. de pa. Salua. xl. por. expla e
 in p. pco regis.
 T. R. E. 7. post. uall. au. lib. Modo. xvi. lib. Tam qua ten
 p. lib. xvi. ad pensu. Vrecom. h. xvi. q. solut

357.—Specimen of Domesday Book.



362.—Walmgate Barbican, York.



359.—Richmond, Yorkshire.



360.—Richmond Castle, from the River Swale.



361.—The Keep of Richmond Castle.

the centre. The Normans are on horseback, with their long shields and their pennoned lances. It is not for us to describe the terrible conflict. "The English," says William of Malmesbury, "rendered all they owed to their country." Harold and his two brothers fell at the foot of their standard which they had planted on the little hill of Senlac, and on this spot, whose name was subsequently changed to *Bataille*, was built Battle Abbey (Fig. 351). It was not the pride of the Conqueror alone that raised up this once magnificent monument. The stern man, the hot and passionate man, the man who took what he could get by right and unright, "was mild to good men who loved God." And so he built Battle Abbey.

Robert of Gloucester has thus described, in his quaint verse, the foundation of Battle Abbey:—

"King William bithought him alsoo of that
Folke that was forlorne,
And slayn also thorurg him
In the bataille biforne.
And ther as the bataille was,
An Abbey he lete reu
Of Soint Martin, for the soules
That there slayn were.
And the monks wel ynung
Fessed without fayle,
That is called in Englonde
Abbey of Bataille."

Brown Willis tells us that in the fine old parish-church of Battle was formerly hung up a table containing certain verses, of which the following remained:—

"This place of war is Battle called, because in battle here
Quite conquered and overthrown the English nation were.
This slaughter happened to them upon St. Ceoliet's day,*
The year whereof. . . . this number doth array."

The politic Conqueror did wisely thus to change the associations, if it were possible, which belonged to this fatal spot. He could not obliterate the remembrance of the "day of bitterness," the "day of death," the "day stained with the blood of the brave" (Matthew of Westminster). Even the red soil of Senlac was held, with patriotic superstition, to exude real and fresh blood after a small shower, "as if intended for a testimony that the voice of so much Christian blood here shed does still cry from the earth to the Lord" (Gulielmus Neubrigensis). This Abbey of Bataille is unquestionably a place to be trod with reverent contemplation by every Englishman who has heard of the great event that here took place, and has traced its greater consequences. He is of the mixed blood of the conquerors and the conquered. It has been written of him and his compatriots—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by."

His national character is founded upon the union of the Saxon determination and the Norman energy. As he treads the red soil of Senlac, if his reformed faith had not taught him otherwise, he would breathe a petition for all the souls, Saxon and Norman, "that there slain were." The Frenchman, whose imagination has been stirred by Thierry's picturesque and philosophical history of the Norman Conquest, will tread this ground with no national prejudices; for the roll of Battle Abbey will show him that those inscribed as the followers of the Conqueror had Saxon as well as Norman names, and that some of the most illustrious of the names have long been the common property of England and of France. But the intelligent curiosity of the visitor to the little town of Battle will be somewhat checked, when he finds that the gates of the Abbey are rigidly closed against him except for a few hours of one day in the week. "The Abbey and grounds can be only seen on Monday," truly says the Hastings Guide. Be it so. There is not much lost by the traveller who comes here on one of the other five days of the week. The sight of this place is a mortifying one. The remains of the fine cloisters have been turned into a dining-room, and, to use the words of the 'Guide-Book,' "Part of the site of the church is now a parterre which in summer exhibits a fine collection of Flora's greatest beauties." This was the very church whose high altar was described by the old writers to have stood on the spot where the body of Harold was found, covered with honourable wounds in the defence of his tattered standard. "Flora's greatest beauties!" "Few persons," adds the 'Guide-Book,' "have the pleasure of admission." We do not envy the few. If they can look upon this desecration of a spot so singularly venerable without a burning blush for some foregone barbarism, they must be made of different stuff from the brave who here fought to the death because they had a country which not only afforded them food and shelter, but the memory of great men and

* St. Ceolitus, October the 14th.

heroic deeds, which was to them an inheritance to be prized and defended.

The desecration of Battle Abbey of course began at the general pillage under Henry the Eighth. The Lord Cromwell's Commissioners write to him that they have "cast their book" for the despatch of the monks and household. They think that very small money can be made of the vestry, but they reckon the plunder of the church plate to amount to four hundred marks. Within three months after the surrender of the Abbey it was granted to Sir Anthony Browne; and he at once set about pulling down the church, the bell-tower, the sacristy, and the chapter-house. The spoiler became Viscount Montacute; and in this family Battle Abbey continued, till it was sold, in 1719, to Sir Thomas Webster. It has been held, and no doubt truly, that many of the great names that figure on the roll of Battle Abbey were those of very subordinate people in the army of the Conqueror; and it is possible that the descendants of some of those who roasted for the great Duke the newly-slaughtered sheep on the strand at Pevensey may now look with contempt upon a patent of nobility not older than the days of the Stuarts. But, with all this, it is somewhat remarkable that Battle Abbey, with its aristocratic associations, should have fallen into the hands of a lineal descendant of the master-cook to Queen Elizabeth. Sir Thomas was an enterprising bustling man, who was singularly lucky in South Sea Stock, and had the merit of encouraging the agricultural improvements of Jethro Tull. For the succeeding century of Sir Whistlers and Sir Godfreys, the work of demolition and change has regularly gone forward. The view (Fig. 351) exhibits Battle Abbey as it was about the time that it went out of the Montacute family. Brown Willis, who wrote a little after the same period, thus describes it in his day:—"Though this abbey be demolished, yet the magnificence of it appears by the ruins of the cloisters, &c., and by the largeness of the hall, kitchen, and gate-house, of which the last is entirely preserved. It is a noble pile, and in it are held sessions and other meetings, for this peculiar jurisdiction, which hath still great privileges belonging to it. What the hall was, when in its glory, may be guessed by its dimensions, its length above fifty of my paces; part of it is now used as a hay-barn; it was leaded, part of the lead yet remains, and the rest is tiled. As to the kitchen, it was so large as to contain five fire-places, and it was arched at top; but the extent of the whole abbey may be better measured by the compass of it, it being computed at no less than a mile about. In this church the Conqueror offered up his sword and royal robe, which he wore on the day of his coronation. The monks kept these till the suppression, and used to show them as great curiosities, and worthy the sight of their best friends, and all persons of distinction that happened to come thither: nor were they less careful about preserving a table of the Norman gentry which came into England with the Conqueror."

Horace Walpole has given us a notion of the condition of Battle Abbey, and the taste which presided over it, a century ago. He visited it in 1752, and thus writes to Mr. Bentley: "Battle Abbey stands at the end of the town, exactly as Warwick castle does of Warwick; but the house of Webster have taken due care that it should not resemble it in anything else. A vast building which they call the old refectory, but which I believe was the original church, is now barn, coach-house, &c. The situation is noble, above the level of abbeys: what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat side of a cloister, which is now the front of the mansion-house. A Miss of the family has clothed a fragment of a portico with cockle-shells!"

A general view of Battle Abbey in its present state may be best obtained by passing the old wall, and continuing on the Hastings road for about half a mile. A little valley will then have been crossed; and from the eminence on the south-east the modern building, with its feeble imitations of antiquity, and its few antiquarian realities, is offered pretty distinctly to the pedestrian's eye. What is perhaps better than such a view, he may, from this spot, survey this remarkable battle-field, and understand its general character. The rights of property cannot shut him out from this satisfaction. The ancient gateway to the abbey, which stands boldly up in the principal street in the town of Battle, is of much more recent architecture than the original abbey. Some hold it to be of the time of Edward the Third; but the editor of the last edition of 'Dugdale's Monasticon' considers it to be that of Henry the Sixth (Fig. 358).

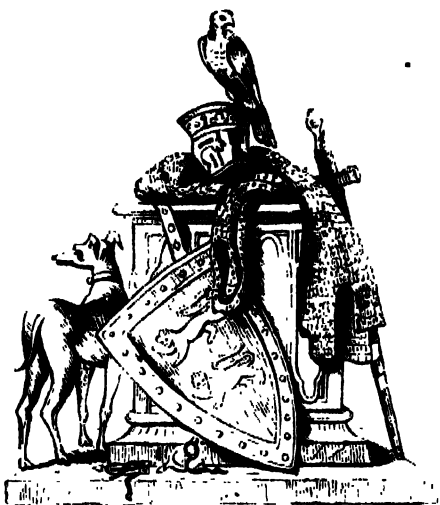
In the group (Fig. 340) we have given the seal of Battle Abbey, in the lower compartment on the right. The group also contains portraits of the Conqueror and of Harold, views of Pevensey and of Hastings, and a vignette of a Norman and Saxon soldier. The seal of Battle Abbey still remains in the Augmentation Office, attached to the deed of surrender in the time of Henry the Eighth.

The side which our engraving represents exhibits a church, having an ornamented gateway and tower, with four turrets. This, there can be little doubt, represents the church which Sir Anthony Browne destroyed, as churches were destroyed in those days, by stripping the roof of its lead, and converting the timber into building-material or fire-wood.* Time was left to do the rest in part; and as the columns and arches crumbled into ruin, the owners of the property mended their roads with the rich carvings, and turned the altar-tombs into paving-stones—until at last the prettiest of flower-gardens was laid out upon the sacred ground, and the rose and the pansy flourished in the earth which had been first enriched by the blood of the slaughtered Saxons, and grew richer and richer with the bones of buried monks, generation after generation. Truly this is a fitting place for “a fine collection of Flora’s greatest beauties.” We may be held to speak harshly of such matters; but, as this is the first time we have been called upon so to speak, it may be well that we say a few words as to the course we shall hold it our duty to pursue in all cases where the historical antiquities of our country, and especially where its ecclesiastical antiquities, are swept away upon the principle, just, no doubt, in the main, of doing what we will with our own. The right of private property has no other foundation whatever than the public good. If it could be demonstrated that the public good does not consist with the right of private property, the basis upon which it rests is irrevocably destroyed, and the superstructure falls. But it cannot be so demonstrated. The principle upon which the possessors of Battle Abbey, and a hundred other similar properties in this kingdom, retain their possessions, is a sure one, because it is the same principle that confirms to the humblest in the land the absolute control over the first guinea which he deposits in a Savings-Bank. It would be no greater atrocity, perhaps not so great a one, to reclaim for the Church in the nineteenth century the lands and lordships of the Abbey of Battle, than it was for Henry the Eighth to despoil the Abbey of Battle of those lands and lordships in the sixteenth century. The possessions were wrung from their legal proprietors under the pretext of a voluntary surrender, “with the gibbet at their door.” The same process might be repeated under some such pretext of public good. The Church might be again plundered; the possessions of the nobility might be again confiscated; but it would only end in property changing hands. York and Canterbury would have new grantees, and a new Battle Abbey would have a new Sir Anthony Browne. But, looking at all the circumstances under which domains and endowments which are national, at least in their historical memories, have been for the most part originally granted, and are in some instances still possessed, we maintain not only that it is contrary to the spirit of the age, and opposed to the public good, that a continual process of demolition and desecration should go forward, but we hold that, under all just restrictions, the people have a distinct right to cultivate the spirit of nationality, of taste for the beautiful, of reverence for what is old and sacred, by a liberal admission to every fabric which is distinctly associated, in what remains of it, with the history of their country, and the arts and manners of their forefathers. It was once contemplated to form an association to prevent the continual destruction of our architectural antiquities. The association has not been formed. But, formed or not, it is no less the duty of those who address the public upon such matters to direct opinion into a right direction; and thus to control those who, in the pride of possession, disregard opinion. It is the continued assertion of this opinion which has at length thrown open the doors of our cathedrals, not so widely as they ought to be opened, but still wide enough to admit those who can pay a little for the sight of noble and inspiring objects, which ought to be as patent as the blue sky and green trees. It is the assertion of this opinion which has stopped, in some degree, the new white-washing of the fine carved-work of our churches, and the blocking up of their windows and their arches by cumbrous monuments, of the pride of the wealthy. But there is yet much to be done. The squire of the parish must have his high pew lowered; and the vicar must learn to dispense with the dignity of his churchwarden’s seat blocking up the arch of his chancel. The funds of all cathedrals must in some measure be applied, as they are now in many cases, to the proper restoration of the beauty and grandeur of their tombs and chantries; and not to the destruction of all harmony and proportion, under the guidance of rash ignorance, as formerly at Salisbury. Sacred places which have been made hiding-holes for rubbish, like the Crypt at Canterbury, must be opened to the light. The guardians of our ecclesiastical edifices must, above all, be taught that the house of God was meant to be a house of beauty:

* Horace Walpole was clearly in error in taking the hall, or refectory, for the church.

and that their vile applications of mere utility, their tasteless stalls, their white paint, and their yellow plaster, for the purposes of hiding the glowing colours and the rich imagery of those who knew better than they what belonged to the devotional feeling, will no longer be endured as the badges of a pure and reformed religion; for that religion is not the cold and unimaginative thing which the puritanism of two centuries has endeavoured to degrade it into. We shall do our best not only to direct public attention to the antiquities of our country, and incidentally to the history of our country in a large sense, but we shall take care, as far as in us lies—disclaiming the slightest intention of giving offence to individuals—to contend for a liberal throwing open of those antiquities to the well conducted of the community, whatever be their social position; and to remonstrate against all wanton and ignorant destruction of those remains which wise governments and just individuals ought to have upheld, but which to our shame have in many cases been as recklessly destroyed as if the annals of our country had perished, and we of Old England were a young democracy, rejoicing in our contempt for those feelings which belong as much to the honour and wisdom as to the poetry of civilized life.

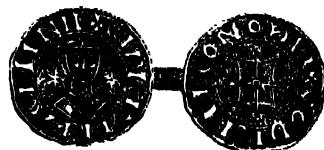
There is an opinion, which probably may have been too hastily taken up, that previous to the invasion of William of Normandy there were few or no castles or towers of defence in England; and that to this circumstance may be attributed the eventual success which followed his daring inroad. This opinion has had the support of many eminent antiquaries, amongst others of Sir William Dugdale. It is scarcely necessary for us to discuss this point; and therefore, when we come presently to speak of Conisborough Castle, we shall touch very slightly upon the belief of some that it was a Saxon work. That the Conqueror erected castles and impelled his barons to their erection in every part of the kingdom, there can be no doubt. His energy was so great in this mode of defence and protection, that an old Latin chronicler says that he wearied all England with their erection. The general plan of a Norman castle is exhibited in Fig. 346. The keep or dungeon (the tall central building) is numbered 1; the chapel 2; the stable 3; the inner bailey 4; the outer bailey 5; the barbican 6; the mount for the execution of justice 7; the soldiers’ lodgings 8. The following clear and accurate description, by an eminent architect, in the ‘Pictorial History of England,’ will assist the reader’s notion of a Norman castle as conveyed by this ancient plan:—“The Anglo-Norman castle occupied a considerable space of ground, sometimes several acres, and usually consisted of three principal divisions—the outer or lower Ballium (Anglicè, Bailey) or court, the inner or upper court, and the keep. The outer circumference of the whole was defended by a lofty and solid perpendicular wall strengthened at intervals by towers, and surrounded by a ditch or moat. Flights of steps led to the top of this rampart, which was protected by a parapet, embattled and pierced in different directions by loop-holes or chinks, and cilllets, through which missiles might be discharged without exposing the men. The ramparts of Rockingham Castle, according to Leland, were embattled on both sides, ‘so that if the area were won, the castle-keepers might defend the walls.’ The entrance through the outer wall into the lower court was defended by the barbican, which in some cases was a regular outwork, covering the approach to the bridge across the ditch; but the few barbicans which remain consist only of a gateway in advance of the main gate, with which it was connected by a narrow open passage commanded by the ramparts on both sides. Such a work remained until lately attached to several of the gates of York, and still remains, though of a later date, at Warwick Castle [Fig. 362 exhibits the construction of a barbican in that of Walmgate Bar, York]. The entrance archway, besides the massive gates, was crossed by the portcullis, which could be instantaneously dropped upon any emergency, and the crown of the arch was pierced with holes, through which melted lead and pitch, and heavy missiles, could be cast upon the assailants below. A second rampart, similar to the first, separated the lower from the upper court, in which were placed the habitable buildings, including the keep, the relative position of which varied with the nature of the site. It was generally elevated upon a high artificial mound, and sometimes enclosed by outworks of its own. The keep bore the same relation to the rest of the castle that the citadel bears to a fortified town. It was the last retreat of the garrison, and contained the apartments of the baron or commandant. In form the Anglo-Norman keeps are varied, and not always regular; but in those of the larger size rectangular plans are the most common, and of the smaller class many are circular. The solidity of their construction is so great, that we find them retaining at least their outward form in the midst of the



366.—Vignette from the Poem of the Red King.



361.—Great Seal of William Rufus.



365.—Silver Penny of William II. (Brit. Mus.)



370.—Stone in New Forest, marking the site of the Oak-tree against which the Arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel is said to have glanced.



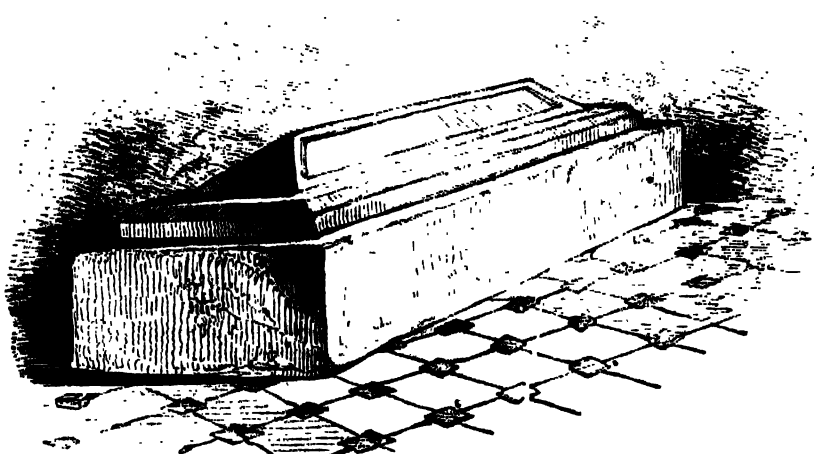
369. Yew-tree in Hayes Churchyard.



367.—Hunting Stag. (Royal MS. 2 B. vii.)



368.—Royal Party hunting Rabbits. (Royal MS. 2 B. vii.)



371.—Tomb of Rufus.



372.—Winchester.



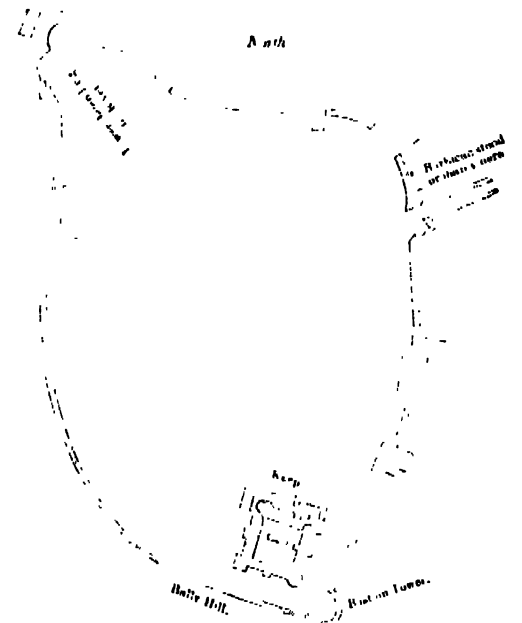
374.—Entrance of Rochester Castle.



375.—Rochester Castle: the Keep, with its Entrance Tower



373.—Interior of the Remains of the Upper Story of Rochester Castle.



376.—Rochester Castle—Plan



377.—The Tower, from the Thames.

most dilapidated ruin. Time and violence appear to have assailed them in vain, and even the love of change has respected them through successive generations."

Conisborough Castle, which is pronounced by Mr. King to be of the earliest Saxon times "before the conversion of that people to Christianity," is held by later antiquaries in its extent and arrangement to be a fair representation of the Norman keeps of the smaller class. It is situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the wapentake of Staithes, and, standing on a steep knoll, commands a splendid view of the winding course of the river Don. It was formerly entered by a drawbridge over a deep fosse. Leland speaks of "the castle standing on a rocket of stone, and ditched. The walls of it have been strong and full of towers." By the walls the old topographer means those which surround the keep, which Pennant in his time described as "seemingly circular, and having the remains of four small rounders." The keep, of which a good part is still entire, is a most remarkable building. It was originally four stories high, and is of a circular form, being about twenty-two feet diameter inside. The walls are fifteen feet thick, and they are flanked by six projecting turrets, or square buttresses, running from the top to the bottom, and expanding at the base. The external appearance of the keep does not at first give the impression of its really circular form (Fig. 357). The ground floor or base is described by Pennant as a noisome dungeon of vast depth, at the bottom of which is a draw-well. Fig. 354 exhibits the form of the second story: the steps are numbered 1, the entrance 2, the stairs to the third story 3, the opening to the vaulted story or dungeon below 4. Fig. 355 shows the third story; the stairs from the second floor are numbered 5, the window 6, a closet which shows that our forefathers possessed conveniences which have been thought a modern invention 8, stairs to the fourth story 9; the chimney is numbered 7, and in this and the floor above it is remarkable that the construction of a chimney was not only perfectly well known, but that the form of the opening projecting over the hearth exhibited a degree of elegance which might recommend itself to the tasteless fire-place builders of eight centuries later (Fig. 353). The fourth story is indicated in Fig. 356; a small but well-decorated hexagon room, undoubtedly used as a chapel, formed out of the thickness of the wall and the turret, is numbered 10, the stairs from the third floor 11, the window 12, the chimney 13, the stairs to the platform 14. From this platform there are entrances to six small rooms formed in the six turrets which rise above the parapet. Such were the conveniences of one of the smaller keeps, possessing only a store-room or dungeon, a sort of hall of entrance, two living-rooms, and a chapel, with six pigeon-holes where the retainers slept or cooked their food. Of the larger keeps we shall have particularly to speak when we come to notice the more complete establishment of the feudal system under the immediate successors of the Conqueror. At present we shall content ourselves with a brief description of the Castle of Richmond in Yorkshire, the grant of whose site to its first possessor is distinctly associated with William the Conqueror.

The charter by which the king bestowed the lands of the brave and unfortunate Saxon Earl Edwin upon one of his own followers is thus given by Camden:—"I William, surnamed Bastard, King of England, do give and grant to thee, my nephew, Alan Earl Bretagne, and to thy heirs for ever, all the villages and lands which of late belonged to Earl Edwin, in Yorkshire, with the knight's fees and other liberties and customs, as freely and honourably as the same Edwin held them. Dated from our siege before York." Here then, on this noble hill, nearly encompassed by the river Swale, amidst a landscape of wild beauty, almost of stern grandeur, stands this Castle of Riche-mount, and some of the streets in the little town at its feet have still their Norman names. Alan of Bretagne quickly set to work to defend the broad lands which his kinsman had bestowed upon him, by gathering round him a powerful band safe from attack on this fortified hill. The castle has been a ruin for three centuries. Even in Leland's time it was a "mere ruin." But yet the great keep, whose walls are ninety-nine feet in height, and eleven in thickness, still defies the wind and the frost, as it once set at nought the battering-ram and the scaling-ladder (Fig. 361). Turrets rise above these walls from the four corners. The keep consisted originally of three stories. The roofs of the two upper stories have now fallen in. There are the ruins of two smaller towers to the south-east and south-west angles of the walls (Fig. 360). The view on the town side is given in Fig. 359.

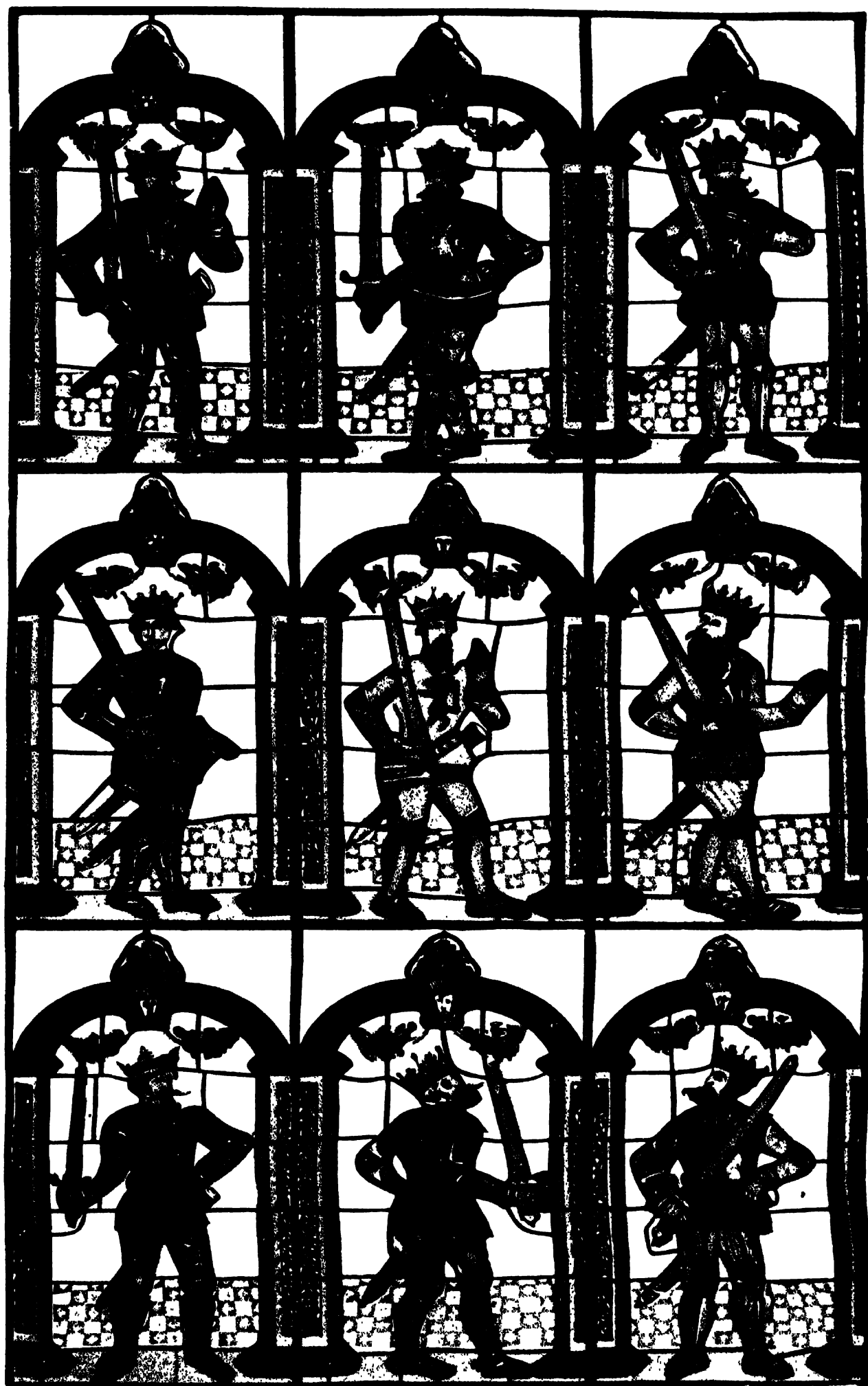
The grant of lands by the Conqueror to Alan the Breton is represented in a very curious illumination in the register of the Honour of Richmond (Fig. 352). The prolonged resistance made to the power of the Norman invaders in the north brought pillage

and slaughter upon the inhabitants of the towns, and confiscation of their lands upon the native chiefs. Villages and manors were given away by acres in every district, to some fortunate follower of the stranger king. It is in Domesday Book, the most extraordinary record of the feudal times, that we can trace the course of the spoliation of the original proprietors of the soil, and the waste and depopulation that had preceded any condition approaching to a tranquil settlement of the country. This book, of which a specimen is given in Fig. 363, is unquestionably the most remarkable monument of the Norman Conquest. No other country possesses so complete a record of the state of society nearly eight centuries ago, as this presents in its registration of the lands of England. By special permission it may be seen in the Chapter-house at Westminster. It was formerly kept in the Exchequer under three different locks and keys. The book familiarly so called really consists of two volumes—one a large folio, the other a quarto, the material of each being vellum. The date of the survey, as indicated in one of these volumes, is 1086. Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham were not included as counties in the survey, though parts of Westmoreland and Cumberland are taken. There never was a record which more strikingly exhibited the consequences of invasion and forcible seizure of property. The value of all the estates was to be triply estimated; as that value stood in the time of Edward the Confessor, at the time of its bestowal by the king, and at the formation of the survey. It was found that twenty years after the Conquest the rental of the kingdom was one-fourth less than in the time of the Confessor; and the return was made upon oath. The Saxon chronicler looks upon the Domesday Book as one of the many evidences of the Conqueror's grasping disposition; for he tells us that not a hide or yard of land, not an ox, cow, or hog, was omitted in the census. Later historians have cried up the survey as a monument of the Conqueror's genius for administration. Thierry holds it only to be the result of his special position as chief of the conquering army. This sensible historian has shown, in his notice of Domesday Book, how complete was the spoliation of the Saxon proprietors within twenty years—so complete that the Norman robbers actually record their quarrels with each other for what they call their *inheritance*. Describing the document generally, he says, "The king's name was placed at the head, with a list of his domains and revenues in the county; then followed the names of the chief and inferior proprietors, in the order of their military ranks and their territorial wealth. The Saxons who, by special favour, had been spared in the great spoliation, were found only in the lowest schedule: for the small number of that race who still continued to be free proprietors, or tenants-in-chief of the king, as the conquerors expressed it, were such only for slender domains. They were inscribed at the end of each chapter under the names of thanes of the king, or by some other designation of domestic service in the royal household. The rest of the names of an Anglo-Saxon form, that are scattered here and there through the roll, belong to farmers, holding by a precarious title a few fractions, larger or smaller, of the domains of the Norman earls, barons, knights, sergeants, and bowmen."

The Saxon annalist quaintly writes of the first William, "so much he loved the high deer as if he had been their father; he made laws that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him man should blind." The depopulation and misery occasioned by the formation of the New Forest have been perhaps somewhat over-stated. A forest undoubtedly existed in this district in the Saxon times. The Conqueror enlarged its circuit and gave it a fresh name. But even William of Jumièges, chaplain to the Conqueror, admits the devastation, in his notice of the deaths of William Rufus and his brother Richard in this Forest:—"There were many who held that the two sons of William the king perished by the judgment of God in these woods, since for the extension of the forest he had destroyed many towns and churches within its circuit." It is this circumstantial statement and popular belief which inspired Mr. William Stewart Rose's spirited little poem of the Red King:—

"Now fast beside the pathway stood
A ruin'd village, shagg'd with wood,
A melancholy place;
The ruthless Conqueror cast down
(Wo worth the deed) that little town
To lengthen out his chase.

"Amongst the fragments of the church,
A raven there had found a perch,—
She flicker'd with her wing;
She stir'd not, she, for voice or shout,
She mov'd not for that revel-rot,
But croak'd upon the king."



PAINTED WINDOW.

TWO SAXON EARLS OF MERCA, AND SEVEN NORMAN EARLS OF CHESTER

But Mr. Rose does not rest the machinery of his belated upon tradition alone, or the assertions of prejudiced chroniclers. Adverting to the distasteful of Voltaire in the early history of the New Forest, he points out, in his notes to the poem, what Voltaire did not know, and what Voltaire's own countrymen knew, the fact that many thousand acres were afforested after the time of Edward the Confessor. The testimony which Mr. Rose himself supplied from his local knowledge is accordingly correct. "The idea that no vestiges of ancient buildings yet exist in the New Forest, is utterly unfounded, though the fact is certainly little known, and almost confined to the small circle of keepers and ancient inhabitants. In many spots, though no ruins are visible above ground, either the foundations of structures is to be traced, by the elevation of the earth, or fragments of building-materials have been discovered on turning up the surface. The names also of those places would almost, if other evidence were wanting, substantiate the general fact, and even the nature of each individual edifice. . . . The total residue of buildings, and the scanty remains of materials under the surface, appear at first a singular circumstance. But it is to be observed, that the mansions, and even the churches of the Anglo-Saxons, were built of the slightest materials, frequently of wood; and that of all countries a forest is the least favourable to the preservation of ruins. As they are the property of the crown, neither the pride nor interest of individuals is concerned in their preservation. . . . This absence of remains of ruins above the surface need not, therefore, lead us to despair of further discoveries, and these are, perhaps, yet designated by the names of places. May we not consider the termination of *ham* and *ton*, yet annexed to some woodlands, as evidence of the former existence of hamlets and towns?" The historical truth, as it appears to us, may be collected from these interesting notices of Mr. Rose's local researches. The remains of buildings are few, and scattered over a considerable district. The names which still exist afford the best indication that the abodes of men were formerly more numerous. The truth lies between the scepticism of Voltaire as to any depopulation having taken place, and the poetical exaggeration of Pope, in his 'Windsoor Forest':—

"The fields are ravished from industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;
The levelled towns with woods lie covered o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar."

The fact is, that from the very nature of the soil no large population could have been here supported in days of imperfect agriculture. The lower lands are for the most part marshy; the higher ridges are sterile sand. Gilpin has sensibly pointed this out in his book on 'Forest Scenery':—"How could William have spread such depopulation in a country which, from the nature of it, must have been from the first very thinly inhabited? The ancient Ytene was undoubtedly a woody tract long before the times of William. Voltaire's idea, therefore, of planting a forest is absurd, and is founded on a total ignorance of the country. He took his ideas merely from a French forest, which is artificially planted, and laid out in vistas and alleys. It is probable that William rather opened his chaces by cutting down wood, than that he had occasion to plant more. Besides, though the internal strata of the soil of New Forest are admirably adapted to produce timber, yet the surface of it is in general poor, and could never have admitted, even if the times had allowed, any high degree of cultivation." But, whatever view we take of this historical question, the scenery of the New Forest is indissolubly associated with the memory of the two first Norman hunter-kings. There is probably no place in England which in its general aspect appears for centuries to have undergone so little change. The very people are unchanged. After walking in a summer afternoon for several miles amongst thick glades, guided only by the course of the declining sun,

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,"

we came, in the low ground between Beaulieu and Denny Lodge, upon two peasants gathering a miserable crop of rowan. To our questions as to the proper path, they gave a grin, which expressed as much cunning as idiocy, and pointed to a course which led us directly to the edge of a bog. They were low of stature, and coarse in feature. The collar of the Saxon slave was not upon their necks, but they were the descendants of the slave, through a long line who had been here toiling in hopeless ignorance for seven centuries. Their mental chains have never been loosened. A mile or two farther we encountered a tall and erect man, in a peculiar costume, half peasant, half huntsman. He had the frank manners

of one of nature's gentlemen, and insisted upon going with us a part of the way which we sought to Lyndhurst. His family, too, had been settled here, time out of mind. He was the descendant of the Norman huntsman, who had been trusted and encouraged, whilst the Saxon churl was feared and oppressed. There is a lesson still to be taught by the condition of the two races in the primitive wilds of the New Forest.

But we are digressing from our proper theme. In these thick coverts we find not many trees, and especially oaks, of that enormous size which indicates the growth of centuries. The forest has been neglected. Trees of every variety, with underwood in proportion, have oppressed each the other's luxuriance. Now and then a vigorous tree has shot up above its neighbours; but the general aspect is that of continuous wood, of very slow and stunted growth, with occasional ranges of low wet land almost wholly devoid of wood. There are many spots, undoubtedly of what we call picturesque beauty; but the primitive solitariness of the place is its great charm. We are speaking, of course, of those parts which must be visited by a pedestrian; for the high roads necessarily lead through the most cultivated lands, passing through a few villages which have nothing of the air of belonging to so wild and primitive a region. Lyndhurst, the prettiest of towns, is the capital of the Forest. Here its courts, with their peculiar jurisdiction, are held in a hall of no great antiquity; but in that hall hangs the stirrup which tradition, from time immemorial, asserts was attached to the saddle from which William Rufus fell, when struck by the glancing arrow of Walter Tyrrell. There is a circumstance even more remarkably associated with tradition, to be found in the little village of Minstead. It is recorded that the man who picked up the body of the Red King was named Purkess; that he was a charcoal-burner; and that he conveyed the body to Winchester in the cart which he employed in his trade. Over the door of a little shop in that village we saw the name of Purkess in 1843—a veritable relic of the old times. Mr. Rose has recorded the fact in prose and verse, of the charcoal-burner's descendants still living in this spot, and still possessing one horse and cart, and no more:—

"A minstead churl, whose wonted trade
Was burning charcoal in the glade,
Outstretch'd amid the grove
The monarch found; and in his wain
He raised, and to St. Swithin's fane
Convey'd the bleeding corse.

And still, so runs our forest creed,
Flourish the pious woodman's seed
Even in the solfame spot:
One horse and cart their little store,
Like their forefather's, neither more
Nor less the children's lot.

And still, in merry Lyndhurst hall,
Red William's stirrup decks the wall:
Who lists, the sight may see;
And a fair stone, in green Malwood,
Informs the traveller where stood
The memorable tree."

The "fair stone," which was erected by Lord Delaware in 1745, is now put into an iron case, of supreme ugliness; and we are informed as follows:—"This stone having been much mutilated, and the inscriptions on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscriptions, was erected in the year 1841, by William Sturges Bourne, Warden." Another century will see whether this boast of durability will be of any account. In the time of Leland, there was a chapel built upon the spot. It would be a wise act of the Crown, to whom this land belongs, to found a school here—a better way of continuing a record than Lord Delaware's stone, or Mr. Sturges Bourne's iron. The history of their country, its constitution, its privileges—the duties and the rights of Englishmen—things which are not taught to the children of our labouring millions—might worthily commence to be taught on the spot where the Norman tyrant fell, leaving successors who one by one came to acknowledge that the people were something not to be despised or neglected. The following is the inscription on the original stone, which is represented at Fig. 370:—

"Here stood the oak-tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell, at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, on the breast; of which stroke he instantly died, on the second of August, 1100.
"King William II., surnamed Rufus, being slain, as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and driven from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.
"That the spot where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745."



379. Carlisle Castle.



380.—Carlisle.



381.—St. Mary's Chapel, Hastings, and Ruins of Castle on the Cliff.



382.—Hastings, with the Castle in its present state.



385.—Matilda, Queen of Henry I. From a Statue in the West doorway of Rochester Cathedral.



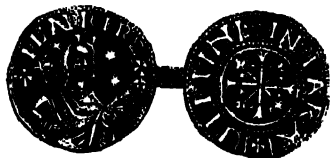
384.—Great Seal of Henry I.



386.—Masked Armour.—seal of Matilda Fitz-Walter, Constable of England under Henry I.



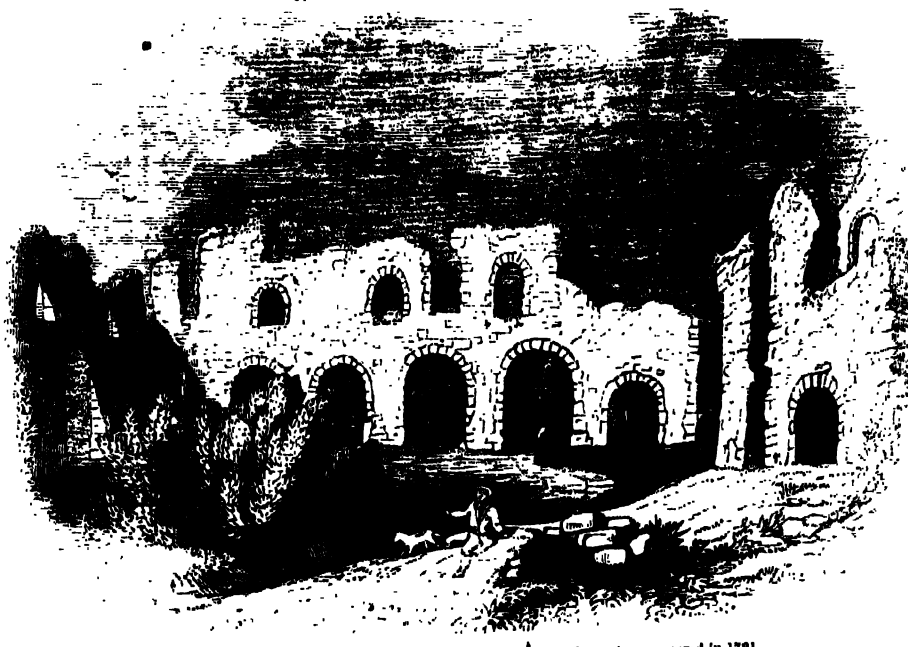
390.—Cardiff Castle, as it appeared in 1775



387.—Silver Penny of Henry I. From Specimen in Brit. Mus.



388.—Monk Bar, York.



389.—Ruins of Reading Abbey, the Burial-place of Henry I. They appeared in 1781.

In the Cathedral Church of Winchester, which Dr. Milner terms the "ancient mausoleum of royalty" (Fig. 372), is the tomb of William Rufus. "It consists of English grey marble, being of form that is *dos d'âne*; and is raised about two feet above the ground" (Fig. 371). The tomb of the Red King was violated during the parliamentary war in the time of Charles I., and there was found within it "the dust of the king, some pieces of cloth embroidered with gold, a large gold ring, and a small silver chalice." The bones had been enshrined in the time of King Stephen. What remained of these earthy fragments in the sixteenth century had become mixed with the bones of Canute and his queen, and of bishops of good and evil repute. Bishop Fox caused them all to be deposited in one of the mouldering chests which in this Cathedral attract the gaze of the stranger, and carry him, if he be of a contemplative turn, into some such speculations as those of Hamlet, when he traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a bunn-hole.

There are few prospects in England more remarkable, and, in a certain degree, more magnificent, than that which is presented on the approach to Rochester from the road to London. The highest point on the road from Milton is Gadshill, of "men-in-buckram" notoriety. Here the road begins gradually to descend to the valley of the Medway; sometimes, indeed, rising again over little eminences, which in the hop season are more beautifully clothed than are "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," but still descending, and sometimes precipitously, to a valley whose depth we cannot see, but which we perceive from the opposite hills has a range of several miles. At a turn of the road we catch a glimpse of the narrow Medway on the south; then to the north we see a broader stream where large dark masses, "our wooden walls," seem to sleep on the sparkling water. At last a town presents itself right before us to the east, with a paltry tower which they tell us is that of the Cathedral. Close by that tower rises up a gigantic square building, whose enormous proportions proclaim that it is no modern architectural toy. This is the great keep of ROCHESTER CASTLE, called Gundulph's Tower (Fig. 375), and there it has stood for eight centuries, defying siege after siege, resisting even what is more difficult to resist than fire or storm, the cupidity of modern possessors. Rochester Castle is, like the hills around it, indestructible by man in the regular course of his operations. It might be blown up, as the chalk hill at Folkestone was recently shaken to its base; but when the ordinary workman has assailed it with his shovel and mattock, his iron breaks upon the flinty concrete; there is nothing more to be got out of it by avarice—so e'en let it endure. And worthy is this old tower to endure. A man may sit alone in the gallery which runs round the tower, and, looking either within the walls or without the walls, have profitable meditations. He need not go back to the days of Julius Cæsar for the origin of this castle, as some have written, nor even to those of Egbert, King of Kent, who "gave certain lands within the walls of Rochester Castle to Eardulf, then Bishop of that see." It is sufficient to believe with old Lambarde, "that Odo (the bastard brother to King William the Conqueror), which was at the first Bishop of Bayeux in Normandy, and then afterward advanced to the office of the Chief Justice of England, and to the honour of the Earldom of Kent, was either the first author or the best benefactor to that which now standeth in sight." Odo rebelled against William II., and was driven from his stronghold and from the realm. The history of the Castle from his time becomes more distinct:—"After this the Castle was much amended by Gundulphus, the Bishop: who (in consideration of a manor given to his see by King William Rufus) bestowed threescore pounds in building that great tower which yet standeth. And from that time this Castle continued (as I judge) in the possession of the Prince, until King Henry the First, by the advice of his barons, granted to William, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his successors, the custody and office of Constable over the same, with free liberty to build a tower for himself, in any part thereof, at his pleasure. By means of which cost done upon it at that time, the castle at Rochester was much in the eye of such as were the authors of troubles following within the realm, so that from time to time it had a part (almost) in every tragedy." Lambarde, who writes this, tells us truly that in the time of the Conqueror "many castles were raised to keep the people in awe." Such kingly strongholds of oppression were like the "pleasant vices" of common men; they became "instruments to scourge" their makers. Thus, Odo held Rochester Castle against Rufus. The barons successfully maintained it against John. Simon de Montfort carried his victorious arms against its walls, which were defended by the Constable of Henry III. These were some of the tragedies in which Rochester

Castle had a part. But the remains of this building show that its occupiers were not wholly engrossed by feuds and by fighting. The splendid columns, the sculptured arches, of its chief apartments proclaim that it was the abode of rude magnificence; and that high festivals, with luxurious feasting, might be well celebrated within these massive walls (Fig. 373.) This tower, each side of which at the base is seventy feet long, whilst its height is one hundred and twelve feet, has attached to its east angle a smaller tower (probably for domestics), between seventy and eighty feet in height. A partition wall runs up the middle of the larger tower; and the height was divided into four stories. The joists and flooring boards have been torn from the walls, but we see the holes where the timbers were inserted, and spacious fire-places still remain. Every floor was served with water by a well, which was carried up through the central partition. This division of the central tower allowed magnificent dimensions to the rooms, which were forty-six feet in length by twenty one in breadth. The height of those in the third story is thirty-two feet; and here are those splendid columns, with their ornamented arches, which show us that the builders of these gloomy fortresses had notions of princely magnificence, and a feeling for the beauty of art, which might have done something towards softening the fierceness of their warrior lives, and have taught them to wear their weeds of peace with dignity and grace. Thomas Warton has described, in the true spirit of romantic poetry, such a scene as might often have lighted up the dark walls of Rochester Castle:—

"Stately the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sat,
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illuming the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flamed aloof.
From massy cups with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red methueglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty window'd hall
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of haps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright."

Fenced round with barbican and bastion on the land side, and girded with high walls towards the river (Fig. 376), the legal and baronial occupiers of Rochester Castle sat in safety, whether dispensing their rude justice to trembling serfs, or quaffing the red wine amidst their knightly retainers. Even Simon de Montfort, a man of wondrous energy, could make little impression upon these strong walls. But the invention of gunpowder changed the course of human affairs. The monk who compounded sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, in their just proportions, made Rochester Castle what it is now. The last repairs which it received were in the reign of Edward VI.; and in that of James I. it was granted by the Crown to Sir Anthony Welldone. His descendant Walker Welldone, Esq., was but an instrument in the hands of mutability to work faster than time. He, good man, "sold the timbers of it to one Gimmit, and the stone stairs, and other squared and wrought stone of the windows and arches, to different masons in London; he would likewise have sold the whole materials of the Castle to a paviour, but on an essay made on the east side, near the postern leading to Bully Hill, the effects of which are seen in a large chasm, the mortar was found so hard, that the expense of separating the stones amounted to more than their value, by which this noble pile escaped a total demolition." (Grose.) The property finally passed into the hands of Mr. Child, the celebrated banker: and it now belongs to the Earl of Jersey, who married the heiress of that house.

The stone bridge at Rochester, over which we still cross the Medway, is a very ancient structure, as old as the time of Edward III. A great captain of that age, Sir Robert Knolles, who, "meaning some way to make himself as well beloved of his countrymen at home as he had been every way dreaded and feared of strangers abroad, by great policy mastered the river of Medway, and of his own charge made over it the goodly work which now standeth." This is Lambarde's account of the matter. But the old Kentish topographer has raked up two ancient documents which show us how great public works were constructed in times when men had first begun to see the necessity of co-operating for public good. The older wooden bridge, which Simon de Montfort fired, and which was wholly destroyed twenty years after by masses of ice floating down the rapid river, was built and maintained at the cost of "divers persons, parcels of lands, and townships, who were of duty bound to



ROCHESTER CASTLE—INTERIOR.

bring stuff and bestow both cost and labour in laying it." One of the documents which Lambard prints is the 'Textus de Ecclesia Roffensi,' which was written in Anglo-Saxon and Latin. It is worth extracting an entry or two, to show how this curious division of labour worked in ancient times. Such a mode of repairing a bridge may provoke a smile; but up to this hour do we retain the same principle of repairing our roads, in the ridiculous statute labour of parishes and individuals. "This is the bridge work at Rochester. Here be named the lands for the which men shall work. First the bishop of the city taketh on that end to work the land pier, and three yards to plank, and three plates to lay, that is from Borstall, and from Cuckstane, and from Frensbury and Stoke. Then the second pier belongeth to Gillingham and to Chetham, and one yard to plank and three plates to lay." And so runs on the record; meting out their work to bishop and archbishop and king, with the aid of lands and townships. These progenitors of ours were not altogether so ignorant of the great principles of political economy as we may have learnt to believe. They knew that common conveniences were to be paid for at the common cost; and that the bridge which brought the men of Rochester and the men of Strood into intimate connexion was for the benefit not of them alone, but of the authorities which represented the State and the Church and the population of the whole district; and therefore the State and the Church and the neighbouring men of Kent, were called upon to maintain the bridge. In these our improved times the burden of public works is sometimes put upon the wrong shoulders.

Gundulphus the bishop, the builder or the restorer, we know not which, of the great keep at Rochester, was the architect of the most remarkable building of the Tower of London. Stow tells us, "I find in a fair register-book of the acts of the Bishops of Rochester, set down by Edmund of Hadenham, that William I., surnamed the Conqueror, builded the Tower of London, to wit, the great white and square tower there, about the year of Christ 1078, appointing Gundulph, then bishop of Rochester, to be principal surveyor and overseer of that work, who was for that time lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London." Speaking of this passage of Stow, the editor of 'London' says, "We see the busy bishop (it was he who built the great keep at Rochester) coming daily from his lodgings at the honest burgess's to erect something stronger and mightier than the fortresses of the Saxons. What he found in ruins, and what he made ruinous, who can tell? There might have been walls and bulwarks thrown down by the ebbing and flowing of the tide. There might have been, dilapidated or entire, some citadel more ancient than the defences of the people the Normans conquered, belonging to the age when the great lords of the world left everywhere some marks upon the earth's surface of their pride and their power. That Gundulph did not create this fortress is tolerably clear. What he built, and what he destroyed, must still, to a certain extent, be a matter of conjecture." And this is precisely the case with the great tower at Rochester. The keep at Rochester and the White Tower at London have a remarkable resemblance in their external appearances (Fig. 377). But we have no absolute certainty that either was the work of the skilful Bishop, who, with that practical mastery of science and art which so honourably distinguished many of the ecclesiastics of his age, was set by his sovereign at both places to some great business of construction or repair. We must be content to leave the matter in the keeping of those who can pronounce authoritatively where records and traditions fail, taking honest Lambard for our guide, who says, "Seeing that by the injury of the ages between the monuments of the first beginning of this place, and of innumerable such, others be not come to our hands, I had rather in such cases use honest silence than rash speech."

The ruined walls of the Castle of **HASTINGS**, and the remains of the pretty chapel within those walls, are familiar objects to the visitors of the most beautiful of our watering-places. The situation of this Castle is singularly noble. It was here, according to Eadmer, that almost all the bishops and nobles of England were assembled in the year 1090, to pay personal homage to King William II. before his departure for Normandy. Grose has given a pretty accurate description of this castle, which we abridge with slight alteration. What remains of the castle approaches nearest in shape to two sides of an oblique spherical triangle, having the points rounded off. The base, or south side next the sea, completing the triangle, is formed by a perpendicular craggy cliff about four hundred feet in length, upon which are no vestiges of walls or other fortification. The east side is made by a plain wall measuring nearly three hundred feet, without tower or defence of any kind. The adjoining side, which faces the north-west, is about four hundred feet long. The area included is about an acre and one-fifth. The walls, nowhere entire, are about

sight feet thick. The gateway, now demolished, was on the north side near the northernmost angle. Not far from it, to the west, are the remains of a small tower enclosing a circular flight of stairs; and still farther westward, a sally-port and the ruins of another tower. On the east side, at the distance of about one hundred feet, ran a ditch, one hundred feet in breadth at the top, and sixty feet deep; but both the ditch, and the interval between it and the wall, seem to have gradually narrowed as they approached the gate, under which they terminated. On the north-west side there was another ditch of the same breadth, commencing at the cliff opposite to the westernmost angle, and bearing away almost due north, leaving a level intermediate space, which, opposite to the sally-port, was one hundred and eighty feet in breadth (Fig. 381).

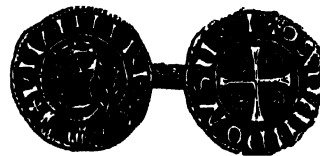
The Castle of **CARLISLE** was founded by William Rufus. He was the restorer of the city, after it had remained for two centuries in ruins through the Danish ravages. The Red King was a real benefactor to the people at this northern extremity of his kingdom. He first placed here a colony of Flemings, an industrious and skilful race, and then encouraged an immigration of husbandmen from the south, to instruct the poor and ignorant inhabitants in the arts of agriculture. We must not consider that these Norman kings were all tyrants. The historical interest of Carlisle belongs to a later period, and we shall return to it. So does the Castle of **ALNWICK** (Fig. 382). But we here introduce the noble seat of the Percies, for it was a place of strength soon after the Norman Conquest. In the reign of Rufus it was besieged by Malcolm the Third, of Scotland, who here lost his life, as did his son Prince Edward. Before the Norman Conquest the castle and barony of Alnwick belonged to Gilbert Tyson, who was slain fighting against the invader, by the side of his Saxon King. The Conqueror gave the granddaughter of Gilbert in marriage to Ivo de Vesey, one of his Norman followers; and the Lords de Vesey enjoyed the fair possessions down to the time of Edward I. The Castle of **BAMBOROUGH**, in Northumberland, carries us back into a remoter antiquity. It was the palace, according to the monkish historians, of the kings of Northumberland, and built by king Ida, who began his reign about 559. Roger Hoveden, who wrote in 1192, describes it, under the name of Bebbra, as "a very strong city." Rufus blockaded the castle in 1085, when it was in the possession of Robert de Mowbray, earl of Northumberland. The keep of Bamborough is very similar in its appearance to the keeps of the Tower of London, of Rochester, and of Dover. It is built of remarkably small stones; the walls are eleven feet thick on one side, and nine feet on three sides. This castle, situated upon an almost perpendicular rock, close to the sea, which rises about one hundred and fifty feet above low-water mark, had originally no interior appliances of luxury or even of comfort. Grose says, "Here were no chimneys. The only fire-place in it was a grate in the middle of a large room, supposed to have been the guard-room, where some stones in the middle of the floor are burned red. The floor was all of stone; supported by arches. This room had a window in it, near the top, three feet square, possibly intended to let out the smoke: all the other rooms were lighted only by slits or chinks in the wall, six inches broad, except in the gables of the roof, each of which had a window one foot broad." One of the most remarkable objects in this ancient castle is a draw-well, which was discovered about seventy years ago, upon clearing out the sand and rubbish of a vaulted cellar or dungeon. It is a hundred and forty-five feet deep, and is cut through the solid basaltic rock into the sandstone below. When we look at the history of this castle, from the time when it was assaulted by Penda, the Pagan king of the Mercians, its plunder by the Danes, its siege by Rufus, its assault by the Yorkists in 1463, and so onward through seven centuries of civil strife, it is consoling to reflect upon the uses to which this stronghold is now applied. It was bought with the property attached to it by Nathaniel Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, and bequeathed by him to charitable purposes in 1720. The old fortress has now been completely repaired. Its gloomy rooms, through whose loop-holes the sun could scarcely penetrate, have been converted into schools. Boys are here daily taught, and twenty poor girls are lodged, clothed, and educated till fit for service. The towers, whence the warder once looked out in constant watchfulness against an enemy's approach, are now changed into signal-stations, to warn the sailor against that dangerous cluster of rocks called the Fern Islands; and signals are also arranged for announcing when a vessel is in distress to the fishermen of Holy Island. Life-boats are here kept, and shelter is offered for any reasonable period to such as may be shipwrecked on this dreary coast. The estates thus devoted to purposes of charity now yield a magnificent income of more than eight thousand a year. Not only are the poor taught, but the sick



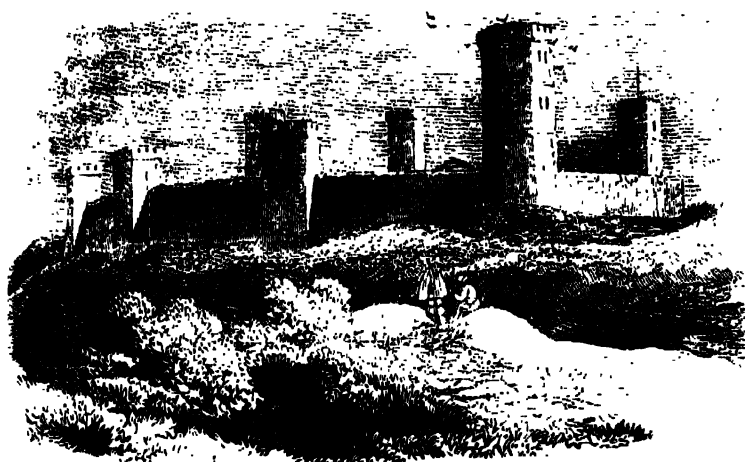
392.—Stephen. Enlarged from a unique Silver Coin in the Collection of Sir Henry Ellis.



391.—Great Seal of Stephen.



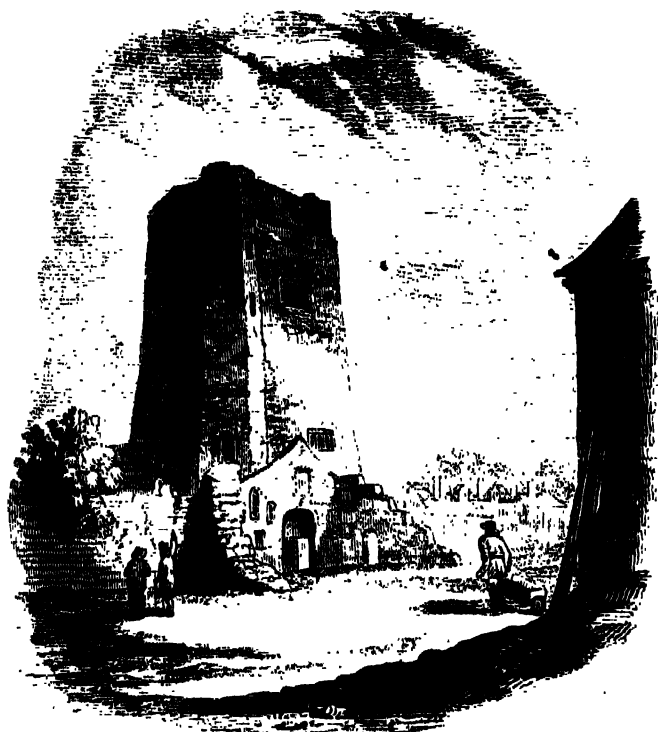
394.—Silver Penny of Stephen. From Specimen in Brit. Mus.



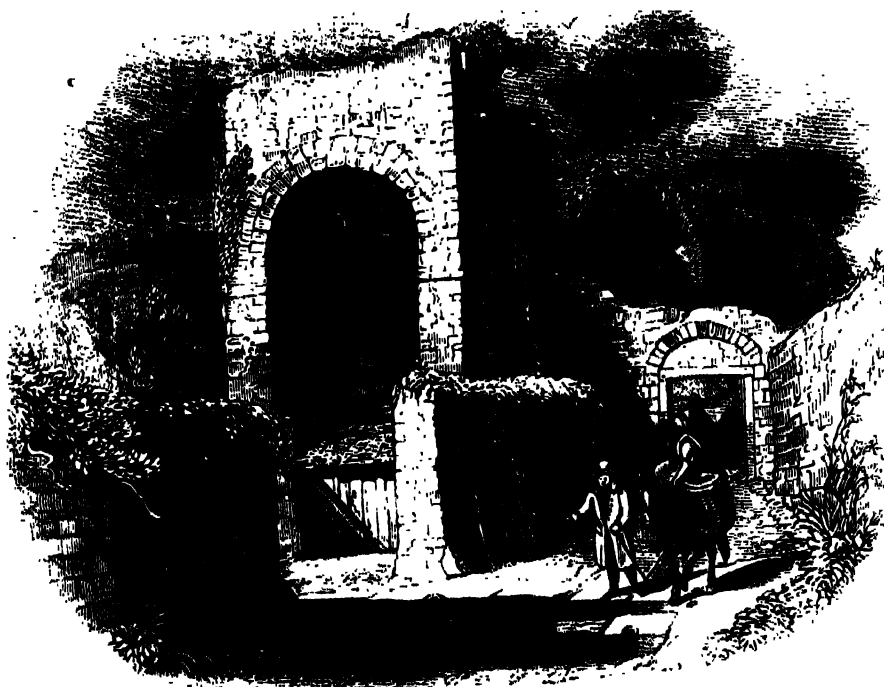
397.—Oxford Castle, as it appeared in the Fifteenth Century.



393.—Arms of Stephen.



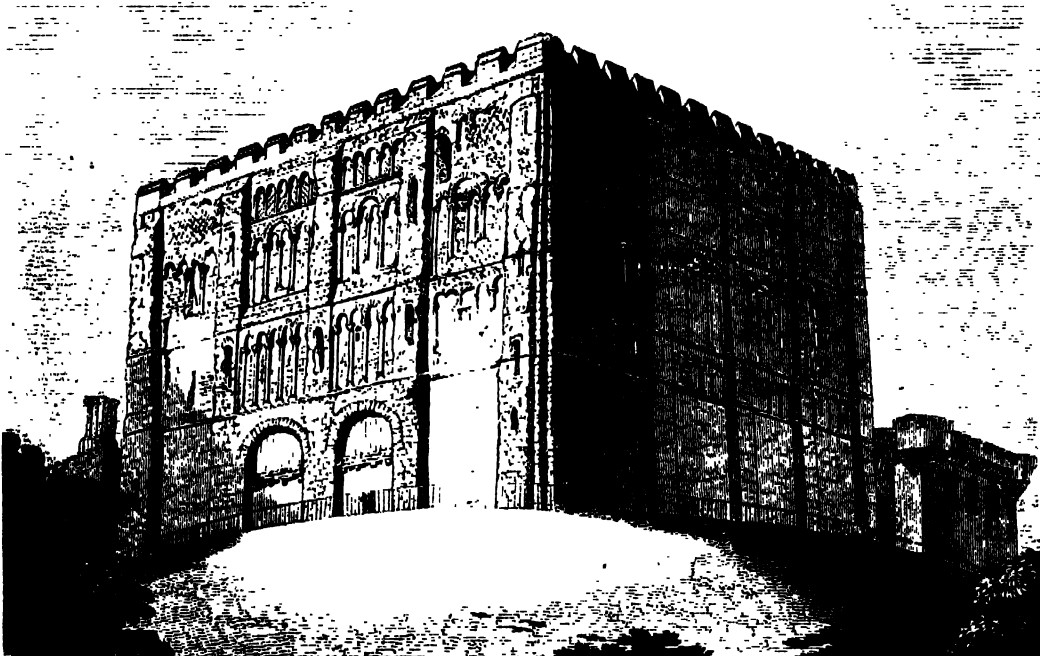
396.—Tower of Oxford Castle.



395.—Rougemont Castle.



399.—Norwich Castle.



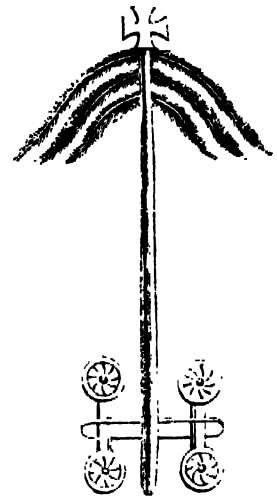
398.—South-west View of Norwich Castle.



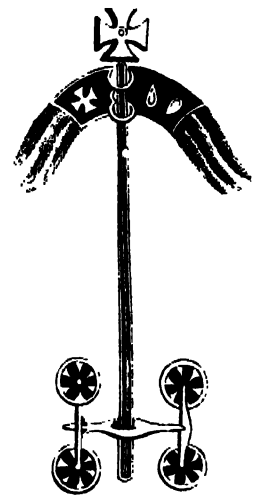
400.—Winchester



401. Templated Armour.
Seal of Richard, Constable of Chester in the time of Stephen.



403.—Standard.



404.—Standard



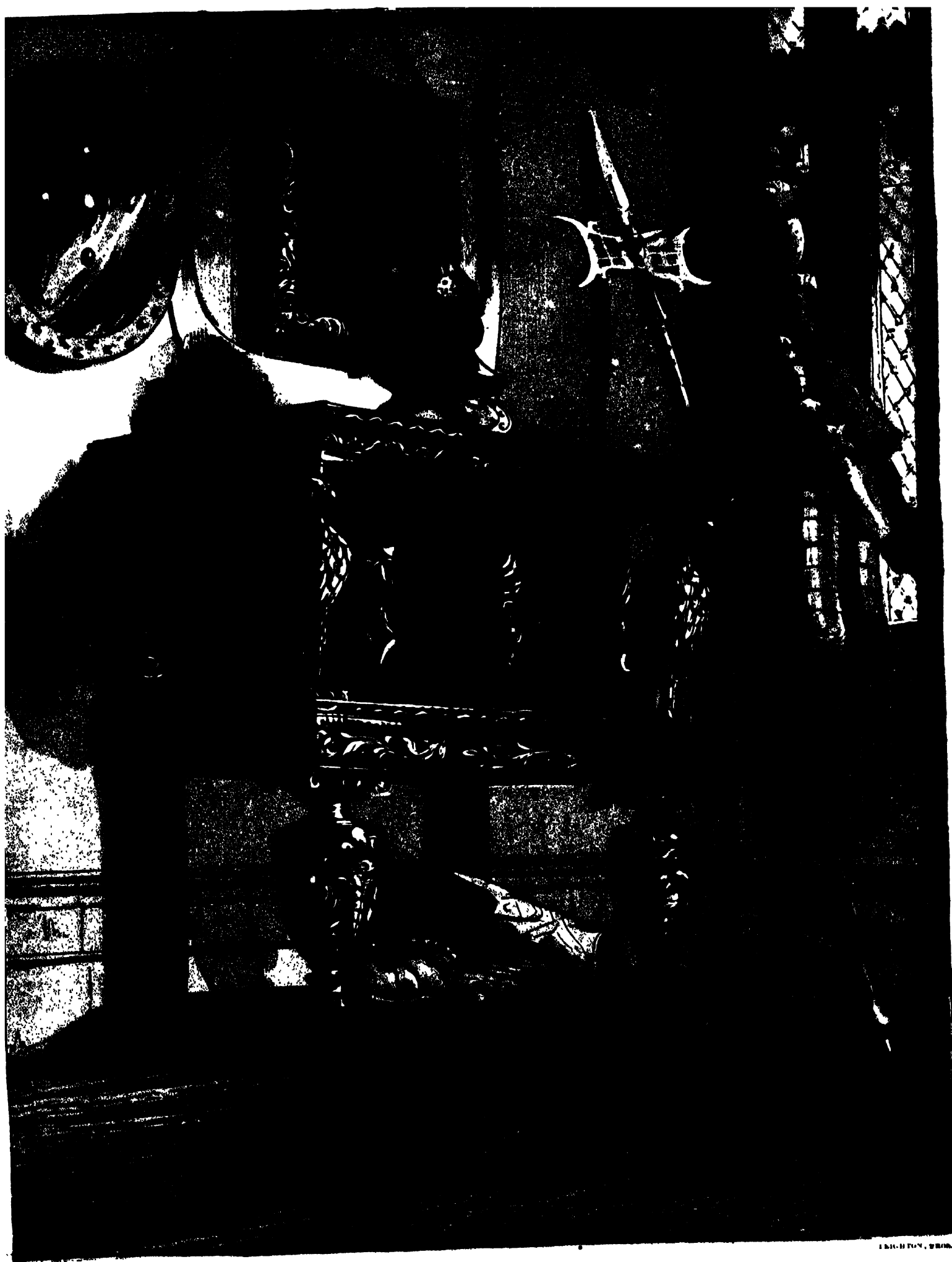
402.—Geoffrey Plantagenet. (Le Bel.) Derrick's Collect., 672.

are relieved in this hospitable fortress. In the infirmary, to which part of the building is applied, the wants of a thousand persons are annually administered to. Much is still left out of these large funds; and the residue is devoted to the augmentation of small benefices, to the building and enlarging of churches, to the foundation and support of schools, and to exhibitions for young men going to the Universities. When William Rufus besieged this rock of Ham-borough, Robert de Mowbray had a steward within the walls, who would have defended it to the death, had not the king brought out the earl his master, who was a prisoner, with a threat that his eyes should be put out unless the castle surrendered. This was a faithful steward. Lord Crewe had an equally faithful steward, after a different fashion, in Dr. Sharpe, Archdeacon of Northumberland, who devised the various means of best applying this noble bequest, and resided on this stormy rock to see that those means were properly administered.

In the fine west doorway of Rochester Cathedral is a statue which is held to represent Matilda, queen of Henry I. (Fig. 385). The marriage of the son of the Norman Conqueror with the niece of Edgar Atheling was a politic measure, which revived the old Saxon feeling in the conquered and oppressed, and made them think that days of equality were in store for them, even under the new race. Matilda the Good was worthy to be a descendant of Alfred. She probably would have been more happy in the cloister to which she had fled for safety during the terrors of the Norman licentiousness, than with her ambitious, daring, profligate, but accomplished husband. Her influence over him did something, no doubt, for ameliorating the condition of her native land. She was a civilizer: she built bridges; she cultivated music. But the promise which Henry had made when he seized the crown, that the old Saxon laws should be restored, was wholly broken as soon as he had fairly grasped the sword of authority. The collection entitled 'The Laws of King Henry I.' is a "compilation of ancient Saxon laws by some private person, and not a publication by authority of the state." The writer of this adds, "The general clamour in England for the Saxon laws of the Confessor, under the three Norman kings, makes it probable that this compilation was made by some private person at the time when the restoration of these laws was called for by, and repeatedly promised to, the nation." ('Ancient Laws and Institutes of England,' published by the Record Commission.) These laws of Edward the Confessor were founded upon older laws, that go back through the times of Canute, and Ethelred, and Edgar, and Athelstan, and Alfred, prescribing many things which are difficult to understand in our present state of society, but upholding a spirit of justice in mercy which later ages have, it is to be feared, not so diligently maintained. The laws of king Ethelred, for example, might furnish a text to be written up in every police court: "And ever, as any one shall be more powerful here in the eyes of the world, or through dignities higher in degree, so shall he the more deeply make 'bôt' (amends, compensation) for sins, and pay for every misdeed the more dearly; because the strong and the weak are not alike, and cannot raise a like burthen." Again here is a noble motto for a judgment-seat: "Let every deed be carefully distinguished, and doom ever be guided justly according to the deed, and be modified according to its degree, before God and before the world; and let mercy be shown for dread of God, and kindness be willingly shown, and those be somewhat protected who need it; because we all need that our Lord oft and frequently grant his mercy to us." This was the spirit of Christianity filling lawgivers with right principles; although some of the institutions of society, such as slavery, were a violation of those principles. For all free men the old Saxon laws were just in their objects, and impartial in their administration. It is easy to understand how they could not exist in connection with the capricious despotism of the first Norman kings, and the turbulence of their grasping retainers. Fortunate was it for the country when a prince arose of such decided character as Henry I.; for he crushed the lesser oppressors, whose evil doings were more constant and universal. It mattered little to the welfare of the country that his unhappy brother Robert was shut up for years in CARDIFF CASTLE, if the king visited his own purveyors with terrible punishments when they ground the people by unjust exactions. In Cardiff Castle (Fig. 390) a dark vaulted room beneath the level of the ground is shown as the place where Robert of Normandy was confined by his brother for twenty-six years. The tradition rests upon no historical foundation whatever, nor, indeed, upon any probability. The gallant but heedless prince, according to William of Malmesbury and other chroniclers, was indeed a prisoner in Cardiff Castle, but surrounded with luxury and magnificence, and provided with minstrels and jesters

to make his life pass away as a gay dream. Matthew Paris tells a curious story, which appears very characteristic of the proud and trifling mind of him whom Beauclerk had jostled out of a throne. "It happened on a feast day, that king Henry trying on a scarlet robe, the hood of which being too strait, in essaying to put it on he tore one of the stitches, whereupon he desired one of his attendants to carry it to his brother, whose head was smaller; it always having been his custom whenever he had a new robe to send one out off from the same cloth to his brother with a polite message. This garment being delivered to Robert, in putting it on he felt the fraction where the stitch had been broken, and through the negligence of the tailor not mended. On asking how that place came torn, he was told that it was done by his brother, and the whole story was related to him: whereupon, falling into a violent passion, he thus exclaimed: 'Alas! alas! I have lived too long! Behold my younger brother, a lazy clerk, who has supplanted me in my kingdom, imprisoned and blinded me! I who have been famous in arms! And, now, not content with those injuries, he insults me as if I were a beggar, sending me his cast-off clothes as for an alms!' From that time he refused to take any nourishment, and, miserably weeping and lamenting, starved himself to death. He was buried in Gloucester Cathedral, where his image, as big as the life, carved in Irish oak and painted, is yet shown." Death levelled these distinctions in the same year. If Robert died of mortification about a cast-off robe, Henry perished more ignobly of a full meal of lampreys. Robert's effigy of heart of oak was carefully repaired by a stranger two centuries ago. The monument of Henry in Reading Abbey, which he founded, perished long since, and scarcely a stone is now left standing of this princely building, to tell the tale of his pious munificence (Fig. 389).

The successor of Henry Beauclerk was also an usurper. The rival pretensions of Stephen of Blois and the Empress Matilda filled the land with bloodshed and terror for nineteen years. From the north to the south, from the Barbicans of York (Fig. 386) to the Palaces of Winchester (Fig. 400), the country was harried by king and baron, by empress and knight. A single burst of patriotism carried the English to fight with one accord at Northallerton, under the ear-borne standard of Stephen (Fig. 403). But during the greater part of this period almost every baron's castle had to sustain a siege on one side or the other; and, what was worse, the lands around these strongholds were uniformly wasted by the rapacious garrison, or their plundering assailants. Stephen had given to the nobles the fatal power of fortifying their castles; and it is affirmed that towards the latter end of his reign these "nests of devils and dens of thieves," as Matthew Paris styles them, amounted to the number of eleven hundred and fifteen. A contemporary annalist of the deeds of King Stephen thus describes the miseries of the people during this desolating contest:—"Many abandoned their country; others, forsaking their houses, built wretched huts in churchyards, hoping for protection from the sacredness of the place. Whole families, after sustaining life as long as they could by eating herbs, roots, dogs, and horses, perished at last with hunger; and you might see many pleasant villages without one inhabitant of either sex." There is scarcely a castle of the period that is not associated with some memory of this war of ambition. The Saxon Chronicler says, "In this king's time all was dissension, and evil, and rapine. The great men soon rose against him. They had sworn oaths, but maintained no truth. They built castles which they held out against him." It was thus that Hugh Bigod, who had sworn that Henry had appointed Stephen his successor, was the first to hold out against the king in the CASTLE OF NORWICH, which his ancestor had built. NORWICH was a regular fortress, with a wall and ditch, an outer, a middle, and an inner court, and a keep. The bridge over one of the ditches and the keep still remain. The keep had long since gone through the customary process of being turned into a jail, and the jail being removed it is now gutted and roofless. This keep is a parallelogram, a hundred and ten feet in length by about ninety-three in breadth. The walls are in some places thirteen feet thick, and the tower is seventy feet in height. It was not sufficient for the people in authority in the last century to tear this fine historical monument to pieces, by their fittings up and their pullings down, but they have stuck on their county gaol at one end—a miserable modern thing called Gothic—paltry in its dimensions, and incongruous in its style (Figs. 398, 399). The same process has been resorted to at OXFORD CASTLE. It was built by Robert de Oilies, a Norman who came over with the Conqueror. Not even the romance connected with its history could save Oxford Castle from desecration. It was a little county prison a century ago, and it is a great county prison in our own day. It is something, indeed, to see the strongholds of lawless oppressors becoming monuments of the power of the



LIGHTON, WRO.

ELIZABETHAN SIDEBOARD OR COURT CUPBOARD.

IN WARWICK CASTLE.

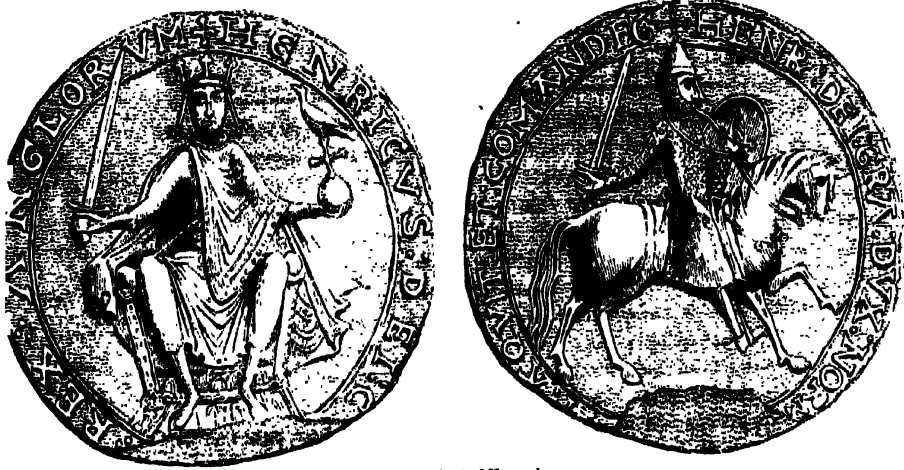
Law. We shall speak of more of these presently. But, nevertheless, in a seat of learning, in a place consecrated to ancient recollections, we would gladly have had other associations than chains and gibbets, with the venerable walls from which Matilda escaped through beleaguering hosts in a night of frost and snow, and, crossing the frozen Thames, wandered in darkness for many a mile, till she reached a place of safety. Holinshed tells the story with the simplicity of the elder chroniclers:—"It was a very hard winter that year; the Thames and other rivers thereabouts were frozen, so that both man and horse might safely pass over upon the ice: the fields were also covered with a thick and deep snow. Hereupon, taking occasion, she clad herself and all her company in white apparel, that afar off they might not be discerned from the snow; and so, by negligence of the watch, that kept ward but slenderly, by reason of the exceeding cold weather, she and her partakers secretly in the night issued out of the town, and passing over the Thames, came to Wallingford, where she was received into the castle by those that had the same in keeping to her use: of whom Brian, the son to the Earl of Gloucester, was the chief." The "gaping chinks and aged countenance" of ROUGEMONT CASTLE at Exeter (Fig. 395) are something more in character with the old times than the feeble patchwork of antiquarianism, the parapets and pepper-boxes of our modern castle prisons, partly bristling up by the sides of these old donjons.

The personal history of Henry II., one of the greatest kings that ever sat upon the English throne, belongs more strikingly to the ecclesiastical than to the civil annals of those times. The story of his wonderful contest with Becket may be best referred to in connection with the scene of Becket's martyrdom. That story was everywhere made familiar to the people by legend and painting (Fig. 411). The romance of Henry's personal history, in connection with Rosamond Clifford, was long associated with the old towers of Woodstock. These are no more; but what they were is shown in Figs. 413, 414.

It is a rare consolation for the lover of his country's monuments, to turn from castles made into prisons, and abbeys into stables, to such a glorious relic of 'Old England' as WARWICK CASTLE. Who can forget the first sight of that beautiful pile, little touched by time, not vulgarized by ignorance? (Fig. 417). As he enters the portal through which Gaveston was led to execution, and the king-maker marched in and out to uphold a Yorkist or a Lancastrian pretender to the crown, he feels that he is treading upon ground almost hallowed by its associations (Fig. 415). Caesar's Tower—that is but a name! Guy's Tower—that belongs to poetry, and is therefore a reality! (Fig. 416). Old Dugdale treated Guy and his legend as a true thing. "Of his particular adventures, lest what I say should be suspected for fabulous, I will only instance that combat betwixt him and the Danish champion, Colebrand, whom some (to magnify our noble Guy the more) report to have been a giant. The story whereof, however it may be thought fictitious by some, forasmuch as there be those that make a question whether there was ever really such a man, or, if so, whether all be not a dream which is reported of him, in regard that the monks have sounded out his praises so hyperbolically; yet those that are more considerate will neither doubt the one nor the other, inasmuch as it hath been so usual with our ancient historians, for the encouragement of after-ages unto bold attempts, to set forth the exploits of worthy men with the highest encomiums imaginable; and therefore, should we for that cause be so conceited as to explode it, all history of those times might as well be vilified." We shall have to return to the fair castle of Warwick: so we leave it, at present, under the influence of Guy and his legends (Fig. 418).

In glancing generally over the subject of the present state of the ancient Castles of England, a striking commentary is afforded to us upon the progress that England has made since they studded the land over with their stately but terrible walls, and gateways, and towers. Look, for instance (to refer only to structures not already mentioned), at FARNHAM CASTLE, in Surrey (Fig. 426), built by Henry of Blois, brother of King Stephen, and forming, no doubt, one of the eleven hundred castles said to have been erected in the reign of that monarch. Eleven hundred castles built in sixteen years! What a scene of violence and strife does not the bare mention of such a fact open to the imagination! It is to that scene Farnham Castle essentially belongs; and if we now gaze upon it, as it is, most strange in all respects appears the contrast between the present and the past associations. The lofty keep stands in a garden forming a picturesque and noble ornamental ruin in the palatial grounds of the Bishops of Winchester, but that is its only value

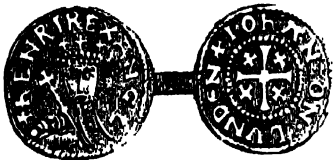
to the present possessors; it looks down upon the principal street of the place, which probably first grew up into importance under its protection, but it is only now to behold a population exhibiting in a thousand ways their enjoyment of the services of an infinitely more powerful defender—the Law. In numerous other cases our castles have become direct adjuncts to the very power that has thus superseded them. York, Lancaster, and Lincoln Castles are now mere gaols for the confinement, or courts for the trial of prisoners; and that amazing piece of workmanship, which attests to this day the strength of the first of these structures, CLIFFORD'S TOWER (Fig. 423), attributed to the Conqueror, whilst the mount on which it stands is supposed to have been raised by Roman hands, now frowns in unregarded magnificence over the throng of judges, barristers, and witnesses, of debtors and criminals, who pass to and fro through the modern gateway at its feet. Then, again, NEWARK CASTLE (Fig. 425), erected by Bishop Alexander, the well-known castle-building prelate, who seems indeed to have thought he had a mission that way, and who certainly exhibited no lack of zeal in fulfilling it; Newark (*i. e.*, New-Work, hence the name of the town), a rare example for the time of any departure from the principle of considering a castle merely as a stronghold, rather than as a place of residence also; Newark, with its high historical and military reputation, twice unsuccessfully besieged by the Parliamentarians during the Civil War, and only delivered up, not taken, at last in consequence of Charles's own directions when he had given himself up to the Scots—under what circumstances do we behold the ruins of this structure? Why, as if in mockery of that reputation, wooden bows now roll noiselessly but harmlessly about the close-shaven green, in one part of the castle area; where cannon-balls once came thick and fast, dealing destruction and death on all sides; whilst in another, peaceful men and women now congregate in the "commodious market." PONTEFRAC, or POMFRET CASTLE (Fig. 429), of still higher historical interest, exhibits a change and a moral no less remarkable. The rocky foundation upon which the castle was raised, at an enormous expenditure of time, money, and labour, is now a quarry of filtering-stones, which are, we are told, in great request all over the kingdom; the place, for the maintenance of which the neighbourhood has been so often of yore laid under contribution, now in some measure repays those old exactions from the liquorice-grounds and market-gardens that occupy its site. The liquorice-grounds, we may observe by the way, form quite a distinctive feature of the country immediately surrounding Pontefract, that quietest, and cleanest, and widest-streeted of provincial towns, which, within some fourteen miles of the manufacturing Babel, Leeds, is so little like Leeds, that one might fire a cannon-ball down its main street at noon-day with but very small danger of mischief. We must dwell a little on the history of Pomfret Castle. Royal favour is generally attended with substantial tokens of its existence; but of all English sovereigns who have had at once the will and the power to distinguish their friends in this way, commend us to the Conqueror. The builder of Pomfret Castle was Ilbert de Lacy, who received from William one hundred and fifty manors in the west of Yorkshire, ten in Nottinghamshire, and four in Lincolnshire. Pontefract was among the first, though not it seems previously known by that name, which is said to have been conferred on it by De Lacy from its resemblance to a place in Normandy, where he was born: a pleasant touch of sentiment in connection with one of those formidable mailed barons who struck down at once England's king and liberties—the fatal field of Hastings. The area enclosed by the castle-walls was about seven acres, the walls being defended by the same number of towers. It had of course its deep moat, barbican, and drawbridge, and its great gateways of entrance. Leland says of the main structure, "Of the Castle of Pontefract, of some called Snorre Castle, it containeth eight round towers, of the which the dungeon east into six roundelles, three big and three small, is very fair." We should be sorry to wish that the excellent antiquarian had had an opportunity of a closer acquaintance with the "fair" dungeon, but assuredly if he had, he would have chosen a somewhat different epithet, in spite of its external beauty. The dungeons of Pontefract Castle have excited no less fearful interest from their intrinsic character, than from the prisoners who have wept or raved in them to the senseless walls. In the early part of the fourteenth century, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, uncle of Edward II., married Alice, daughter of Henry de Lacy, and thus became the lord of Pontefract. Among the barons then opposed to the weak and disgraceful government of Edward II. the Earl of Lancaster was conspicuous; but in one of those reverses of fortune which his party experienced, he, with many other nobles and knights, fell into the hands of the royalists, was brought by them to his own Castle of Pontefract, then in their



405.—Great Seal of Henry I.



409.—Arms of Henry II.



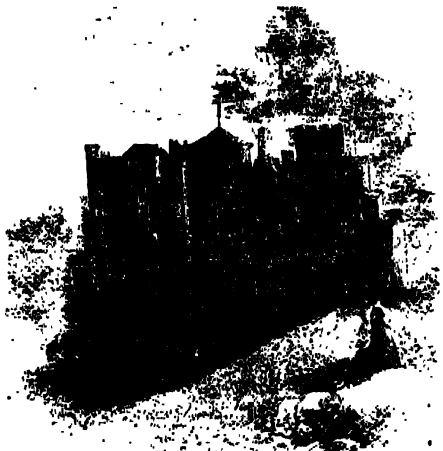
408.—Silver Penny of Henry II. From a specimen in Brit. Mus.



410.—Planta Genista



406.—Henry II. Drawn from the tomb at Fontevraud



413.—Woodstock.



1.—The Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket. From an ancient painting in the Chapel of the Holy Cross, Stratford.



414.—Woodstock, as it appeared before 1714.



412.—Eleanor, Queen of Henry II. From the Tomb at Fontevraud.



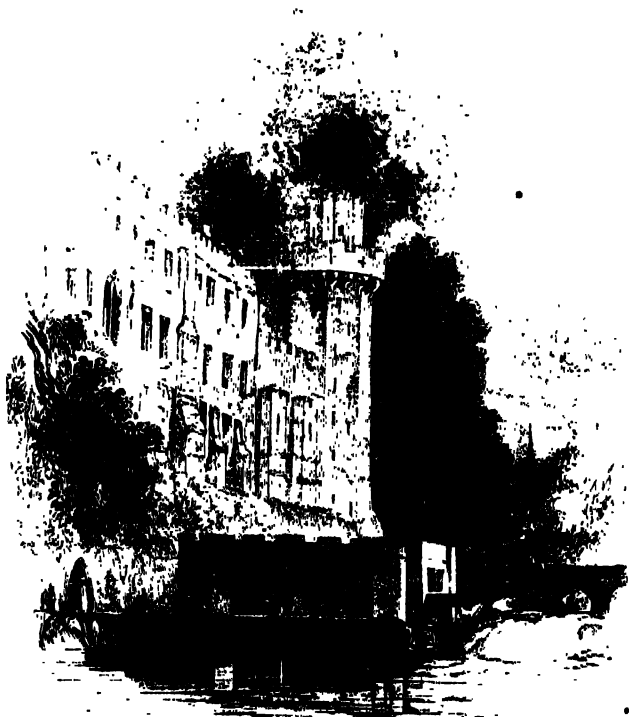
407.—Henry II. From the Tomb at Fontevraud.



412.—Entrance to Warwick Castle.



413.—Warwick Castle; Guy's Tower.



417.—Warwick Castle, from the Island.



418.—Ancient Statue of Guy, at Guy's Cliff.



420.—Interior of a Room in Warkworth Castle.



420.—Warkworth Castle.



421.—Ludlow Castle.

possession, and there, without even a hearing, beheaded, whilst the other barons were hung. As the owner of the castle and the broad lands sweeping so far away on all sides around it lay helpless in his own dungeons, in the brief interval that elapsed between his capture and horrible death, what thoughts may not, we might almost say must not, have crowded into the brain of the unhappy nobleman! Taught, perhaps, when too late, the wisdom of humanity and love, we may imagine him giving utterance to some such thoughts as those expressed by the poet:—

"And this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure?"

Or as he reflected with unutterable anguish on the beauty of the scene without—that scene on which he had so often gazed with heedless eyes, but that, now that he was to behold it but *once* more, seemed to his imagination bathed in loveliness and romance—could he fail to arrive in some degree at the poet's conclusion?—

"With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child;
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy,
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Alas, that the truths here so exquisitely conveyed should be still unregarded! The dungeons of a former day have changed their name, and improved in their superficial characteristics, it is true; but only to fit them for still more extensive application. When "such pure and natural outlets" of a man's nature are

"shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,

and

His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot,

we still

call in our pampered mountbanks;
And theirs is their best cure! Uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears."

But the dungeons of Pontefract Castle whisper of a still more fearful story than the Earl of Lancaster's. As we walk about among the ruins, and investigate the process of decay, since Gough, the editor of Camden, describes in the last century the remains of the keep as consisting only of the "lower story, with horrible dungeons and winding staircases;" we look with especial interest for the "narrow damp chamber formed in the thickness of the wall, with two small windows next the court," where tradition says the fate of Richard II. was consummated, either by direct violence, as the popular story has it, through the agency of Sir Piers Exton and his band of assassins, some of whom perished in the struggle, or by starvation, as other writers have related the matter. In the short reign of the third Richard, another batch of eminent men underwent the sharp agony of the axe at Pontefract Castle, namely, Woodville, Rivers, Grey, Vaughan, and Hawse. The edifice was finally dismantled and the materials sold, after the civil war, during which it had resisted the parliamentary forces with extraordinary bravery and determination, even subsequent to the death of Charles I.

This said civil war was to our old castles generally, what the Reformation was to our grand and beautiful ecclesiastical remains; with this difference, that the injuries in the one case were necessarily of a much severer character than in the other. Hence we find, in looking back to the history of a large portion of our castles, that they were comparatively in good preservation up to the sixteenth century, and in ruin beyond that time. GOODRICH CASTLE, Herefordshire (Fig. 422), was one of these, the owners of which could boast that the structure dated from a period anterior to the Conquest; and during the civil war it was defended with a courage worthy of its reputation. It is recorded of Goodrich Castle that it held out longer than any other English fortress for the king, with the single exception of Pendennis Castle, in Cornwall. If one could grieve at a matter that necessarily involves so many points for congratulation, we might lament to see how few and comparatively unimportant are the remains of such a castle, interesting to us for its age, and still more by the memory of one at least of its early inhabitants, the brave Talbot of history, and of Shakspeare's

Henry the Sixth (First Part). It appears from the records of Goodrich Castle, that when a great man in the middle ages erected a fortress, it was not always the expensive affair we are accustomed to consider it. Goodrich, in the fourteenth century, came into the possession of Elizabeth, daughter of John Lord Comyn, of Badenagh, in Scotland. The notorious Hugh le Despencer and his son, it appears, had taken a particular fancy for portions of this lady's property, and the way they set about the accomplishment of their desires speaks volumes as to the state of society at the period. The lady Elizabeth was suddenly seized, carried into another part of the country, confined for upwards of a year, and finally compelled, from "fear of death," as it is stated in a manuscript cited by Dugdale in his 'Baronage,' to cede to the son her castle of Goodrich, and to the father her manor of Painswick. Certainly, as with these feudal oppressors even-handed justice did often commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips, there is something more than accident in such remarkable conjunctions as the fate of the Earl of Lancaster before mentioned and the character of the dungeons in his castle—in the wrongs done to this lady and the character of the dungeons still traceable among the ruins of her castle. The keep, of Saxon, or very early Norman architecture, originally consisted of three small rooms, one above another; at the bottom was a dungeon, which had *not even a single loop-hole for light or air*, but was connected by a narrow passage with another and smaller dungeon, situated beneath the platform of the entrance-steps of the exterior, which had a very small opening for the admission of air; and thus alone was life preserved even for a time in the inner dungeon. It is a relief to escape from such dreadful recollections of our old castles, to the gay and brilliant scenes that occasionally made them the centres of enjoyment to assembled thousands, when, for instance, the tournament brought from all parts of the country the young and old, rich and poor, the knightly and the would-be knightly, to see lances broken or to break them, to conquer or to be conquered. There were occasions, too, when the exciting and brilliant sports of the tournament were enhanced by peculiar circumstances, calculated in the highest degree to attract, not only the chivalry of Old England, but of Europe, into the lists. One of the most grandly situated of castles is that of PEVERIL of the Peak (Fig. 424), built by a natural son of the Conqueror, whose name it bears. This was some centuries afterwards in the possession of William Peveril, a valiant knight, who had two daughters, one of whom, Mellet, having privily resolved to marry none but a knight who should distinguish himself for his warlike prowess, her father, sympathizing with her feelings, determined to invite the noble youth of England generally to compete for such a prize in a grand tournament. The castle of Whittington, in the county of Salop, was also to reward the victor by way of a fitting dowry for the bride. We may judge of the hosts who would assemble at such an invitation; and even royal blood was among them, in the person of the Scottish King's son. Worthy of the day, no doubt, were the feats performed. Among the combatants, one knight with a silver shield and a peacock for his crest speedily distinguished himself. The best and bravest in vain endeavoured to arrest his successful career. The Scottish prince was overthrown; so was a baron of Burgoyne. Their conqueror was adjudged the prize. Guanine de Meez, a branch of the house of Lorraine, and an ancestor of the lord Fitzwarren, thus wooed and won an English bride, at Peveril's Place in the Peak.

There are two castles that belong to the present period, inasmuch as that their erection chiefly took place in it; we allude to Carisbrook, in the Isle of Wight, and Kenilworth; but as in both cases the most essential points of their subsequent history refer to later periods, we shall confine our present notices to the erection. CARISBROOK (Fig. 427) stands at a short distance from the town of Newport, and near the central point of the isle, of which, from the days of the Saxons and of the isle's independent sovereignty down to a comparatively recent period, it has been the chief defence. The keep, and the great artificial mound on which it stands, are supposed to have been erected so early as the sixth century. Five centuries later, the Norman possessor, Fitz-Osborne, desiring to enlarge his fortress, built additional works, covering together a square space of about an acre and a half, with rounded angles, the whole surrounded by a fosse or ditch. All lands in the isle were then held of the castle, or in other words, of the honour of Carisbrook; and on the condition of serving and defending it at all times from enemies. Of this early building, which still formed only the nucleus of the very extensive and magnificent fortress which ultimately was raised on the spot, the chief remains are the western side of the castle, forming an almost regular parallelogram, with rounded corners; and the keep, on the north, ascended by a flight

of seventy-two steps. The lowest story only is preserved. In the centre of the keep there is a well 300 feet deep, telling, by its very formation under such difficult circumstances, the importance of its existence. **KENILWORTH** (Fig. 430) seems to have derived its name and its earliest castle from the fortress mentioned by Dugdale as standing, even in the Saxon times, upon a place called Hom, or Holme Hill, and which, it is supposed, was built by one of the Saxon kings of Mercia, named Kenulph, and his son Kenelm. Worth, in the Saxon, means mansion or dwelling-place; consequently the formation of the word Kenilworth is tolerably clear. But other writers consider this date as much too modern: to carry back the history of Kenilworth only to a Saxon king is not sufficient; we must go to the Britons at once, and their great sovereign of romance, and perhaps reality—Arthur,

“That here, with royal court, abode did make.”

Whatever the beginning of this castle, its end seems certain enough: Dugdale says it was demolished in the wars between King Edmund and Canute the Dane. About a century later, or in the reign of Henry the First, the present castle was commenced by Geoffrey de Clinton, who is stated “to have been of very mean parentage, and merely raised from the dust by the favour of the said King Henry, from whose hands he received large possessions and no small honour, being made both Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer to the said King, and afterwards Justice of England; which great advancements do argue that he was a man of extraordinary parts. It seems he took much delight in this place, in respect of the spacious woods and that large and pleasant lake (through which divers petty streams do pass) lying amongst them; for it was he that first built that great and strong castle here, which was the glory of all these parts, and for many respects may be ranked in the third place at the least with the most stately castles in England.” Dugdale (*‘Baronage’*) here refers no doubt to the strength, size, and architectural character of the castle; but if its historical importance be considered, or, above all, if we weigh the associations which a single writer of our own age has bound up with its decaying walls, we must assign to it a rank that knows no superior: we must consider the “glory of these parts” might now without exaggeration be more accurately described as the glory of the civilized world.

With a group of border castles—Norham, Warkworth, and Newcastle—we shall conclude for the present our notice of such structures. No mention is made in Domesday-Book of the county of Northumberland, in which these three castles are situated, for the reason probably that the Conqueror could not even pretend to have taken possession of it. And there was then little temptation to induce him to achieve its conquest. Nothing can be conceived more truly anarchic than the state of the country in and around Northumberland at the time. The chief employment of the inhabitants was plundering the Scots on the other side of the Tweed—their chief ambition was to avoid being plundered in return. But the Scots seem generally to have had the best of it; who, not content with taking goods, began to take the owners also, and make domestic slaves of them. It is said that about or soon after the period of the Conquest, there was scarcely a single house in Scotland that was without one or more of these English unfortunates. To check such terrible inroads, castles now began to spring up in every part: to these the inhabitants generally of a district flocked on any alarm of danger; and for centuries such a state of things continued unchanged. A highly interesting picture of domestic border life, and which is at the same time unquestionably trustworthy, has been preserved in the writings of Pope Pius II., who, before his elevation to the pontificate visited various countries in an official capacity—amongst the rest Scotland, to which he was sent as private legate about the middle of the fifteenth century. “The Border Land” naturally attracted his curiosity, and he determined to risk the danger of a personal visit. He thus describes the result. His family name, it may be mentioned, was *Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini*.

“There is a river (the Tweed) which, spreading itself from a high mountain, parts the two kingdoms. *Æneas* having crossed this in a boat, and arriving about sunset at a large village, went to the house of a peasant, and there supped with the priest of the place and his host. The table was plentifully spread with large quantities of pulse, poultry, and geese, but neither wine nor bread was to be found there; and all the people of the town, both men and woman, flocked about him as to some new sight; and as we gaze at negroes or Indians, so did they stare at *Æneas*, asking the priest where he came from, what he came about, and whether he was a Christian. *Æneas*, understanding the difficulties he must expect on this journey, had taken care to provide himself at a certain monastery with some loaves, and a measure of red wine, at sight of which

they were seized with greater astonishment, having never seen wine or white bread. The supper lasting till the second hour of the night, the priest and host, with all the men and children, made the best of their way off, and left *Æneas*. They said they were going to a tower a great way off, for fear of the Scots, who when the tide was out would come over the river and plunder; nor could they, with all his entreaties, by any means be prevailed on to take *Æneas* with them nor any of the women, though many of them were young and handsome; for they think them in no danger from an enemy, not considering violence offered to women as any harm. *Æneas* therefore remained alone with them, with two servants and a guide, and a hundred women, who made a circle round the fire, and sat the rest of the night without sleeping, dressing hemp and chatting with the interpreter. Night was now far advanced when a great noise was heard by the barking of the dogs and screaming of the geese; all the women made the best of their way off, the guide getting away with the rest, and there was as much confusion as if the enemy was at hand. *Æneas* thought it more prudent to wait the event in his bed-room (which happened to be a stable), apprehending if he went out he might mistake his way, and be robbed by the first he met. And soon after the women came back with the interpreter, and reported there was no danger: for it was a party of friends, and not of enemies, that were come.” (Camden’s translation.) Just such a castle of defence for a population, rather than a residence for their lord, we may suppose **NORHAM** (Fig. 428) to have been built by the Bishops of Durham, about the beginning of the twelfth century; the gloomy ruins which still overhang the Tweed exhibiting no traces of exterior ornament, its walls reduced to a mere shell, its outworks demolished, and a part of the very hill on which it was raised washed away by the river. The keep alone exists in a state to remind us of the original strength and importance of the fortress, when it was so frequently the scene of contest between the people of the two countries. On the accession of Stephen we find David of Scotland besieging and capturing Norham, for Maud, Stephen’s rival; a little later the process was repeated by and for the same parties; and then Norham is said to have been demolished. In the reign of John, however, we find it in existence, stronger than ever, and successfully resisting the utmost efforts of the Scots, then in alliance with the revolted English Barons. The next time the defenders were less brave, or less fortunate: in the reign of Edward III. the Scots once more obtained possession of Norham. But we need not follow its history further; so by way of contrast to the scene as represented in our engraving, let us transcribe a glimpse of Norham Castle under more favourable circumstances:—

“Day set on Norham’s castle steep,
And Tweed’s fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot’s mountains lone;
The battled towers, the dragon keep,
The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

“The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem’d forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash’d back again with western blaze
In lines of dazzling light.”

MARMION.

The ruins of **WARKWORTH** (Figs. 419, 420), in their generally elegant and picturesque outline, present a strong contrast to those of Norham. Residence for the lord as well as protection for his vassals has evidently been studied here. The situation in itself is wonderfully fine. It stands on an eminence above the river Coquet, a little beyond the southern extremity of the town of Warkworth, and commands on all sides views of the greatest beauty and variety. In one direction you have the sea outspread before you, with the Fern Islands scattered over its surface; whilst along the shore-line the eye passes to the Castles of Dunstanborough and Bamborough at the extremity; in another you dwell with pleasure on the richly cultivated valley that extends up to Alnwick Castle; then again in a third, there are the beautiful banks of the Coquet river, dear to salmon-fishers and lovers of native precious stones, many of which are found among its sands; and lastly, in a fourth, you gaze upon an extensive plain inclining seawards, and which is as remarkable for the fertility of its soil, and the amount of its agricultural products, as for the air of peaceful happiness that overspreads the whole—pasture, arable, and woodlands, villages, hamlets, and churches. Such was the site, and the structure was scarcely less magnificent. The outer walls, which are in many parts entire, enclosed a space of about five acres,



421.—Clifford's Tower and Entrance to York Castle.



422.—Entrance to York Castle.

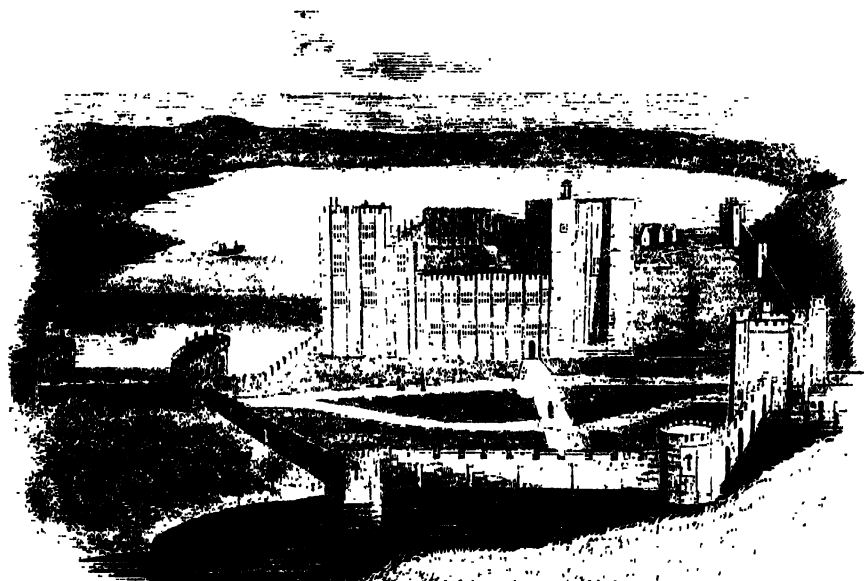


423.—Goodrich Castle.

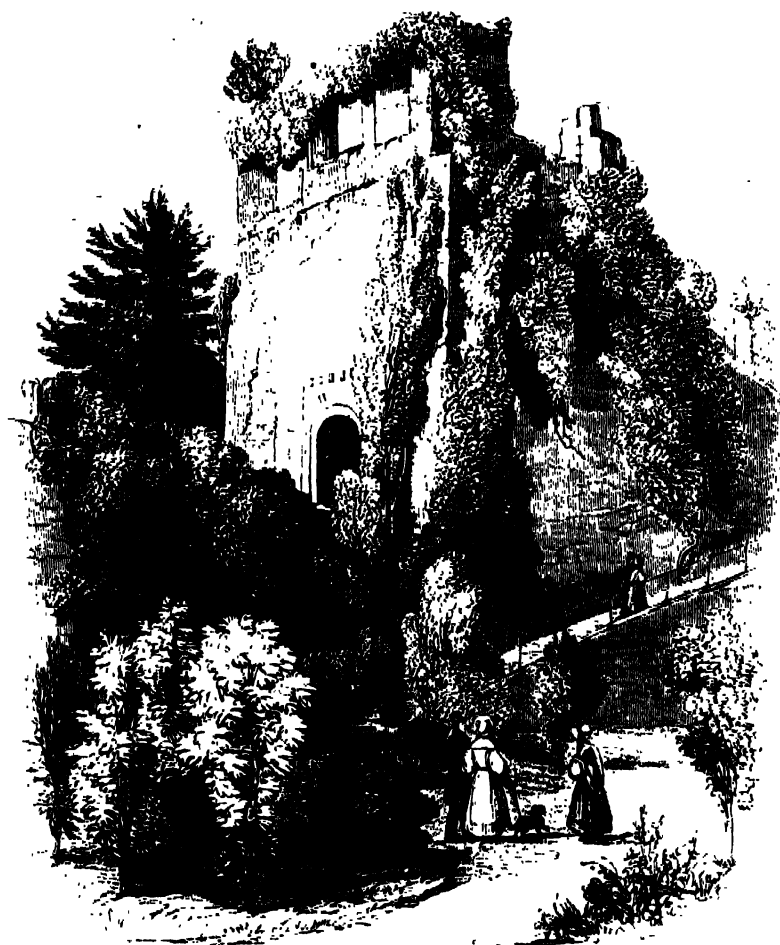




429.—Pomfret Castle



430.—Keworth Castle in 1620 — From the Fre c. Painting at Newhall, in Fablex.



426.—Ruins of Larnham Castle.



427.—The Keep, Carisbrooke Castle.



428.—Ruins of Norham Castle



429.—Ruins of Norham Castle

were about thirty-five feet high, and encircled by a moat. The gateway, of which little is preserved, was a noble building, with numerous apartments for the officers of the castle; and the keep, which was of great size, and octagonal, had its eight apartments with stone vaulted roofs on the ground floor, for the protection, it is said, of cattle brought in from the neighbourhood during any incursion of the Scots; also its great Baronial Hall, nearly forty feet long by twenty-four wide, and twenty high; all of which, though deprived of their roofs, floors, and windows, remain, through the excellence of the masonry, in admirable preservation. Cupidity alone, indeed, has been here at work to destroy. In Leland's time the castle was "well maintained," but in the early part of the seventeenth century the buildings of the outer court, with some others, were stripped of their lead and otherwise dismantled; and in 1672 the noble keep itself was unroofed. Warkworth has for several centuries been in possession of the Percy family. One can hardly mention these names together without also noticing the neighbouring hermitage, which Bishop Percy has made memorable by his poem of the 'Hermit of Warkworth.' This is situated in the perpendicular rocks which form the north bank of the Coquet, about a mile above the town, and consists of "two apartments hewn out of the rock, with a lower and outward apartment of masonry, built up against the side of the rock, which rises about twenty feet high; the principal apartment, or chapel, is about eighteen feet long, seven and a half wide, and seven and a half high, adorned with pilasters, from which spring the groins of the roof: at the east end is an altar with a niche behind it for a crucifix; and near the altar is a cavity containing a cenotaph, with a recumbent female figure having the hands raised in the attitude of prayer. In the inner apartment are another altar and a niche for a couch. From this inner apartment was a door leading to an open gallery or cloister. Steps led up from the hermitage to the hermit's garden at the top of the bank." (*Penny Cyclopædia*.) Who was the inhabitant of this strange home, and why he inhabited it, are questions that after all we must leave the poets and romance-writers to solve, and they could not be in better hands. It has been supposed that one of the Bertram family, who had murdered his brother, was the tenant of the hermitage, desiring in solitude by unceasing repentance to expiate his crime; but all we know is that the Percy family maintained from some unknown period a chantry priest here.

As the present fortress of NEWCASTLE (Fig. 431) was erected by Robert de Curthose, the eldest of the Conqueror's sons, on his return from an expedition into Scotland, we may judge of the general antiquity of the place by the name then given, the New-Castle. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the spot had been a Roman station, and very little but that in those early days it had been of some importance. After the introduction of Christianity the place became known by the name of Monk Chester, from the number of monastic institutions it contained. On the erection of the fortress, the town took the same name, New-Castle. The tower of this Norman structure remains essentially complete, and forms one of the most striking specimens in existence of the rude but grand-looking and (for the time) almost impregnable Norman stronghold. The first point of attraction to a visitor's eyes on entering Newcastle is that huge gloomy pile; it is also the last on which he turns his lingering glance on his departure. It stands upon a raised platform near the river, majestically isolated in its own "garth" or yard, to which we ascend by a steep flight of steps, spanned near the top by a strong postern with a circular Norman arch, reminding us of the difficulties that formerly attended such ascent when the approval of the inhabitants of the castle had not been previously gained. Crossing the garth to the east side, the one shown in the engraving (Fig. 431), we perceive the extraordinary character of the entrance, which, commencing at the corner on the left hand, and gradually rising, runs through the pile that seems to have been built against the keep rather than forming an integral part of it up to a considerable height, where the real entrance into the keep (originally most richly decorated) is to be found. Through this entrance we pass into one of the most remarkable of halls; it is of immense breadth, length, and height, dimly lighted through the various slit holes, hung here and there with rusty armour, and inhabited by an old pensioner and his family, whose little domestic conveniences when the eye does light upon them (for generally speaking they are lost in the magnitude of the place) have a peculiarly quaint effect. The recesses in various parts formed out of the solid thickness of the wall give us the best idea of its strength; one of these, possibly intended for the minstrels who sung the mighty deeds of the Norman chivalry to men yearning to emulate their fame, is alone of the size of a small and not very small apartment. But let us descend by the winding

staircase to the chapel beneath; recalling as we go a few recollections on the general subject of chapels in castles.

In the plan of an ancient castle (Fig. 346) it will be seen that the chapel forms a component part of the whole; and in turning from the plan to the descriptions of our castles generally, we find in almost every case a similar provision made for the performance of religious duties. It may seem either a melancholy or a consolatory consideration, according to the point of view from which we look, to perceive that in the age to which our present pages refer when the mailed nobles made might right, declared their pleasure and called it law, that then religion, as far as regarded sincere, zealous, and most unquestioning faith, and an indefatigable observance of all its forms and ceremonies, formed also a most conspicuous feature of the same men. To pray for mercy one hour, and be most merciless the next; to glorify the Giver of all good, as the most fitting preparation for the dispensation of all evil; to enshrine their hopes of salvation on the altar of Christ, the divine messenger of love, whilst they pressed forward to the mortal end of all through a continuous life of rapine, violence, and strife;—these were the almost unvarying characteristics of the early Norman lords, the builders of the old castles, where the keep and the chapel yet stand in many places side by side in most significant juxtaposition; the material embodiment of the two principles thus strangely brought together working to the most opposite conclusions, but with the utmost apparent harmony of intention. The great castle-builder provided his walls and his courts, his keep and his dungeons; but a chapel was no less indispensable alike to his station and his actual wants. Be-leaguered or free, he must be able at all times to hear the daily mass, or, more grateful still to lordly ears, the pious orison offered up for his own and his family's welfare; he must be able to fly to the chapel for succour when the "thick-coming fancies" of superstition press upon his imagination and appal him by their mysterious influence, or when defeat or danger threatens; there, too, in the hour of triumph must he be found, his own voice mingling with the chant of the priests; at births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths, the sacred doors must ever be at hand; the child fast growing up towards man's estate, who has spent his entire life within the castle walls, looks forward to the chapel as the scene that shall usher him into a world of glory—already he feels the touch of the golden spurs, the sway of the lofty plumes, the thrill of the fair hands that gird on his maiden sword; already with alternating hopes and fears, he anticipates his solitary midnight vigil within the chapel walls. And truly such a night in such a place as this, to which we have descended, below the keep of Newcastle, was calculated to try the tone of the firmest nerves; for though beautiful, exceedingly beautiful it is in all that respects the architectural style to which it belongs, and of which it is a rare example, there are here no lofty pointed windows, with their storied panes, to admit the full broad stream of radiant splendour, or to give the idea of airiness or elegance to the structure. All is massive, great, and impressively solemn (Fig. 432).

The Chapel in the Tower of London (Fig. 433), equally perfect with that of Newcastle, and probably equally ancient, presents in its aspect as remarkable a contrast to that structure as a work erected in the same age, country, and style could have well given us. Here we have aisles divided from the nave by gigantic but noble-looking pillars, being divested of the low stunted character often apparent in Norman ecclesiastical edifices; and their effect is enhanced in no slight degree by the arches in the story above. The chapel is now used as a Record Office. We need only briefly mention the other ecclesiastical building of the Tower, the Chapel of St. Peter, standing in the area that surrounds the White Tower, and which must be of very early date, since we find that in the reign of Henry III. it was existing in a state of great splendour, with stalls for the king and queen, two chancels, a fine cross, beautiful sculpture, paintings, and stained glass. But at whatever period erected, the view (Fig. 434) shows us that material alterations of the original building have probably taken place, though no doubt the pews, the flat roof, and the Tudor monuments are themselves sufficient, in so small a place, to conceal or to injure the naturally antique expression. But there are peculiar associations connected with these walls that make all others tedious in the comparison as a "twice-told tale." In our previous remarks we have glanced at the general uses of the chapels in our old castles; this one of the Tower has been devoted to a more momentous service than any there enumerated; hither, from time to time, have come a strangely assorted company, led by the most terrible of guides, the executioner, through the most awful of paths, a sudden and violent death: in a word, beneath the unsuggestive-looking pavement, which seems to mock one's earnest gaze, and along which one walks with a reverential dread of dis-

turbing the ashes of those who lie below, were buried the innocent Anne Boleyn and her brother, and the guilty Catherine Howard and her associate, Lady Rochford; the venerable Lady Salisbury, and Cromwell, Henry VIII.'s minister; the two Seymours, the Admiral and the Protector of the reign of Edward VI., and the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Essex, of the reign of Elizabeth; Charles II.'s son, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Earls of Balmerino and Kilmarnock, with their ignoble coadjutor, Lord Lovat; above all, here were buried Bishop Fisher, and his illustrious friend More. One would suppose, on looking over such a list of names, that the scaffold, while assuming the mission of Death, was emulous to strike with all Death's impartiality, and sweep away just and unjust, guilty and innocent, with equal imperturbability. It was a short road from the opening to this death-in-life at the Traitor's Gate (Fig. 435), and thence through the gaping jaws of the Bloody Tower (Fig. 436), to the final resting-place of St. Peter's Chapel.

History and ballad, the chronicler and the troubadour, and more effectually than either, the novelist of the North, have made Richard Cœur de Lion one of the favourite heroes of England (Fig. 437). Without the wisdom of his great father, he was the representative of the courage, the fortitude, and the gallantry of the Plantagenets—of the mixed blood of the Saxon and Norman races. We follow the fortunes of the royal crusader over many a battle-field, in which gallantry was always sure of its guerdon from his knightly sword (Fig. 442). We can almost believe in the old metrical romance, which tells us how

"The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand."

(Fig. 444.) The touching friendship of his minstrel, Blondel, tells us that the lion-hearted king had something even nobler in his nature than his indomitable courage and his physical strength. "One day he (Blondel) sat directly before a window of the castle where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had sometime composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at half of the song, the King began the other half, and completed it." His was a premature death. But generous as he was, he would have been a dangerous keeper of the rights of England. Of his brother John, the mean and treacherous John, a modern writer finely says: "The strong hands of the two first Plantagenets, Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion, his father and brother, were in the dust, and the iron sceptre which they had wielded lay rusting among the heavy armour which an imbecile and coward could not wear" (Pictorial History of England, vol. i.). The heart of Richard, by his own direction, was carried to his faithful city of Rouen for interment, and his body was buried at the feet of his father at Fontevraud: his statue, which was placed upon his tomb in that ancient monastery, is still remaining. It is of painted stone, and this is the principal authority for the portrait of Richard (Fig. 438). Here also is an effigy of his Queen Berengaria (Fig. 440). The faithful city of Rouen did not well keep its faith to the lion-hearted. A splendid tomb was erected over the heart of the king, and it was surrounded by a silver balustrade; but within half a century the faithful city melted the silver. In the year 1733 the chapter of the Cathedral, to effect some alteration in their church, pulled down the monuments of Richard and his brother, and of the great Duke of Bedford, and they laid down three plain slabs instead, in the pavement of the high altar. In 1838 some searches under this pavement were made by the prefect of the department, and amongst the rubbish was found a fine but mutilated statue of Richard (Fig. 439), and a leaden box containing a smaller box, which held all that remained of the lion-heart—something that had "the appearance of a reddish-coloured leaf, dry and bent round at the ends."—"To this complexion we must come at last."

The name of King John has two leading associations—Magna Charta and his murdered nephew. The great dramatic poet of England has so associated the fortunes of Constance and Arthur with the troubles, the fears, and the death-struggles of their faithless kinsman, that we look upon these events through the poetical medium as a natural series of cause and consequence. "The death of Arthur and the events which marked the last days of John were separated in their causes and effect by time only, over which the poet leaps." But the political history of John may be read in the most durable of antiquities—the Records of the kingdom. And the people may read the most remarkable of these records whenever they please to look upon it. Magna Charta, the great charter of England, entire as at the hour in which it was written, is preserved, not

for reference on doubtful questions of right, not to be proclaimed at market-crosses or to be read in churches, as in the time of Edward I., but for the gratification of a just curiosity and an honest national pride. The humblest in the land may look upon that document day by day, in the British Museum, which more than six hundred years ago declared that "no freeman shall be arrested or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his tenement, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any manner proceeded against, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." This is the foundation of statute upon statute, and of what is as stringent as statute, the common law, through which for six hundred years we have been struggling to breathe the breath of freedom—and we have not struggled in vain. The Great Charter is in Latin, written in a beautiful hand, of which we give a specimen in Fig. 458.

Runnemede—or Runingmede, as the Charter has it—was, according to Matthew of Westminster, a place where treaties concerning the peace of the kingdom had been often made. The name distinctly signifies a place of council. *Runn-med* is an Anglo-Saxon compound, meaning the Council-Meadow. We can never forget that Council-Meadow, for it entered into our first visions of Liberty:—

"Fair Runnemede! oft hath my lingering eye
Pais'd on thy tufted green and cultur'd hill;
And there my busy soul would drink her fill
Of lofty dreams, which on thy bosom lie.
Dear plain! never my feet have pass'd thee by,
At sprightly morn, high noon, or evening still,
But thou hast fashion'd all my pliant will
To soul-ennobling thoughts of liberty.
Thou dost not need a perishable stone
Of sculptur'd story;—records ever young
Proclaim the gladdening triumph thou hast known:
The soil, the passing stream, hath still a tongue;
And every wind breathes out an eloquent tone,
That Freedom's self might wake thy fields among."

These are commonplace rhymes—schoolboy verses; but we are not ashamed of having written them. Runnemede was our Marathon. Very beautiful is that narrow slip of meadow on the edge of the Thames, with gentle hills bounding it for a mile or so. It is a valley of fertility. Is this a fitting place to be the cradle of English freedom? Ought we not, to make our associations harmonious, to have something bolder and sterner than this quiet mead, and that still water with its island cottage? (Fig. 455.). Poetry tells us that "rocky ramparts" are

"The rough abodes of want and liberty."—GRAY.

But the liberty of England was nurtured in her prosperity. The Great Charter, which says, "No freeman, or merchant, or villain shall be unreasonably fined for a small offence—the first shall not be deprived of his tenement, the second of his merchandise, the third of his implements of husbandry"—exhibited a state far more advanced than that of the "want and liberty," of the poet, where the iron race of the mountain cliffs

"Insult the plenty of the vales below."

Runnemede is a fitting place for the cradle of English liberty. Denham, who from his Cooper's Hill looked down upon the Thames, wandering past this mead to become "the world's exchange," somewhat tamely speaks of the plain at his feet:—

"Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear;
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love."

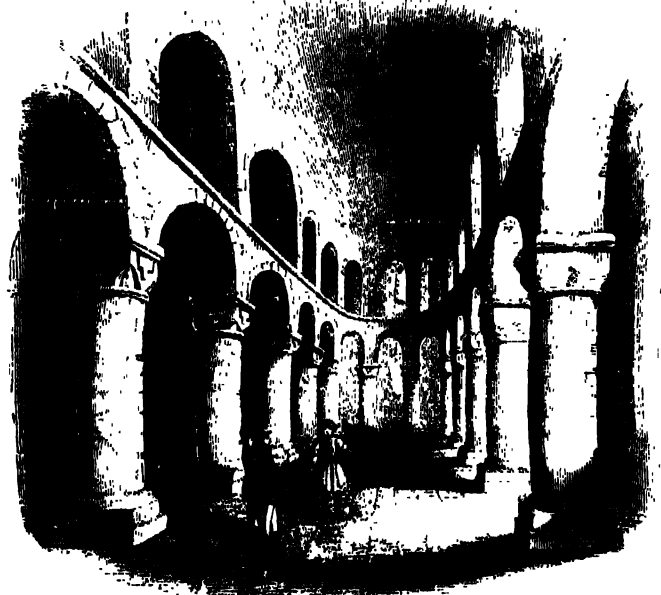
Our liberty was not so won. It was wrested from kings, and not given by them; and the love we bestow upon those who are the central point of our liberty is the homage of reason to security. That security has made the Thames "the world's exchange;" that security has raised up the great city which lies like a mist below Cooper's Hill; that security has caused the towers of Windsor, which we see from the same hill, to rise up in new splendour, instead of crumbling into ruin like many a stronghold of feudal oppression. Our prosperity is the child of our free institutions; and the child has gone forward strengthening and succouring the parent. Yet the iron men who won this charter of liberties dreamt not of the day when a greater power than their own, the power of the merchants and the villains, would rise up to keep what they had sworn to win upon the altar of St. Edmundsbury (Fig. 463). The Fitz-Walter, and De Roos, and De Clare, and De Percy, and De Mandeville, and De Vesey, and De Mowbray, and De Montacute, and De Beauchamp—these great progenitors of our English nobility—compelled the despot to put his seal to the Charter of Runne-



434.—St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower of London.



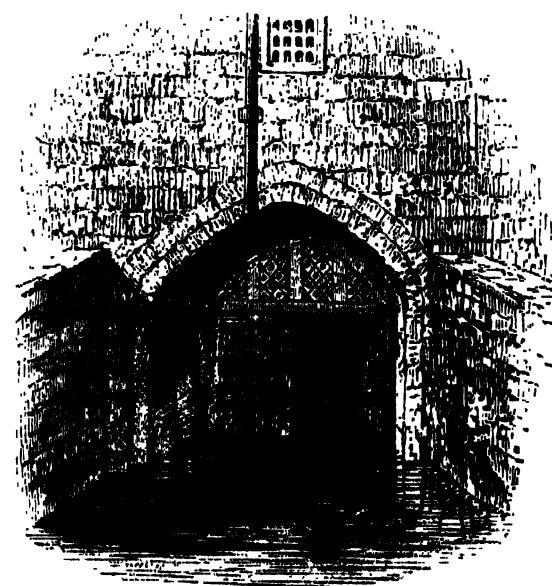
432.—Chapel in Newcastle Castle.



433.—Interior of the Chapel in the White Tower.



436.—Gateway of the Bloody Tower.



435.—The Traitors' Gate.



437.—Great Seal of Richard I



438.—Richard I.—From his Tomb at Fontevault.



40.—Berengaria, Queen of Richard I.
From the Tomb at Fontevault.



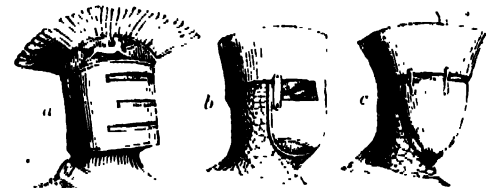
439.—Effigy of Richard I.—From the
Statue found at Rouen.



441.—The Norman Crusader.



442.—Knighting on the Field of Battle.



443.—Avantails.
a, Helmet of Richard I,
b, Baldwin, Count of Flanders, 1102.
c, " " " 1203.



444.—Richard and the Lion.

mede (Fig. 459). But another order of men, whom they of the pointed shield and the masled armour would have despised as slaves, have kept and will keep, God willing, what they won on the 15th of June in the year of grace 1215. The thing has rooted into our English earth like the Ankerwyke Yew on the opposite bank of the Thames, which is still vigorous, though held to be older than the great day of Runnemedde (Fig. 457).

Magna Charta is a record. Bishop Nicolson says, "Our stores of public records are justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority, whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort." Miles, nay, hundreds of miles, of parchment are preserved in our public offices, which incidentally exhibit the progress of the nation in its institutions and its habits, and decide many an historical fact which would otherwise be matter of controversy or of speculation. Nothing can more truly manifest the value of these documents than the fact that the actual place in which this said King John was, on almost every day, from the first year of his reign to the last, has been traced by a diligent examination of the Patent Rolls in the Tower of London. Mr. Hardy has appended to his curious Introduction to these Rolls, published by authority of the Record Commission, the 'Itinerary of King John.' A most restless being does he appear to have been, flying about in cumbrous carriages (Fig. 461) to all parts of England; sailing to Normandy (Fig. 460); now holding his state in his Palace at Westminster, now at Windsor (Fig. 464); and never at ease till he was laid in his tomb at Worcester (Fig. 465). We extract an instructive passage from Mr. Hardy's Introduction:—

"Rapin, Hume, Henry, and those English historians who have followed Matthew Paris, state that, as soon as King John had sealed the Great Charter, he became sullen, dejected, and reserved, and shunning the society of his nobles and courtiers, retired, with a few of his attendants, to the Isle of Wight, as if desirous of hiding his shame and confusion, where he conversed only with fishermen and sailors, diverting himself with walking on the sea-shore with his domestics; that, in his retreat, he formed plans for the recovery of the prerogatives which he had lately relinquished; and meditated, at the same time, the most fatal vengeance against his enemies; that he sent his emissaries abroad to collect an army of mercenaries and Brabasons, and dispatched messengers to Rome, for the purpose of securing the protection of the papal see; and that, whilst his agents were employed in executing their several commissions, he himself remained in the Isle of Wight, awaiting the arrival of the foreign soldiers.

"That these statements are partially if not wholly unfounded will appear by the attestations to the royal letters during the period in question.

"Previously to the sealing of Magna Charta, namely, from the 1st to the 3rd of June, 1215, the King was at Windsor, from which place he can be traced, by his attestations, to Odiham, and thence to Winchester, where he remained till the 8th. From Winchester he went to Merton; he was again at Odiham on the 9th, whence he returned to Windsor, and continued there till the 15th: on that day he met the barons at Runnemedde by appointment, and there sealed the great charter of English liberty. The King then returned to Windsor, and remained there until the 18th of June, from which time until the 23rd he was every day both at Windsor and Runnemedde, and did not finally leave Windsor and its vicinity before the 26th of the same month; John then proceeded through Odiham to Winchester, and continued in that city till the end of June. The first four days of July he passed at Marlborough, from which place he went to Devizes, Bradenstoke, and Calne; reached Cirencester on the 7th, and returned to Marlborough on the following day. He afterwards went to Ludgershall, and through Clarendon into Dorsetshire, as far as Corfe Castle, but returned to Clarendon on the 15th of July, from which place he proceeded, through Newbury and Abingdon, to Woodstock, and thence to Oxford, where he arrived on the 17th of that month; and in a letter dated on the 15th of July, between Newbury and Abingdon, the King mentions the impossibility of his reaching Oxford by the 16th, according to his appointment with the barons."

The publications of the Record Commissioners are enriched by the researches of some of our most eminent living antiquarians, who have brought to their task a fund of historical knowledge, and a sagacity in showing the connection between these dust-covered records and the history of our constitution, which have imparted a precision to historical writing unknown to the last age. No man has laboured more assiduously in this field than Sir Francis Palgrave; and he has especially shown that a true antiquary is not a mere scavenger of the baser things of time, but one whose talent and knowledge can discover the use and the connection of ancient things,

which are not really worn out, and which are only held to be worthless by the ignorant and the unimaginative. Sir Francis Palgrave is the Keeper of the Records in the Treasury of the Exchequer, and his publication of the ancient Kalendars and Inventories of that Treasury contains a body of documents of the greatest value, introduced by an account of this great depository of the Crown Records, which is full of interest and instruction. "The custom of depositing records and muniments amongst the treasures of the state is grounded upon such obvious reasons, that it prevailed almost universally amongst ancient nations; nor, indeed, is it entirely discontinued at the present day. The earliest, and in all respects the most remarkable, testimony concerning this practice is found in the Holy Scriptures:—'Now, therefore, if it seem good to the King, let there be search made in the King's Treasure-house, which is there at Babylon, whether it be so, that a decree was made of Cyrus the King to build this house of God at Jerusalem.' 'Then Darius the King made a decree, and search was made in the House of the Rolls, where the treasures were laid up in Babylon.'" The high antiquity of this custom imparts even a new value to our own Treasure Chambers. Those who feel an interest in the subject may consult a brief but valuable article under the head 'Records' in the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' From Sir Francis Palgrave's Introduction to the Ancient Kalendars we extract one or two amusing passages descriptive of some of the figures in p. 121:—

"The plans anciently adopted for the arrangement and preservation of the instruments had many peculiarities. Presses, such as are now employed, do not seem to have been in use. Chests bound with iron;—forcers or coffers, secured in the same manner;—pouches or bags of canvass or leather (Fig. 468); skippets, or small boxes turned on the lathe (Fig. 469);—tills or drawers;—and hanapers or hampers of 'twyggs' (Fig. 470);—are all enumerated as the places of stowage or deposit. To these reference was made, sometimes by letters, sometimes by inscriptions, sometimes by tickets or labels, and sometimes by 'signs,' that is to say, by rude sketches, drawings, or paintings, which had generally some reference to the subject matter of the documents (Fig. 467).

"Thus the *sign* of the instruments relating to Arragon is a lancer on a jennet;—Wales, a Briton in the costume of his country, one foot shod and the other bare;—Ireland, an Irishman, clad in a very singular hood and cape;—Scotland, a Lochaber axe;—Yarmouth, three united herrings;—the rolls of the Justices of the Forest, an oak sapling;—the obligations entered into by the men of Chester, for their due obedience to Edward, Earl of Chester, a gallows, indicating the fate which might be threatened in case of rebellion, or which the officers of the Treasury thought they had already well deserved;—Royal marriages, a hand in hand;—the indentures relating to the subsidy upon woollen cloths, a pair of shears;—instruments relating to the lands of the Earl of Gloucester in Wales, a castle surrounded by a banner charged with the Clare arms;—and the like, of which various examples will be found by inspection of the calendars and memoranda.*

"Two ancient boxes painted with shields of arms, part of the old furniture, are yet in existence, together with several curious chests, coffers, and skippets of various sorts and sizes, all sufficiently curious and uncouth, together with various specimens of the hanapers woven of 'twyggs,' as described in the text.

"One of these hanapers was discovered under rather remarkable circumstances. On the 15th of Feb., in the third year of the reign of Richard II., Thomas Orgrave, clerk; delivers into the Treasury, to be there safely kept, certain muniments relating to the lands and tenements in Berkhamstead, formerly belonging to William, the son and heir of John II. Hunt, and which the king had purchased of Dyonia, the widow of William de Sutton, and which are stated to be placed in a certain hanaper or hamper within a chest over the receipt. Upon a recent inspection of a bag of deeds relating to the county of Berks, I found that it contained the hanaper so described, with a

* "The rolls of the Justices of the Forest were marked by the sapling oak (No. 1). Papal bulls, by the triple crown. Four canvass pouches holding rolls and tallies of certain payments made for the church of Westminster were marked by the church (3). The head in a cowl (4) marked an indenture respecting the jewels found in the house of the Fratres Minores in Salop. The scales (5), the assay of the mint in Dublin. The Briton having one foot shod and the other bare, with the lance and sword (6), marked the wooden 'coffin' holding the acquittances of receipts from Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. Three herrings (7), the 'forer' of leather bound with iron, containing documents relating to Yarmouth, &c. The lancer (8), documents relating to Arragon. The united hands (9), the marriage between Henry, Prince of Wales, and Philippa, daughter of Henry IV. The galley (10), the recognizance of merchants of the three galleys of Venice. The hand and book (11), fealty to kings John and Henry. The charter or cyrograph (12), treaties and truces between England and Scotland. The hooded monk (13), advowsons of Irish churches; and the castle with a banner of the Clare arms (14), records relating to the possessions of the Earl of Gloucester in Wales."—(Penny Cyclopædia.)

label exactly conformable to the entry in the memoranda, crumbling and decaying, but tied up, and in a state which evidently showed that it had never been opened since the time of its first deposit in the Treasury; and within the hanaper were all the several deeds, with their seals in the highest state of preservation."

Connected with the subject of the ancient records of the crown may be mentioned the tallies of the Exchequer, which were actually in use from the very earliest times till the year 1834. These primitive records of account have been thus described: "The tallies used in the Exchequer (one is shown in Fig. 471) answered the purpose of receipts as well as simple records of matters of account. They consisted of squared rods of hazel or other wood, upon one side of which was marked, by notches, the sum for which the tally was an acknowledgment; one kind of notch standing for 1000*l.*, another for 100*l.*, another for 20*l.*, and others for 20*s.*, 1*s.*, &c. On two other sides of the tally, opposite to each other, the amount of the sum, the name of the payer, and the date of the transaction, were written by an officer called the writer of the tallies; and after this was done, the stick was cleft longitudinally in such a manner that each piece retained one of the written sides, and one-half of every notch cut in the tally. One piece was then delivered to the person who had paid in the money, for which it was a receipt or acquittance, while the other was preserved in the Exchequer." The Saxon Reeve-pole, used in the Isle of Portland down to a very recent period by the collector of the king's rents, shows the sum which each person has to pay to the king as lord of the manor (Fig. 473). The Clog Almanac, which was common in Staffordshire in the seventeenth century, was in the same way a record of the future, cut on the sides of a square stick, such as exhibited in Fig. 472.

The same combination against the power of the Crown which produced the great charter of our liberties, relieved the people from many regal oppressions by a charter of the forests. We cannot look upon an old forest without thinking of the days when men who had been accustomed to the free range of their green woods were mulcted or maimed for transgressing the ordinances of their new hunter-kings. Our poet Cowper put his imagination in the track of following out the customs of the Norman age in his fragment upon Yardley Oak, which was supposed to have existed before the Normans:—

"Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the vivid jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the globe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through."

But the poet's purpose failed. England is full of such natural anti-
quities of the earliest period: "Within five and twenty miles of St. Paul's, the Great Western Railway will place us in an hour (having an additional walk of about two miles) in the heart of one of the most secluded districts in England. We know nothing of forest scenery equal to Burnham Beeches (Fig. 476). There are no spots approaching to it in wild grandeur to be found in Windsor Forest; Sherwood, we have been told, has trees as ancient, but few so entirely untouched in modern times. When at the village of Burnham, which is about a mile and a half from the Railway-station at Maidenhead, the beeches may be reached by several roads, each very beautiful in its seclusion. We ascend a hill, and find a sort of table-land forming a rude common with a few scattered houses. Gradually the common grows less open. We see large masses of wood in clumps, and now and then a gigantic tree close by the road. The trunks of these scattered trees are of amazing size. They are for the most part pollards; but not having been lopped for very many years, they have thrown out mighty arms, which give us a notion of some deformed son of Anak, noble as well as fearful in his grotesque proportions. As we advance the wood thickens; and as the road leads us into a deep dell, we are at length completely embosomed in a leafy wilderness. This dell is a most romantic spot: it extends for some quarter of a mile between overhanging banks covered with the graceful forms of the ash and the birch: while the contorted beeches show their fantastic roots and unwieldy trunks upon the edge of the glen, in singular contrast. If we walk up this valley, we may emerge into the plain of beeches, from which

the place derives its name. It is not easy to make scenes such as these interesting in description. The great charm of this spot may be readily conceived, when it is known that its characteristic is an entire absence of human care. The property has been carefully preserved in its ancient state, and the axe of the woodman for many a day has not been heard within its precincts. The sheep wander through the tender grass as if they were the rightful lords of the domain. We asked a solitary old man, who was sitting on a stump, whether there was any account who planted this ancient wood. 'Planted!' he replied, 'it was never planted: those trees are as old as the world!' However sceptical we might be as to the poor man's chronology, we were sure that history or tradition could tell little about their planting." We visited this place in 1841, and this slight notice of it already published may as well be transferred to these pages. But England has a store of popular associations with her old oaks and yews in the vast collection of Robin Hood Ballads.

If there be one district of England over which more than over any other Romance seems to have asserted an unquestionable supremacy—"This is mine henceforth, for ever!"—and over which she has drawn her veil of strange enchantments, making the fairest objects appear fairer through that noble medium, and giving beauty even to deformity itself, it is surely Sherwood Forest. If there be one man of England whose story above the stories of all other men has entered deeply into the popular heart, or stirred powerfully the popular imagination, there can be no doubt but it is the bold yeoman-forester Robin Hood. Who, in youth, ever read unmoved the ballads in which that story is chiefly related, absurd and untrue as undoubtedly many of them are? Who now can behold even a partial reflex of the lives of these joyous inhabitants of the green woods, such, for instance, as 'As You Like It' affords, without a sigh at the contrast presented to our own safer, more peaceable, but altogether unromantic pursuits? It is well, perhaps, that there is now no banished duke "in the Forest of Arden, and so many merry men with him," living there "like the old Robin Hood of England:" for there would be still "young gentlemen" too glad to "flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." But, perhaps, the most decisive proof of the inherent interest of the lives of the Forest outlaws, is not that such interest should simply still exist so many centuries after their death, but that it should exist under the heavy load of mistakes and absurdities that have so long surrounded and weighed it down:—all honour to those whose unerring perceptions and steadfast faith have kept that interest alive! The philosopher has once more condescended to learn from the people whom he should teach. What they would not "willingly let die" under so many circumstances adverse to preservation, he now, in our time, discovers is fit to live, and forthwith satisfactorily proves what millions never doubted, that Robin Hood was worthy of his reputation—that he was no thief, or robber, no matter how these epithets might be qualified in Camden's phrase of the "gentlest of thieves," or Major's of the "most humane and prince of all robbers." Altogether the treatment during late centuries of the story of Sherwood Forest has been at once curious and instructive. The people wisely taking for granted the essentials of that story as handed down to them from generation to generation, and which described Robin Hood as their benefactor in an age when heaven knows benefactors to them were few enough, and which at the same time invested him with all the attributes on which a people delight to dwell, as mirroring, in short, all their own best qualities—hatred of oppression, courage, hospitality, generous love, and deep piety; taking all this, we repeat, for granted, they have not since troubled themselves to ask why they continued to look upon his memory with such affectionate respect. On the other hand, our historians, who were too philosophic (so called) to regard such feelings as in themselves of any particular importance, if they did not even think them decisive against the man who was their object, never condescended to inquire as to his true character, but were content to take their views of him on trust from some such epigrammatic sounding sentences of the older writers as we have already transcribed. And what is the result when they are suddenly startled with inquiry by an eminent foreigner, Thierry, putting forth a strangely favourable opinion of the political importance of Robin Hood?—why, that without referring to a single new or comparatively inaccessible document, a writer in the Westminster Review for March, 1840 (to whom every lover of Robin Hood owes grateful acknowledgments), has shown that there can be no reasonable doubt whatever that it is the patriot, and not the freebooter, whom his countrymen have so long delighted to honour. Of this more presently.

The severity of the old forest laws of England has become a by-word, and no wonder, when we know that with the Conqueror a



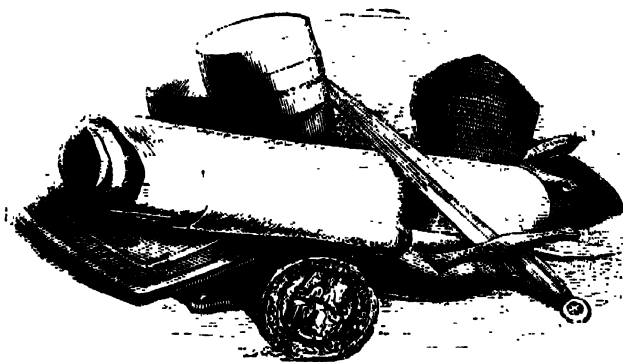
445.—Great Seal of King John.



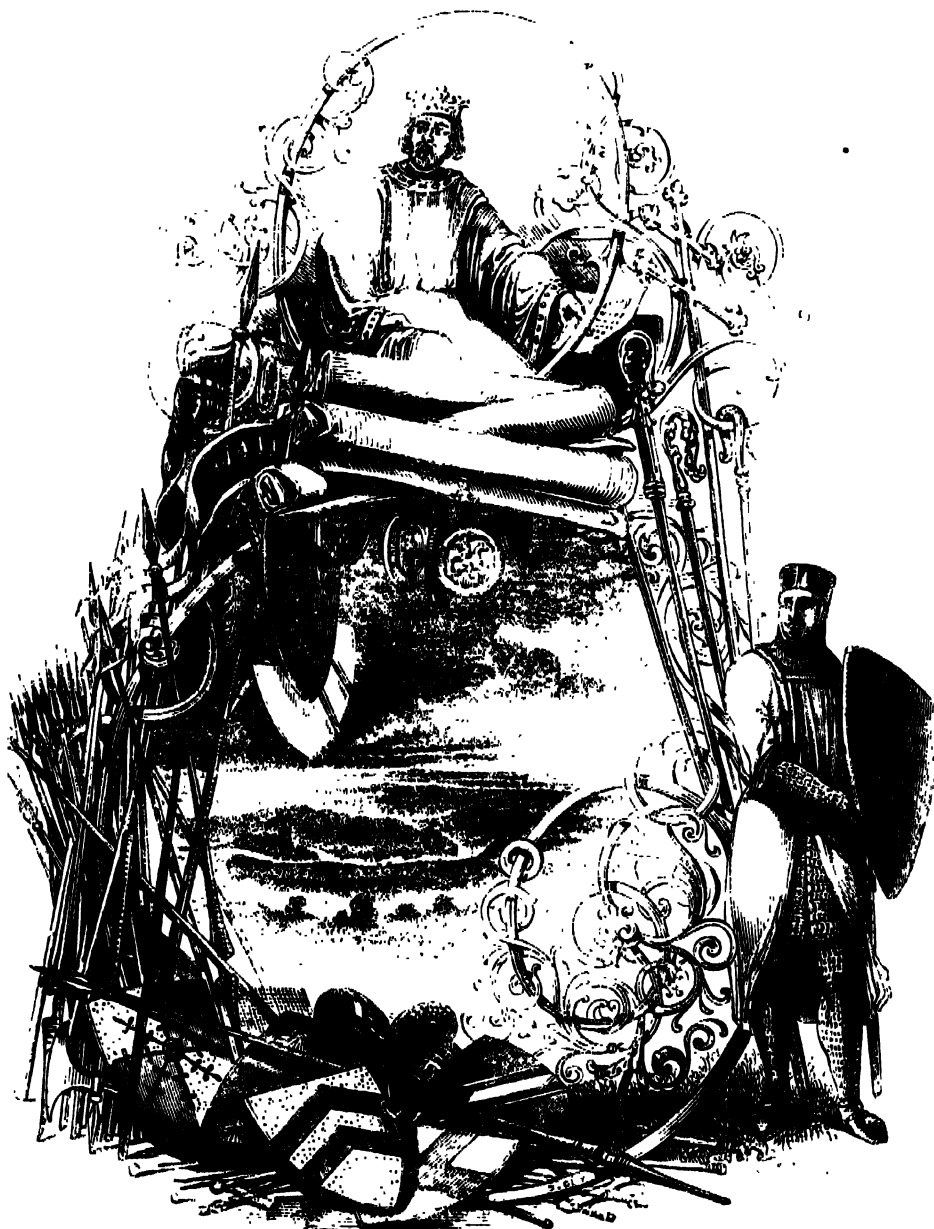
446.—Portrait of King John.—From his Tomb at Worcester.



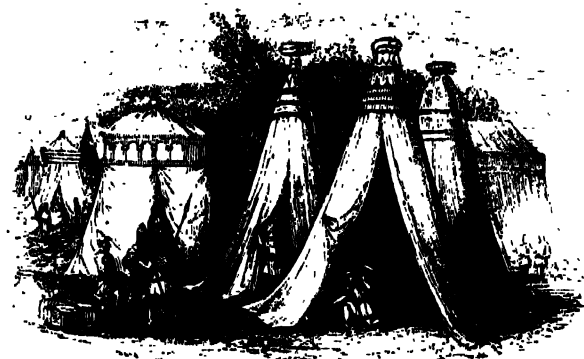
447.—Irish Silver Penny of John. From a specimen in Brit. Mus.



452.—Great Seal, &c., of King John.



454.—Magna Charta and its associations.



453.—Tents.—From a MS. in Brit. Mus.



448.—King John.



449.—Queen Eleanor.



450.—William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury.



451.—William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke.



465.—Magna Charta Island.



467.—The Ankerwyke Yew.

Johannes dei gra Rex Angl. Dns Hybn. Dux Normann. Aquit. & Comes
 Andeg. Archiepis Eps. Abbat. Comites. Barones. Justic. & Cori
 comites. Prepositus. Milites. & omnes Balliivi & lib. lres. Sate
 Nullus liber homo capiat ut imprisonet. aut dissolvat. aut vilaget.
 aut exulet. aut aliquo modo de fruat. nec sup eum ibimul nec sup eum mittemul nisi p le-
 gale iudicium parum suoz. ut p legem terre.
 Dada p manum nram in praco qd vocat Rinnegmed Inter
 Wendelesoy & Grednes. Cuto decimo die Jun. Anno Regni nostri Septi-
 mo decimo.

152.—Specimen of Magna Charta, engraved from one of the original copies in the British Museum. The passages are a portion of the Preamble, the Forty-sixth Clause, and the Attestation.



466.—Rannemede.



469.—Copy of the Seal of King John to the Agreement with the Barons.



Nullus liber homo capiat ut imprisonet. aut dissolvat. aut vilaget. aut exulet. aut aliquo modo de fruat. nec sup eum ibimul nec sup eum mittemul nisi p legale iudicium parum suoz. ut p legem terre.

sovereign's paternal care for his subjects was understood to apply to red deer, not to Saxon men; and that accordingly, of the two, the lives of the former alone were esteemed of any particular value. But it was not the severity merely that was, after the Conquest, introduced (whether into the spirit or into the letter of the forest laws is immaterial), but also the vast extent of fresh land then afforested, and to which such laws were for the first time applied, that gave rise to so much opposition and hatred between the Norman conquerors and the Saxon forest inhabitants; and that in particular parts of England infused such continuous vigour into the struggle commenced at the invasion, long after that struggle had ceased elsewhere. The Conqueror is said to have possessed in this country no less than sixty-eight forests, and these even were not enough; so the afforesting process went on reign after reign, till the awful shadow of Magna Charta began to pass more and more frequently before royal eyes, producing first a check, and then a retreat: dis-afforesting then began, and the forest laws gradually underwent a mitigating process. But this was the work of the nobility of England, and occupied the said nobility a long time first to determine upon, and then to carry out: the people in the interim could not afford to wait, but took the matter to a certain extent into their own hands; free bands roved the woods, laughing at the king's laws, and killing and eating his deer, and living a life of perfect immunity from punishment, partly through bravery and address, and still more through the impenetrable character of the woods that covered a large portion of the whole country from the Trent to the Tyne. Among the more famous of the early leaders of such men were Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley (Fig. 479), the heroes of many a northern ballad. But as time passed on, and Normans and Saxons gradually amalgamated, and forgot their feuds of race in the necessity for resisting the oppressions of class, such a life would cease to be honourable; liberty would become licence—resistance to government rebellion. Assuredly the memory of Robin Hood would not have been treasured as it was by our forefathers, if, whilst the country was gradually progressing onwards to peace, order, and justice, he had merely distinguished himself by the exercise of excellent qualities for a very mischievous purpose. What was it, then, that justified such a man in establishing an independent government in the woods, after so much had been done towards the establishment of a more regular authority, and after the people generally of England had patiently submitted, and began in earnest to seek an amelioration of their condition in a legal and peaceable way? It was, in a word, the overthrow of the national party of united Englishmen at the battle of Evesham in 1265, when Simon de Montfort and a host of other leaders of the people fell; when the cause that had experienced so many vicissitudes, and which had assumed so many different aspects at different times, was apparently lost for ever; and when the kingly power, unrestrained by charters—since there were no longer armed bands to enforce them—rioted in the degradation and ruin of all who had been opposed to it. In a parliament called almost immediately after this event which sat at Winchester, and consisted of course entirely of nobles and knights who had been on the victors' side, the estates of *all* who had adhered to the late Earl of Leicester (Montfort) were confiscated at one fell swoop. It is important to mark what then took place. "Such measures," writes Dr. Lingard, whose sympathies are all on the royal side, "were not calculated to restore the public tranquillity. The sufferers, prompted by revenge, or compelled by want, had again recourse to the sword: the mountains, forests, and morasses furnished them with places of retreat; and the flames of predatory warfare were kindled in most parts of the kingdom. To reduce these partial, but successive insurrections, occupied Prince Edward [himself one of the popular party till he found popular restrictions were to be applied to his reign as well as his father's] the better part of two years. He first compelled Simon de Montfort [son of the late earl] and his associates, who had sought an asylum in the Isle of Axholm, to submit to the award which should be given by himself and the King of the Romans. He next led his forces against the men of the Cinque Ports, who had long been distinguished by their attachment to Leicester, and who since his fall had by their *piracies* interrupted the commerce of the narrow seas, and made prizes of all ships belonging to the king's subjects. The capture of Winchelsea, which was carried by storm, taught them to respect the authority of the sovereign, and their power by sea made the prince desirous to recal them to their duty and attach them to the crown. They swore fealty to Henry; and in return obtained a full pardon, and the confirmation of their privileges. From the Cinque Ports Edward proceeded to Hampshire, which, with Berkshire and Surrey, was ravaged by numerous *banditti*,

under the command of Adam Gordon, the most athletic man of the age. They were surprised in a wood near Alton. The prince engaged in single combat with their leader, wounded and unhorsed him; and then, in regard of his valour, granted him his pardon. Still the garrison of Kenilworth [the Montfort family seat] continued to brave the royal power, and even added contumely to their disobedience. To subdue these obstinate *rebels*, it was necessary to summon the chivalry of the kingdom: but the strength of the place defied all the efforts of the assailants; and the obstinacy of Hastings, the governor, refused for six months every offer which was made to him in the name of his sovereign." At length it became necessary to offer something like terms of accommodation; there was danger in such long and successful resistance. So it was declared that estates might be redeemed at certain rates of payment, the highest being applied to the brave Kenilworth garrison, who were to pay seven years' value. They submitted at last. Others still held out, hoping perhaps to see a new national organization, and at all events determined to refuse submission so long as they could. Such were the men who maintained their independence for nearly two years in the Isle of Ely; above all, such were the men who maintained their independence for a lifetime in the forest of Sherwood and the adjacent woodlands. Fordun, the Scottish historian, who travelled in England in the fourteenth century diligently collecting materials for his great work, which forms to this day our only authority for the facts of Scottish history through a considerable period, states, immediately after his notice of the battle of Evesham, and its consequences to all who had been connected, on the losing side, with the general stream of events to which that battle belongs, "*Then from among the dispossessed and the banished arose that most famous cut-throat Robert Hood and Little John.*" If any one rises from the perusal of the mighty events of the reign of Henry the Third with the conviction that Simon de Montfort, to whom in all probability England owes its borough representation, was a rebel instead of a martyr, as the people called him, and that the words so freely used by Dr. Lingard, of pirates, banditti, and rebels, were properly applied to Simon de Montfort's followers, then also they may accept Fordun's opinion that Robin Hood was a cut-throat—*but not else*; they will otherwise, like ourselves, accept his fact only, which is one of the highest importance, and beyond dispute as to its correctness, however strangely neglected even by brother historians. Fordun's work was continued and completed by his pupil, Bower, Abbot of St. Colomb, who under the year 1266, noticing the further progress of the events that followed the battle of Evesham, says, "In this year were obstinate hostilities carried on between the dispossessed barons of England and the royalists, amongst whom Roger Mortimer occupied the Marches of Wales, and John Duguil the Isle of Ely. Robert Hood now lived an outlaw among the woodland copses and thickets." It is hardly necessary after this to add that the one, and, there is but one undoubtedly, ancient ballad relating to Robin Hood, the '*Lytell Geste*,' furnishes an additional corroboration of the most satisfactory character; it relates, as its title-page informs us, to "*Kynge Edward and Robyn Hode and Lytell Johan.*" We may here observe that this ballad, one of the very finest in the language, which for beauty and dramatic power is worthy of Chaucer himself, about whose time it was probably written, had shared Robin Hood's own fate: that is, enjoyed a great deal of indiscriminating and, therefore, worthless popularity. It has simply been looked on as one of the Robin Hood ballads, whilst in fact it stands out as much from all the others by its merits as by its antiquity, and its internal evidence of being written by one who understood that on which he wrote: which is much more than can be said for the ballad-doers of later centuries, when Friar Tuck and Maid Marian first crept into the foresters' company, when the gallant yeoman was created without ceremony Earl of Huntingdon, and his own period put back a century in order that he and the Lion Heart might hob and nob it together. Here, then, we see the origin of Robin Hood's forest career; we see him—the yeoman—doing what the few leaders of the people, the knights and barons whom Evesham had spared, everywhere did also, resisting oppression; the difference being that they fought as soldiers with a better soldier, Prince Edward, and failed; and that he fought as a forester in the woods he had probably been familiar with from boyhood, and succeeded. Without exaggerating his political importance, it is not too much to say that but for Edward's wisdom in conceding substantially, when he became king, what he had shed so much blood to resist while prince, that little handful of freemen in Sherwood forest might have become the nucleus of a new organization, destined once more to shake the isle to its very centre. Edward prevented this result; but, nevertheless, they found their mission. They enabled their leader to become "the representative and the hero of a cause far older and deeper even than that in which

De Montfort had so nobly fallen: we mean the permanent protest of the industrious classes of England against the galling injustice and insulting immorality of that framework of English society, and that fabric of ecclesiastical as well as civil authority, which the iron arm of the Conquest had established. Under a system of general oppression—based avowedly on the right of the strongest—the suffering classes beheld, in a personage like Robert Hood, a sort of particular Providence, which scattered a few grains of equity amid all that monstrous mass of wrong. And when in his defensive conflicts, the well-aimed missile entered the breast of some one of their petty tyrants, though regarded by the ruling powers as an arrow of malignant fate, it was hailed by the wrung and goaded people as a shaft of protecting or avenging Heaven. The service of such a chieftain, too, afforded a sure and tempting refuge for every Anglo-Saxon serf who, strong in heart and in muscle, and stung by intolerable insult, had flown in the face of his Norman owner or his owner's bailiff—for every villain who, in defending the decencies of his hearth, might have brained some brutal collector of the poll-tax—for every rustic sportsman who had incurred death or mutilation, the ferocious penalties of the Anglo-Norman forest laws, by 'taking, killing, and eating deer'" (Westminster Review).

The forest of Sherwood, which formerly extended for thirty miles northward from Nottingham, skirting the great north road on both sides, was anciently divided into Thorney Wood and High Forest; and in one of these alone, the first and smallest, there were comprised nineteen towns and villages, Nottingham included. But this extensive sylvan district formed but a part of Robin Hood's domains. Sherwood was but one of a scarcely interrupted series of forests through which the outlaws roved at pleasure, when change was desired, either for its own sake, or in order to decline the too pressing attentions of the "Sheriff," as they called the royal governor of Nottingham Castle and of the two counties, Notts and Derby, who had supplanted the old elective officer—the people's sheriff. Hence we trace their haunts to this day so far in one direction as "Robin Hood's Chair," Wye Hill, and his "Stride" (Fig. 486) in Derbyshire; thence to "Robin Hood's Bay," on the coast of Yorkshire, in another, with places between innumerable. But the "woody and famous forest of Barnsdale," in Yorkshire, and Sherwood, appear to have been their principal places of resort; and what would not one give for a glimpse of the scene as it then was, with these its famous actors moving about among it! There is little or nothing remaining in a sufficiently wild state to tell us truly of the ancient royal forest of Sherwood. The clearing process has been carried on extensively during the last century and a half. Prior to that period the forest was full of ancient trees—the road from Mansfield to Nottingham presented one unbroken succession of green woods. The principal parts now existing are the woods of Birkland and Billagh, where oaks of the most giant growth and of the most remote antiquity are still to be found: oaks against which Robin Hood himself may have leaned, and which even then may have counted their age by centuries. Such are the oaks in Welbeck Park (Fig. 480). Many of these ancient trees are hollow through nearly the whole of their trunks, but their tops and lateral branches still put forth the tender green foliage regularly as the springs come round. Side by side with the monarch oak we find the delicate silver-coated stems and pendent branches of the lady of the woods; and beautiful is the contrast and the harmony. But everything wears a comparatively cultivated aspect. We miss the prodigal luxuriance of a natural forest, where every stage upward, from the sapling to the mightiest growth, may be traced. We miss the picturesque accidents of nature always to be found in such places—the ash key, for instance, of which Gilpin speaks (Forest Scenery), rooting in a decayed part of some old tree, germinating, sending down its roots, and lifting up its branches till at last it rends its supporter and nourisher to pieces, and appears itself standing in its place, stately and beautiful as that once appeared. Above all we miss the rich and tangled undergrowth; the climbing honeysuckle, the white and black briony, and the clematis; the prickly holly and the golden furze, the heaths, the thistles, and the foxgloves with their purple bells; the bilberries, which for centuries were wont to be an extraordinarily great profit and pleasure to the poor people who gathered them (Thornton); the elders and willows of many a little marshy nook; all which, no doubt, once flourished in profusion wherever they could find room to grow between the thickly set trees, of which Camden says, referring to Sherwood, that their "entangled branches were so twisted together, that they hardly left room for a person to pass." It need excite little surprise that the outlaws could defend themselves from all inroads upon such a home. The same writer adds, that in his time the woods were

much thinner, but still bred an infinite number of deer and stags with lofty antlers. When Robin Hood hunted here, there would be also the roe, the fox, the marten, the hare, the coney, as well as the partridge, the quail, the rail, the pheasant, the woodcock, the mallard, and the heron, to furnish sport or food. Even the wolf himself may have been occasionally found in Sherwood, down to the thirteenth century: in the manor of Mansfield Woodhouse a parcel of land called Wolfhuntland was held so late as Henry the Sixth's time by the service of winding a horn to frighten away the wolves in the forest of Sherwood. We must add to this rude and imperfect sketch of the scene made for ever memorable by Robin Hood's presence and achievements, that in another point it would seem to have been expressly marked out by nature for such romantic fame. Caverns are found in extraordinary numbers through the forest. Those near Nottingham are supposed to have given name both to the town and county; the Saxon word *Sno-dengaham* being interpreted to mean the Home of Caverns. There are similar excavations in the face of a cliff near the Lenc, west of Nottingham Castle. Above all, there is a cave traditionally connected with the great archer himself. This is a curious hollow rock in the side of a hill near Newstead, known as Robin Hood's Stable, but more likely from its aspect to have been his chapel. It contains several passages and doorways cut in the Gothic style, out of the solid rock; and there are peculiar little hollows in the wall, which might have been intended for holy water. Robin Hood's devotion is attested in a thousand ways by tradition, ballad, and sober history. Thus the 'Lytell Geste' observes:—

A good maner than had Robyn
In londe where that he were,
Every daye or he would dyne,
Three messes wolde he here.

Fordun's illustration of Robin Hood's piety is an exceedingly interesting anecdote, and one that assuredly would not have found its way into his work unless from his full conviction of its truth. "Once upon a time, in Barnsdale, where he was avoiding the wrath of the King and the rage of the Prince, while engaged in very devoutly hearing mass, as he was wont to do, nor would he interrupt the service for any occasion—one day, I say, while so at mass, it happened that a certain Viscount [the sheriff or governor, no doubt, before mentioned], and other officers of the King, who had often before molested him, were seeking after him in that most retired woodland spot wherein he was thus occupied. Those of his men who first discovered this pursuit, came and entreated him to fly with all speed; but this, from reverence for the consecrated host, which he was then most devoutly adoring, he absolutely refused to do. While the rest of his people were trembling for fear of death, Robert alone, confiding in Him whom he fearlessly worshipped, with the very few whom he had then beside him, encountered his enemies, overcame them with ease, was enriched by their spoils and ransom, and was thus induced to hold ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration than ever, as mindful of the common saying,

"God hears the man that often hears the mass."

The life in the forest must indeed have been steeped in joyous excitement. No doubt it had its disadvantages. Winter flaws in such a scene would not be pleasant. Agues might be apt occasionally to make their appearance. One feels something of a shivering sensation as we wonder,

When they did hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In that their pinching cave they could discourse
The freezing hours away.

Yet even the rigours of the season might give new zest to the general enjoyment of forest life; we may imagine one of the band singing in some such words as those of Amiens:—

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

And that very thought would ensure such enemies, when they did come, a genial and manly reception. But reverse the picture, and what a world of sunshine, and green leaves, and flickering lights and shadows break in upon us—excitement in the chase, whether they follow the deer (Figs. 485 and 487), or were themselves followed by the sheriff, through bush and brake, over bog and quagmire—of enjoyment in their shooting and wrestling matches



460.—English ships, temp. John.



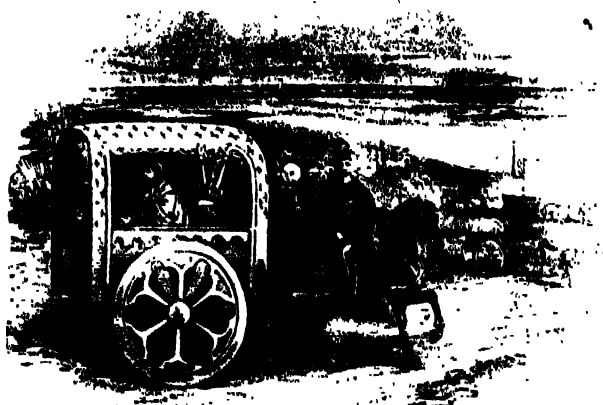
462.—Prison, temp. John.



463.—Altar at St. Edmundsbury.



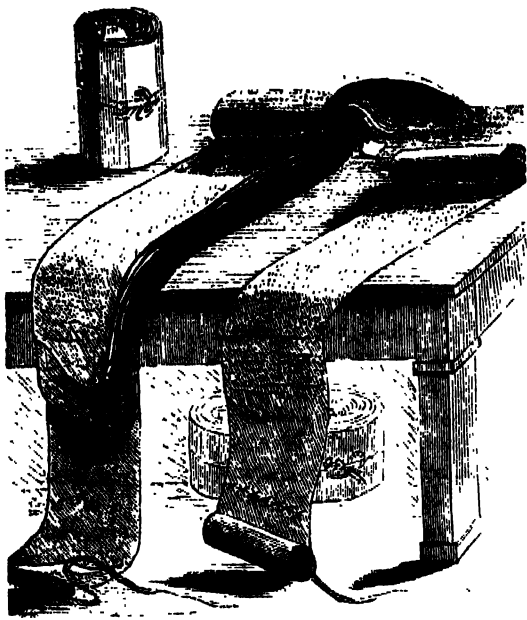
464.—Room of State, temp. John.



461.—Carriages, temp. John.



465.—Tomb of King John, Worcester.



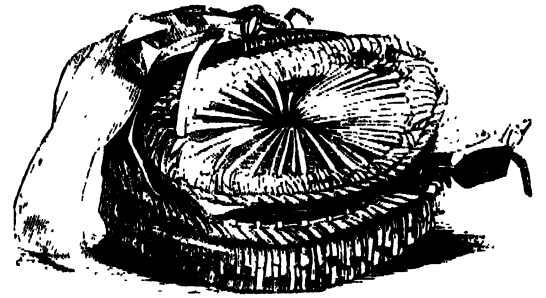
466.—Rolls of Records.



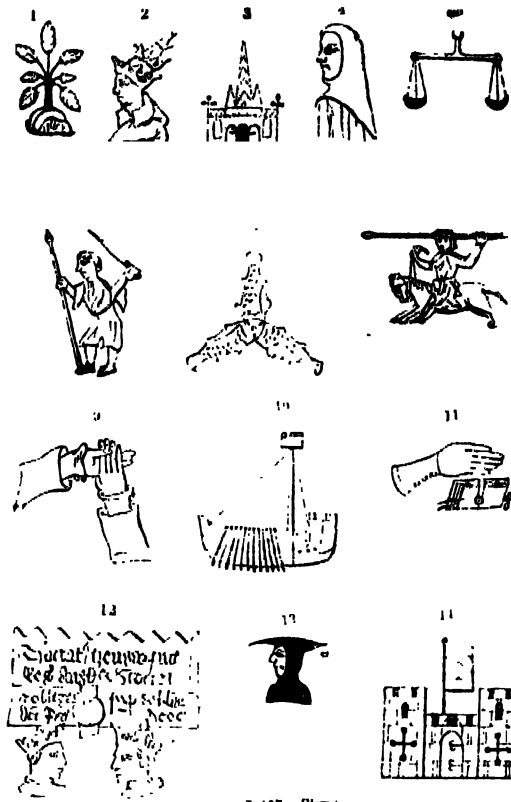
468.—Leathern Pouch.



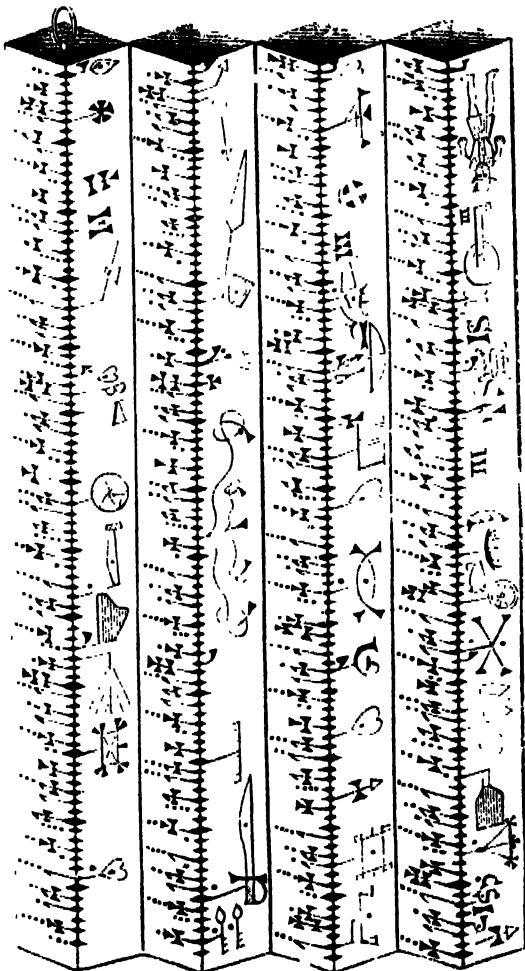
469.—Skippet.



470.—Hutaper.



467.—Signs.



472.—Clog Almanack.



471.—Embreyer Fally.



473.—Saxod Kolve Fole.

(Fig. 484), in their sword-fights (Fig. 483), and sword-dances (Fig. 489); in their visits to all the rustic wakes and feasts of the neighbourhood, where they would be received as the most welcome of guests. The variety of the life in the forest must have been endless. Now the outlaws would be visited by the wandering minstrels, coming thither to amuse them with old ballads, and to gather a rich harvest of materials for new ones, that should be listened to with the deepest interest and delight all England through, not only while the authors recited them, but for centuries after the very names of such authors were forgotten. The legitimate poet-minstrel would be followed by the humbler gleeman, forming one of a band of revellers (Fig. 490), in which would be comprised a taberner, a bagpiper, and dancers or tumblers, and who, tempted by the well-known liberality of the foresters, would penetrate the thick wood to find them. And great would be the applause at their humorous dances and accompanying songs, at their balancings and tumblings; wonderful, almost too wonderful to be produced without the aid of evil spirits, would seem their sleight-of-hand tricks. At another time there would be suddenly heard echoing through the forest glades the sounds of strange bugles from strange hunters. Their rich apparel shows them to be of no ordinary rank. How dare they then intrude upon the forest king? Nay, there is not any danger. Are there not lady-hunters (Fig. 481) among the company? and what says the ballad, the truth of which every one attests?—

Robyn loved one dere lady,
For doute of dedely synne;
Wolde he never do company harme
That any woman was yune.

So their husbands, brothers, sons, and fathers hunt freely through Sherwood in their company, safe from the sudden arrow, ay, though even the hated sheriff himself be among them. But there were occasions when the forest would present a much more extraordinary scene than any we have yet referred to. For scores of miles around, what preparations are there not made when the words "Robin Hood's Fair" spread from mouth to mouth, and the time and place of it being held become known! Thither would resort all the yeomen and yeomen's wives of the district, each one hoping to get a "Robin Hood's pennyworth," as the well-understood phrase went, in some courtship or hood, in handkerchiefs telling their goodness by their weight, in hats, boots or shoes, the spoil of some recent campaign, and bespeaking their general excellence from the known quality of their recent owners. Thither would resort the emissaries of more than one priory and respectable monastery, to look after some richly-illuminated Missal or MS. that they had heard were among the good things of the fair, or to execute the High Cellarer's commission to purchase any rare spices that might be offered. Knightly messengers too would not be wanting, coming thither to look after choice weapons, or trinkets, or weighty chains of gold: perhaps even the very men who had been de-poiled, and whose treasures had contributed so largely to the "fair," would be sending to it, to purchase silently back some favourite token at a trilling price, hopeless of regaining it by any other mode. Of course the Jews would flock to Sherwood on such occasions from any and all distances. And as the fair proceeded, if any quarrels took place between the buyers and sellers, a Jew would be sure to be concerned. Even whilst he laughed in his heart at the absurd price he was to give for the rich satin vest, or the piece of cloth of gold of such rare beauty that the forester was measuring with his long bow, generally of his own height, for a yard, and even then skipping two or three inches between each admeasurement, the Jew would be sure to be haggling to lower the price or to be increasing the quantity; till reminded that he was not dealing with the most patient as well as with the most liberal of men, by a different application of the tough yew. Then the adventures of the forest!—indigenous and luxuriant as its bilberries; how they give a seasoning, as it were, to the general conjunction of life in the forest, and prevented the possibility of its ever being felt as "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable!" Were recruits wanted?—there was a pretty opening for adventure in seeking them. They must be men of mark or likelihood who can alone be enlisted into brave Robin's band, and severe accordingly were the tests applied. In order to prove their courage, for instance, it seems from the later ballads, it was quite indispensable that they should have the best of it with some veteran forester, either in shooting with the bow, or playfully breaking a crown with the quarter-staff, or even by occasionally beating their antagonists when contending with inadequate weapons.

Robin Hood himself should appear from these authorities to have been almost as famous for his defeats, as other heroes for their victories. We suspect that what little portion of truth there is in

the tradition thus incorporated into the ballads, may be explained by imagining a little ruse on his part in these recruiting expeditions. When he met with some gallant dare-devil whom he desired to include among his troops, what better method could he devise than to appear to be beaten by him after a downright good struggle? He to beat Robin Hood! It was certainly the most exquisite and irresistible of compliments. The promise of a sergeant in later days to make the gaping rustic commander-in-chief was nothing to it. But suppose we now look at two or three of the more interesting adventures which are recorded in the 'Lytell Geste' as having actually taken place, and which, be it observed, may possibly be as true, bating a little here and there for the poetical luxuriance of the author, as if Fordun had related them: ballads in the early ages *were* histories. In one part of this poem we find a story of the most interesting character, and told with extraordinary spirit, discrimination of character, and dramatic effect. Whilst Little John, Scathelock (the Scarlet of a later time), and Much the Miller's son, were one day watching in the forest, they beheld a knight riding along:—

All dreari then was his semblaunte,
And lytell was his pride;
Hys one fote in the steropie strode,
The other waved besyde.

Hys hode hangynge over hys eyen two,
He rode in symple army;
A soryer man than he was one
Rode never in somers day,

The outlaws courteously accost and surprise him with the information that their master has been waiting for him, fasting three hours; Robin Hood, it appears, having an objection to sit down to dinner till he can satisfy himself he has earned it, by finding strangers to sit down with him—and pay the bill. Having "washed," they dine:—

Brede and wyne they had ynough,
And nonbles [entrails] of the deer;
Swannes and fesauntes they had full good,
And foules of the revere;
There sayled never so lytell a byrde
That ever was bred on brede.

After dinner the Knight thanks his host for his entertainment, but Robin hints that thanks are not enough. The Knight replies that he has nothing in his coffers that he can for shame offer—that, in short, his whole stock consists of ten shillings. Upon this Robin bids Little John examine the coffers to see if the statement be true (a favourite mode with Robin of judging of the character of his visitors), and informs the Knight at the same time that if he really have no more, more he will lend him.

"What tydyngs, Johan?"—sayd Robyn;
"Syr, the Knyght is trewe enough."

The great outlaw is now evidently interested; and, with mingled delicacy and frankness, inquires as to the cause of the Knight's low estate, fearing that it implies some wrong doing on his part. It comes out at last that his son has killed a "Knyght of Lancastshyre" in the tournament, and that, to defend him "in his right," he has sold all his own goods, and pledged his lands unto the Abbot of St. Mary's, York; the day is now nearly arrived, and he is not merely unable to redeem them before too late, but well nigh penniless into the bargain. We need hardly solicit attention to the mingled pathos and beauty of what follows:—

"What is the somme?" sayd Robyn;
"Trouthe then tell thou me."
"Syr," he sayd, "four hundred pounde,
The Abbot tolde it to me."

"Now, and thou lese thy lond," sayd Robyn,
"What shall fall of the?"
"Hastoly I wyll me buske," sayde the Knyght,
"Over the salt see;

"And so where Cryst was quyeko and deed
On the mount of Calvarye.
Farewell, frende, and have good day,
It may noo betler be—"

Tears fell out of his eyen two,
He wolde have gone his waye—
"Farewell, frende, and have good day;
I no have more to pay."

"Where be thy frendes?" sayde Robyn.
 "Syr, never one wyll me know;
 Whyle I was ryche enow at home,
 Grette boot then wolde they blowe."

"And now they renne awaye fro me,
 As bestes on a rowe;
 They take no more heed of me
 Then they me never sawe."

For ruthe then wepte Lytell Johan,
 Scathelooke and Much in fere [in company];
 "Fyll of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
 "For here is a symple chere."

Before many hours the Knight was pursuing his way with a full pocket and a full heart to redeem his lands. We must follow him to York. The day of payment has arrived. The chief officers of the Abbey are in a state of high excitement, on account of the value of the estates that will be theirs at nightfall if the Knight comes not with the redemption money. The Abbot cannot repress his anticipations:—

"But he come this ylike day,
 Dyscheryte shall he be."

The Prior endeavours to befriend the absent Knight, but is answered impatiently—

"Thou art euer in my berde," sayde the Abbot,
 "By God and Saynt Richarde."

And then bursts in a "fat-headed monk," the High Cellarer, with the exulting exclamation—

"He is dede or hanged," sayd the monke,
 "By God that bought me dere;
 And we shall have to spende in this place
 Foure hundred pounds by yere."

To make all sure, the Abbot has managed to have the assistance of the High Justicer of England on the occasion by the usual mode of persuasion, a bribe: and is just beginning to receive his congratulations when the Knight arrives at the gate. But he appears in "symple wedes," and the alarm raised by his appearance soon subsides as he speaks:—

"Do gladly, Syr Abbot," sayd the Knyght;
 "I am come to holde my day."
 The yrst word the Abbot spoke,—
 "Hast thou brought my pay?"
 "Not one peny," sayde the Knyght,
 "By God that maked me."
 "Thou art a shrewed dettour," sayd the Abbot;
 "Syr Justyce, drynke to me."

The Knight tries to move his pity, but in vain; and after some further passages between him and the Abbot, conceived and expressed in the finest dramatic spirit, the truth comes out in answer to a proposition from the Justice that the Abbot shall give two hundred pounds more to keep the land in peace; the Knight then suddenly astounds the whole party by producing the four hundred pounds.

"Have here thy golde, Syr Abbot," sayd the Knyght,
 "Which that thou lentest me;
 Haddest thou beneurteys at my comynge,
 Bewarde sholdest thou have be."

The Abbot sat styll, and ete no more
 For all his ryall [royal] chere;
 He cast his hede on his sholder,
 And fast began to sture.

"Take [give] me my golde agayne," sayd the Abbot,
 "Syr Justyce, that I toke the."
 "Not a peny," sayd the Justyce,
 "By God that dyed on a tree."

A twelvemonth afterwards, and on the very day that the Knight has fixed for repaying Robin Hood, a magnificent procession of ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical retainers is passing through the forest; and being stopped by the outlaws, who should be at the head of the whole but our friend the fat-headed monk, the High Cellarer of St. Mary, York! Now Robin Hood's security, the only one that he would take from the Knight, had been that of the Virgin—what more natural than that he should think the High Cellarer of the Virgin's own house at York had come to pay him his four hundred pounds! It is in vain the holy man denies that he

has come for any such purpose. At last, driven to his shifts, he ventures a lie when the actual state of his coffers is inquired into. His return, in official language, is twenty marks. Robin is very reasonable, and says, if there really be no more, not a penny of it will be meddled with.

Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe
 As he had done before,
 And he tolde out of the monkes mule
 Eyght hundreth pounds and more.

No wonder that Robin exclaims—

Monk, what told I thee?
 Our Lady is the frewest woman
 That ever yet founde I me.

All this is told with a more exquisite humour than our own partial extracts can do justice to. Anon a second, and to archer eyes still more attractive pageant, appears. It is the good and grateful Knight at the head of a hundred men clothed in white and red, and bearing as a present to the foresters a hundred bows of a quality to delight even such connoisseurs in the weapon, with a hundred sheaves of arrows, with heads burnished full bright, every arrow an ell long, y-dight with peacock plumes, and y-nocked with silver. The Knight had been detained on his way; the sun was down; the hour of payment had passed when he arrived at the trysting-tree. His excuse was soon made to the generous outlaw. He had stayed to help a poor yeoman who was suffering oppression. The debt was forgiven; the monks had paid it doubly.

The ballads of Robin Hood which, century after century, followed the 'Lytell Geste' are, at any rate, evidences of the deep hold which this story of wild adventure, and of the justice of the strong hand, long retained upon the popular mind. We have already mentioned how unequal these later productions are to that ancient ballad which professes to tell the doings of 'Kynge Edward and Robin Hode and Lytell Johan.' Many of these ballads were reprinted by a scrupulous antiquary, Ritson; and most of them are to be found in some collection with which the lovers of early poetry are familiar. A very neat abridgment of some of the more striking of these stories was published in 'The Penny Magazine,' in a series of papers written by the late Mr. Allan Cunningham. To these sources we may refer our readers. But as the ballad poetry of a country is amongst the most curious of its records—as the ballads of 'Old England,' even though they may have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, or even later, reflect the traditions of the people, and in many cases are founded upon more ancient compositions that have perished,—we shall, in each period into which our work is divided, present one or two ballads entire, without any very exact regard to the date of their publication, provided they bear upon the events and manners of the age of which we are treating.

The first ballad which we select for this purpose is from a collection printed in 1607, called 'Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonets, of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen; very pleasant either to be read or songe, and a most excellent warning for all estates.' Of this curious book there are only two original copies known to be in existence; but it has been recently reprinted by the Percy Society. The principal author of these poems is held to have been Thomas Deloney, who acquired great popularity by his books for the people in the end of the sixteenth century, and is spoken of by a contemporary as "the ballading silk-weaver." The subject of the ballad which we now print is an interesting event connected with the Norman conquest. We modernize the orthography, for there is no advantage in retaining the antique modes of spelling when they have no reference to the date of a production, or to the peculiarities of its metre. The 'Lytell Geste' could not be thus modernized with the same propriety.

STRANGE HISTORIES.

The Valiant Courage and Policy of the Kentishmen with Long Tails, whereby they kept their Ancient Laues and Customs, which William the Conqueror sought to take from them.

When as the Duke of Normandy,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 Had entered into fair England,
 And foil'd his foes in field,
 On Christmas Day in solemn sort,
 Then was he crowned here
 By Albert, Archbishop of York,
 With many a noble Peer.



474.—The Forest King.



476.—Burnham Beeches.



477.—Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.



478.—Robin Hood and the Tanner.—Quarter-staff.



479.—Yew-tree at Fountains Abbey, Ripon, Yorkshire.



481.—Ladies Hunting Deer. (Royal MS. 2 B. vii.)



482.—Cross-bow shooting at small birds. (Royal MS. 2 B. vii.)



483.—William of Cloudeville and his family in Englewood Forest.



483.—Sword-fight. (Royal MS. 40 E. 0.)



484.—Wrestling. (Royal MS. 2 B. vii.)



Duke's Walking-stick.

489.—Oaks in Welbeck Park.

The Seven Sisters.

Which being done, he changed quite
The custom of this land,
And punish'd such as daily sought
His statutes to withstand :
And many cities he subdued,
Fair London with the rest ;
But Kent did still withstand his force,
Which did his laws detest.

To Dover then he took his way
The Castle down to fling,
Which Arviragus builded there,
The noble Briton King.
Which when the brave Archbishop bold
Of Canterbury knew,
The Abbot of St. Austin's eke,
With all their gullant crew.

They set themselves in armour bright
These mischiefs to prevent,
With all the yeomen brave and bold
That were in fruitful Kent.
At Canterbury they did meet
Upon a certain day,
With sword and spear, with bill and bow,
And stopp'd the Conqueror's way.

"Let us not live like bondmen poor
To Frenchmen in their pride,
But keep our ancient liberty,
What chance so'er betide ;
And rather die in bloody field,
In manlike courage press'd,
Than to endure the servile yoke
Which we so much detest."

Thus did the Kentish commons cry
Unto their leaders still,
And so march'd forth in warlike sort,
And stand on Swanscombe Hill ;
Where in the woods they hid themselves
Under the shady green,
Thereby to get them vantage good
Of all their foes unseen.

And for the Conqueror's coming there
They privily laid wait,
And thereby suddenly appall'd
His lofty high conceit :
For when they spied his approach,
In place as they did stand,
Then march'd they to hem him in,
Each one a bough in hand.

So that unto the Conqueror's sight,
Amazed as he stood,
They seem'd to be a walking grove,
Or else a moving wood.
The shape of men he could not see,
The boughs did hide them so ;
And now his heart for fear did quake
To see a forest go.

Before, behind, and on each side,
As he did cast his eye,
He spied these woods with sober pace
Approach to him full nigh.
But when the Kentishmen had thus
Envolv'd the Conqueror round,
Most suddenly they drew their swords,
And threw the boughs to ground.

Their banners they displayed in sight,
Their trumpets sound a charge ;
Their rattling drums strike up alarm,
Their troops stretch out at large.
The Conqueror with all his train
Were heret sore agast,
And most in peril when he thought
All peril had been past.

Unto the Kentishmen he sent
The cause to understand,
For what intent and for what cause
They took this war in hand ?
To whom they made this short reply :
"For liberty we fight,
And to enjoy King Edward's laws,
The which we hold our right."

"Then," said the dreadful Conqueror,
"You shall have what you will,
Your ancient customs and your law,
So that you will be still ;
And each thing else that you will crave
With reason at my hand,
So you will but acknowledge me
Chief king of fair England."

The Kentishmen agreed hereon,
And laid their arms aside,
And by this means King Edward's laws
In Kent doth still abide :
And in no place in England else
Those customs do remain,
Which they by manly policy
Did of Duke William gain.

In the possession of Dr. Percy, the accomplished editor of 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' was an ancient ballad entitled 'King John and the Bishop of Canterbury.' The following version of this ballad, in which are some lines found in the more ancient copy, is supposed to have been written or adapted in the time of James I. :—

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon,
Of a notable prince that was called King John :
And he ruled England with main and with might—
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right

And I'll tell you a story—a story so merry—
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury :
How for his housekeeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men the King did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

How now ! Father Abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me :
And for thy housekeeping, and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.

My Liege, quoth the Abbot, I would it were known,
I never spend nothing but what is my own :
And I trust your Grace will do me no decree,
For spending my own true-gotten gear.

Yes, yes,—quoth he,—Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

And first,—quoth the King,—when I'm in this stead
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me, to one penny, what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole host about ;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly, what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet ;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space
I'll do, my endeavour to answer your Grace.

Now three weeks' space to thee I will give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.

Away rode the Abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;
But never a Doctor there was so wise,
That could, with his learning, an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold ;
How now ! my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home
What news do you bring us from good King John ?

Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,—
That I have but three days more to live :
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

The first is, to tell him, there in that stand,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about ;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.

Now cheer up, Sir Abbot—did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London, to answer your quarrel.

Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your Lordship as ever may be ;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.

Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array, most gallant and brave,—
With crosier and mitre, and rochet and cope, —
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope.

Now welcome, Sir Abbot, the King he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day :
For, and if thou canst answer my questions three
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stand
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,

among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Tell me, to one penny, what I am worth.

For thirty pence Our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told,
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worse than he.

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
I did not think I had been worth so little :
Now, secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again,
And then your Grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you will ride it about.

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think it could be done so soon :
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

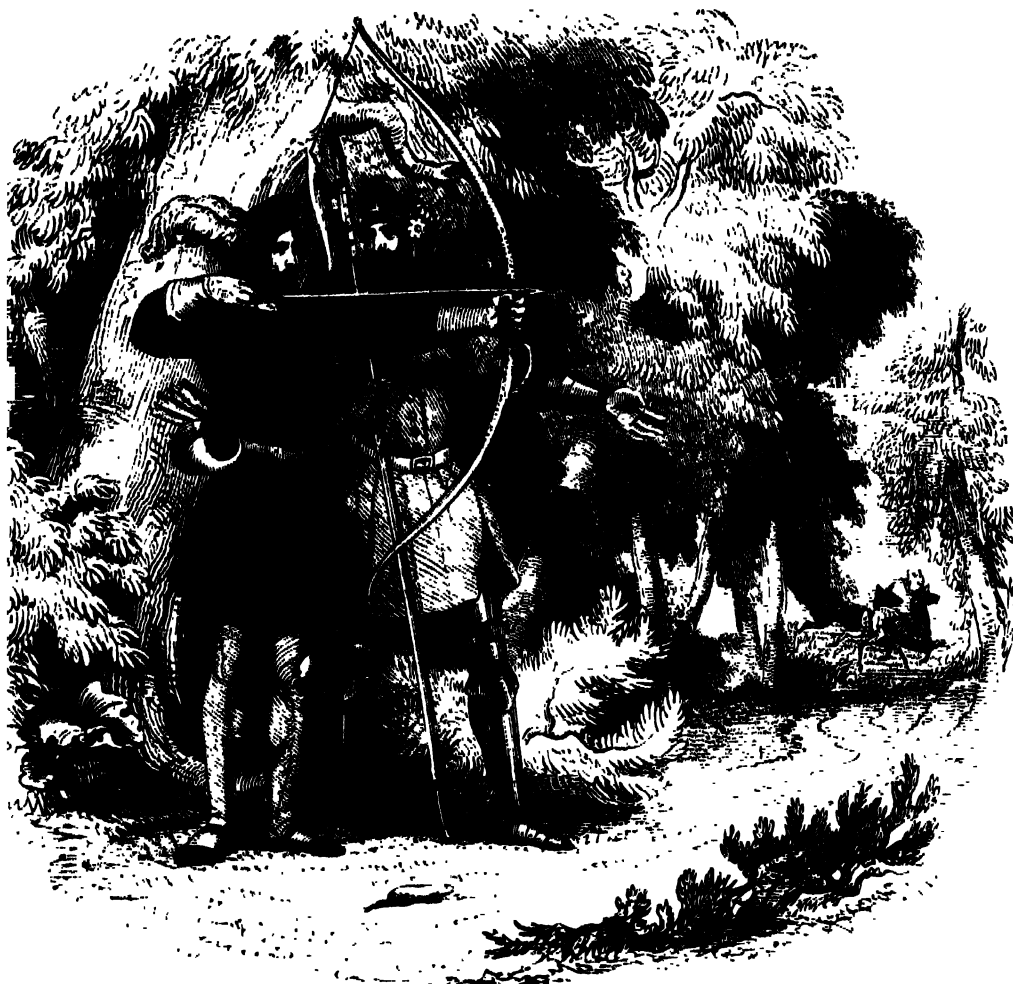
Yea, that shall I do and make your Grace merry—
You think *I am the Abbot of Canterbury* ;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,
I will make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place
Now stay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack ! I can neither write nor read.

Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King Jo



Robin Hood's Well, near Doncaster.



485.—Robin Hood and Little John.



486.—Robin Hood's Stride, or Mock Beggar's Hall, near Burchoven in Youlgrave, Derby.



489.—Sword Dance. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



490.—Country Revel. (Royal MS. 2 B. 7.)



492.—The Parliament Oak in Clipstone Park.



497.—"Will Scarlet, he did kill a buck."



491.—A Carthusian.



492.—A Benedictine



493.—A Cistercian.



494.—Roger, Bishop of Sarum, 1293
Salisbury Cathedral.



497.—Costume of an English mitred Abbot.



498.—Costume of an English Abbess.



495.—Andrew, Abbot of Peter-
borough, 1109.—Peterborough
Cathedral.



496.—One of the early Abbots of West-
minster.—Cloisters, Westminster.

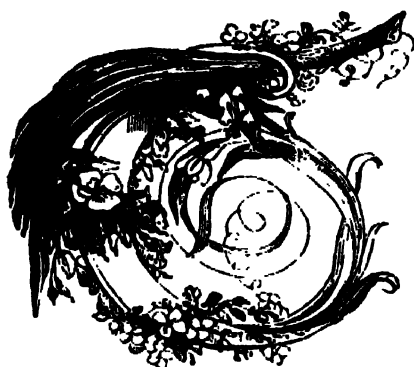


499.—Vision of Henry I.; an ancient drawing, showing the Costume of the Clergy.



500.—Bishop of Bayeux, pronouncing a
Pastoral Blessing.

CHAPTER II.—ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES



THE first century of the Norman rule in England has left behind it more durable monuments of the earnest devotion of the mixed races of the country than any subsequent period of our history. The ecclesiastical distribution of England was scarcely altered from the time of Henry I. to that of Henry VIII. The Conqueror found the archbishoprics of Canterbury and York established, as well as

the following bishoprics:—Durham, London, Winchester, Rochester, Chichester, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Worcester, Hereford, Coventry, Lincoln, Thetford. Norwich became the see of the bishop of Thetford in 1088. The see of Ely was founded in 1109, and that of Carlisle in 1133. The governing power of the church thus remained for four centuries, till Henry VIII., in 1541, founded the sees of Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, Peterborough, and Chester, portions of the older dioceses being taken to form the see of each new bishop. The Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his excellent *Introduction to the Valor Ecclesiasticus of King Henry VIII.*, says, "It is indeed a just subject of wonder that in the first century after the Conquest so many thousand of parish churches should have been erected, as if by simultaneous effort, in every part of the land, while at the same time spacious and magnificent edifices were arising in every diocese to be the seats of the bishops and archbishops, or the scenes of the perpetual services of the inhabitants of the cloister. Saxon piety had done much, perhaps more than we can collect from the pages of Domesday: but it is rather to the Normans than to the Saxons that we are to attribute the great multitude of parish churches existing at so remote an era; and a truly wise and benevolent exertion of Christian piety the erection of them must be regarded." To describe, with anything like minuteness of detail, any large proportion of these ecclesiastical antiquities, would carry us far beyond the proper object of this work; but we shall endeavour in this chapter, and in those of subsequent periods, to present to our readers some of the more remarkable of these interesting objects, whether we regard their beauty and magnificence, or the circumstances connected with their foundation and history. Our series of cathedrals will, however, be complete. Mr. Hunter, speaking of the historical uses of the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* (which has been printed in six large folio volumes, under the direction of the Record Commissioners), says, that in this record "We at once see not only the ancient extent and amount of that provision which was made by the piety of the English nation for the spiritual edification of the people by the erection of churches and chapels for the decent performance of the simple and touching ordinances of the Christian religion, but how large a proportion had been saved from private appropriation of the produce of the soil, and how much had subsequently been given to form a public fund, accessible to all, out of which might be supported an order of cultivated and more enlightened men dispersed through society, and by means of which blessings incalculable might be spread amongst the whole community. If there were spots or extravagancies, yet on the whole it is a pleasing as well as a splendid spectacle, especially if we look with minute observation into any portion of the Record, and compare it with a map which shows the distribution of population in those times over the island, and then observe how religion had pursued man even to his remotest abodes, and was present among the most rugged dwellers in the hills and wilderness of the land, softening and humanizing their hearts. . . . But the Record does not stop here. It presents us with a view of those most gorgeous establishments where the service of the Most High was conducted in the magnificent structures which still exist amongst us, with a great array of priests, and all the

pomp of which acts of devotion admit; and of the abbeys and other monasteries, now but ruined edifices, where resided the sons and daughters of an austerer piety, and where the services were scarcely ever suspended."

Who can turn over such a record as this, or dwell upon the minutest descriptions of our country histories, without feeling there was a spirit at work in those ages which is now comparatively cold and lifeless? Who can lift up his eyes to the pinnacles and towers, or stand beneath the vaulted roof of any one of the noble cathedrals and minsters that were chiefly raised up during this early period—who can rest, even for a brief hour, amidst the solitude of some ruined abbey, as affecting in its decay as it was imposing in its splendour—who even can look upon the ponderous columns, the quaint carvings not without their symbolical meanings, the solidity which proclaims that those who thus built knew that the principle through which they built must endure—who can look upon such things without feeling that there was something higher and purer working in the general mind of the people than that which has produced the hideous painted and whitewashed parallelograms that we have raised up and called churches in these our days? We shall not get better things by the mere copying of the antique models by line and compass. When the spirit which created our early ecclesiastical architecture has once more penetrated into the hearts of the people; when it shall be held, even upon principles of utility, that man's cravings after the eternal and the infinite are to be as much provided and cared for as his demands for food and raiment; then the tendencies of society will not be wholly exhibited in the perfection of mechanical contrivance, in rapidity of communication, in never-ceasing excitements to toil without enjoyment. When the double nature of man is understood and cared for, we may again raise up monuments of piety which those who come five hundred years after us will preserve in a better spirit than we have kept up many of those monuments which were left to us by those who did not build solely for their own little day.

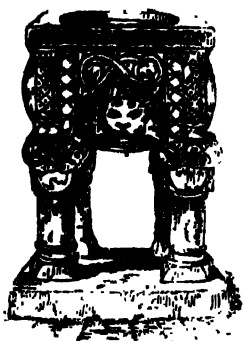
In entering upon the large subject of our ecclesiastical antiquities, we have found it almost impossible to attempt any systematic division. Our architecture from the period of the Conquest is generally divided into Anglo-Norman, Early English, Decorative, and Perpendicular. We shall endeavour, as far as we can, to make our chronological arrangement suit these broad distinctions. But as there is scarcely an important building remaining that does not exhibit more than one of these characteristics, and as we cannot return again and again to the same building, we must be content to classify them according to their main characteristics. For example, Canterbury, and Lincoln, and Durham have portions of the earlier styles still remaining in them, and these naturally find a place in the present Book; but our engravings and descriptions must necessarily include the other styles with which these edifices abound. A little familiarity with the general principles of ecclesiastical architecture will soon enable the reader to mark what belongs to one period and what to another; and, without going into professional technicalities, we shall incidentally endeavour to assist those who really desire to study the subject. Looking in the same way, not to the date of the foundation, but to the main characteristics of the existing edifice, we shall be enabled to disperse our ecclesiastical materials through some of the subsequent periods into which our little work is divided, not attempting great precision, but something like chronological order. For example, we know that the present Westminster Abbey was not built till the time of Henry the Third, and we therefore postpone our notice of Westminster Abbey, although it was founded by Edward the Confessor, to the period which succeeds the reign of John. Other buildings, such as Salisbury Cathedral, St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and King's College Chapel at Cambridge, being the work of one age, and probably of one architect, do not involve the same chronological difficulties that a cathedral presents which has been raised up by the munificence of bishop after bishop, the choir being the work of one age, the nave of another, the transepts of another, each age endeavouring at some higher perfection. If we

are sometimes betrayed into anachronisms, those who have studied this large subject scientifically will, we trust, yield us their excuse.

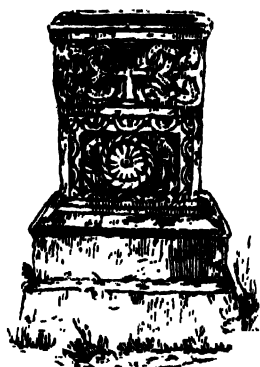
The noblest ecclesiastical edifices which still remain to us, as well as the ruins which are spread throughout the land, were connected with the establishments of those who lived under the monastic rule. This will be incidentally seen, whether we describe a cathedral, with all its present establishment of bishop, dean, and chapter, or a ruined abbey, whose ivy-covered columns lie broken on the floor, where worshippers have knelt, generation after generation, dreaming not that in a few centuries the bat and the owl would usurp their places. We shall proceed at once to one of the most ancient and splendid of these forsaken places—Glastonbury. We shall not here enter upon any minute description of the engravings numbered 491 to 511, which precede the view of that celebrated abbey. Those engravings represent the costume of the monastic orders of that early period, as well as some specimens of the more ancient founts and other matters connected with the offices of the church. We shall have to refer to these more particularly as we proceed.

GLASTONBURY is one of those few remaining towns in England which seem to preserve, in spite of decay and innovation, a kind of grateful evidence of the people and the institutions from whence their former importance was derived. No one can pass through its streets without having strongly impressed upon his mind the recollections of the famous monastery of Glastonbury, or without seeing how magnificent an establishment must have been planted here, when the very roots, centuries after its destruction, still arrest the attention at every step by their magnitude and apparently almost indestructible character. We have hardly left behind us the marshy flats that surround and nearly insulate the town (whence the old British name of the Glassy Island), and ascended the eminence upon which it stands, before we perceive that almost every other building has been either constructed, in modern times, out of stone, quarried from some architectural ruins, or is in itself a direct remain of the foundation from whence the plunder has been derived; in other words, some dependency of the monastery. The George Inn is not only one of these, but preserves its old character; it was, from the earliest times, a house of accommodation for the pilgrims and others visiting Glastonbury. As we advance we arrive at a quadrangle formed by four of the streets, and from which others pass off; in that quadrangle stand the chief remains of what was once the most magnificent monastic structure perhaps in the three countries. They consist of some fragments of the church, and of two other structures tolerably entire, the kitchen, and the chapel of St. Joseph (Fig. 512). The style of the church belongs to the transition period of the twelfth century, and is of a pure and simple character. The kitchen is a very curious example of domestic architecture, of comparatively recent date; the following story is told of its origin:—Henry VIII. one day said to the abbot, who had offended him, but professedly in reproof of the sensual indulgences which he appeared to believe disgraced the monastery, that he would burn the kitchen; upon which the abbot haughtily replied that he would build such a kitchen that not all the wood in the royal forest should be sufficient to carry the threat into execution; forthwith he built the existing structure. The chapel is a truly remarkable place on many accounts. It presents essentially the same architectural characteristics as the church, but is much more highly enriched. It stands at the west end of the church, with which it communicates by an ante-chapel, the whole measuring in length not less than one hundred and ten feet, by twenty-five feet in breadth. But interesting as the chapel and all the other monastic remains stretching so far around (some sixty acres in all were included within the establishment) must be to every one, it cannot be these alone, or ought that we may infer from them, that gives to Glastonbury its absorbing interest. Strip the locality of every tradition in which real facts have but assumed the harmonious coverings of the imagination, or in which pure fictions have but still made everlasting a fact of their own, that such and such things were believed at some remote time, and are therefore scarcely less worthy of record,—strip Glastonbury of all these, and enough remains behind to render it impossible that it can ever be looked upon without the deepest feelings of gratitude and reverence. Before we look at the soberer facts, suppose we let Tradition lead us at her own "sweet will," whithersoever she pleases. We are, then, moving onwards towards a small eminence, about half a mile to the north-west, noticing on our way the numerous apple-trees scattered about, with their swelling pink buds suggesting the loveliness of the coming bloom; these trees, Tradition tells us, gave to the isle one of its old and most poetical names, Avalon, from the Saxon *Avale*, an apple. But we

have reached the eminence in question, and are looking about us with keen curiosity, to learn, if we can, from the very aspect of the place, the origin of its curious designation—Weary-all-Hill. Here, Tradition informs us, was the spot where the first bringer of glad tidings to the British heathen, Joseph of Arimathea, sent by Philip the apostle of Gaul on that high mission, rested on his inland way from the seashore where he had landed, and, striking his staff into the ground, determined to found in the vicinity the first British temple for the Christian worship. Hence the name existing to this day of Weary-all-Hill, and hence that peculiar species of thorn, which, springing from St. Joseph's budding staff, tells to a poetical belief the story of its origin, and the period of the year when Joseph arrived, in its winter or very early spring flowers (Fig. 514). The spot itself was no doubt thought too small to rear such a structure upon as was desirable, and therefore the little band of missionaries moved half a mile farther, and there commenced their labours in founding a Christian edifice for the native worshippers, who speedily flocked around them. In that early building St. Joseph himself, continues our authority, Tradition, was buried on his decease; and when, in the lapse of ages, the new faith had become prosperous and magnificent in all its outward appliances, and a new church was erected more in harmony with the tastes, skill, and wants of the age, the site of that primeval building, and the place of Joseph's burial, were still reverentially preserved by the erection over them of a chapel dedicated to the saint's memory. And this is the chapel of St. Joseph, within whose walls we may still wander and commune with our own thoughts, on the importance of the truths which from hence gradually extended their all-pervading influence through the length and breadth of the land. But are these traditions true?—We answer, that in their essence, we have no doubt they are strictly so. Weary-all-Hill may never have been trodden by Joseph of Arimathea's steps; the staff certainly never budded into the goodly hawthorns that so long were the glory of the neighbourhood; but in the subsequent history of Glastonbury, we find ample corroborative evidence to show that there was some especial distinction enjoyed by the monastery, and that that distinction was the fact so poetically enshrined in the popular heart, of its having been the place where the sublime story of the Cross, and its immeasurable consequences, were first taught among us. Thus, in the most ancient charters of the monastery, we find the very significant designation assigned to it—"The fountain and origin of all religion in the realm of Britain;" thus, we find, through the earliest Saxon period, one continued stream of illustrious persons, showering upon it wealth, privileges, honours, during life; and confiding their bodies to its care after death. What was it that brought the great Apostle of Ireland, after his successful labours, to Glastonbury, a little before the middle of the fifth century; when as yet no monastery existed, and the few religious who performed the service of the church, burrowed, like so many wild beasts, in dens, caves, and wretched huts? What could bring such a man, in all the height of his spiritual success, to such a place? What, but the sympathy that his own exertions in Ireland naturally caused him to feel, in an extraordinary degree, for the place where similar exertions had been previously made in England? Here St. Patrick is said to have spent all the latter years of his life, and to have raised Glastonbury into a regular community. A century later exhibits another retirement to Glastonbury, which also, probably, marks the peculiar attraction that the circumstances we have described had given to it. About the year 530, David Archbishop of Menevia, with seven of his suffragans, came to Glastonbury, and enlarged the buildings by the erection of the chapel of the Holy Virgin, on the altar of which he deposited a sapphire of incalculable value. In 708, all previous exertions to increase the comfort, size, and beauty of the conventual edifice were thrown into the shade by those of Ina, King of Wessex, who rebuilt the whole from the very foundation. At that period, the alleged origin of Glastonbury seems to have been fully believed; it was on the chapel of St. Joseph that the monarch lavished his utmost care and wealth, garnishing it all over with gold and silver, filling it with a profusion of the most costly vessels and ornaments. Still growing in magnificence, scarcely a century and a quarter had elapsed, before new works were commenced, which, when finished, made Glastonbury the "pride of England, and the glory of Christendom." A striking evidence of its pre-eminence is given in the statement that it then furnished superiors to all the religious houses in the kingdom. But when we know who was the abbot of Glastonbury at the period, we may cease to be surprised—it was Dunstan, a man whose connection with it has added even to Glastonbury's reputation. Born almost within its precincts, his mind saturated with all its strange and beautiful legends, he formed a personal attachment to the monas-



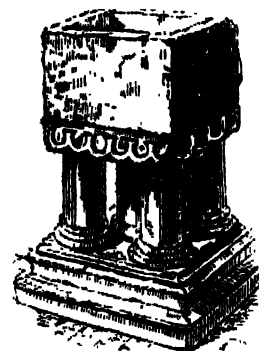
501.—Font in Sharnbourn Church, Norfolk.



502.—West Side of Bridekirk Font.



503.—East Side of Bridekirk Font.



504.—Font in Berkeley Church.



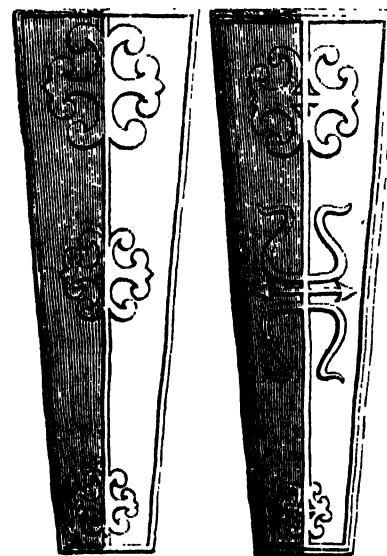
509.—Marriage of the Father and Mother of Becket. (From the Royal MS. 2 B. vii.)



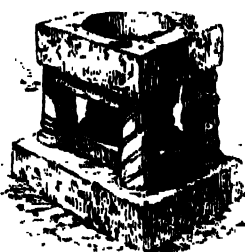
509.—Baptism of the Mother of Becket. (From the Royal MS. 2 B. vii.)



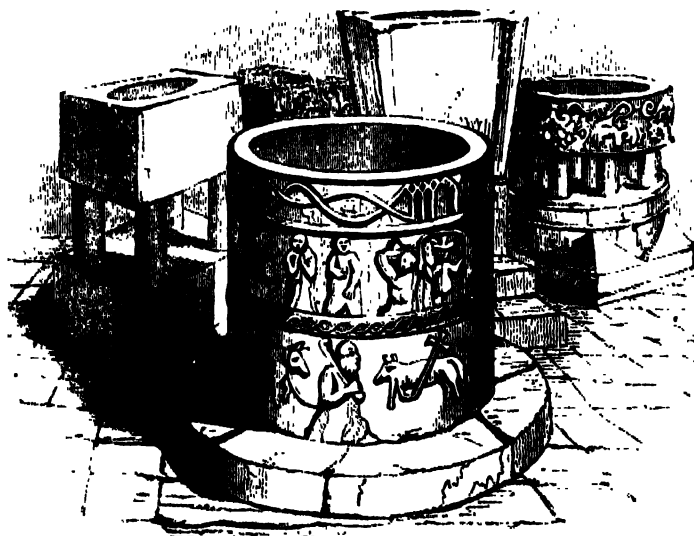
510.—Burial of a deceased Monk in the Interior of a Convent. (From an ancient drawing in the Harleian MSS.)



511.—Stone Coffins.—Ixworth Abbey, Suffolk.



508.—Font in Illey Church.



507.—Group of Norman-English Fonts.



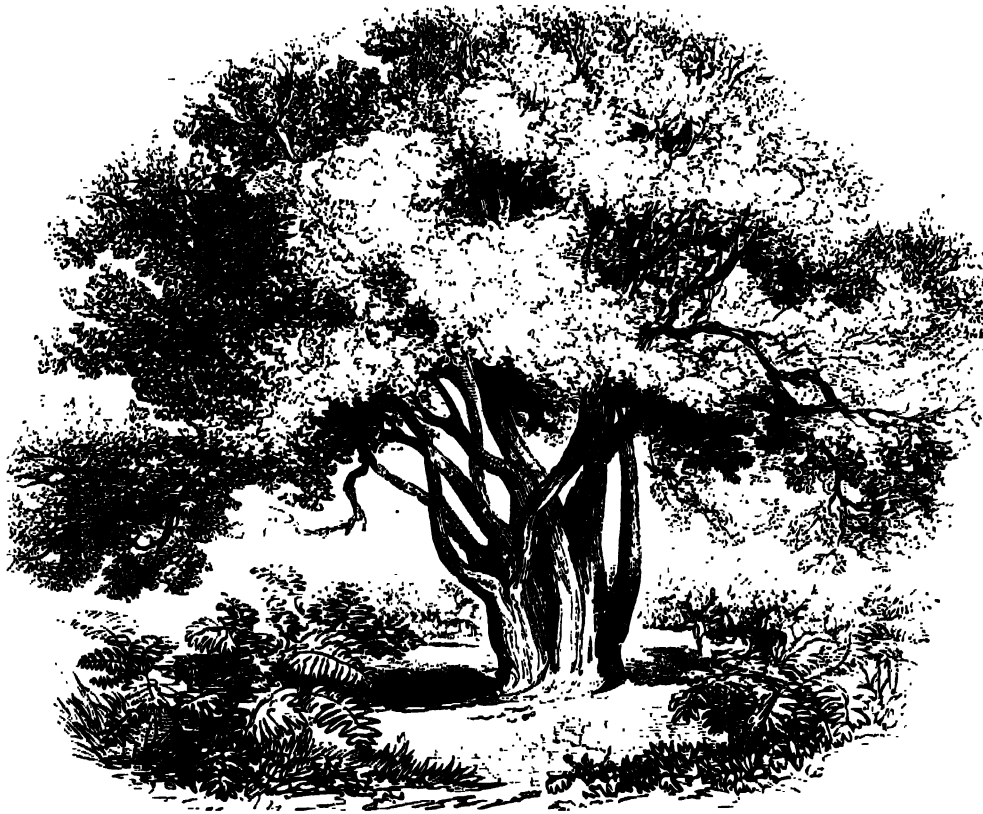
506.—Font in Norwich Church.



512.—Ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, as they appeared in 1785.



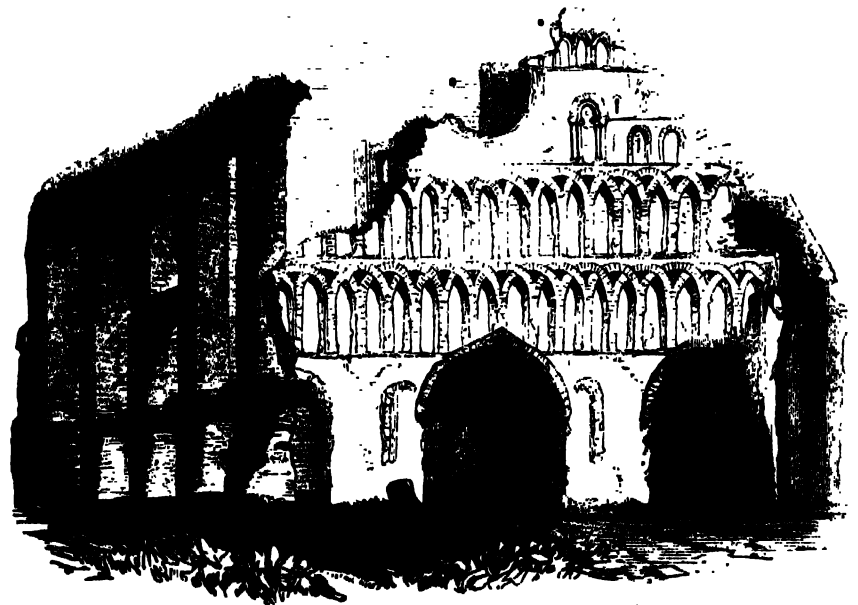
613.—Cup found at the Ruins of Glastonbury Abbey.



514.—The Glastonbury Thorn.



515.—Lewes Priory.



516.—St. Botolph's Priory, Colchester.

tery, long before ambition could have led him to connect its advancement with his own; in early life he received the tonsure within its walls; and when, returning for a time, disgusted with the world, or at least that portion of it, Athelstan's court, with which he was best acquainted, he buried himself in privacy, it was in or near the Abbey of Glastonbury that he built himself a cell or hermitage with an oratory, and divided his time between devotion and the manual service of the abbey, in the construction of crosses, vials, censers, and vestments. It is hardly necessary to state that here too he held that meeting with the Evil One which has redounded so greatly to his fame. Those who like to study the hidden meanings that no doubt generally do exist in the most marvellous narrations that have been handed down from a remote time, may find a clue to this one, in the statement of the 'Golden Legend,' printed by Caxton, that the Devil came in the form of a handsome woman. From the period of the abbacy of Dunstan dates the establishment of the Benedictine monks in England, who were brought from Italy by him, and subsequently introduced into his own monastery, in spite of the clamour raised against them, in consequence of their severe discipline, which put to shame the loose and almost licentious habits of the secular clergy. He lost his abbacy, however, for a time, in consequence, and was banished during the reign of Edwy; but returned during that of his successor, Edgar, over whose mind it is well known he obtained the most absolute control. It was probably through this intimacy that Edgar was induced to erect a palace within two miles of Glastonbury, at a most romantic situation still known as Edgarley; and of which structure some interesting vestiges remain,—a pelican and two wolves' heads, attached to a modern house; the last symbol referring to Edgar's tax upon the Welsh people for the extirpation of wolves. The king was buried at Glastonbury, and, we may be sure, in the most sumptuous manner, for the monks owed much to him. What with the privileges conferred by him, and what with those previously possessed, Glastonbury was raised to the highest pitch of monastic splendour. Over that little kingdom, the Isle of Avalon, the abbots were virtual sovereigns; neither king nor bishop might enter without their permission. They governed themselves in the same independent mode: the monks elected their own superior. And, although some reverses were subsequently experienced, as immediately after the Conquest, for instance, the foundation continued down to its very destruction at the Reformation, in such magnificence, that the poor of the whole country round were twice a week relieved at its gates, and when the last abbot, Whytyng, rode forth, he was accustomed to move amidst a train of some sixscore persons. That same abbot died on the scaffold, a victim to the brutal monarch who then disgraced the throne; and a revenue exceeding 3,500*l.* a-year fell into Henry's rapacious hands.

Such is a mere sketch of the history of the important abbey of Glastonbury; but there is yet one point connected with it, that, in the absence of all other interesting associations, would invest the precincts of Glastonbury with a thousand fascinations. Here King Arthur was buried! Arthur, that hero, whose most romantic history appears so dimly to our eyes through the mists of above thirteen centuries, that we can hardly distinguish the boundaries between the true and false—here can be no doubt, however, of that part of his history which relates to Glastonbury. He died, it is understood, at the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, in 542, and was, conveyed by sea to Glastonbury, there buried, and, in process of time, the spot was altogether forgotten and lost. The way in which it was discovered harmonizes with the rest of Arthur's story. When Henry the Second was passing through Wales on his way to Ireland, in 1172, he delighted the Welsh with his politic compliments upon their services in his Irish expeditions. They, full of enthusiasm, wished him all the prosperity that had attended their favourite King Arthur, whose exploits were sung to him as he dined, by one of the native bards. In the song mention was made of the place of Arthur's burial, between two pyramids in the churchyard at Glastonbury. On Henry's return to England, he told the abbot of the monastery what he had heard; and a search was instituted. Of this very interesting event there was fortunately eye-witness one of our chroniclers, Giraldus Cambrensis. Seven feet below the surface of a huge broad stone was found, with a small thin plate of lead in the form of a corpse, and bearing, in rude letters and barbarous style, the Latin inscription: "Hic jacet Sepultus Inclutus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia." Nine feet deeper, they found the object of their search, in the trunk of a tree; the remains of Arthur himself were displayed to their eyes, and by his side lay those of his wife Guinever. The bones of the king were of extraordinary size; the shinbone, fastened against the foot of a very tall man, reached three fingers' breadth above his knee. The skull was covered with wounds;

ten distinct fractures were counted; one of great size, apparently the effect of the fatal blow. The queen's body was strangely whole and perfect; the hair neatly platted, and of the colour of burnished gold; but when touched, it fell suddenly to dust, reminding one of the similar scene described in Mrs. Gray's work on 'Etruria,' where the party beheld for a moment, on opening a tomb, one of the ancient kings of that mysterious people, raised and garbed in lifelike and sovereign state, and in which, on the exposure to the fresh air, there was perceptible a kind of misty frost. The next moment all was lost, in the dust of the ground upon which they gazed with so much astonishment. This discovery appears to have excited so deep and permanent an interest, that Edward the First could not be contented without seeing the remains himself: so he came hither with his beloved Queen Eleanor; and the ceremony of exhumation was very solemnly performed. The skulls were then set up in the Treasury, to remain there; the rest of the bodies were returned to their places of deposit, Edward inclosing an inscription recording the circumstances. The stately monument erected over Arthur and Guinever was destroyed at the Reformation, and with it disappeared all traces of the contents.

We conclude with the following spirited lines from Drayton:—

"O three-times famous isle, where is that place that might
Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastonbury stood? exalted to that pride
Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:
Oh! who thy ruin sees whom wonder doth not fill
With our great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their skill?
Thou more than mortal power (this judgment rightly weigh'd)
Then present to assist, at that foundation laid,
On whom, for this sad waste, should justice lay the crime?
Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
Or was their error such, that thou could'st not protect
Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeal erect?
To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep,
That suffereth with the dead their memory to sleep?
When not great Arthur's tomb nor holy Joseph's grave,
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save;
He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
What! did so many kings do honour to that place,
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
For reverence to that seat which had ascribed been,
Trees yet in winter bloom and bear their summer's green."

Of another monastic establishment of the period in review, St. BOTOLPH'S, COLCHESTER, we need not enter into any lengthened notice. (Fig. 516). It was founded in the reign of Henry the First, as a Priory of Augustine Canons, by a monk of the name of Ernulph; dissolved, of course, at the Reformation; and the chief buildings reduced to a premature ruin in the civil war, when the great siege of Colchester took place. Parts of the church form the chief remains. The west front has been originally a very magnificent though very early work; the double series of intersecting arches that form the second and third stages of the façade, and extend over the elaborately-rich Norman gateway, are especially interesting; as it is from such examples of the pointed arches thus accidentally obtained by the intersections of round ones that the essential principle of the Gothic has been supposed to have been derived. Some of the lofty circular arches of the walls forming the body of the church also exist in a tolerable state of preservation. The length of the church was one hundred and eight feet, the breadth across the nave and aisles about forty-four. The exceeding hardness of much of the materials used in the construction of this building renders it probable that they had been taken from the wrecks of Roman buildings at Colchester.

The priory of Lewes, in Sussex, of which there are only a few walls remaining (Fig. 515), was founded in 1077, by William, Earl of Warenne, who came into England with the Conqueror. The founder has left a remarkable document in his charter to the abbey, wherein he describes the circumstance which led him to this act of piety. He and his wife were travelling in Burgundy, and finding they could not in safety proceed to Rome, on account of the war which was then carrying on between the Pope and the Emperor, took up their abode in the great monastery of St. Peter at Cluni. The hospitality with which they were treated, the sanctity and charity of the establishment, determined the Earl to offer the new religious house which he founded at Lewes to a select number of the monks of that fraternity. After some difficulties his request was complied with, and the Cluniacs took possession of this branch of their house. The anxiety of the earl liberally to endow this house, and his determination "as God increased his substance to increase that of the monks," finds a remarkable contrast four hundred and

fifty years afterwards. After the dissolution of the religious houses, John Fortinari writes to Lord Cromwell of his surprising efforts in pulling down the church; and having recounted how he had destroyed this chapel, and plucked down that altar, he adds, "that your Lordship may know with how many men we have done this, we brought from London seventeen persons, three carpenters, two smiths, two plumbers, and one that keepeth the furnace. These are men exercised much better than the men we find here in the country." And yet they left enough "to point a moral."

Tradition and romance have been busily at work respecting the origin and locality of the earliest building dedicated to St. Paul as the chief metropolitan church. It has been supposed to have been founded by the Apostle Paul himself; while there is really some reason to presume that the site, possibly the actual building, had been at first dedicated to the heathen worship of Diana. Ox heads, sacred to that goddess, were discovered in digging on the south side of St. Paul's in 1316; at other times the teeth of boars and other beasts, and a piece of buck's horn, with fragments of vessels, that might have been used in the pagan sacrifices, have been found. The idea itself is of antique date. Flete, the monk of Westminster, referring to the partial return to heathenism in the fifth century, when the Saxons and Angles, as yet unconverted to Christianity, overran the country, observes, "Then were restored the whole abominations wherever the Britons were expelled their places. London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney [the site of Westminster] offer incense to Apollo." To leave speculations, and turn to facts. The see of London was in existence as early as the latter part of the second century; though it is not until the sixth that we find any actual reference to a church. But at that period a very interesting incident occurred in the church, which Bede dramatically relates:—When Sebert, the founder of Westminster Abbey, and the joint founder (according to Bede) with Ethelbert, King of Kent, of St. Paul's, died, he "left his three sons, who were yet pagans, heirs of his temporal kingdom. Immediately on their father's decease they began openly to practise idolatry (though whilst he lived they had somewhat refrained), and also gave free licence to their subjects to worship idols. At a certain time these princes, seeing the Bishop [of London, Mellitus] administering the sacrament to the people in the church, after the celebration of mass, and being puffed up with rude and barbarous folly, spake, as the common report is, thus unto him:—'Why dost thou not give us, also, some of that white bread which thou didst give unto our father Saba [Sebert], and which thou dost not yet cease to give to the people in the church?' He answered, 'If ye will be washed in that wholesome font whereat your father was, ye may likewise eat of this blessed bread whereof he was a partaker; but if ye condemn the lavatory of life, ye can in nowise taste the bread of life.' 'We will not,' they rejoined, 'enter into this font of water, for we know we have no need to do so; but we will eat of that bread nevertheless.' And when they had been often and earnestly warned by the bishop that it could not be, and that no man could partake of this most holy oblation without purification, and cleansing by baptism, they at length, in the height of their rage, said to him, 'Well, if thou wilt not comply with us in the small matter that we ask, thou shalt no longer abide in our province and dominions;' and straightway they expelled him, commanding that he and all his company should quit the realm." Thus once more Christianity was banished from London. It was, however, but for a short time. The worship that the great Apostle of the Gentiles preached soon again appeared in the church dedicated to his name; and powerful men vied with each other in raising the edifice to the highest rank of ecclesiastical foundations. Kenred, king of the Mercians, one of these early benefactors, ordained that it should be as free in all things as he himself desired to be in the Day of Judgment. The feeling thus evidenced continued, or rather gained in strength. When the Conqueror came over, some of its possessions were seized by his reckless followers: on the very day of his coronation, however, their master, having previously caused everything to be restored, granted a charter securing its property for ever, and expressing the giver's benedictions upon all who should augment the revenues, and his curses on all who should diminish them. The church of Ethelbert was burnt in the Conqueror's reign, and a new one commenced by Bishop Maurice. That completed, in little more than a century,—when it appeared "so stately and beautiful, that it was worthily numbered among the most famous buildings,"—a great portion of the labours were recommenced in order to give St. Paul's the advantage of the strikingly beautiful Gothic style that had been introduced in the interim, and carried to a high pitch of

perfection. In 1221 a new steeple was finished; and in 1240 a new choir. Not the least noticeable feature of these new works is the mode in which the money was raised—namely, by letters from the bishops addressed to the clergy and others under their jurisdiction, granting indulgences for a certain number of days to all those who, having penance to perform, or being penitent, should assist in the rebuilding of St. Paul's. The subterranean church, St. Faith, was begun in 1256 (Fig. 517). And thus at last was completed the structure that remained down to the great fire of London, when Old St. Paul's was included in the widespread ruin that overtook the metropolis.

And in many respects that Old St. Paul's was an extraordinary and deeply-interesting pile. Its dimensions were truly enormous. The space occupied by the building exceeded three acres and a half. The entire height of the tower and spire was 534 feet (Fig. 522). For nearly 700 feet did nave and choir and presbytery extend in one continuous and most beautiful architectural vista; unbroken save by the low screen dividing the nave from the choir. The breadth and height were commensurate; the former measuring 130 feet, the latter, in the nave, 102 feet. Over all this immense range of wall, floor, and roof, with supporting lines of pillars, sculpture and painting and gilding had lavished their stores; and their effects were still further enhanced by the gorgeously rich and solemn hues that streamed upon them from the stained windows. At every step was passed some beautiful altar with the tall taper burning before it, or some chantry, whence issued the musical voices of the priests, as they offered up prayers for the departed founders, or some magnificent shrine, where all the ordinary arts of adornment had been insufficient to satisfy the desire to reverence properly the memory of its saint, and which therefore sparkled with the precious metals, and still more precious gems—silver and gold, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. Pictures were there too, on every column or spare corner of the walls, with their stories culled from the most deeply-treasured and venerated pages of the Sacred Scriptures; the chief of these was the great picture of St. Paul, which stood beside the high altar in a beautiful "tabernacle" of wood. Then there were the monuments; a little world in themselves of all that was rare and quaint, splendid or beautiful, in monumental sculpture and architecture; and which yet when gazed upon, hardly arrested the careful attention of the beholder to their own attractions, but rather preoccupied his mind at the first sight of them by remembrances of the men to whose memory they had been erected. Here lay two monarchs—Sebbu, King of the East Saxons, converted by Erkenwold, Bishop of London, and son of King Offa; and Ethelred the Unready, whose reign might be appropriately designated by a more disgraceful epithet. Here lay also Edward Atheling, or the outlaw, Ethelred's grandson, one of the popular heroes of English romantic history, who lost the kingdom by his father's (Edmund Ironside's) agreement with Canute, to divide the kingdom whilst both lived, and the survivor to inherit the whole, and who was waiting about the Court of Edward the Confessor in the hope of regaining that kingdom, when he died, poisoned, it was suspected, by his rival Harold. Here also lay Saint Erkenwold, the canonized bishop of the see, and in such glorious state as has been accorded to the remains of few even of the mightiest potentates of earth. Among all the marvels of artistical wealth that filled almost to overflowing the interior of Old St. Paul's, the shrine of St. Erkenwold stood pre-eminent. It consisted of a lofty pyramidal structure, in the most exquisitely decorated Pointed style; with an altar-table in front, covered with jewels and articles of gold and silver. Among the former was the famous sapphire stone, given by Richard de Preston, citizen and grocer of London, for the cure of infirmities in the eyes of all those who, thus afflicted, might resort thither. To the mental as well as to the bodily vision this shrine was the grand feature of the cathedral; for the commemoration of the saint's burial was regularly observed with the highest and most magnificent of church ceremonies. Then, in solemn procession, the bishop, arrayed in robes of the most dazzling splendour, accompanied by the dean and other distinguished officers, and followed by the greater part of the parochial clergy of the diocese, passed through the cathedral to the shrine, where solemn masses were sung, and the indulgences granted to all who visited the saint's burial-place, and to those who there offered oblations, recited. Then might have been beheld a touching and beautiful scene; rich and poor pressing forward with their gifts—costly in the one case; a mere mite, like the poor widow's, in the other.

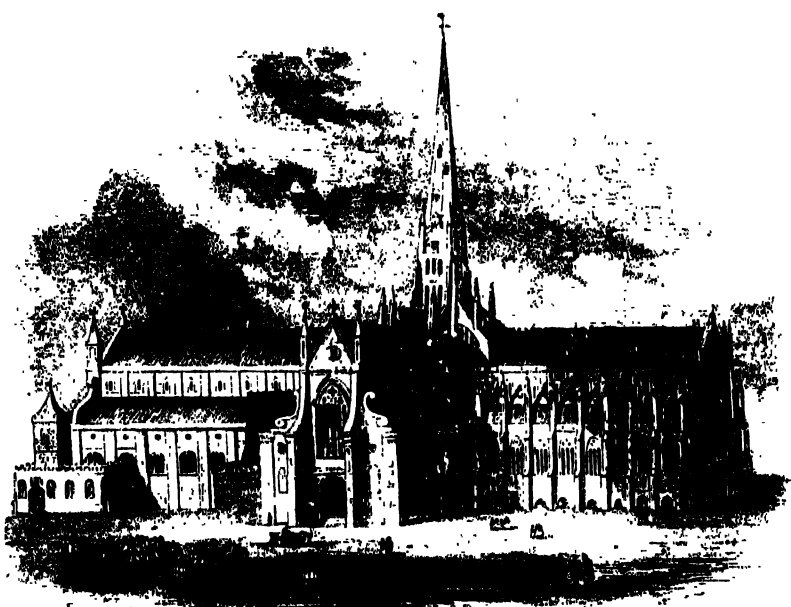
But there were yet mightier spirits among the buried dead of Old St. Paul's. Passing over Sir John Beauchamp, son of the renowned Guy, Earl of Warwick, Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, one of Edward the First's ablest military officers, and the accomplished Sir Simon Burley, executed during the reign of Richard II., we



517.—St.—Fith's.



518.—Paul's Walk.



522.—Old St. Paul's, before the Destruction of the Steeple.



520.—Paul's Cross.



521.—East Window, from the Choir, St. Paul's.



519.—Old St. Paul's Cathedral—South View.



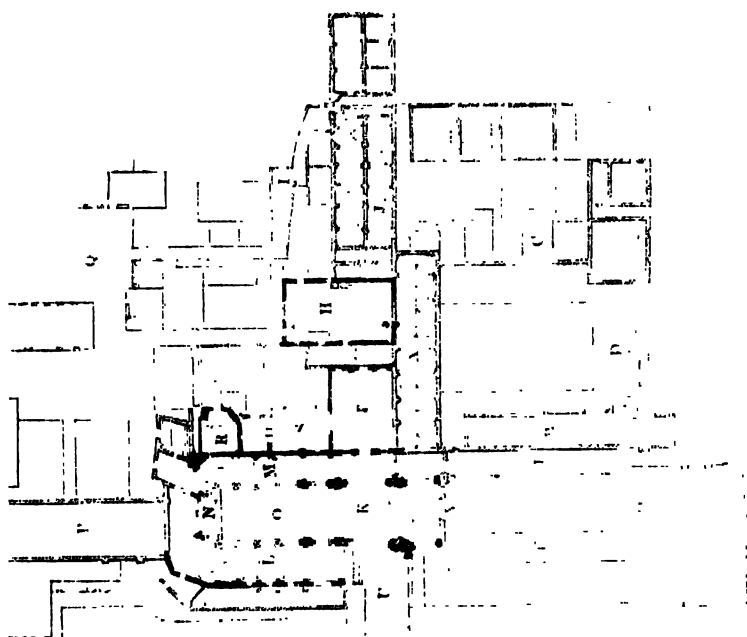
527.—The Western Entrance, Interior, St. Bartholomew's Church.



528.—St. Bartholomew's Church.



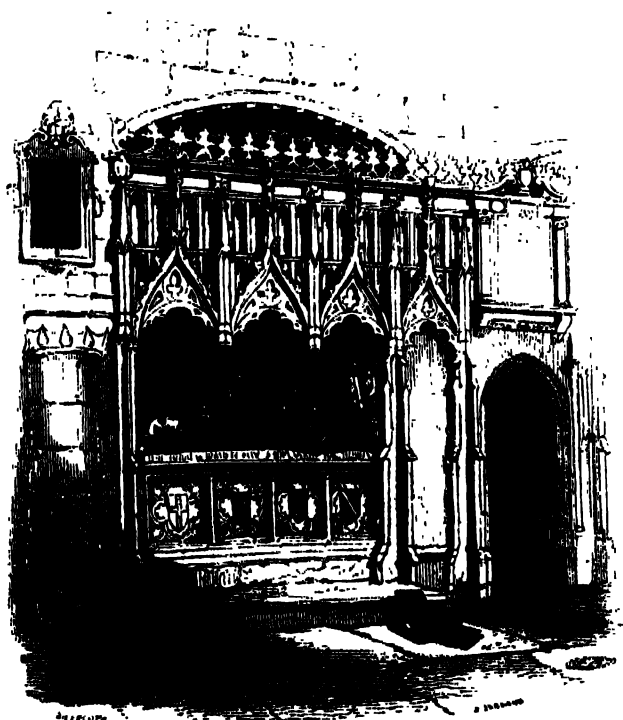
529.—Entrance to St. Bartholomew's Close, from Southfield.



531.—Plan of the Priory of St. Bartholomew.



532.—South Side of St. Bartholomew's Church.



533.—Prior Rahere's Tomb.



534.—Prior Bolton's Rebus.



535.—The Choir, St. Bartholomew's Church.

And that John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," was interred in Old St. Paul's beneath a magnificent monument, where athwart the slender octagonal pillars appeared with a very picturesque effect his tilting-spear, and where the mighty duke himself lay in effigy beneath a canopy of the most elaborate fretwork. Beside him reclined Blanche, the duke's first wife, whom Chaucer has made immortal by his grateful verse. In the cathedral was witnessed on one occasion an important scene, with which John of Gaunt was most honourably connected. Wickliffe was cited here to answer before the great prelates of the realm the charge of heresy and innovation. He appeared, but with such a train as seldom falls to the early history of church reform to speak of; it will be sufficient to say, John of Gaunt was at their head. The meeting broke up in confusion. In later times Linacre, the eminent physician, and founder of the College of Physicians, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary, and Sir Nicholas, father of Lord Bacon, her keeper of the seals, were all interred in St. Paul's; as were Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, and the poet Donne, whose effigy yet exists in the present cathedral, disgracefully thrown into a dark corner in the vaults below.

There were many features of Old St. Paul's which, if they did not add to, or even harmonise in our notions with, the religious character of the edifice, certainly added wonderfully to its attractions in the eyes of our more enjoying and less scrupulous forefathers. Thus, did civil war threaten—the martial population of London flocked to the church to witness the presentation of the banner of St. Paul to Robert Fitzwalter, the hereditary Castellan of the city, who came on horseback, and armed, to the great west door, where he was met by the mayor and aldermen, also armed; and, when he had dismounted and saluted them, handed to them the banner, "gules," with the image of St. Paul in gold, saying they gave it to him as their banner of fee, to bear and govern to the honour and profit of the city. After that, they gave the baron a horse of great value, and twenty pounds in money. Then was a marshal chosen to guide the host of armed citizens, who were presently to be called together *en masse* by the startling sound of the great bell. Was amusement sought—there were the regular Saturnalias of the Boy-Bishops, and the plays, for which Old St. Paul's enjoyed such repute. The boys of the church seem to have been originally the chief performers, and obtained so much mastery over the art as to perform frequently before the kings of England. Their preparations were expensive, but were evidently more than paid for by the auditors; for in the reign of Richard II. they petitioned that certain ignorant and inexperienced persons might be prohibited from representing the History of the Old Testament to the great prejudice of the clergy of the cathedral. Were great public events passing—had one monarch been pushed from the throne by another or by death—St. Paul's was almost sure to furnish, in one shape or another, palpable evidences of the matter that was in all men's thoughts. Thus when Louis of France came to London in 1216, the English barons present swore fealty to him in St. Paul's; thus, when success now elated the heart of a Henry VI., now of his adversary Edward IV., each came to St. Paul's, to take as it were solemn and public possession of the kingdom; thus, when the body of a Richard II., or of a Philip Sydney, had to be displayed before the eyes of a startled or of a mourning nation, to St. Paul's was it brought—the king to be less honoured in his remains than the humblest of knights, the knight to be more honoured than any but the very best of kings. Were there business to attend to, when all these other sources of interest were unheeded or for the time in abeyance,—then to St. Paul's Walk must the citizens of London have had frequent occasion to go. There were lawyers feed, horses and benefices sold, and set payments made. A strange scene, and a strange company, in consequence, did the cathedral present through the day! "At one time," writes an eye-witness, "in one and the same rank, yea, foot by foot, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking, the knight, the gull, the gallant, the upstart, the gentleman, the clown, the captain, the appel-squire, the lawyer, the usurer, the citizen, the bankrupt, the scholar, the beggar, the doctor, the idiot, the ruffian, the cheater, the puritan, the cut-throat, the high men, the low men, the true man, and the thief; of all trades and professions some; of all countries some. Thus while Devotion kneels at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose" (Dekker's 'Dead Term'). (Fig. 518.)

The undoing of Old St. Paul's forms scarcely a less interesting history than the doing. The Bell Tower was the stake of Henry VIII., when he played at dice with Sir Miles Partridge; the knight won, and the Bell Tower was lost to St. Paul's: it soon disappeared. In the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, the greater part of the sculpture and rich brasses of the interior were destroyed by Puritan

hands; whilst the former reign was also marked by the wholesale plunder of the very walls of the outworks of the structure, the chapel and cloisters of Pardon Church Haugh, where the 'Dance of Death' was painted, Shyrlington's Chapel, and the Charnel House and Chapel, with their many goodly monuments, in order (such was the base fact) to get the materials, the mere stone and timber, for the new palace in the Strand, Somerset House. Then followed the destruction of the steeple by fire in 1561. Next the civil war, with its injuries. That over, and the State, after the brief interregnum of the Commonwealth, restored to its old ways, came the great fire, and put an end to all that remained of the cathedral, as well as to the many degradations the fine old edifice had experienced. Among these injuries, not the least were the beautifying and restoring processes of Inigo Jones, whose portico might elsewhere have added even to his well-deserved fame, but at St. Paul's only evidenced the mistake the great architect had made, when he fancied he understood the Gothic (Fig. 519).

There are probably few of our readers who, as they have gazed on those architectural wonders of the middle ages, our cathedrals and larger ecclesiastical structures, and thought of the endless difficulties, mechanical and otherwise, surmounted in their construction, but have felt a strong desire to look back to the periods of their erection, and to note all the variety of interesting circumstances that must have marked such events. What, for instance, could be at once more gratifying and instructive than to be able to familiarise ourselves with the motives and characters of the chief founders, with the feelings and thoughts of the people among and for whom the structures in question were reared? If our readers will now follow us into the history of St. BARTHOLOMEW PRIORY, Smithfield, we think we can venture to promise them some such glimpse of those fine old builders at work; and that too founded upon the best of authorities—an inmate of the priory, who wrote so soon after its foundation, that persons were still alive who had witnessed the whole proceedings. We shall borrow occasionally the language as well as the facts of the good monk's history, which has been printed in the 'Monasticon,' and in Malcolm's 'London.' In the reign of Henry the First there was a man named Rahere, sprung and born from low lineage, and who when he attained the flower of youth began to haunt the households of noblemen and the palaces of princes; where, under every elbow of them he spread their cushions, with japes and flatterings delectably anointing their eyes, by this manner to draw to him their friendships. Such was the youthful life of Rahere. But with years came wisdom and repentance. He would go to Rome, and there seek remission of his sins. He did so. At the feet of the shrine of the Apostles Peter and Paul he poured out his lamentations; but, to his inexpressible pain, God, he thought, refused to hear him. He fell sick. And then he shed out as water his heart in the sight of God; the fountains of his nature to the very depths were broken up; he wept bitter tears. At last dawned a new life upon the penitent man. He vowed if God would grant him health to return to his own country, he would make an hospital in recreation of poor men, and minister to their necessities to the best of his power. With returning health to the mind not unnaturally came back health to the body. And now more and more grew upon him the love of the great work he had determined to perform. Visions, as he believed, were vouchsafed to him for his guidance. On a certain night he saw one full of dread and sweetness. He fancied himself to be borne up on high by a certain winged beast, and when from his great elevation he sought to look down, he beheld a horrible pit, deeper than any man might attain to see the bottom of, opening, as it seemed, to receive him. He trembled, and great cries proceeded from his mouth. Then to his comfort there appeared a certain man, having all the majesty of a king, of great beauty, and imperial authority, and his eye fastened upon Rahere. "O man," said he, "what and how much service shouldst thou give to him that in so great a peril hath brought help to thee?" Rahere answered, "Whatever might be of heart and of right, diligently should I give in recompense to my deliverer." Then said the celestial visitant, "I am Bartholomew, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the sweet mysteries of heaven. Know me truly, by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity and the common favour of the celestial court and council, to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in my name thou shalt form a church." Rahere with a joyful heart returned to London, where he presently obtained the concurrence of the king to carry out his views. The choice of the place was, according to the monkish historian, who believed but what all believed, no less a matter of special arrangement by Heaven.

King Edward the Confessor had previously had the very spot pointed out to him when he was bodily sleeping, but his heart to God waking; nay more, three men of Greece who had come to London had gone to the place to worship God, and there prophesied wonderful things relating to the future temple that was to be erected on it. In other points, the locality was anything but a favoured one. Truly, says the historian, the place before his cleansing pretended to no hope of goodness. Right unclean it was; and as a marsh dungy and fenny, with water at most times abounding; whilst the only dry portion was occupied by the gallows for the execution of criminals. Work and place determined on, Rahere had now to begin to build; and strange indeed were the modes adopted by him to obtain the gift of the requisite materials, bring together the hosts of unpaid workmen, or to find funds for such additional materials and labour as might be necessary. He made and feigned himself unwise, it is said, and outwardly pretended the cheer of an idiot, and began a little while to hide the secretness of his soul. And the more secretly he wrought the more wisely he did his work. Truly, in playing unwise he drew to him the fellowship of children and servants, assembling himself as one of them; and with their use and help, stones, and other things profitable to the building, lightly he gathered together. Thus did he address himself to one class of persons, those who would look upon his apparent mental peculiarities as a kind of supernatural proof of his enjoying the especial care of the Deity. Another class he influenced by his passionate eloquence in the churches; where he addressed audiences with the most remarkable effect, now stirring them so to gladness that all the people applauded him, now moving them to sorrow by his searching and kindly exposure of their sins, so that nought but singing and weeping were heard on all sides. A third mode of obtaining help was by the direct one of personal solicitation at the houses of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, in the course of which St. Bartholomew often, it appears, redeemed his promise to Rahere of assistance. Alfun, a coadjutor of Rahere's, the builder of old St. Giles, Cripplegate, went one day to a widow, to see what she could give them for the use of the church and the hospital of St. Bartholomew. She told him she had but seven measures of meal, which was absolutely necessary for the supply of her family. She, however, at last gave one measure. After Alfun had departed with her contribution, she casually looked over the remaining measures, when she thought she counted seven measures still; she counted again, and there were eight; again, there were nine. How long this very profitable system of arithmetic lasted, our good monk does not state. And thus at last was St. Bartholomew's Priory raised, clerks brought together to live in it, a piece of adjoining ground consecrated as a place of sepulchre, privileges showered upon it by the hands of royalty, and the whole stamped, as was thought, with the emphatic approval of Heaven by the miraculous cures that were then wrought in the establishment. Yes, the work was finished, and Rahere made the first prior. No wonder that the people, as we are informed, were greatly astonished both at the work and the founder; or that St. Bartholomew's was esteemed to belong more to the supernatural than the natural. No wonder that as to Rahere it should be asked, in the words of the monkish chronicler, "Whose heart lightly should take or admit such a man *not* product of gentle blood, *not* greatly endowed with literature, or of divine lineage," notwithstanding his nominally low origin? Rahere fulfilled the duties of prior in the beloved house of his own raising, for about twenty years, when the clay house of this world he forsook, and the house everlasting entered.

Of this very building, or rather series of buildings erected by Rahere himself, there remains in a fine state of preservation an important portion, the choir of the conventual church used as the present parish church (Fig. 526). There can be no doubt that we have the original walls, pillars, and arches of the twelfth century; the massive, grand, and simple style of the whole tells truly through the date of their erection. This choir, therefore, forms one of the most interesting and valuable pieces of antique ecclesiastical architecture now existing in England. Among its more remarkable features may be mentioned the continuous aisle that runs round the choir, and opening into it between the flat and circular arch-piers; the elegant horseshoe-like arches of the chancel at the end of the choir; and the grand arches at the opposite extremity, shown in our engraving, on which formerly rose a stately tower corresponding in beauty and grandeur to all the other portions of the pile. The tomb of Rahere is also in the choir, but it is of somewhat later date than the priory. Nothing so exquisitely beautiful in sculpture as that work with its recumbent effigy, and attending monks and angels, its fretted canopies and niches and finials, had yet burst upon old England when Rahere died (Fig. 528). The very perfect state in which it now appears is owing to Prior Bolton, who restored it in the

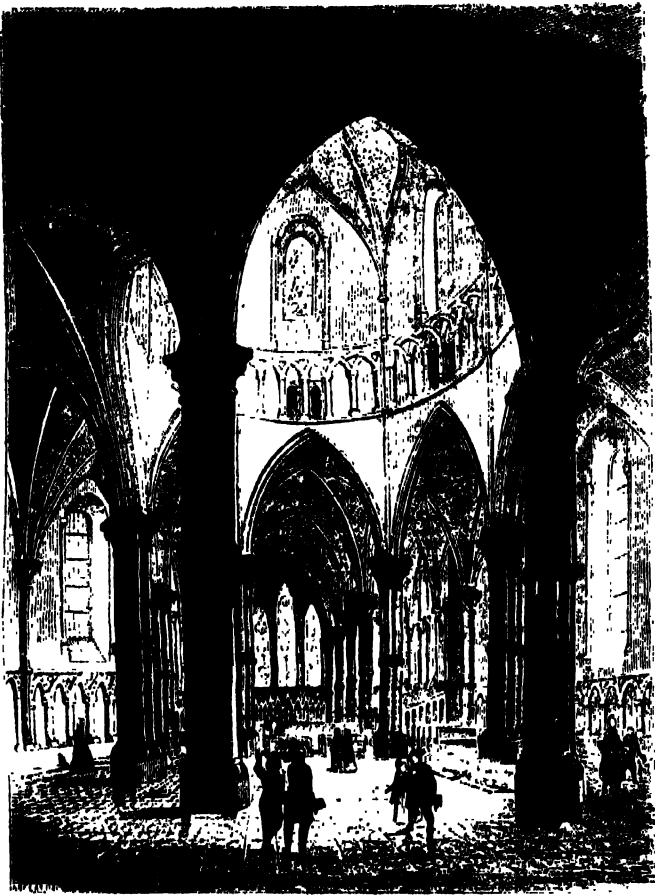
sixteenth century, as well as other parts of the structure; a labour of which he was evidently very proud, for wherever his handiwork may be traced, there too you need not look long for his handwriting—his signature as it were—a *Bolt in tun* (Fig. 530). This prior was an elegant and accomplished man; if even he were not much more. The beautiful oriel window in the second story of the choir which encloses the prior's pew or seat, nearly facing Rahere's monument, as if that the prior might the better look down on the last resting-place of the illustrious founder, was added by Bolton, and has been supposed, for reasons into which we cannot here enter, to be from his own designs. Another part of the ancient structure is to be found in the old vestry-room, which was formerly an oratory, dedicated to the Virgin. Among the burials in the church the most important perhaps was that of Roger Walden, Bishop of London, who rose from a comparatively humble position to the highest offices of the State; he was successively Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Royal Secretary and Royal Treasurer, and, lastly, Primate of England, on the occasion of the banishment of Archbishop Arundel by Richard the Second. That ecclesiastic, however, returned with Bolingbroke to his country and office, and Walden became at once a mere private person. Arundel, it is pleasant to relate, behaved nobly to the unfortunate prelate, making him Bishop of London. He died, however, shortly after. Fuller compares him to one so jaw-fallen with over-long fasting that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him. Sir Walter Mildmay, founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and Dr. Francis Anthony, the discoverer and user of a medicine drawn from gold (aurum potabile he called it), also lie here buried. There are other monuments not unworthy of notice; though at St. Bartholomew's, as now at most other churches, the major portion refer to those who were, like "Captain John Millett, mariner, 1600."

Desirous either to resort
Because this parish was *their* port;

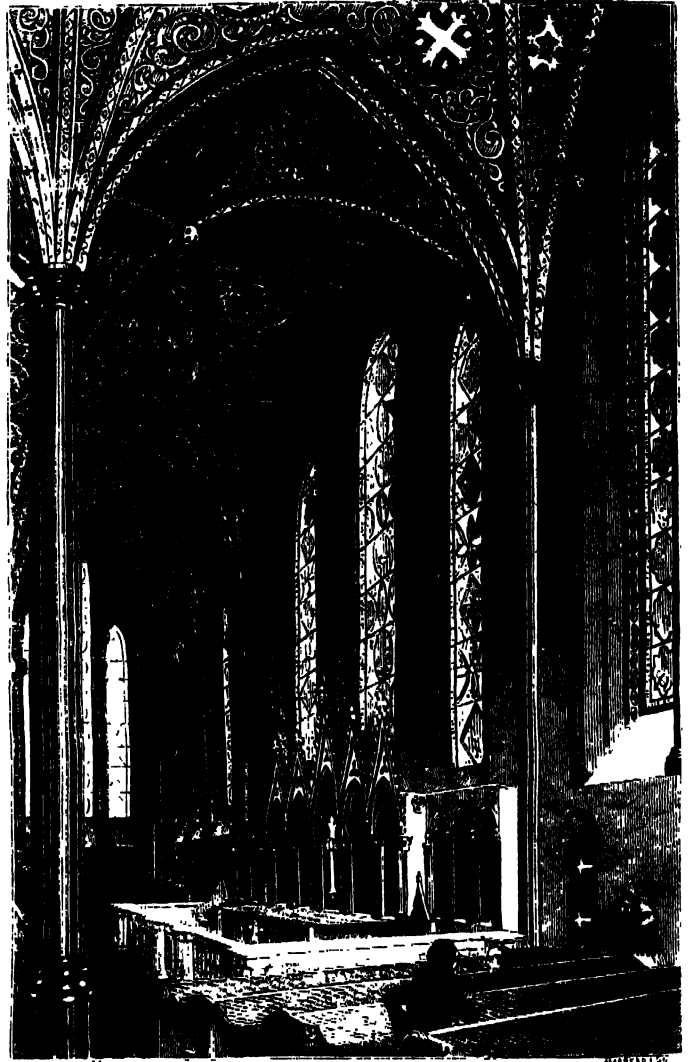
but who have not, like him, told us this in so amusing a manner. Of the other parts of the priory, there remain the entrance gateway (Fig. 529), portions of the cloisters, and of the connected domestic buildings; above all, the refectory, or grand hall, still stands to a great extent entire, though so metamorphosed that its very existence has hardly been known to more than a few. It is now occupied by a tobacco-manufactory and divided into stories; but there can be no doubt that any one who shall attentively examine the place will come to the same conclusion as ourselves, that the whole has formed one grand apartment, extending from the ground to the present roof, and that the latter has been originally of open woodwork. It may help to give some general idea of the magnificent scale of the priory, to state that this hall must have measured forty feet high, thirty broad, and one hundred and twenty in length. Another illustration of the same point is furnished by the plan, which shows the pile in its original state (Fig. 524).⁴ If we look at the part marked O, the present parish church, and the old choir, and see how small a proportion it bears to the entire structure, we have a striking view of the former splendour and present degradation of St. Bartholomew's. The site of the other buildings there marked are now occupied by the most incongruous assemblage of filthy stables and yards, low public-houses, mouldering tenements, with here and there residences of a better character; and in few or none of these can we enter without meeting with corners of immense walls projecting suddenly out, vaulted roofs, boarded-up pillars, and similar evidences of the ruin upon which all these appurtenances of the modern inhabitants have been established. The only other feature that it is necessary to mention is the crypt, which extends below the refectory, and is one of the most remarkable places of the kind even in London, so rich in crypts (Fig. 525). It runs the whole length of the refectory, and is divided by pillars into a central part and two aisles. *Popular fancy has not even been satisfied with these suffi-

* EXPLANATION OF REFERENCES IN THE PLAN (Fig. 521).

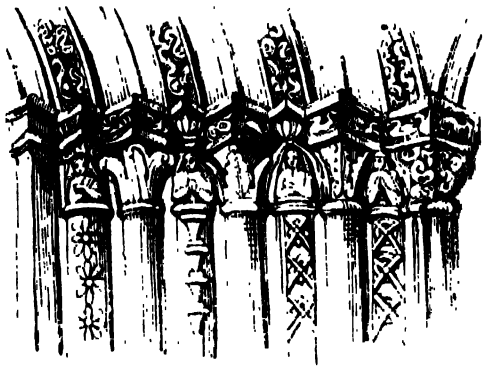
- | | |
|---|---|
| A. The Eastern Cloister, the only one of which there are any remains. | L. The Northern Aisle of the Choir. |
| B. The North Cloister, parallel with the Nave. | M. The Southern Aisle of the Choir. |
| C. The South Cloister. | N. The Eastern Aisle of the Choir. |
| D. The West Cloister. The Square thus enclosed by the Cloisters measures about a hundred feet each way. | O. The present Parish Church, forming the Choir of the old Priory Church. |
| E. The North Aisle of the Nave. | P. The Prior's House, with the Dormitory and Infirmary above. |
| F. The South Aisle, to which the existing Gateway in front of Smithfield was the original entrance. | Q. Site of the Prior's Offices, Stables, Wood yard, &c. |
| G. The Nave, no part of which or of the Aisles now remains. | R. The Old Vestry. |
| H. St. Bartholomew's Chapel, destroyed by Fire about 1830. | S. The Chapter-House, with an entrance Gateway from. |
| I. Middlesex Passage, leading from Great to Little Bartholomew Close. | T. The South Transept. |
| J. The Dining Hall or Refectory of the Priory, with the Crypt beneath. | U. The North Transept. |
| K. Situation of the Great Tower, which was supported on four arches, that still remain. | V. The present entrance into the Church. |
- On the top of the plan is Little Bartholomew Close, on the left Cloth Fair, at the bottom Smithfield, and on the right Great Bartholomew Close.



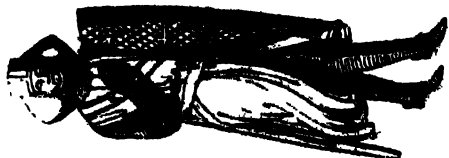
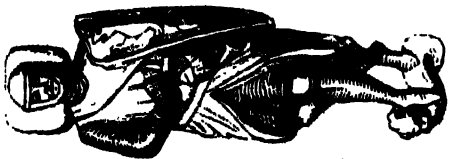
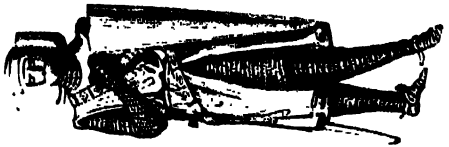
531.—The Temple Church, from the Entrance.



532. The Western Window, Altar, &c., Temple Church.



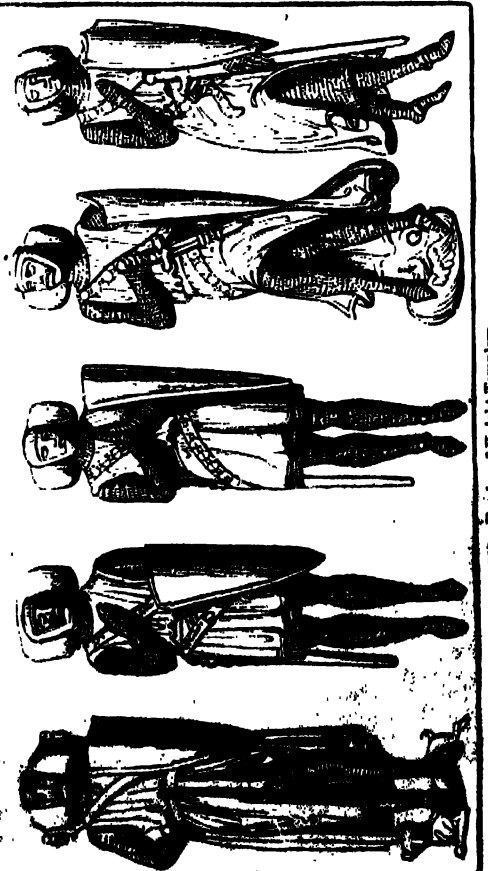
534.—Porch, Temple Church.



536.—Effigies of Knight Templars.



535.—Interior of the Round, Temple Church.



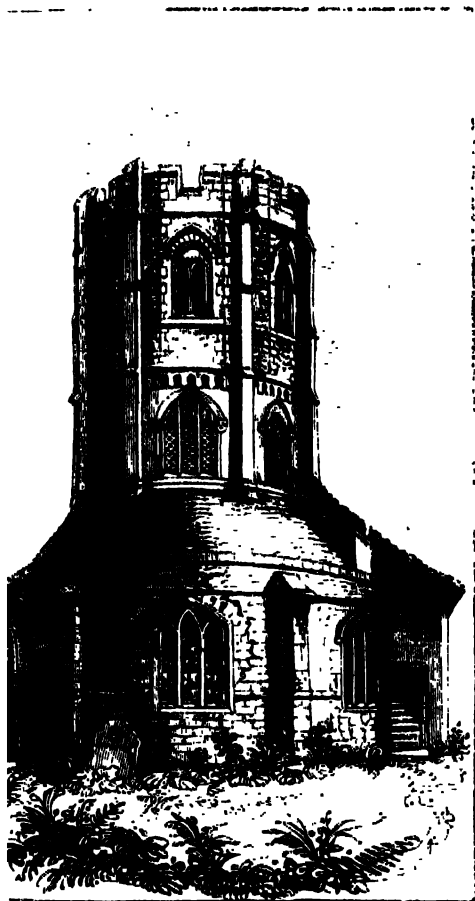
537.—Effigies of Knight Templars.



532.—Round Church, Cambridge. Interior.



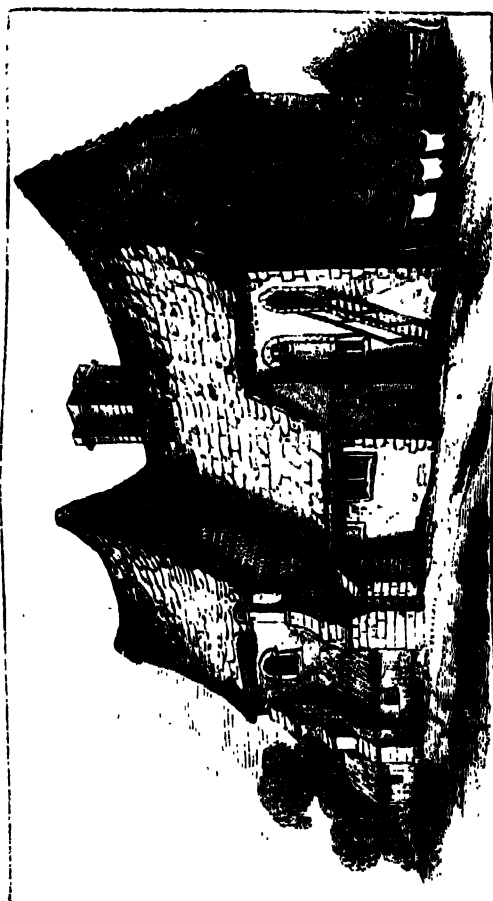
541.—St. John's Hospital.—From Hollar.



540.—Round Church, Cambridge.



544.—Knight Templar.



543.—Preceptory, Swinfield.



542.—St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, 1811.



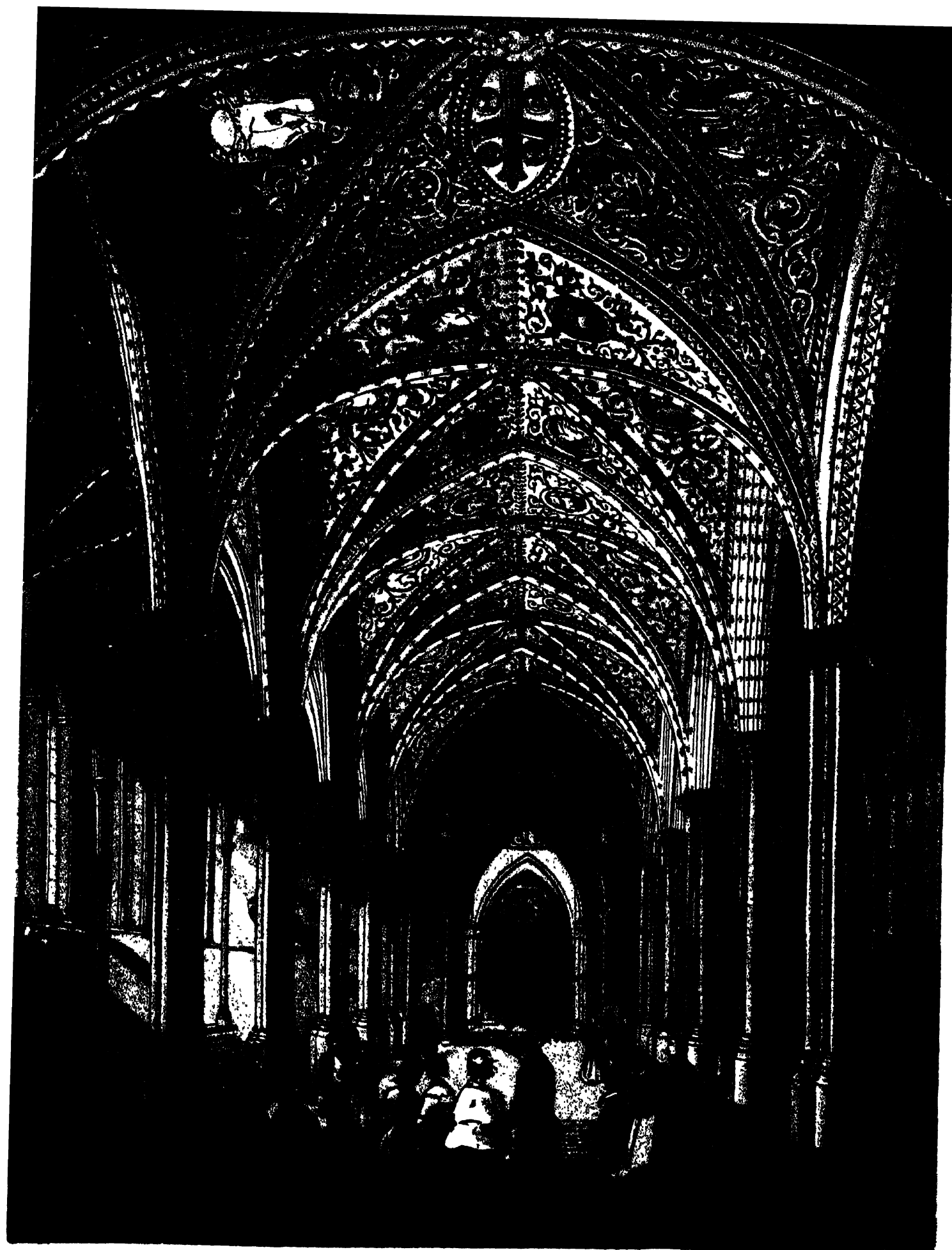
538.—The Temple Church, from the South.

ciently noticeable facts as to the subterranean regions of St. Bartholomew's, but has stretched the crypt all the way to Islington, where the prior had his country residence and pleasure or garden of Canonbury; and where the mansion and garden-house of Prior Bolton are still preserved, close by the famous Tower of Canonbury. The tower of course formed a part of the Canonbury estate, which evidently derives its name from the canons of the priory.

Among those extraordinary institutions which from time to time spring up in the world, rise to great prosperity, and in that state exist for centuries together, exercising the most important influence over the affairs of men, and then at last, either through the process of gradual decay or the operations of a more sudden agency, disappear altogether, and leave behind them, as the only traces of their existence, a few mouldering edifices for the antiquary to mourn over or to restore—among such institutions, conspicuous before all others, stand those of the famous Christian warriors, as they loved to designate themselves, the Knights of St. John and of the Temple. And never was there a more deeply-interesting history given to the world than is embodied in the records that tell us of the growth of these Orders, of the picturesque amalgamation of the most opposite qualities of human nature required as the indispensable preliminary of membership, of the active bravery and passive fortitude with which the objects of the Institutions were pursued, of the curiously-intense hatred that existed between the two great Orders, and of their fate, so sudden, terrible, and, in some respects, sublime in the one case, so protracted and comparatively undignified and commonplace in the other. In these pages we can only touch, and that briefly, upon the salient points of such a history. St. John's may be called the oldest of the two Orders, since it dates back to the erection of the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, soon after the middle of the eleventh century, when it was founded for the accommodation of Christian pilgrims, in connection with the church of Santa Maria de Latina, built by the Christians of commercial Italy, with the consent of the Mohammedan governors of the Holy Land. But it was then no fighting community: to relieve the hungry, weary, homeless, and sick, of their own faith, whom piety had brought to that far-off land, was their especial vocation. But the kindly offices of the good monks were not limited by the boundaries of creed; the "Infidel" Arab or Turk was also welcome whenever necessity brought him to their doors; a state of things that contrasts powerfully and humiliatingly with the state that was to supersede it.

The influences that transformed the peaceful monks of St. John's into the most turbulent of soldiers did not spring out of common occurrences. The wars of the Crusades broke out, the Saracens were driven from Jerusalem, and Godfrey of Bouillon elected its first Christian sovereign; but the Hospital of St. John remained essentially the same, more prosperous, but not more martial. It should seem, even, that the ambition that alone agitated the members at the time was that of enhancing the legitimate merits of their position, by becoming still more charitable in their charity, still more humble in their humility, still more self-denying in their religious discipline, for in 1120 the Serjens or Servientes of the hospital formed themselves for such purposes into a separate monastic body under the direct protection of the Church of Rome. But about the same time a little band of knights, nine in number, began to distinguish themselves by their zeal and courage in the performance of a duty self-imposed, but of the most dangerous and important character. They had devoted themselves, life and fortune, to the defence of the high roads leading to Jerusalem, where the Christian pilgrims were continually harassed and injured by the warlike onslaught of the Mussulmen and the predatory attacks of robbers. "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ" they called themselves; and poor enough indeed they were, since their chief, Hugh de Payens, was constrained to ride with another knight on the same horse: a memorable incident, which the Order, with noble pride, commemorated in their seal. Such services spoke eloquently to every one. Golden opinions were speedily won. The poor knights soon became rich knights. The little body began speedily to grow into a large one. As a special honour they were lodged, by the church, on the site of the great Hebrew Temple, and the fame of the "Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon" began to spread through Christian Europe. Amid the general excitement of the Holy Wars this junction of the priest and soldier seemed but a most happy embodiment of the prevailing passions, duties, and wants of the age (Fig. 544). Thus, when Hugh de Payens himself set out on a tour with four of the brethren, in order to promulgate more distinctly the objects of the Society, and to seek assistance,

great was the interest and excitement that prevailed wherever they came. They arrived in England in 1120, and were received with the deepest respect by Henry the First and his court. The result of these travels was, that when the four brethren returned to Jerusalem they brought with them in company three hundred of the best and bravest of European chivalry. The new Society was evidently moving the Christian world; what wonder that the monks of St. John felt themselves at last moved too—in the same direction. Within a few years after De Payens' return, and during the spiritual rule of Raymond du Puy, they took up the lance, and rushed forth into the field in rivalry of the brotherhood of the Temple. And between the warlike merit of the two, the knights who had become monks, and the monks who had become knights, it would evidently be impossible to decide; both were the flower of the Christian armies, and the especial dread of the Saracen. The military annals of no country or time exhibit deeds that can surpass, few even that can rival, the prodigies of valour continually performed by these warrior monks. But with wealth, corruption, as usual, flowed in. When one Order (the Templars) possessed nine thousand manors, and the other nineteen thousand, in the fairest provinces of Christendom, it would be too much to expect that humility would long continue to characterize either. The first evidence of the evil spirit that was at work in their hearts was exhibited in their mutual quarrels, which at last grew to such a height that they actually turned their arms against each other; and even on one occasion, in 1259, fought a pitched battle, in which the Knights Hospitallers were the conquerors, and scarcely left a Templar alive to carry to his brethren the intelligence of their discomfiture. This was an odd way to exhibit the beauties of the faith they were shedding so much blood and expending so much treasure to establish among the Saracens, and scarcely calculated to convince the infidel even of the military necessity of acknowledging or giving way to it. The fact is that the decline of the Christian power in the Holy Land may be traced, in a great measure, to these miserable jealousies: it may be doubted whether the two Orders did not, on the whole, retard rather than promote the cause they espoused. But let us now look at their position in this country. The first houses of both were established in London, and nearly about the same time, the Priory of St. John at Clerkenwell in 1100, by Jordan Briset, an English Baron, and his wife; and the Old Temple in Holborn (where Southampton Buildings now exist) founded during the visit of Hugh de Payens, twenty-eight years later. As the Templars, however, increased in numbers and wealth, they purchased the site of the present Temple in Fleet Street, and erected their beautiful church and other corresponding buildings on a scale of great splendour. Both this church and the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, were consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, whom events of no ordinary nature brought to this country; events which threatened to involve something like the entire destruction of the Christians and their cause in the Holy Land, if immediate succour was not granted by some most potent authority. With Heraclius came the Masters of the two Orders; and the hopes of the trio, it appears, were centred on the King of England, who had, on receiving absolution for the murder of Becket, promised not only to maintain two hundred Templars at his own expense, but also to proceed to Palestine himself at the head of a vast army. At first all looked very encouraging. Henry met them at Reading, wept as he listened to their sad narration of the reverses experienced in Palestine, and, in answer to their prayers for support, promised to bring the matter before parliament immediately on its meeting. In that assembly, however, the barons urged upon him that he was bound by his coronation oath to stay at home and fulfil his kingly duties, but offered to raise funds to defray the expense of a levy of troops, expressing at the same time their opinion that English nobles and others might, if they wished, freely depart for Palestine to join the Christian warriors. Henry with apparent reluctance agreed; and "lastly, the king gave answer, and said that he might not leave his land without keeping, nor yet leave it to the prey and robbery of Frenchmen. But he would give largely of his own, to such as would take upon them that voyage. With this answer the Patriarch was discontented, and said, 'We seek a man, and not money; well near every Christian region sendeth unto us money, but no land sendeth to us a prince. Therefore we ask a prince that needeth money, and not money that needeth a prince.' But the king laid for him such excuses, that the Patriarch departed from him discontented and comfortless; whercof the king being advertised, intending somewhat to comfort him with pleasant words, followed him unto the seaside. But the more the king thought to satisfy him with his fair speech, the more the Patriarch was discontented, insomuch that, at the last, he said unto him, 'Hitherto thou hast reigned gloriously, but hereafter thou



LEIGHTON, BROTHERS

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

shalt be forsaken of Him whom thou at this time forsakest. Think on Him, what he hath given to thee, and what thou hast yielded to Him again; how first thou wert false to the King of France, and after slew that holy man, Thomas of Canterbury; and lastly thou forsakest the protection of Christian faith.' The king was moved with these words, and said unto the Patriarch, 'Though all the men of my land were one body and spake with one mouth, they durst not speak to me such words.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for they love thine, and not thee; that is to mean, they love thy goods temporal, and fear thee for loss of promotion; but they love not thy soul.' And when he had so said he offered his head to the king, saying, 'Do by me right as thou didst by that blessed man, Thomas of Canterbury; for I had liefer to be slain of thee than of the Saracens, for thou art worse than any Saracen.' But the king kept his patience, and said, 'I may not wend out of my land, for my own sons will arise against me when I am absent.' 'No wonder,' said the Patriarch, 'for of the devil they come, and to the devil they shall go;' and so departed from the king in great ire." (Fabyan.) Two years later, Saladin had put an end to the Christian kingdom at Jerusalem, generously dismissing to their homes his many distinguished prisoners, among whom was Heraclius, and granting to the Christians generally of Europe the possession of the sepulchre of Christ. His liberality experienced no suitable return. A third Crusade was set on foot, the one in which Courde-Lion was engaged, to fail like the previous ones, to be again followed by others, with the same result. In 1291 Acre was besieged by the Sultan of Egypt, and taken after a most terrible conflict, in which the two Orders were nearly exterminated: that event in effect may be said to mark the final defeat of the Crusaders in their long-cherished object of the conquest of the Holy Land.

The Knights of St. John, however, for about two centuries after this, found ample employment of a kind after their own heart; they obtained possession of the island of Rhodes, from whence they kept up continual war,—of a very piratical character, though, be it observed,—against the Turks; but in 1522 Solyman the Fourth, or the Magnificent, after a tremendous siege, in which he is said to have lost upwards of 100,000 men, completely overpowered the defenders, although they fought with a courage that won his respect, and induced him to consent at last that the Grand-master, L'Isle Adam, and his surviving companions, might depart freely whithersoever they chose. He visited his illustrious captive on entering the city, and was heard to remark as he left him, "It is not without pain that I force this Christian, at his time of life, to leave his dwelling." The Emperor Charles the Fifth then bestowed on them the island of Malta, which they fortified with works that render it to this day almost impregnable, but where, after successfully resisting a most formidable attack from the Turkish troops of Solyman, they gradually fell into a mode of life very different from that which had previously characterized them, and which was suddenly brought to a very ignominious conclusion by the appearance of Napoleon, leading his Egyptian expedition, in 1798, and by his landing without opposition, through the mingled treachery and cowardice of the knights; who, however, received their reward: the Order itself was then virtually abolished. It is not unworthy of notice, as evidence of the amazing strength of the place, as well as of the feeling of the French officers at so disgraceful a surrender, that one of them, Caffarelli, said to Napoleon, as they examined the works, "It is well, General, that some one was within to open the gate for us. We should have had some difficulty in entering had the place been altogether empty." A Grand-master and a handful of knights, it seems, do still exist at Ferrara, and possess a scanty remnant of the once magnificent revenue. The Templars experienced a more tragical, but also infinitely more honourable termination of their career, and one that redeemed a thousand faults and vices. Within twenty years after their conduct and misfortunes at the siege of Acre had entitled them to the sympathy of their Christian brethren throughout the world, they were suddenly charged in France with the commission of a multitude of crimes, religious and social; and to convince them that they were guilty, whether they knew it or not, tortures of the most frightful description were unsparingly applied to make them confess. One who did confess, when he was brought before the commissary of police to be examined, at once revoked his confession, saying, "They held me so long before a fierce fire, that the flesh was burnt off my heels; two pieces of bone came away, which I present to you." Such were the execrable cruelties perpetrated on the unhappy Templars in France, where they were also sent to the scaffold in troops, and thus at last the Order was made tractable in that country. In England there was greater decency at least observed. If the torture was applied at all, it was but sparingly, and the confession

obtained was at last reduced to so very innocent an affair, that no man would have been justified in sacrificing life and limb in resistance; so the Templars wisely gave way. All matters thus prepared, the Pope in 1312 formally abolished the Order; and then the world saw the truth of what it had before suspected, namely, that all these atrocious proceedings were but to clear the way for a general scramble for the enormous property of the Order, in which the chief actors were of course the sovereigns of France and England and the Pontiff. They had tried to persuade themselves or their subjects that the rival order of St. John's was to have the possessions in question, and they were nominally confirmed to it: but about a twentieth of the whole was all that the Knights Hospitallers ever obtained.

Of the two churches consecrated by Heraclius in London, that of the Temple alone remains. St. John's was burnt, with all the surrounding buildings of the priory, by the followers of Wat Tyler in the fourteenth century, when the conflagration continued for no less than seven days. The Temple had been previously injured by them on account of its being considered to belong to the obnoxious Hospitallers. We see from Hollar's view of the priory in the seventeenth century (Fig. 541), that previous to the dissolution by Henry the Eighth it had recovered much of its ancient magnificence. But in the reign of Edward the Sixth the "church, for the most part," says Stow, "to wit, the body and side aisles, with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder; the stone whereof was employed in building of the Lord Protector's house in the Strand." The remains of the choir form at present a portion of the parochial church of Clerkenwell. But there is another relic of the priory, the gateway (Fig. 542), which Johnson "beheld with reverence," and which his successors can hardly look on without a kindred sentiment, were it on his account alone; for here it was that Johnson came to Cave, the publisher of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' to seek and obtain employment, being at the time poor, friendless, and unknown; nay, so very poor, that he sat behind the screen to eat his dinner, instead of at the printer's table, in order to conceal his shabby coat. The principal part of the gateway now forms the Jerusalem Tavern. The groined roof of the gate has been restored of late years. But we now turn to a remain of the rival metropolitan house of the Templars, which is of a very much more important character.

No one probably ever beheld the exterior of the Temple Church (Fig. 538), for the first time, without finding his curiosity at least excited to know the meaning of its peculiar form, that round—half fortress, half chapter-house like—structure, with such a beautiful oblong Gothic church body attached to it at one side. That the second was added to the first at a later period is sufficiently evident; but we are puzzled by the "Round" as it is called, till we begin to remember who were its founders: the men whose lives were spent in the Holy Land, in a continual alternation of fighting and devotion: whose houses there were one day a place of worship, the next of attack and defence. Such, no doubt, were the origin of the Round churches of England, of which we possess but three others.

The restoration of these fine old works of our forefathers promises to become a marked feature of the present time; and if so, there will be one especial labour of the kind, truly a labour of love to those who have been concerned in it, that will stand out from all the rest, as the grand exemplar of the true spirit that should animate restorers. When the Benchers of the Temple began their noble task, they found nearly all that was left of the original building, walls only excepted, in a state of decay, and everything that was not original, without any exception, worthless. Thus the elaborately-beautiful sculpture of the low Norman doorway, which leads from the quaint porch (Fig. 534) into the interior of the Round, was in a great measure lost; now we see it again in all its pristine splendour. The airy clustered columns of Purbeck marble, which, standing in a wide circle, support with their uplifted, miting, and arching arms the roof of the Round (Fig. 535), were no longer trustworthy; so they had to be removed entirely, and new ones, at an immense expense, provided; and the ancient quarry at Purbeck, from which so much marble must have been drawn in the middle ages for the erection of our cathedrals, was again opened on the occasion. Everything through the whole church was covered with coating upon coating of whitewash; consequently, all traces were lost of the gilding and colour that had been everywhere expended with a lavish hand, and which now again relieve the walls, in the forms of pious inscriptions in antique letters, which glow in the roofs of the Round and of the Chancel, and which gradually increase into a perfect blaze of splendour towards and around the altar (Fig. 532). The beautiful junction of the two parts of the



547.—The Lady Chapel, St. Mary Overie.



550.—The Choir, St. Mary Overie.



545.—General View of St. Mary Overie, from the South.



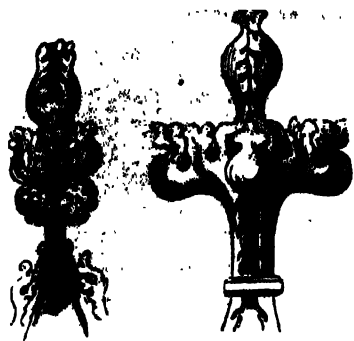
548.—Gower's Monument.



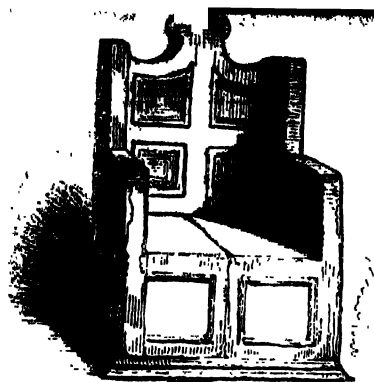
549.—Templar, St. Mary Overie.



546.—Norman Arch, St. Mary Overie.



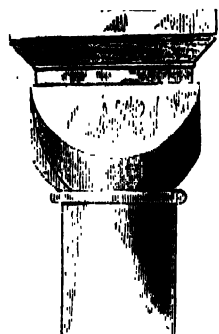
563.—Finials, Canterbury.



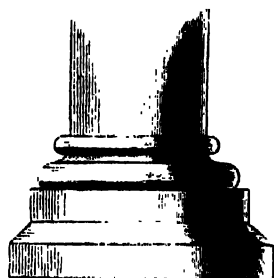
564.—Archiepiscopal Chair.



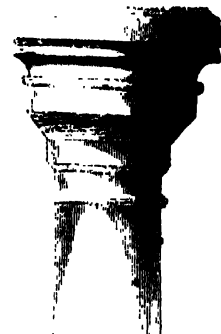
564.—Crochets, Canterbury.



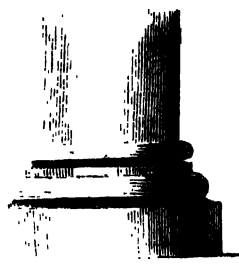
567.—Capital, Crypt, Canterbury.



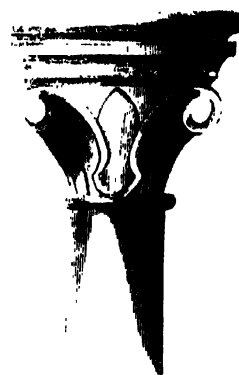
568.—Base, Crypt, Canterbury.



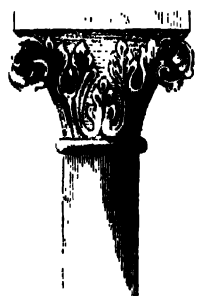
569.—Capital, Crypt, Canterbury.



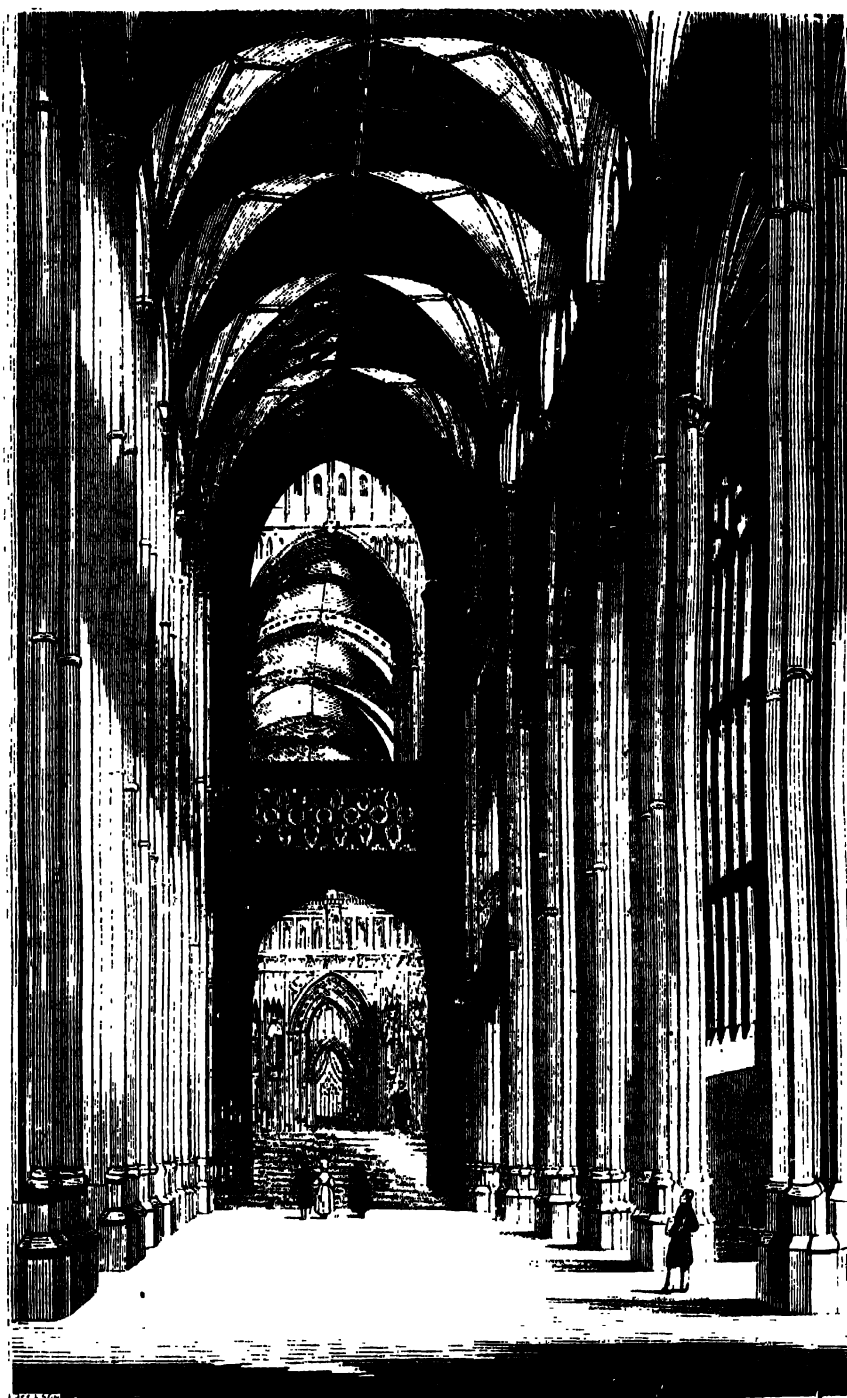
569.—Base, S.E. Transept, Canterbury.



571.—Capital, S.E. Transept, Canterbury.



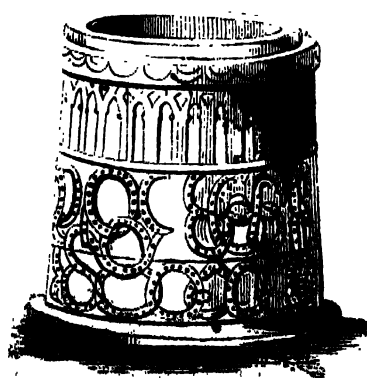
562.—Capital, Canterbury.



561.—The Nave of Canterbury Cathedral.



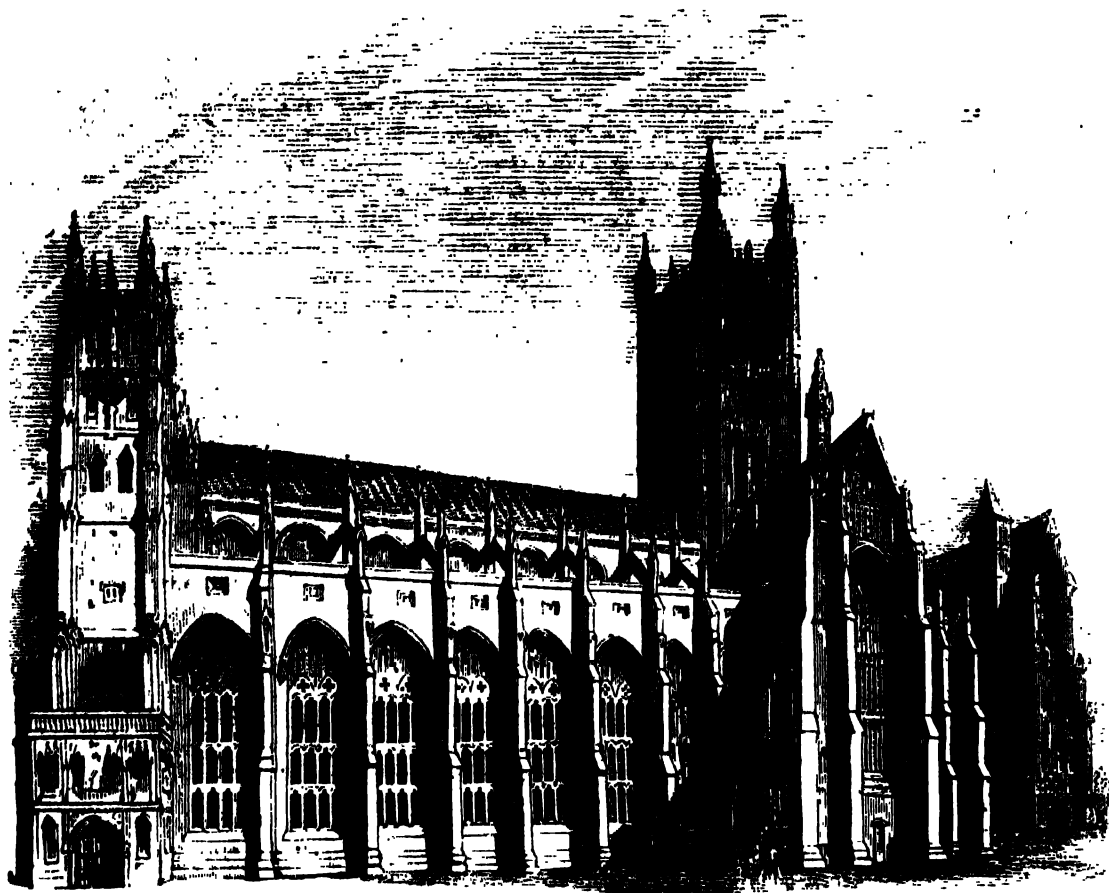
562.—Canterbury.



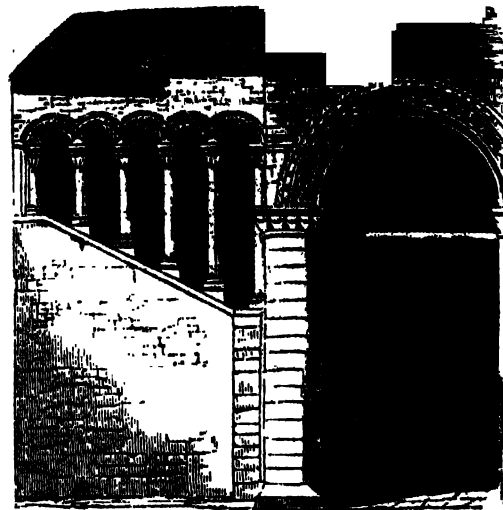
566.—Font, Canterbury.



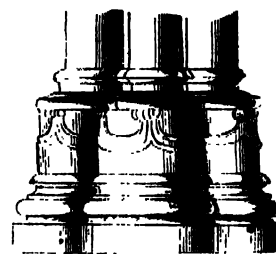
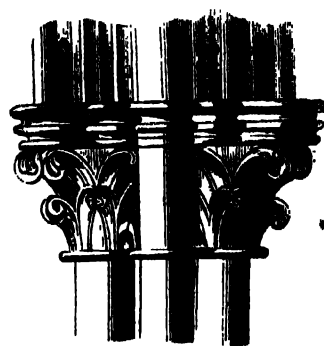
567.—Canterbury Cathedral before the Tower was Rebuilt.



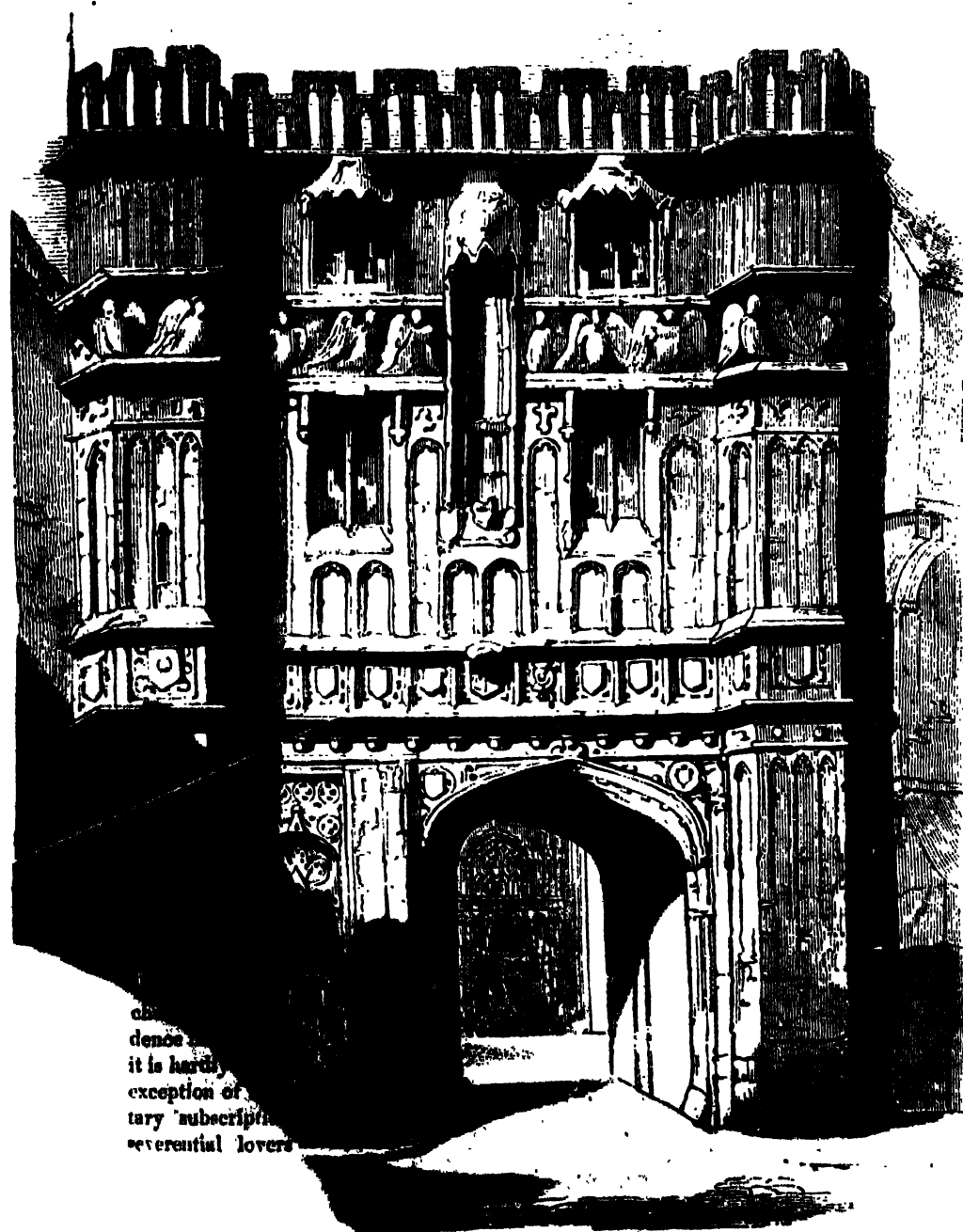
585.—Canterbury Cathedral, South Side.



589.—Staircase in the Conventual Buildings, Canterbury.



588.—Capital and Base, S.E. Transept, Canterbury.



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587.—Chancel in Canterbury Cathedral.



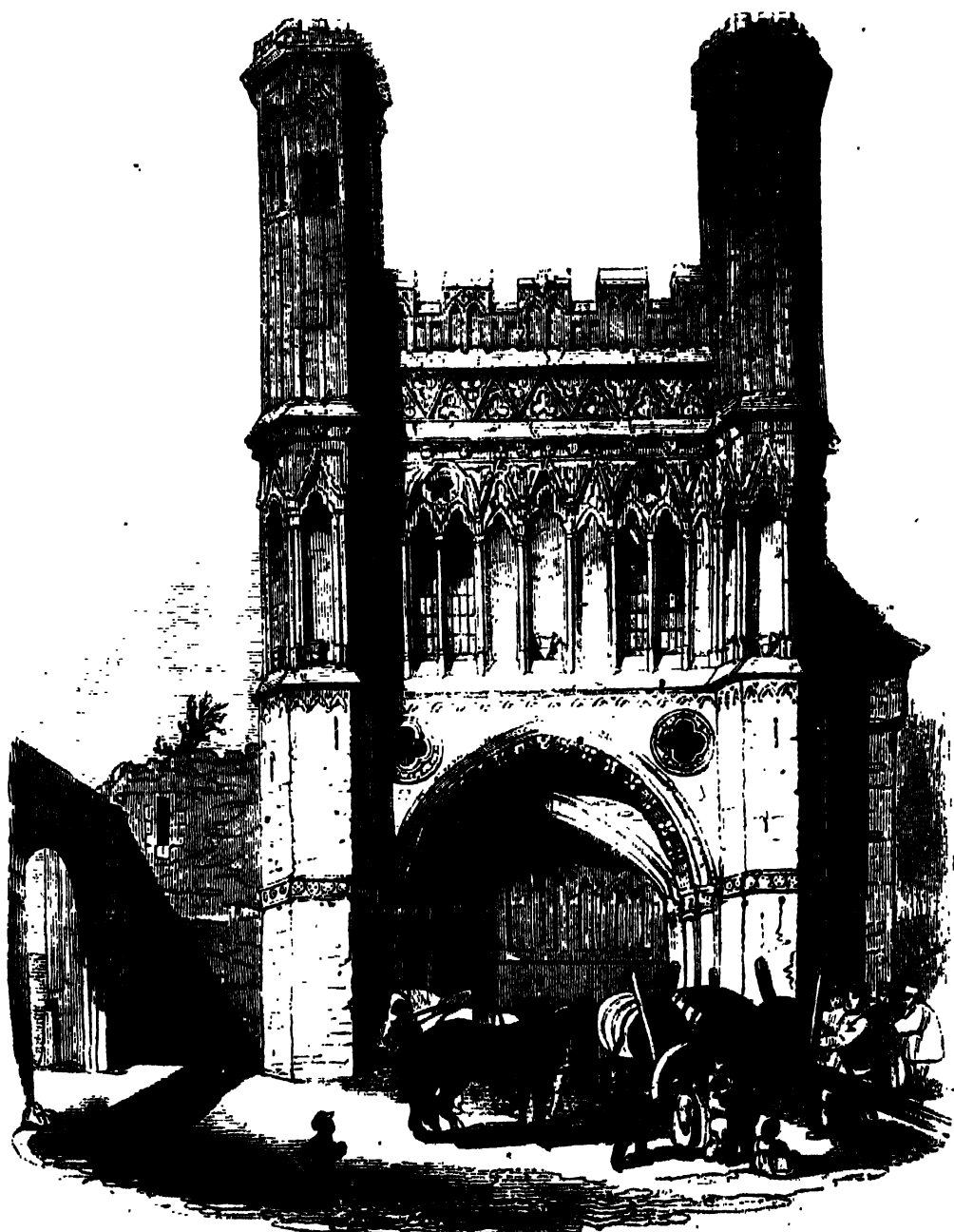
572.—Ruins of the Priory of Lindisfarne.



570.—Ruins of the Augustine Monastery at Cambridge.



573.—Abbey Gateway, Bristol. Ancient Window restored.



571.—St. Augustine's Gate, Canterbury.

a sigh by their mournful beauty. Two specimens must suffice to conclude our present notice. On the tomb of a grocer, formerly in the Ladye Chapel, was inscribed,

Weep not for him, since he is gone before
To heaven, where grocers there are many more.

On the very large magnificent piece of monumental sculpture which encloses the remains of Richard Humble, alderman of London, his two wives, and his children, we read the following lines, forming part of a poem attributed to Francis Quarles :—

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree;
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day;
Or like the sun or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
Even so is the man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blazeth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and Man he dies.

If Glastonbury may be assumed to have been the spot where the faith of Christ was first expounded to our heathen forefathers, it is certain that it was at Canterbury that it first exhibited all the marks of success, and gave promise of becoming in no very distant period the general religion of the country. There were first heard the teachings of St. Augustine, who may almost be esteemed the real founder of Christianity among us, so great were his achievements in comparison with all that had been done before;—and there are yet existing two buildings, or parts of buildings, the walls of which may have often echoed with the earnest and lofty eloquence of the illustrious apostle. One of these is St. Martin's Church, already noticed (vol. i. p. 58): he who would visit the remains of the other, which dispute priority even with St. Martin's itself, must inquire for the crypt or undercroft of Canterbury Cathedral. It is a place that would repay any one for a careful and protracted examination, if the guardians of the sacred edifice had not chosen to shut it up for some twenty years, and to make it a hiding-place for lumber and rubbish. Let the indignation of England call with a loud voice that this crypt shall cease to be desecrated. Nothing more eminently characteristic of the times of its erection perhaps exists in the island. The walls are without ornament, and in that respect contrast strongly with the pillars, upon which the Saxon architect has expended all his fancy. When Ethelbert gave Augustine and his companions leave to settle in the capital of his kingdom, Canterbury, we know, from Bede, that there was a small church existing in the city, which had been previously used for Christian worship, and which must have been then of some age, for Augustine found it necessary to repair and enlarge it. That was the church which, it is supposed, Augustine raised to the rank it has ever since maintained of the first English cathedral, and that is the church of which these rude unornamented walls of the crypt probably yet form an existing memorial. For although it was made little better than a ruin by the Danes in 938, and again, after reparation by Odo, brought to a similar state by the same people in 1011; though Canute's extensive restorations were also followed by scarcely less extensive injuries after his decease, and during the early days of the Conquest; and though, lastly, during the Conqueror's reign, Lanfranc rebuilt the whole almost from the foundation, we still perceive, during all these repairs and restorations, something like evidence of parts of the walls and foundations having been left untouched; no doubt in consequence of their exceedingly massive and indestructible character. These walls, in short, if we read their history aright, speak to us, in all their simplicity, of a time approaching within a century or two of the life of the Saviour himself, to whom they have been so long dedicated, and of builders whose handiwork can hardly be mistaken for the labour of any other people in whatever part of the world found—the Romans, who are supposed to have built it for the use of their Christian soldiers.

Turning from the plain walls to the curiously-decorated pillars, we evidently pass over several centuries of architectural history. A strange mixture of the simple and the rude with the elaborate and the fantastical do these pillars present, not only in their superficial ornaments, but in their very form; some are wreathed or twisted, some round, and no two, either of the shafts, or of the capitals, are alike (Figs. 557, 558, and 559). A distinguishing feature of Norman architecture, visible even in its latest and most beautiful stages, namely, breadth and strength, rather than height and stateliness, is here most strikingly developed. The circum-

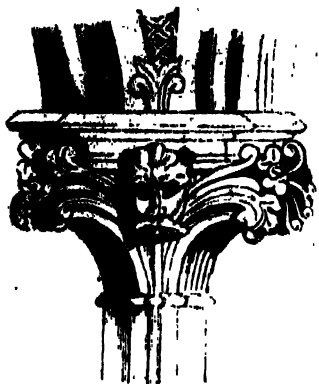
ference of the shafts is about four feet, and the entire height of plinth, shaft, and capital is only six feet and a half; from these pillars rise arches of corresponding span, supporting the roof at the altitude of fourteen feet; the quaint and stunted, yet massive aspect of the place, may from this brief description be readily imagined. To determine the date of the later portions with any precision is impossible; but there is little question that they belong to a period anterior to the Conquest.

A building thus surrounded by the holiest and most endearing associations was, of course, a continual object of improvement; scarcely one of its prelates but seems to have done something in the way of rebuilding or enlarging; a fact strikingly attested by the variety of styles the cathedral now exhibits, even to the least architecturally instructed eyes. Thus while Lanfranc, the Norman, who succeeded Stigand, the Saxon archbishop, in the see, is understood to have left the whole essentially finished, we find Anselm and others of his successors not the less busily at work, pulling down here, and adding there; and such labours of love were not confined to the archbishops, for it seems that Conrad, a prior of the adjoining monastery, was allowed to participate in them; who accordingly improved the choir so greatly that the part was for some time afterwards known by his name. But a new and more solemn interest was to invest those walls, than even that derived from their early history. In the second half of the twelfth century, Thomas à Becket was the archbishop, and a troubled period did this prelate become both for the see and England generally. The struggle for supremacy between the royal and the ecclesiastical powers was then at its height: and for a time the former appeared to have triumphed. The beginning of the year 1170 found Becket the resolute assertor of all the rights and privileges of the church, in his seventh year of exile: but unshaken, uncompromising as ever. At last, in July of the same year, the King, Henry the Second, fearing Becket would obtain from the Pope the power of excommunicating the whole kingdom, agreed to a reconciliation, and the two potentates met on the Continent; the king holding Becket's stirrup as he mounted his horse. The archbishop now prepared for his return. But many warnings of danger reached him. Among others, was one to the effect that Raoul de Broc, the possessor of a castle within six miles of Canterbury, who had sworn that he would not let the archbishop eat a single loaf of bread in England, was lying in wait, with a body of soldiers, between Canterbury and Dover. The determined spirit of Becket was revealed in his reply. Having remarked that seven years of absence were long enough for both shepherd and flock, he declared he would not stop though he was sure to be cut to pieces as soon as he landed on the opposite coast. But if he had powerful enemies among the nobles and chief ecclesiastics, he had the great body of the people for his friends. As he was about to embark, an English vessel arrived; and the sailors were asked as to the feelings of the English towards the archbishop; they replied that he would be received with transports of joy. He landed at Sandwich on the 1st of December, and he was not disappointed in the welcome he had anticipated from his poorer countrymen. But he had already insured his destruction, by an act of extraordinary presumption or courage, for it may be called either; he had sent before him letters of excommunication, which he had obtained from the Pope, against his old enemies the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of London and Salisbury. These almost immediately set out for Normandy, to the king, from whom they implored redress. "There is a man," said they, "who sets England on fire; he marches with troops of horse and armed foot, prowling round the fortresses, and trying to get himself received within them." This was indeed adding fuel to the fire that already burnt in the king's breast: "How!" cried he, in a frenzy, "a fellow that hath eaten my bread,—a beggar that first came to my court on a lame horse, dares to insult his king and the royal family, and tread upon the whole kingdom, and not one of the cowards I nourish at my table—not one will deliver me from this turbulent priest?" These memorable words fell upon ears already inclined perhaps by private hatred to listen to them with delight; such were Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito, knights, barons, and servants of the king's household; who, leaving the king to determine in council that he would seize Becket and proceed against him in due form of law for high treason, quietly set out for England to take the matter into their own hands. Whilst Becket was marching about in a strange kind of state, with a host of poor people armed with old targets and rusty lances for his defenders, the conspirators were gradually drawing towards him by different routes. On Christmas-day the archbishop was preaching in the cathedral, with more than his accustomed fervour, his text being "I come to die among you;" and one cannot but look with a cer-

tain amount of admiration and sympathy on the man, notwithstanding the undoubted violence and ambition of the prelate, when we see him performing all the last and most questionable acts of ecclesiastical power, excommunication of personal enemies, with the clearest anticipation of what might be the personal consequences. On that day, he told the congregation that one of the archbishops had been a martyr, and that they would probably soon see another; and forthwith blazed out the indomitable spirit as fiercely and as brilliantly as ever. "Before I depart home, I will avenge some of the wrongs my church has suffered during the last seven years;" and immediately he fulminated sentence of excommunication against Ranulf and Robert de Broc, and Nigellus, rector of Harrow. Three days after, the knights met at the castle of that very Ranulf de Broc; and finally determined upon their plans. The next morning they entered Canterbury with a large body of troops, whom they stationed at different quarters in order to quell any attempt of the inhabitants to defend the doomed man. They then proceeded to the monastery of St. Augustine (Fig. 570) with twelve attendants, and from thence to the palace, where they found the archbishop. It was then about two o'clock. They seated themselves on the floor, in silence, and gazed upon him. There was awful meaning in that glance; a no less awful apprehension of it, in the look with which it was returned. For the murderers to do what they had determined upon, against such a man, and at such a period, was, if possible, more terrible than for the victim to suffer at their hands. At last Reginald Fitzurse spoke: "We come," said he, "that you may absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated; re-establish the bishops whom you have suspended; and answer for your own offences against the king." Becket, understanding they came from Henry, answered boldly and warmly, yet not without symptoms of a desire to give reasonable satisfaction. He said he could not absolve the archbishop of York, whose heinous case must be reserved for the Pope's judgment, but that he would withdraw the censures from the two other bishops, if they would swear to submit to the papal decision. They then questioned him upon the grand point—supremacy: "Do you hold your archbishopric of the king or the Pope?" "I owe the spiritual rights to God and the Pope, and the temporal rights to the king." After some altercation, in the course of which Becket reminded three of them of the time when they were his liege men, and haughtily said that it was not for such as they to threaten him in his own house, the knights departed, significantly observing they would do more than threaten. Whether the hesitation, here apparent, arose from a desire to try to avoid extremities, or from want of mental courage to perform the terrible act meditated, may be questioned; both influences probably weighed upon their minds. By and by they returned to the palace, and, finding the gates shut, endeavoured to force an entrance. Presently Robert de Broc showed them an easier path through a window. The persons around Becket had been previously urging him to take refuge in the church, thinking his assailants would be deterred from violating a place so doubly sacred—by express privileges, and by its intimate connexion with the growth of Christianity in the country; but he resisted until the voices of the monks, as they sang the vespers in the choir, struck upon his ears, when he said he would go, as duty then called him. Calmly he set forth, his cross-bearer preceding him with the crucifix raised on high, not the slightest trepidation visible in his features or his movements; and when the servants would have closed the doors of the cathedral, he forbade them; the house of God was not to be barricaded like a castle. He was just entering the choir when Reginald Fitzurse and his companions appeared at the other end of the church, the former waving his sword and crying aloud, "Follow me, loyal servants of the king." The assassins were armed from head to foot. Even then Becket might have escaped, in the gloom of evening, to the intricate underground parts of the cathedral; but he was deaf to all persuasions of the kind, and advanced to meet the knights. All his company then fled, except one, the faithful cross bearer, Edward Gryme. "Where is the traitor?" was then called out; but as Becket in his unshaken presence of mind was silent to such an appeal, Reginald Fitzurse added, "Where is the archbishop?" "Here am I," was the reply; "an archbishop, but no traitor, ready to suffer in my Saviour's name." Tracy then pulled him by the sleeve, exclaiming, "Come hither; thou art a prisoner!" but Becket perceiving their object, which was to get him without the church, resisted so violently as to make Tracy stagger forward. Even then hesitating and uncertain, hardly knowing what they said, and unable to determine what they would do, they advised Becket to flee in one breath, to accompany them in another. It is probable, indeed, that Becket might have successfully and safely resisted all their

demands, had he condescended to put on for one hour the garb he ought never to have put off—gentleness; but his bearing and language could hardly have been more haughty and contemptuous than now, when he saw himself utterly defenceless and encompassed by deadly enemies. Speaking to Fitzurse, he reminded him he had done him many pleasures, and asked him why he came with armed men into his church. The answer was a demand to absolve the bishops; to which Becket not only gave a decided refusal, but insulted Fitzurse by the use of a foul term that one would hardly have looked for in the vocabulary of an archbishop. "Then die," exclaimed Fitzurse, striking at his head with his weapon; but the devoted cross-bearer interfered; when his arm was nearly cut through, and Becket slightly injured. Still anxious to avoid the consummation of a deed that necessarily appeared so tremendous in their eyes, one of them was heard even then to utter the warning voice, "Fly, or thou diest." The archbishop, however clasped his hands, bowed his head, and, with the blood running down his face exclaimed, "To God, to St. Mary, to the holy patrons of this church, and to St. Denis, I commend my soul, and the church's cause." He was then struck down by a second blow, and the third completed the tragedy. One of the murderers placed his foot on the dead prelate's neck, and cried "Thus perishes a traitor!" The party then retired, and after dwelling for a time at Knaresborough, and finding they were shunned by persons of all classes and conditions, spent their last days in penitence in Jerusalem: when they died, this inscription was written upon their tomb—"Here lies the wretches who murdered St. Thomas of Canterbury." The spot where this bloody act was performed is still pointed out in the northern wing of the western transept, and that part of the cathedral is in consequence emphatically called Martyrdom; the Martyr being the designation by which Becket was immediately and universally spoken of. The excitement caused by the event has had few parallels in English history. For a twelvemonth Divine service was suspended; the unnatural silence reigning throughout the vast pile during that time, making the scene of bloodshed all the more impressive to the eyes of the devout, who began to pour thither from all parts of the world in a constantly-increasing stream. Canterbury then became a kind of second Holy City, where the guilty sought remission of their sins—the diseased health—pilgrims, the blessings that awaited the performance of duly-fulfilled vows. Henry himself, moved by a death so sudden and so dreadful, and so directly following upon his own hasty words, did penance in the most abject manner before Becket's tomb; and two years later gave up all that he had so long struggled for by repealing the famous Constitutions of Clarendon, which had subjected both church and clergy to the civil authority.

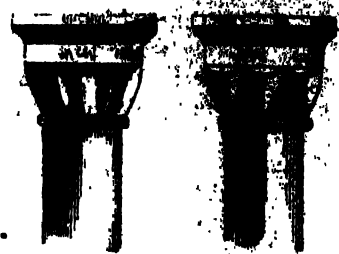
It was a noticeable coincidence that only four years after the death of Becket the cathedral was all but destroyed by fire; a calamity that at such a time would hardly appear like a calamity, from the opportunity it afforded of developing in a practical shape the passion that filled the universal heart of England to do something memorable in honour of the illustrious martyr. To say that funds poured in from all parts and in all shapes, gives but little notion of the enthusiasm of the contributors to the restoration of the edifice. The feelings evidenced by foreigners show forcibly what must have been those of our own countrymen. In 1179, says Mr. Batteley, in his additions to Somner's 'Antiquities of Canterbury,' "Louis VII., King of France, landed at Dover, where our king expected his arrival. On the 23rd of August these two kings came to Canterbury, with a great train of nobility of both nations, and were received by the archbishop and his companions, the prior and convent, with great honour and unspeakable joy. The oblations of gold and silver made by the French were incredible. The king [Louis] came in manner and habit of a pilgrim, and was conducted to the tomb of St. Thomas in solemn procession, where he offered his cup of gold, and a royal precious stone, with a yearly rental of one hundred muids [hogsheads] of wine for ever to the convent." The task of rebuilding even a Canterbury Cathedral would be found but comparatively light under such circumstances; so the good work proceeded rapidly towards completion, until the fabric appeared of which the chief parts remain to the present time. It is not, therefore, in its associations merely that the cathedral reminds us at every step we take in it of the turbulent and ambitious, but able and brave priest,—it may really be almost esteemed his monument; for admiration of his self-sacrifice, veneration of his piety, and yearning to do him honour, were the moving powers that raised anew the lofty roof, and extended the long-drawn aisles and nave and choir. The direct testimonies of the people's affection were still more remarkable. Among the earliest additions made after the fire to the former plan was the circular east end,



579.—Early English Capital, Chapter-House, Lincoln.



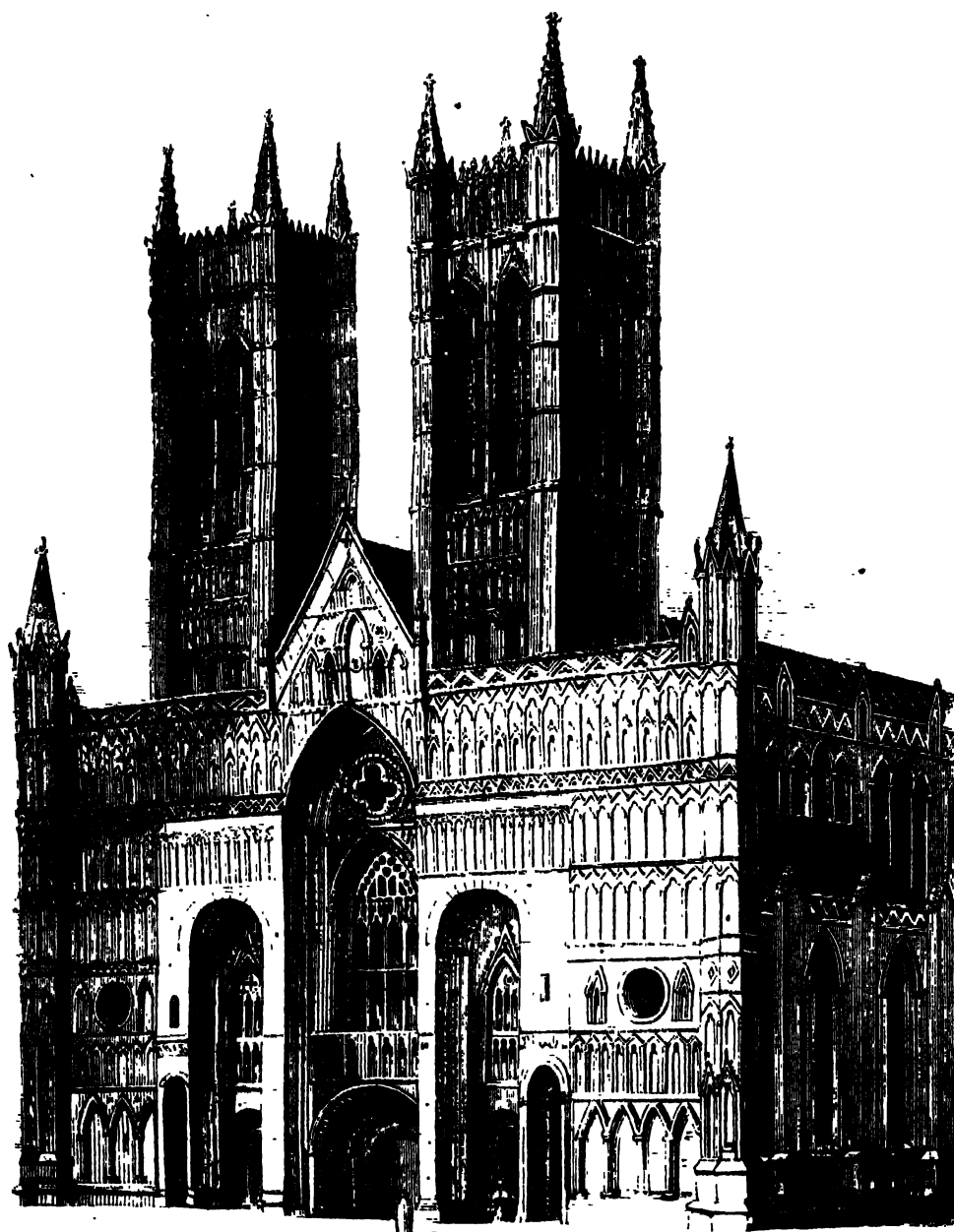
574.—Lincoln Cathedral.



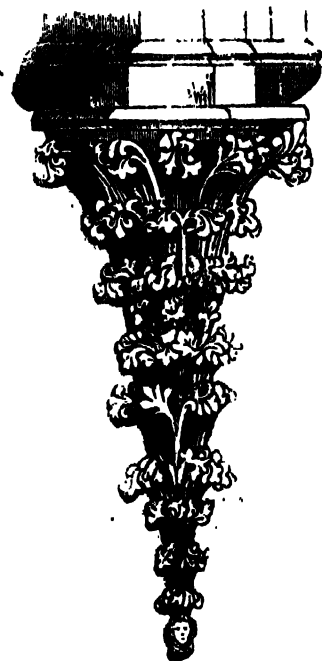
578.—Norman Capitals, Tower, Lincoln.



580.—Early English Turret, Lincoln.



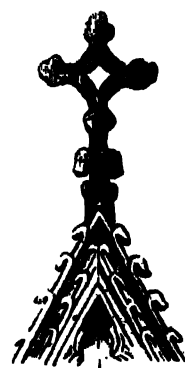
576.—Lincoln Cathedral.



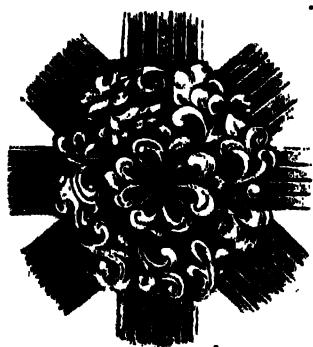
583.—Bracket, Chapter-House, Lincoln.



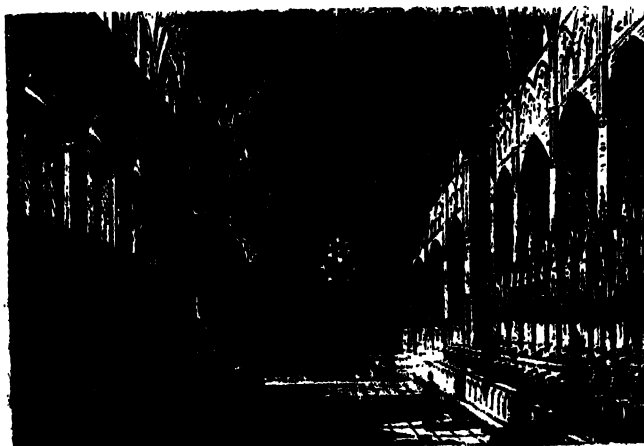
581.—Gable-Cross, Lincoln.



582.—Gable-Cross, Lincoln.



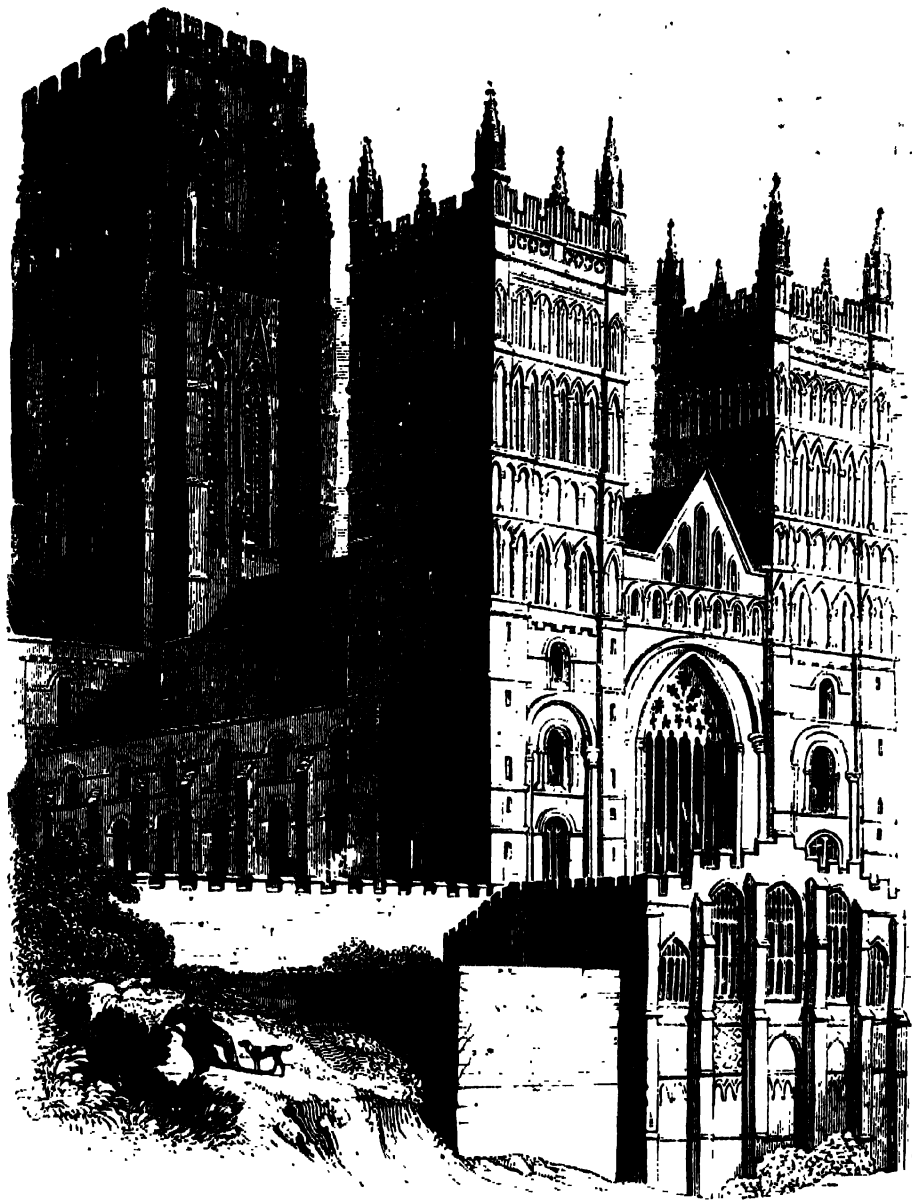
585.—Bugs, Wagon, Lincoln.



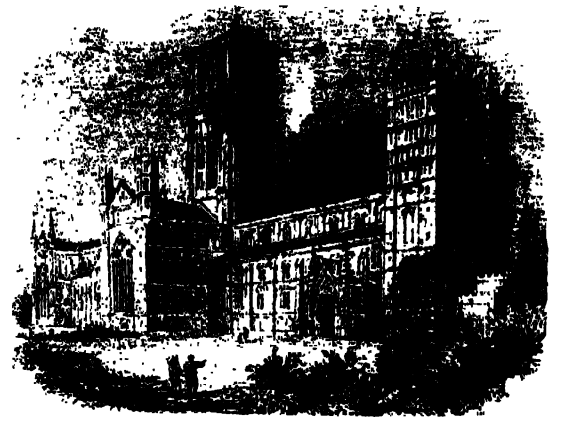
577.—Interior of Lincoln Cathedral.



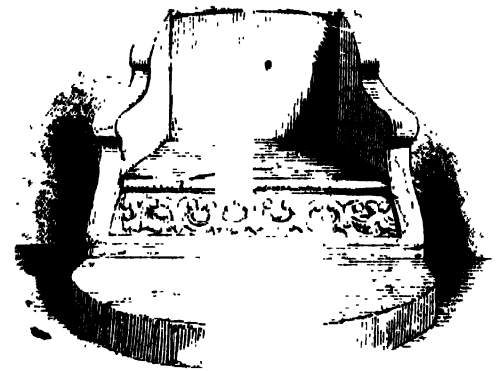
584.—Bracket, Lincoln.



586.—North-west View of Durham Cathedral.



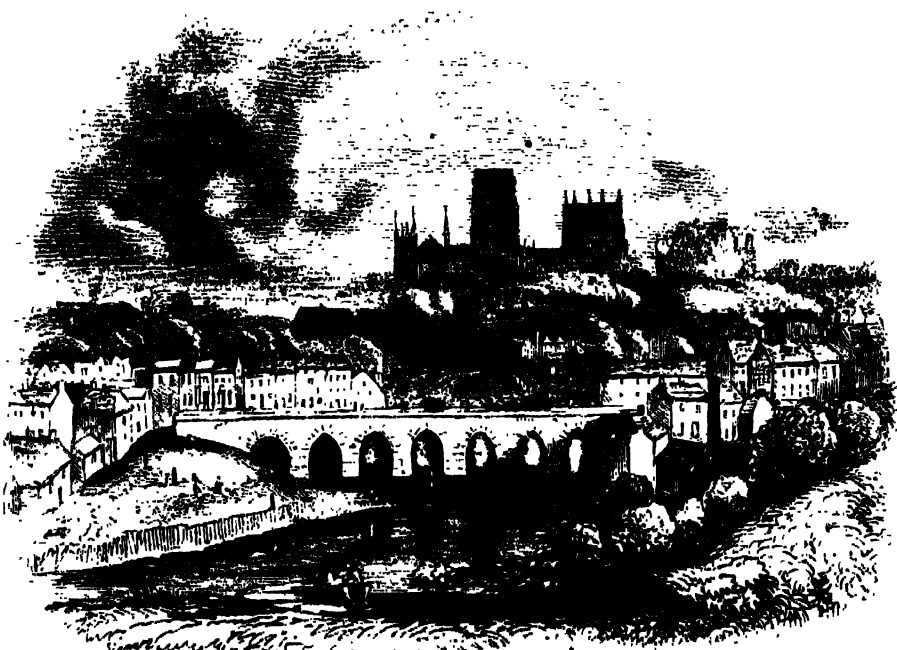
588.—Durham Cathedral.



591.—Stone Chair in the Chapter-House, Durham.



591.—Arcade, Chapter-House, Durham.



587.—Durham.



589.—Durham Cathedral.

including the chapel of the Holy Trinity, and another called Becket's Crown (Fig. 567); the last so designated, according to some authorities, from the circumstance of the chapels having been erected during the prelacy of Becket, whilst others attribute it to the form of the roof. There may have been, however, a much more poetical origin; Becket's Crown was possibly intended to be significant of the crown of martyrdom here won by the slaughtered prelate. It was in that chapel of the Holy Trinity that the shrine, famous the wide world over, was erected, and which speedily became so rich as to be without rival, we should imagine, in Europe. It was "built," says Stow, "about a man's height, all of stone, then upwards of timber plain, within which was a chest of iron, containing the bones of Thomas Becket, skull and all, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of the skull laid in the same wound. The timber-work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold, damasked with gold wire, which ground of gold was again covered with jewels of gold, as rings, ten or twelve cramped with gold wire into the said ground of gold, many of these rings having stones in them, brooches, images, angels, precious stones, and great pearls." The contents of the shrine were in accordance with the outward display. Erasmus, who obtained a glimpse of the treasures a little before the Reformation, says that under a coffin of wood, inclosing another of gold, which was drawn up by ropes and pulleys, he beheld an amount of riches the value of which he could not estimate. Gold was the meanest thing visible; the whole place glittered with the rarest and most precious gems, which were generally of extraordinary size, and some larger than the egg of a goose. When Henry VIII. seized upon the whole, two great chests were filled, each requiring six or seven men to move it. In strict keeping with the character of the brutal despot was his war with the dead, as well as with the living, when he ordered the remains of Becket to be burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds. The shrine, then, has disappeared, with all its contents, but a more touching memorial than either remains behind—the hollowed pavement—worn away by countless knees of worshippers from every Christian land.

As our ecclesiastical builders seem to have had not the smallest notion of "finality" in their labours—but when a building was even fairly finished, in the ordinary sense of the term, were sure to find some part requiring re-erection in a new style—we find Canterbury for centuries after Becket's death still in progress: the Reformation found the workmen still busy. There is something in all this truly grand, harmonizing with and explaining the mighty ends obtained; reason and feeling alike whisper—Thus alone are Cathedrals built. Yet how deep and pervading the influence of art must have been upon the minds of all who were connected with such structures! Centuries pass, architect after architect dies off, and is succeeded by others, yet still the work grows in beauty, and above all in the loftiest, but under the circumstances apparently the most difficult kind of beauty—expression; each man evidently understands his predecessor so thoroughly, that he can depart from his modes of working—his style, secure still of achieving his principles. Look at Canterbury. How many changes of architectural taste are not there visible; how many different periods of architectural history may not be there traced; yet is the effect anywhere discordant?—Oh, he were indeed presumptuous who should say so! Is it not rather in the highest degree grand and impressive, conveying at once to the mind that sense of sublime repose which belongs only to works of essential unity? We need not subjoin any detailed architectural descriptions. The Cathedral is pleasantly situated in an extensive court, surrounded by gardens, cemetery, the deanery and prebendal houses, and what remains of the archiepiscopal palace, and of other buildings connected with the Cathedral, among which may be mentioned the Staircase (Fig. 569). The Precinct Gate (Fig. 566) forms the principal entrance to this court. As to the Cathedral, the double transepts may be noticed as the most remarkable feature of the plan, which represents, as usual, a cross. The choir is of extraordinary length, nearly two hundred feet, and the great tower is generally esteemed one of the chastest and most beautiful specimens we possess of Pointed architecture. Its height is two hundred and thirty-five feet. The entire length of the building measures five hundred and fourteen feet. One of the two western towers has been recently restored. The Cathedral is exceedingly rich in objects of general interest to the visitor, and may be readily conceived when we consider what a history must be that of Canterbury, how many eminent men have been buried within its walls, what splendid examples of monumental and other sculpture exist there even yet, faint tokens of the wealth of art once lavished upon its walls and niches and windows! But among the crowd of interesting objects

there are two which peculiarly attract notice: a sarcophagus of grey marble, richly adorned, and bearing the effigy of a warrior, in copper gilt—that is the monument of the Black Prince, wonderfully fresh and perfect; and an ancient chair in the chapel of the Holy Trinity, formed also of grey marble, in pieces, which is used for the enthronization of the Archbishops of the See, and which, sayeth tradition, was the ancient regal seat of the Saxon kings of Kent, who may have given it to the Cathedral as an emblem of their pious submission to Him who was then first declared unto them—the King of kings (Fig. 567).

If St. Augustine's Monastery possessed no other claim to attention than that of having been the burial-place of the great English Apostle of Christianity, it were amply sufficient to induce the visitor to the glorious cathedral to pass on from thence to a space beyond the walls, along the northern side of the Dover road, and there muse over the powers that are from time to time given into the hands of a single man to influence to countless generations the thoughts, feelings, manners, customs, in a word, the spiritual and temporal existence of a great people. Yes, it was here that, after successes that can fall to the lot of few, even of the greatest men, Augustine reposed in 601: he found England essentially a heathen country; he left it, if not essentially a Christian one, still so far advanced to a knowledge of the mighty truths of the Gospel, as to render it all but certain that their final supremacy was a mere question of time. The monastery was founded by him on ground granted by Ethelbert, and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. It was Dunstan who some centuries later, with a honourable reverence for Augustine's memory, re-dedicated the establishment to those Apostles and to St. Augustine. Not long after that time Augustine's body was removed into the Cathedral. We fear the pious monks of the monastery must have felt their stock of charity severely tried on the occasion, if we may judge from their known sentiments towards their brethren of Christ Church, who were thus honoured at their expense.

There are some curious passages in what we may call the mutual history of these establishments. As they both sprang from one source, Augustine, and were of course founded with the same views, they looked on each other, as usual, with feelings that must charm the hearts of those who think it rather creditable than otherwise, to be "good batters." Their disputes began early; "neither," says Lambard, "do I find that ever they agreed after, but were evermore at continued brawling between themselves, either suing before the King or appealing to the Pope, and that for matters of more somewhat private than importance; as for example whether the church of St. Augustine's should be consecrated or blessed in his own church or in the other's; whether he ought to ring his bells at service before the other had rung theirs; whether he and his tenants owed suit to the bishop's court and such like." At the dissolution Henry VIII. took a fancy to the monastery, and made it one of his own palaces. Queen Mary subsequently granted it to Cardinal Pole; but on her death it again reverted to the crown; and Elizabeth on one occasion, in 1573, kept her court in it. Subsequently Lord Wotton became the possessor, whose widow entertained Charles II., whilst on his way to take possession of the throne; the note then given to the building may have caused it to be known as Lady Wotton's Palace, which designation is still in use.

We may gather from these facts that the monastery in its days of prosperity must have been an unusually magnificent structure; and, great as have been the injuries since experienced, both in the shape of actual destruction and in the disgraceful treatment of what little was still permitted to exist, no one can look upon the architectural character or extent of the pile, as evidenced in the remains, without being impressed with the same conviction (Fig. 570). The space covered by the different buildings extended to sixteen acres. Of these the gateway (Fig. 571), a superb piece of architecture, is preserved essentially entire.

A Monastery at Bristol, dedicated also to St. Augustine, may be here fitly noticed. This was built by Robert Fitzharding, the founder of the present Berkeley family, and a prepositor, or chief magistrate, of the city during the stormy reign of Stephen. The establishment afterwards attained to such a pitch of wealth and splendour, that when Henry VIII. in placing his destructive hands upon the religious houses of England generally, was moved in some way to spare this, he was able to create a bishop's see out of the abbey lands: the abbey church was consequently elevated to

the rank it now holds, of a cathedral. As an example of the summary way in which the king's creatures were accustomed to deal with such beautiful and revered structures, it is not unworthy of notice that a part of the church was already demolished, before the arrangement we have mentioned was formally completed. The transept, the eastern part of the nave, and the choir of the original church, are the parts that were saved, and their stately character leaves us grateful for the possession of so much. There is also a tower at the western end of the building, of considerable size and height, and richly decorated. The beautifully arched roof is always looked upon with admiration. The painted windows are also ancient, and therefore interesting. Among the monuments are those to the Eliza of Sterne and to the wife of the poet Mason. But perhaps a still more valuable portion of the Abbey than any we have mentioned is to be found in the gateway (Fig. 573), which has been attributed to an earlier period—the arms of the Confessor are sculptured upon its front,—and which is universally esteemed one of the finest Norman gateways in England.

It is to be observed, in examining the engraving, that the rising of the ground in the course of so many centuries has materially injured the effect of the proportion of the arch to the rest of the edifice; and that the window seen there is not what we now see in the gateway itself, but what we ought to be able to see there; comparatively modern sashes having replaced the antique bay window.

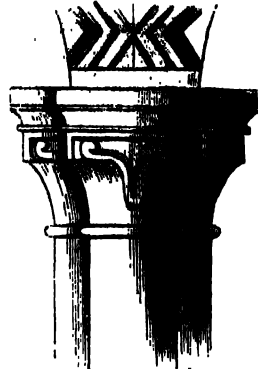
The first view of Lincoln Cathedral obtained by the approaching traveller is something to remember for a lifetime. One of the most beautiful of English structures is certainly at the same time one of the most nobly situated. As we advance towards it from the south, by the London road, we suddenly arrive at the brow of a steep hill, leading down into a fertile valley extending far away to the right and to the left, and through the centre of which the river Witham glides along, whilst immediately opposite rises a corresponding eminence to that on which we stand, at about the distance of a mile or so. In that valley, and stretching up that hill to and over its top, lies outspread before us like a panorama the beautiful city of Lincoln; and crowning the whole stands the glorious Cathedral, its entire length, four hundred and seventy feet, fully displayed, with its two western towers rising at the left extremity, and the grand main tower, truly worthy of its name, lifting itself proudly up from the centre to the height of some two hundred and sixty-seven feet. Such is the first view obtained of Lincoln Cathedral; such the impressions excited by it; and a nearer inspection enhances even the warmest admiration. The architect finds in it the history of his art during two centuries, and those two of more importance (we refer to England only) than all other periods put together, written in styles that make those of words appear tame indeed to his eyes. The sculptor in Lincoln Cathedral looks around him with astonishment at the loftiness of design, as well as consummate beauty of execution, which much of the works that pertain to his own province exhibit. The antiquary finds the blood quickening in his veins as he thinks of the rich storehouse of material that here awaits him, and on which he may exercise, if he pleases, his industry, talents, and zeal for years together; no fear that he will exhaust them. But we are now before the western front, a perfectly unique and stupendous work; simple even to a fault, perhaps, in the general level character of so large a surface, but still sublime in expression, most richly elaborate in ornament, and in the highest degree interesting from the manner in which it tells us, as we look upon it, how it was gradually completed in different eras. There, above all, we perceive in the central portion, including that series of recesses with semicircular arches rising to so many different heights,—the original Norman front of Remigius, the founder of the earliest structure; the pointed window and arch of the central recess alone excepted, which have been substituted for the ancient round ones (Fig. 576). The date of the erection is the reign of the Conqueror, with whom Remigius came over from Normandy. He appears to have been a most enterprising, able, and benevolent man. William of Malmsbury says of him, "that being in person far below the common proportion of men, his mind exerted itself to excel and shine." To show the labourers the spirit that actuated him in rearing the mighty pile, he is said to have carried stones and mortar upon his own shoulders. Of his benevolence it may be sufficient to observe—and the fact is interesting as affording a glimpse of the domestic customs that in some degree ameliorated the frightful misery wrought by the Conquest—he fed daily, during three months of each year, one thousand poor persons; and clothed the blind and

the lame among their number, in addition. Such was the Bishop of Dorchester, who, having removed the see to Lincoln, then one of the most important places in the kingdom, founded the see of Lincoln, and the Cathedral, with the adjoining Bishop's Palace, and other buildings for the residence of the ecclesiastical officers. Unfortunately one pleasure was denied him, that he must have looked forward to with no ordinary emotions; he died the very day before the grand opening of the Minster; to which—warned of his approaching dissolution—he had invited all the most distinguished prelates of the realm to assist in the solemn act of consecration. One of these, the Bishop of Hereford, curiously enough, had excused himself from attending the ceremony, on the ground that he had learnt, by astrology, that the church would not be dedicated in the time of Remigius. Of this early fabric the central portion of the west front is all that now remains; as to the remainder, it has been supposed, by an authority competent to offer an opinion, that it did not materially differ from the present structure in arrangement or size; except that it ended eastwards about sixty feet within the present termination, and that the eastern front formed a semicircular tribune; therefore very unlike the present one, of which it may be said, that if any one desires to see an example of the Gothic, so perfectly beautiful that it is impossible to conceive any more exquisite combination of architectural forms and architectural decorations, let him look upon that eastern front of Lincoln Cathedral.

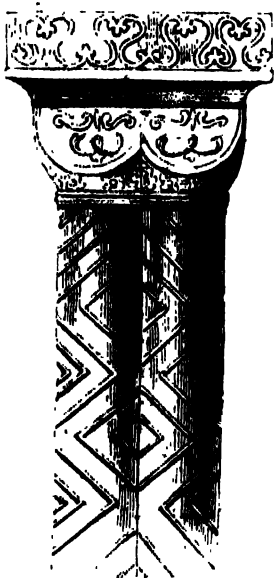
The building of the Cathedral occupied somewhat more than two centuries; but this did not, as we have partly seen, arise from the circumstance that it was unfinished for so long a time, but that accidents—among them a fire and an earthquake—did great damage to the pile at different periods: another circumstance that no doubt delayed the final completion of the structure was the desire to improve it from time to time as the new and admired Gothic continued to develop fresh beauties and excellencies. Among the bishops to whom, after Remigius, the Cathedral was largely indebted, we may mention Hugh de Grenoble, to whom we owe much of the present fabric, erected by him between 1186 and 1200, no doubt in consequence of the earthquake of 1185. The east or upper transept, with the Chapel attached to it, the Choir, Chapter-house, and east side of the western transept, with parts of the additions to Remigius's west front, are all attributed to Bishop Hugh. Even in this collection of examples of the architecture of but fourteen years, the progression of the art is clearly visible; beautiful as is the Choir, for instance, a pure unadorned specimen of early Gothic, it is far surpassed by the Chapter-house—with its most airy and elegant of interiors—where, in the centre of the lofty octagonal building, rises a stately pillar formed of a group of slender pillars, and which, at a certain height, branch off in all directions, still rising, over the roof. This Bishop, as his name implies, was a native of Grenoble; and so distinguished for his austere piety, that when he died, in 1200, and was brought to Lincoln for interment, the Kings of England and Scotland, who were then holding a conference in the city, went to meet his body at the gates, and bore it on their shoulders to the Cathedral Close, whence it was carried to the Choir by a multitude of the most distinguished personages of the realm, and finally buried at the east end of the Cathedral. Such a man was of course sure to be canonized by the Roman Catholic Church: that ceremony took place in 1220; and sixty-two years later his remains were taken up and deposited in a shrine of pure gold in the Presbytery. The enormous value of this memorial may be conceived from a statement of its dimensions—eight feet by four. The shrine was plundered at the dissolution of the Monasteries, as well as the Cathedral generally. The inventory of jewels, of articles of gold and silver, and of costly vestments taken from Lincoln, fills several folio pages of the great edition of the 'Monasticon.' The Nave, unequalled, it is supposed, in the world for its combined magnitude and beauty of proportion, and the curious Galilee porch, so richly decorated, are among the next additions; the use of the last-named work has thus been explained by Dr. Milner ('Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages'):—"There were formerly such porches at the western extremity of all large churches. In these public penitents were stationed, dead bodies were sometimes deposited, previously to their interment, and females were allowed to see the monks of the convent who were their relatives. We may gather from a passage in Gervase, that upon a woman's applying for leave to see a monk, her relation, she was answered in the words of Scripture, 'He goeth before you into Galilee, there you shall see him.' Hence the term Galilee. It is well known that at Durham Cathedral women were not even allowed to attend Divine service except in the Galilee." To a greater man than any we have yet mentioned, Græstete, we are indebted for the lower portion of the main tower. What powerful kings strove in vain



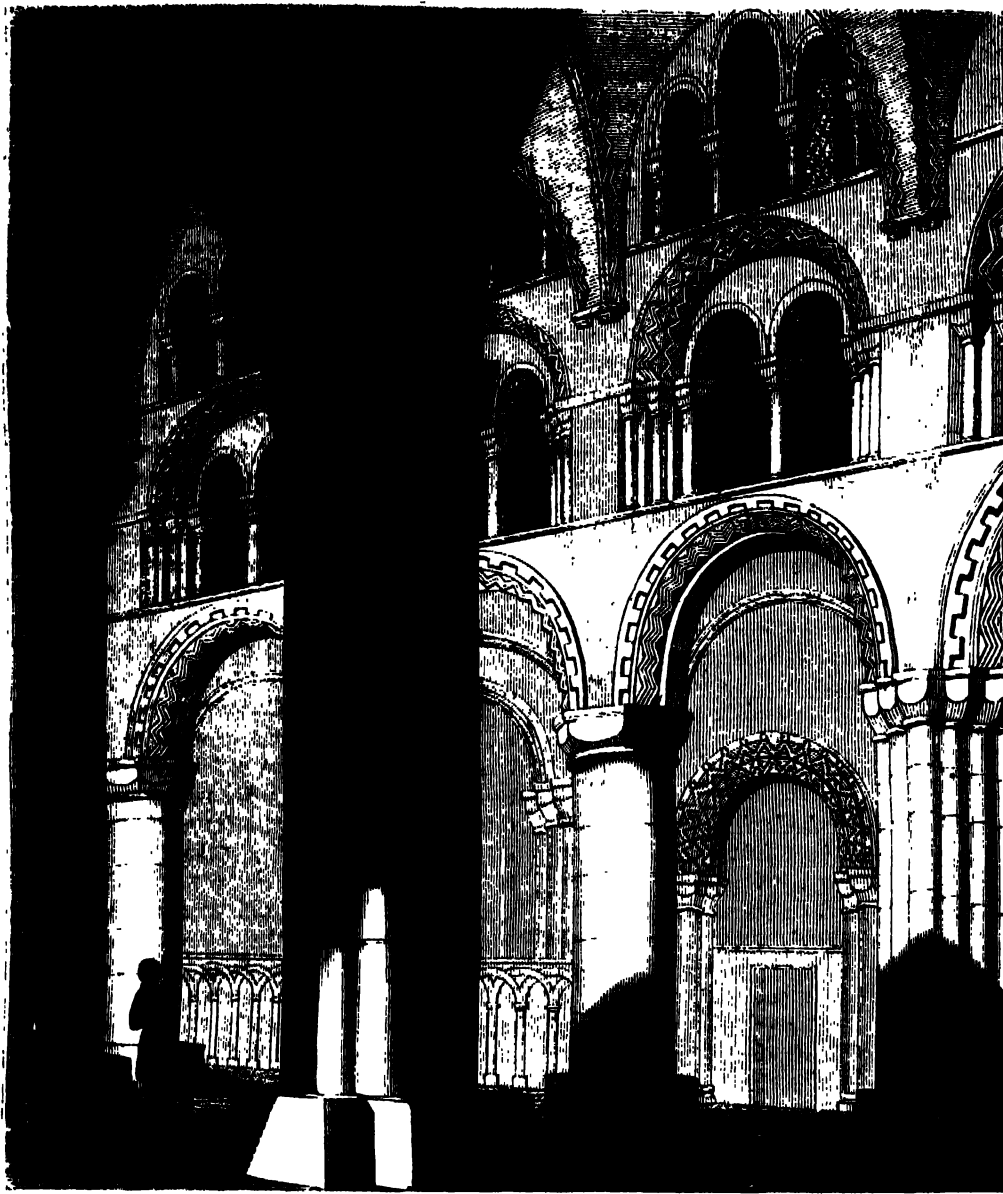
591.—Early English Capital, Durham.



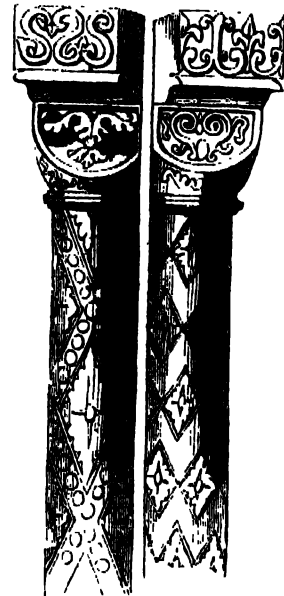
595.—Capital, Galilee, Durham.



596.—Ornamental Shaft, Door of North Cloisters, Durham.



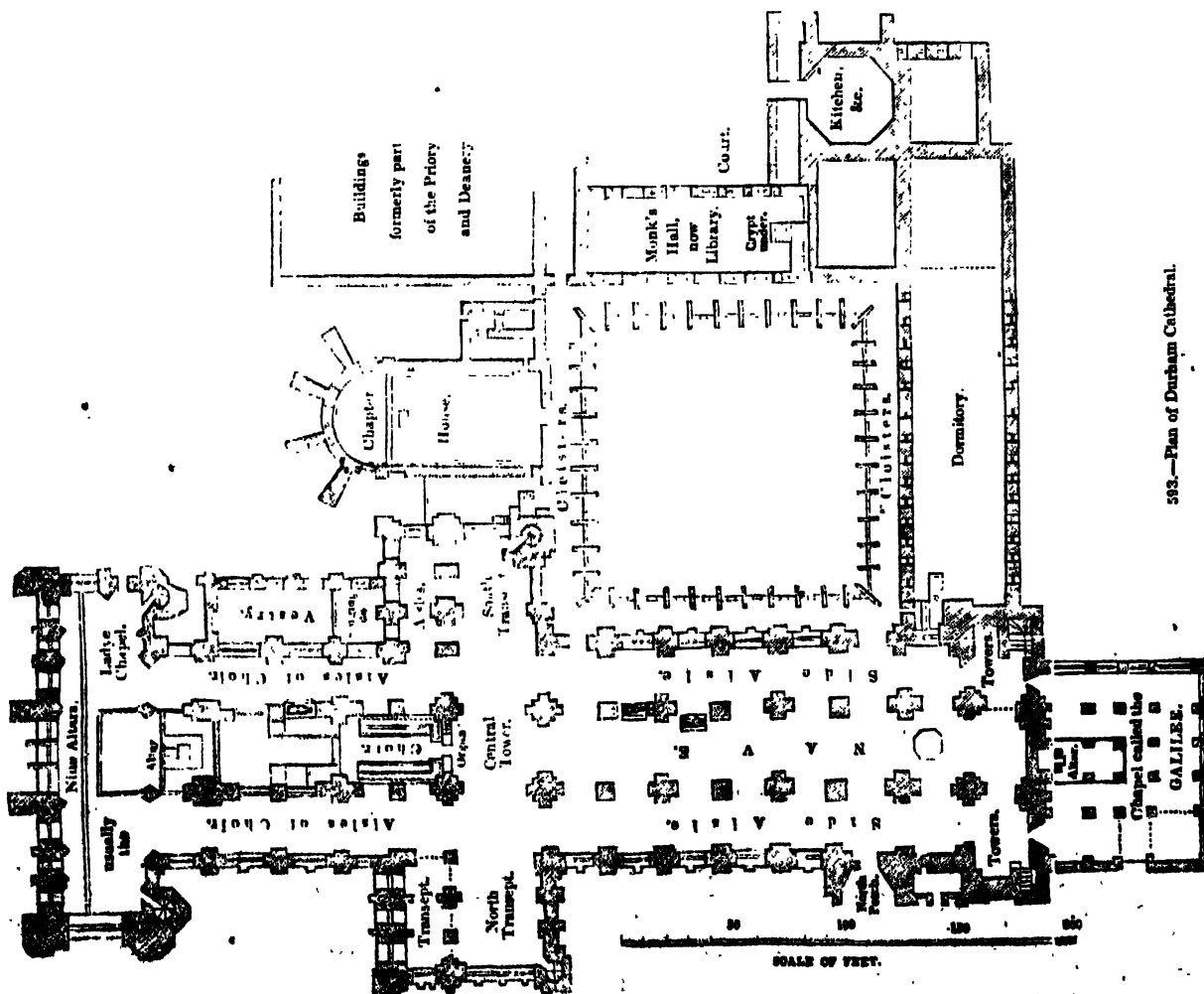
592.—Nave of Durham Cathedral.



597.—Ornamental Shaft, Door of North Cloisters, Durham.



598.—Norman Moulding, Durham.



593.—Plan of Durham Cathedral.



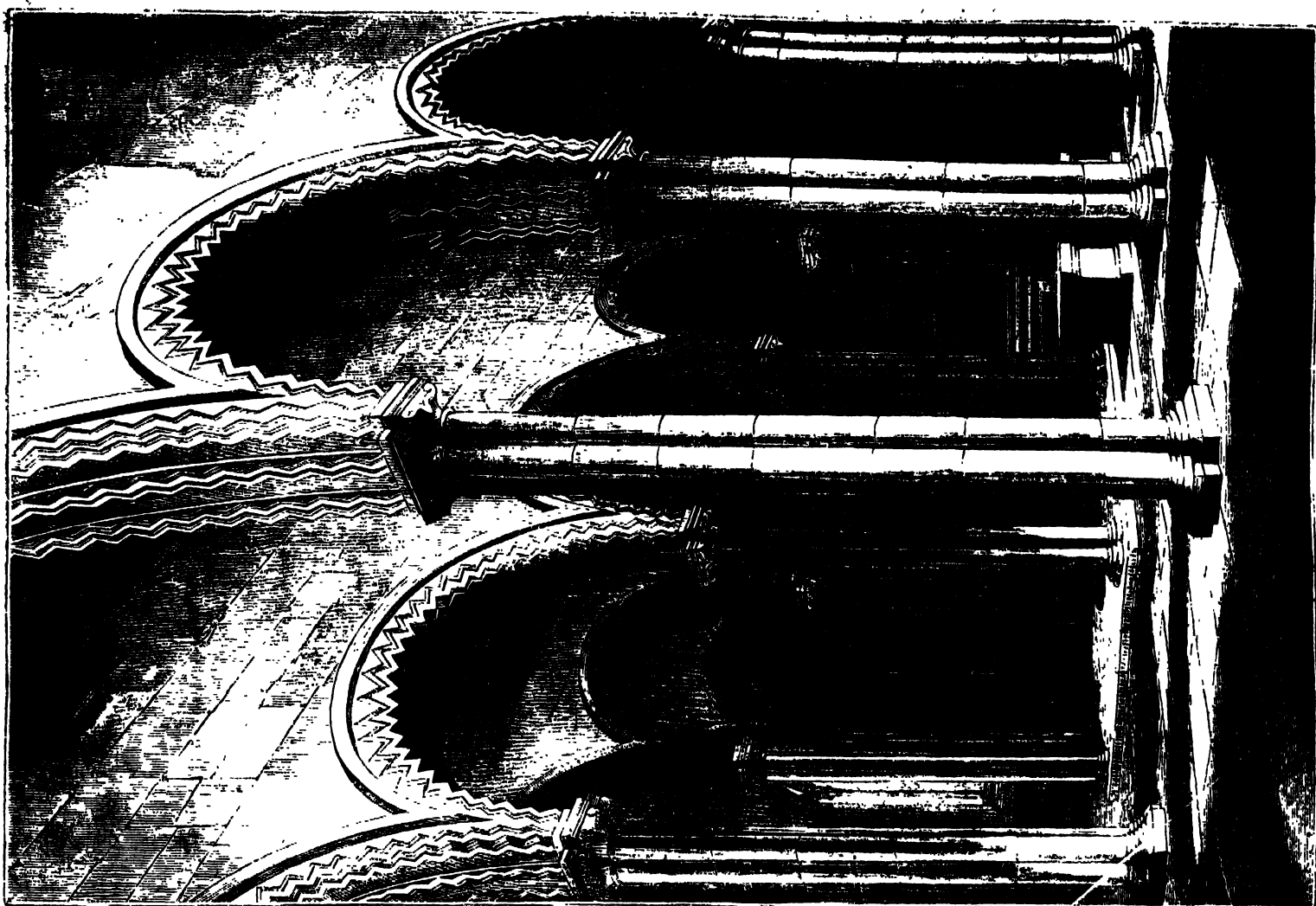
599.—Norman Moulding, Durham.



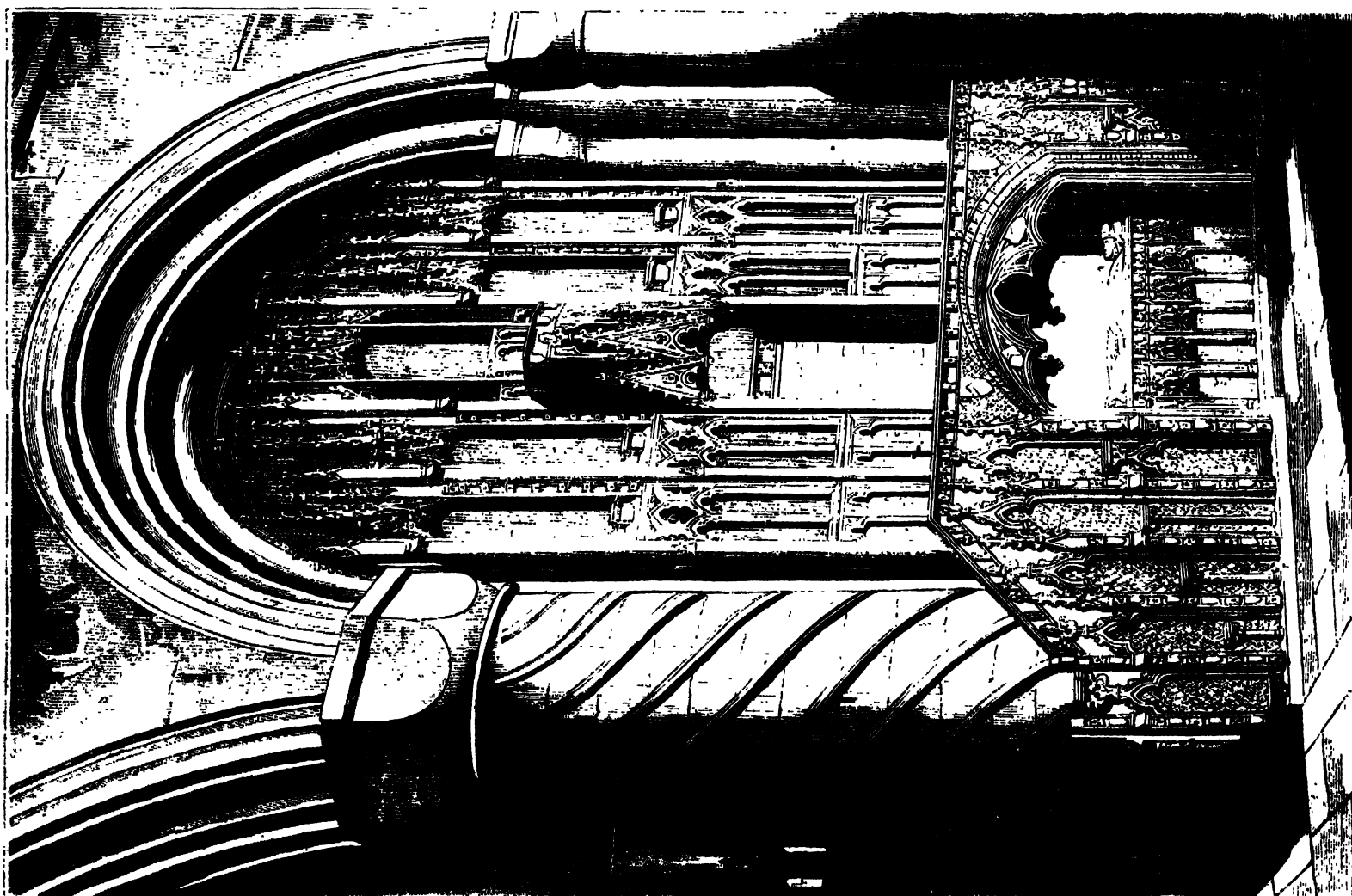
600.—Norman Moulding, Durham.



601.—Norman Moulding, Durham.



603.—Bede's Tomb, Gilling, Durham.



604.—Bishop's Throne, Durham Cathedral.

to do, was accomplished by Bishop Grosteste; he opposed successfully the Papal power in its very palmy days. The Pope and he, it appears, did not agree about various matters, and no wonder, since he was accustomed to talk about the inordinate ambition of the Pontificate, and to speak disrespectfully of some of its convenient, but not very just, customs—for instance, that of appointing Italian priests to offices in the English church. So Grosteste went to Rome, to see if he could not come to a better understanding with his spiritual superior. His ill success was made apparent on his return, by his publication of a letter, in which he animadverted in no very measured terms upon the gross perversions of the Papal power, and instituted a most unflattering comparison between the living and past possessors of the chair of St. Peter. The wrath of the Pope may be imagined: "What!" he exclaimed, "shall this old dotard, whose sovereign is my vassal, lay down rules for me? By St. Peter, I will make such an example of him as shall astonish the world." He accordingly excommunicated Grosteste; who astonished him, whatever he might have done the world, in return, by proceeding quietly with his episcopal duties, making every one speak of him with reverence for his wisdom and piety; and dying at last, eighteen years afterwards, not a jot the worse in any respect for the Pope's thunders and excommunications. The only other portion of the structure that we need particularize is the east end, including the Presbytery, or space beyond the Choir, and the eastern front, of which we have spoken with so much admiration: all this appears to have been built in the latter half of the thirteenth century; and formed a suitable termination to so grand a work, surpassing, as it did, all that had been previously erected. In these—the earlier parts—a very gradual progression of improvement in the style forms the chief characteristic; but in the Presbytery and east front, where with consummate art we see all the essentials of the former preserved, a striking air of novelty is superadded, and the whole becomes markedly richer, airier, more delicate and stately, without any diminution of grandeur or strength. The buttresses almost cease to look like buttresses, so profusely are they decorated with crockets, creepers, and finials, with clustered columns at the angles, and with brackets and canopies for statues on the faces. The windows now cease to be mere single lights, they are divided into several compartments by mullions; they begin to revel in all the luxuriant variety of geometrical tracery. From the highest to the lowest details, a very "shower of beauty" seems to have suddenly fallen over all; and Time has in most parts dealt so gently with them, that the very freshness of that early period seems to be still preserved.

There are, of course, many matters of interest connected with the erection of the Cathedral, which we have not even referred to, and many others of its general history, or of its individual features, upon which our space either forbids us to comment at all, or but slightly. The Bishop's Porch, at the eastern corner of the southern side of the building, was originally one of the most sumptuous and admirable specimens of mingled architecture and sculpture that even Old England itself could furnish; and, mutilated as the porch now is, more than traces of its superb beauty yet remain. The principal part is the alto-relievo above the doorway, representing the Last Judgment in a style of the loftiest design, that fills one, like the beautiful statue of Eleanor in Westminster Abbey, with astonishment and perplexity: how could such works have been executed in England in the thirteenth or fourteenth century? The various chapel and monumental remains of Lincoln are in themselves a wide field for study and observation: but we can only here remark that among the latter are those of Bishop Remigius, Catherine Swynford, wife of John of Gaunt, and sister of Chaucer's wife, and the remains of a monument, covering the stone coffin of little St. Hugh, a boy alleged to have been crucified by the Jews in derision of the Saviour—a charge absurd enough in all but its consequences: these are painful even to relate. In 1255 one hundred and two Jews were taken from Lincoln to the Tower; and eventually twenty-three were executed in London, and eighteen at Lincoln. The explanation, frightful as is the wickedness it involves, if true, seems to be partially given in the existing record of a commission to Simon de Passeliere and William de Leighton to seize for the king's use, the houses belonging to the Jews who were hanged at Lincoln. Knowing what atrocities were perpetrated, avowedly to make their victims, the Jews, submit to spoliation, there is but little difficulty in believing, however reluctantly, that the spoilers were glad to avail themselves of any conceivable means of directing against that unhappy people the greatest possible amount of popular odium. A painted statue of the boy formerly existed here, bearing marks of crucifixion in the hands and feet, and blood issuing from a wound in the side. The story has been commemorated in the ballad

of 'Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter;' and in the 'Canterbury Tales,' where Chaucer, in the Prioress's Tale, alludes to

O younge Hugh of Lincoln slain also,
With cursed Jewess, as it is notable,
For it n'is but a little while ago: &c.

Great Tom of Lincoln must have a passing word. The old bell, having been accidentally broken in 1827, has been since recast, with the additional metal of the four lady bells that also hung in the great tower; and it now deserves more than its former reputation. Its size and weight are enormous. The height exceeds six feet; the greatest breadth is six feet ten inches and a half; the weight is five tons eight hundredweight. As to tone and volume of sound, the imagination can conceive nothing more grandly, musically solemn.

The records of the foundation of many of our earliest monastic houses, as well as of the faith to the cultivation and dissemination of which they were devoted, exhibit, as we have already partly seen, ample store of miracles on the part of the teachers, responded to by a most unbounded credulity on the part of those who were taught. But all the wonders of all the other religious establishments of England put together, hardly equal those which DURHAM was once accustomed to boast of, and which were received with implicit credence; for any important event in its early history to have happened in a simply natural manner seems to have been the exception: the supernatural was the mode and the rule. Our readers must not, therefore, be surprised to find that an intrinsically serious and solemn subject has, in the lapse of ages, and through the growth of an intelligent scepticism as to these continual aberrations from all the ordinary laws of nature, become surrounded with many amusing and ludicrous associations. Fortunately the commencement of the history of Durham, which is also the commencement of the history of the introduction of Christianity into that part of the island, has not been impaired by such derogatory influences. Ethelfrith, King of Northumberland, at his death left a widow and seven sons, who were obliged to fly into Scotland, to escape the hands of the usurper Edwin, the boys' uncle. Donald IV. then reigned in Scotland, and being a convert to Christianity, instilled its principles into the minds of the youthful exiles. The eldest son ultimately obtained a portion of his inheritance, after the usurper's death, but relapsed into heathenism, and was murdered by Cadwallon, King of Cumberland, who overran the whole country. It was to do battle with this monarch that Oswald, a second son, then set out from Scotland, and placed himself at the head of the miserable Northumbrians. The utmost force he could collect, however, was so small in comparison with that commanded by Cadwallon, that but for his reliance on the Power so recently made known to him, he must have resigned the contest for his kingdom in despair. Undismayed, he prepared for the bloody fight, and causing a cross to be brought to him in front of the army, he held it with his own hands in an upright posture, while his attendants, animated by his enthusiasm into a similar conviction that they were to be aided by more than mortal influences, heaped up the earth around, and made it fast. Then addressing the men, he said: "Let us fall down on our knees, and beseech the Almighty, the living and true God, to defend us against this proud and cruel enemy;" and they obeyed him. After devotions, he led on his little band toward the enemy, the whole actuated by a spirit that was irresistible: a complete victory was obtained. Full of gratitude, Oswald sent to Scotland for some holy man, who might assist in the conversion of the inhabitants of his newly-gained dominions; and one was sent whose austere manners proved so little to the taste of the Northumbrians, that Oswald was fain to send him back. He was replaced by Aidan, who seems to have been all that was desired, and who having successfully looked for the most suitable spot, at last fixed on the island of LINDISFARNE, where he established a monastery and a bishopric. Of the sanctity of the lives of these primitive Christians of Northumbria we have a kind of testimony in the name subsequently given to the place—Holy Island. But a more direct and interesting evidence is to be found in Bede's charming picture of the lives of the monks during the period that the Scottish bishops continued to fill the office of Abbot. One could almost fancy Chaucer must have had it in view when, at a later period, he drew his inimitable portrait of the "poure parson." "Their frugality and simplicity of life, and parsimony, appeared in the place of their residence, in which there was nothing superfluous or unnecessary for the humblest life. In the church only magnificence was permitted. Their possessions consisted chiefly in cattle, for money was only retained till fit opportunity offered to distribute it to the poor. Places of entertainment and reception

were unnecessary, for the religious were visited solely for their doctrines and the holy offices of the church. When the king came thither, he was attended only by five or six persons, and had no other object in view than to partake of the rites of religion, departing immediately after the service: if perchance they took refreshment, it was of the common fare of the monks. The attention of those pastors was confined to spiritual matters only; temporary affairs were deemed derogatory to the holy appointment; and thence proceeded the profound veneration which was paid by all ranks of people to the religious habit. When any ecclesiastic went from the monastery, it was to preach the word of salvation, and he was everywhere received with joy, as a messenger of the Divinity; on the road the passengers bowed the head to receive the holy benediction and sign of the cross, with pious reverence treasuring up the good man's precepts as documents of the most salutary import. The churches were crowded with a decent audience; and when a monk was seen entering a village in his travels, the inhabitants flocked about him, entreating admonition and prayers. On their visitation, donations and riches were not their pursuit, and when any religious society received an augmentation to the revenues of the house, as an offering of Christianity by the donor, they accepted it as an additional store with which they were intrusted for the benefit of the poor." The humble fishermen of Galilee might have recognised kindred spirits in these monks of Lindisfarne.

That most terrible of scourges that was perhaps ever inflicted upon an unfortunate people, a neighbouring nation of pirates, ultimately caused (in connection with another matter, to which we shall refer presently) the removal of the bishopric from Lindisfarne. Again and again the merciless and insatiable Dane burst down upon the island, so Holy to all but him, and destroyed and slaughtered what he could not carry away or make captive; and at last the monks in despair ceased for a time their exertions to make the place retain its original importance. After the Conquest, however, a new Priory was erected, holding the position of a cell only to the former bishopric. The remains of that edifice (shown in Fig. 572) are singularly beautiful in their ruin. Scott has described the whole as forming

A column, huge, and dark red pile,
Placed on the margin of the Isle;

and which, it is to be feared, will be lost to the next generation, notwithstanding the care that is said to have been of late years bestowed on them: the material is a soft red freestone, which wastes rapidly under the action of the elements. About one hundred yards distant from the mainland, with which Lindisfarne itself is connected at low water, and facing the Priory, there stands, on a low detached piece of rock, the foundations of a building upon which most persons look with even deeper interest than on those stately neighbouring ruins. In some parts the walls yet rise a foot or two above the ground: these walls and foundations belonged to a small chapel, dedicated to the saint who was the immediate cause of the removal of the bishopric—St. Cuthbert, himself one of the early prelates. His remains were buried at Lindisfarne. But, having taken up the body about the year 875, and conveyed it away from Lindisfarne to avoid the attacks of the Danes, the Bishop Eadulf and the Abbot Eadred, and all the monastic household, were kept marching to and fro, now alarmed by rumours that the Danes were coming this way, and the monks consequently going that; then again stopped by fresh intelligence, and compelled to diverge into new tracks. No wonder that the good bishop at last felt heartily tired of these incessant and somewhat unseemly manœuvres, and resolved to put an end to them by going over to Ireland. Accordingly the party, which included a great number of the more zealous and attached Christian people, proceeded to the mouth of the Derwent, and took ship; but they had scarcely got out to sea, before a violent storm arose, and drove the vessel back to the spot from whence they had departed. To minds accustomed to look upon all such events as bearing some spiritual meaning, it was considered certain that God thus signified his will that they should not quit England. Food now grew scarce, and the people, driven away by hunger, gradually disappeared, until there were left only the Bishop, the Abbot, and seven other persons to take care of the saintly corpse. In the midst of their distress, one of the number, Hunred, had a vision which greatly comforted the wanderers: they were told through him, by a celestial voice, to repair to the sea, where they would find a book of the Gospels they had lost out of the ship during the storm, and which appears to have been greatly valued, for it was adorned with gold and precious stones. The message then continued, that they would next find a bridle,

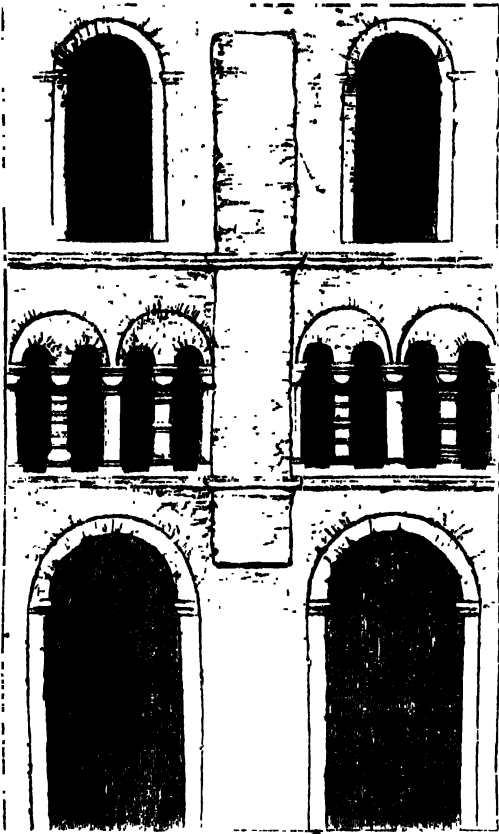
hanging on a tree, which was to be placed on a horse that would come to them, and the horse was to be attached to a car that they would also meet with, and thus the body might be carried with greater ease and comfort. Everything happened as foretold; and again the party moved on, following the horse wherever it led. We must not forget to mention, as a very interesting evidence in favour of the truth of all the more natural parts of the story, that at the time of Symeon of Dunelmensis, the ancient historian of the see, from whom this part of our narration is derived, the book was still preserved in the library at Durham, and it is supposed that one of the most valued treasures of the British Museum is this ancient copy of the Gospels. When our travellers had thus spent seven years in incessant motion, Halfdene, the great Danish leader, was seized with a loathsome disorder, which made his presence so unendurable to his fellow-men, that he suddenly went out to sea, with three ships, and there perished. And thus, peace at last blessed the troubled ecclesiastics of Lindisfarne. They went first to the monastery of Cree, where they were "lovingly entertained," and where they stayed for some months. The country at that time was in a terrible state of anarchy; and it is to the credit of the monks that they set to work to reduce the whole into order. It was now the Abbot's turn to have a vision; in which St. Cuthbert appeared to him, and enjoined Eadred to repair to the Danish camp, and there inquire for a youth called Guthred, the son of Hardecnut, who had been sold into slavery; him he was to redeem and proclaim king. It was a bold manœuvre, for if it succeeded, Guthred must be ungrateful indeed not to remember who placed him on the throne. It did succeed; the slave became a monarch; both Danes and Northumbrians, wearied with their perpetual contests and the misery thence produced, acknowledging him at Oswesdune. And now was seen the ecclesiastical importance of that lucky vision of the Abbot's; the see was formally translated from Lindisfarne to Cumecestre (Chester-le-Street), and the Bishop Eadulf made the first prelate there; whilst the whole of the land between the Weir and the Tyne was bestowed by Guthred on St. Cuthbert, or, in other words, on the Bishop of Durham, and thus became the foundation of their palatine jurisdiction.

A new alarm, about 997, caused by Sweyn's appearance in England, yet the Bishop, and all his clergy and religious, once more on their travels with St. Cuthbert's body. Another miraculous intervention is held to have taken place, and the wandering party were directed to Durham. The spot at that time was strong by nature, but uninhabited, and not easily made habitable—it was so thickly wooded. In the midst was a small plain, which the husbandman had reclaimed; that was the only evidence of civilization the place presented. But there were willing hearts and hands ready to flock thither from all parts, and help these memorable guardians of the most memorable of saints to set up a house and a temple in the wilderness. From the river Coquet to the Tees they came in "multitudes." The trees were grubbed up, and there soon appeared, in the place of the little oratory of wattles first and temporarily put up, dwellings for all the people who had come with the ecclesiastics, and then a church of stone, a more honourable resting-place for the saint than the wattled building, but also intended to be but temporary; for Aldun, the bishop, of course desired to rear a structure worthy of the saint's reputation. There seems little doubt here, also, but that we have followed the details of a true history, the more marvellous portion alone excepted; and a very striking idea they give us of the foundation of one of the most interesting cities of the kingdom. The see was again formally, and for the last time, translated, and hence the Bishopric of Durham. There is a tradition relating to one of the removals of the body thus commemorated by Scott in his 'Marmion':—

In his stone coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides;
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tillmouth cill;

and, strange to say, the tradition may be true. Not only did the coffin exist till within the last few years, perhaps does so still, but was so constructed that statical experiments have proved it to be capable of floating with a weight equal to that of a human body. It was finely shaped, ten feet long, and three and a half in diameter.

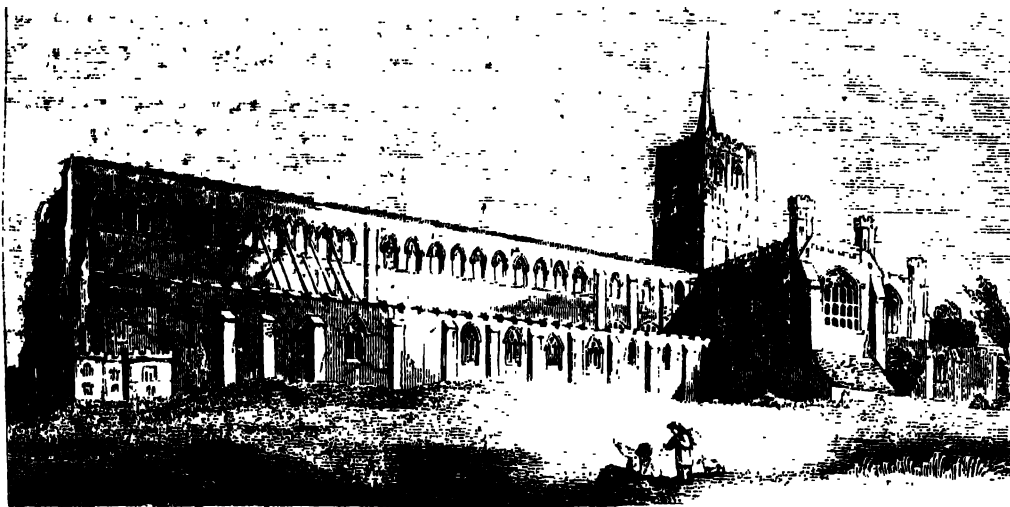
The history of the bishops of Durham forms too large a subject even to be glanced at in our pages; so we shall merely give one passage from it, of a noticeable character, and then conclude with a short account of the building around which all these historical recollections, as it were, concentrate themselves—the Cathedral. During the frightful period of the Conquest, which fell with more than its ordinary severity on the northern counties—William, for



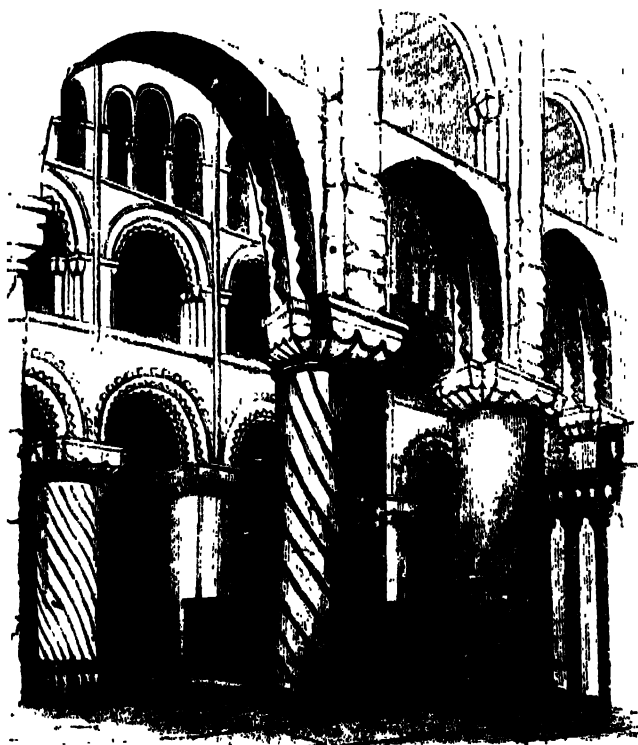
608.—Transept, St. Albans.



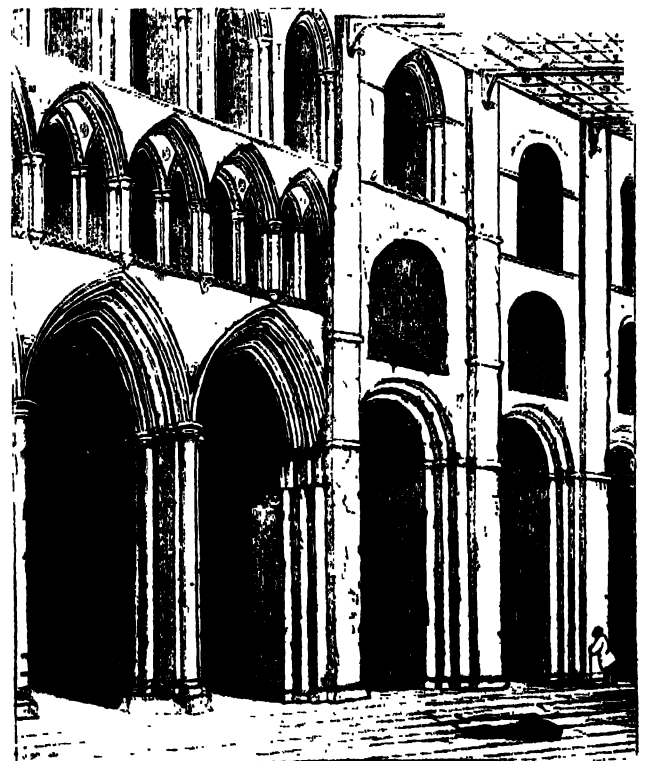
604.—Waltham Abbey, from the North-West.



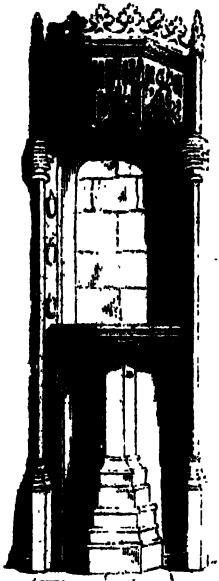
606.—Abbey of St. Albans.



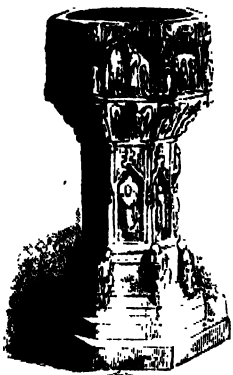
605.—Waltham Abbey.



607.—Nave, St. Albans.



611.—Piscina, Norwich.



613.—Font, Norwich.



615.—Capital, North Transept, Norwich.



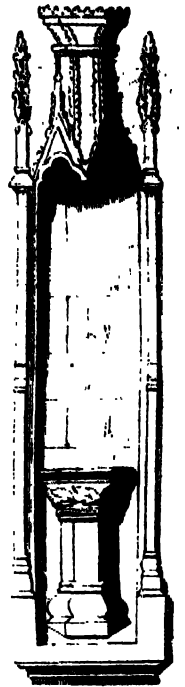
617.—Flint Masonry, St. Ethelbert's Gate House, Norwich.



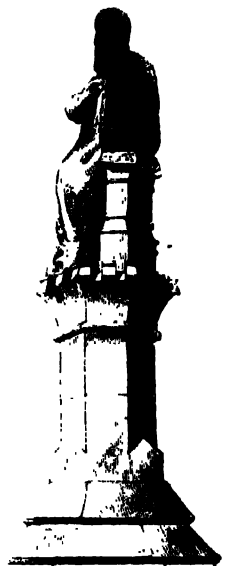
609.—Erpingham Gateway, Norwich.



610.—Norwich.



612.—Niche, Norwich.



614.—Pinnacle, Norwich.



616.—Capital, North Transept, Norwich.



618.—Flint Masonry, St. Ethelbert's Gate, Norwich.

instance, at one time wasted the whole country from York to Durham with fire and sword—the Saxon Bishop Egelwin died a prisoner in the Isle of Ely, of a broken heart, and Walcher, a Norman, was appointed his successor. That ecclesiastic was by no means content to be an ecclesiastic only, no matter what the rank; he purchased the earldom of Northumberland, and thus joined in his own person, for the first time in the see, the spiritual and civil jurisdiction. His success was not at all calculated to encourage imitation. When the people saw the office they had been accustomed to venerate connected with the infliction of legal severities, they began to murmur against the man who had so lowered it, and they did not long confine themselves to murmuring only. On the 14th of May, 1080, Walcher was holding a public assembly at Gateshead in exercise of his obnoxious civil authority; and although large numbers of the people were congregated, there appeared nothing in their appearance and demeanour to excite particular alarm. But suddenly there arose the cry of “Short rede, good rede; slay ye the bishop,” which had been the watchword chosen, and at once the people drew arms from beneath their garments and rushed upon the bishop’s party, while others set fire to the church. Walcher, seeing escape hopeless, determined to die with dignity, so, veiling his face with his robe, he advanced towards the assailants, one of whom instantly killed him with a lance. Of the succeeding early bishops of the see may be named Ralf Flambard, Hugh de Pudsey, and Anthony Bek, whose life gives one an extraordinary idea of the power occasionally obtained by the more eminent churchmen of the middle ages; he was at once Bishop of Durham, Patriarch of Jerusalem, Governor of the Isle of Man, and, as a military chieftain, able to send his thirty-two banners to the battle of Falkirk. Among the later bishops was Tunstall, of whom, on his return to England, Erasmus touchingly wrote:—“I seem now scarce to live, Tunstall being torn from me; I know not where I shall fly to.”

Durham, like Lincoln, enjoys the inestimable architectural advantage of a truly noble site. The city, being nearly surrounded by the river Weir, forms a kind of peninsula, the centre of which rises to a considerable height, with the cathedral at the summit, surrounded at its base by buildings and hanging gardens which descend to the river, and are there continued as it were in the delightful walks of the “Banks,” which skirt the water on both sides. The situation of the cathedral and the other ecclesiastical buildings far surpasses any pictures we have ever seen of it—truly beautiful and grand it is! You make your way up to the eminence on which stands the cathedral, through steep and narrow lanes, which bring you into a fine open space, with the cathedral on the south of the square. The palace, or castle (now occupied as the University of Durham), forms another side. You descend to an ancient bridge, and are now under these grand monuments of ancient magnificence. A beautiful walk leads along their base overhanging the river at a considerable height. You cross a noble bridge of modern construction, and find a similar walk on the opposite bank. You have now, following the windings of the river, passed from the west to the south side of the cathedral, and in continuation of it are most picturesque groups of houses rising one above another on the steep bank, embosomed in trees. The winding course of the river brings you now to the east end, and still you have the same grand view of this lordly place. Well might the old bishops feel that theirs was a princely rule, as they gave laws from such a throne.

The cathedral was begun in the reign of Rufus, by Bishop William de Carilepho, and in part or entirely completed by the next bishop, Ralf Flambard. The structure then erected we possess in an all but perfect state. The eastern extremity, where the Nine Altars (see plan, Fig. 593) now stand, was probably in the Norman building semicircular; the nave (Fig. 592) and the choir were open to the timber roof, instead of being vaulted as at present; partial alterations, improvements, and some important additions have also been made; but essentially we have the true Norman building before us, when we gaze upon the noble semicircular arches, and the tall, massive, and in some instances curiously decorated pillars of Durham Cathedral. We may observe by the way that some of these pillars are twenty-three feet in circumference. The Galilee Chapel (Fig. 603), the uses of which are explained in our account of Lincoln Cathedral, was the first addition to the original structure: this was built by Hugh de Pudsey, in the latter half of the twelfth century; and we perceive in it the first of that series of architectural stages, from the Norman to the finished Gothic, which give to Durham, as to some of our other cathedrals, so much artistical value.

The lightness and elegance of the pillars, though in every other

respect genuine Norman, strike one at a glance. The great tower, the most important of all the additions, was finished by Richard Hotoun, who became prior in 1290; and who had also the honour of completing the chapel of the Nine Altars. The great western window was the work of Prior John Fossour, about 1350, and the altar-screen, erected at the expense of John, Lord Neville, was finished in 1380 by Prior Berrington. It is painful to have to record that such a building should ever have been allowed to be touched by incompetent and tasteless hands; need we say that they belong to the last century? which, with its predecessor, enjoys an eminence of a peculiar kind—they were, in all that concerns architectural art, the worst periods of English modern history. Durham, at the time to which we refer, underwent a thorough repair, and we suppose, in the ideas of the repairers, *beautifying*—“Heaven save the mark!”—and the result is in many parts too evident. The Galilee was also repaired by Cardinal Langley at the commencement of the fifteenth century, in the exquisitely-florid Gothic of the time. The dimensions of the cathedral are four hundred and eleven feet in length, eighty in breadth, and the main tower two hundred and twelve in height. The interior, as usual, presents many objects of high interest—as the sumptuous bishop’s throne (Fig. 602), the stone chair (Fig. 590), and above all, the common tomb of St. Cuthbert and of the Venerable Bede, the author of the valuable Ecclesiastical History to which we are indebted for many of the most interesting facts relating to the establishment of Christianity and Christian houses and temples in England.

[Waltham Abbey and Saint Albans form a page of cuts immediately following Durham. We postpone their description till we have completed our notices of the earlier cathedrals.]

A curious story is told in explanation of the origin of NORWICH CATHEDRAL. During the reign of William Rufus, Herbert de Lozingia, an eminent ecclesiastic, attracted towards himself a degree of unpleasant attention from his spiritual superiors, which ended in his being cited to appear before the Pope at Rome, to answer for simoniacal practices, among which in particular was alleged against him his purchase of the see of Thetford. The punishment was at once characteristic and sensible, and involving what we call poetical justice: he was commanded to build various churches and monasteries at his own expense; and thus Lozingia found enforced upon him a very arduous undertaking for the good of the church, when he had been intending to pursue what he conceived to be more peculiarly his own good. Among the buildings so erected, it seems, were the earliest cathedral of Norwich, and the monastery, both commenced in 1094. Many of our important cities and foundations are accustomed to boast of the public spirit and liberality of their founders or early promoters; the city of Norwich, it will be seen, may date much of its prosperity to qualities of a very opposite kind. Lozingia, however, appears to have been a shrewd—perhaps, after the shame of the exposure, a repentant—man, and to have performed the penance imposed upon him in so creditable a spirit that he was ultimately allowed to transfer the bishopric of which he had been deprived, Thetford, to Norwich, and was there consecrated the first bishop in the cathedral of his own erection. Of this structure it has been supposed by some that we possess no remains, on account of the presumed general destruction of the pile in the extraordinary events, that mark the history of Norwich in connection with the year 1272. It appears that from a very early period after the establishment of the monastery, quarrels had broken out between the monks and the citizens, the former asserting their entire independence within their own precincts, the latter maintaining that the charter granted by Henry I. in 1122 gave them right over every part of the city without exception. There was a fair then held at certain times on a piece of ground called Tombland, which lay directly before the gates of the monastery: this spot formed a very bone of contention between the two parties, and at last the bad feelings excited broke out in sudden violence and bloodshed. The monks and their retainers, it matters little which, fell upon the citizens and killed several. The people of Norwich were exasperated in the highest degree. An inquest was held upon the bodies of the dead, a verdict of murder returned against those who had killed them, and a warrant issued for their apprehension. The monks—who seemed to have felt themselves quite safe through the whole proceedings—now thought it necessary to resort to more decided warfare; so having let loose the spiritual artillery at their command, in the shape of a sweeping excommunication of the entire body of citizens, they then took more ordinary weapons into their hands, and amused themselves by picking off a passing citizen, every now and then, by a well-directed shot. If this was

their reading of their religious duties, it was only in strict keeping that they should prefer the holiest day for the more important deeds. On the Sunday before St. Lawrence's-day, tired of this desultory warfare, the monastic belligerents sallied forth from their high-walled monastery, with a "great noise, and all that day and night went in a raging manner about the city," killing here and there a merchant or other inhabitant, and plundering here and there a house. They finished by breaking open a tavern kept by one Hugh de Bromholm, where they drank all the wine they could, and left the rest to run waste from the open taps, and then these good and faithful servants returned to their admiring prior. The citizens appear to have remained more patient than one might expect under their provocations, till this last and worst of all. But then the magistrates assembled, word was sent to the king of what had taken place, in order that he might give them redress, and in the mean time a general assemblage of the people was called for the next morning, to arrange measures of defence. They met—an army in numbers, though unfortunately not in discipline. Before the chief persons of influence could instil into their minds the indispensable qualities of order, patience, and firmness, they were borne away by some uncontrollable impulse of anger towards the monastery, where they flung themselves tumultuously against the gates, and endeavoured to force an entrance. The prior resisted for a while the raging storm of assailants, but at last they burnt down the great gates of the close, with the church of St. Albert that stood near, and then swept on, with redoubled energy and determination to fire the chief conventual buildings. The almonry was speedily in flames, then the church doors, then the great tower. Many of the people ascended the neighbouring steeple of St. George's, and from thence, by means of slings, threw fiery missiles into the great belfry, beyond the choir of the cathedral, and thus in a short time the whole building was enveloped in flames. Besides the injury done to the building, the monastery lost all its gold and silver ornaments, its costly vestments, holy vessels, and library of books; for what the fire spared, was carried off by the incendiaries. Most of the monks fled, but the sub-dean, and some of the clerks and laymen, were killed, where they were met with, in the cloisters and in the precincts; others were hurried into the city, to share the same bloody fate; and some were imprisoned. The prior fled to Yarmouth, but it was in order that he might return with fresh strength, and take full vengeance for the sufferings his own disgraceful conduct had brought upon the monastery. He entered Norwich with sword and trumpet in hand—what a picture of the priest militant!—and fell upon the people in their own way, with fire and sword; and having satiated himself, withdrew, to wait, and consider, like the men of Norwich, now that all was over between themselves, what would not both have to answer for to a third party, the government of the country—in other words, the king. Even-handed justice was undoubtedly to be dreaded by both; but that was just the sort of justice that was seldom dispensed when church and laity stood as the disputants on either side of the judgment-seat. Henry's first proceeding was enough to show the citizens what they might expect. He summoned a meeting of the hierarchy, at Eye in Suffolk; and the result was, that an interdict was laid upon the town generally; all persons directly concerned in the riots were excommunicated; thirty-four persons were drawn through the streets by horses, and dashed to pieces; others were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and afterwards burnt; and a woman who was recognised as having set fire to the gates, was burnt alive. And, as on all such occasions in the middle ages, there must be a something forthcoming for the royal treasury, why, twelve of the men of Norwich, no doubt the very richest that could be in any way implicated, were mulcted of their possessions. Such was the punishment of the people; what was the sentence against their opponents and oppressors, who had so recklessly provoked their fury? The prior's conduct was evidently too bad to be altogether looked over, so he was sent to prison for a short time, and whilst there resigned his priory. And that was all. The church did not even suffer in its revenues. Before the interdict was taken off, the citizens were compelled to pay three thousand marks towards the re-edifying of the cathedral, and one hundred pounds in money, for a pix, or cup of gold, weighing ten pounds.

It is strange and lamentable that, after this tragical event, no wise and statesman-like measures were carried into effect to prevent their recurrence for the future; and although the scenes of 1272 were never repeated, the cause of all the jealousy and ill-feeling remained in active operation down to the time of Cardinal Wolsey, when the city formally resigned all jurisdiction within the priory walls; and the priory all power without them. That was just before the Reformation, which settled the matter in its own sum-

mary fashion, by quietly doing away with the monastery altogether. It had been supposed, we repeat, that the church built by Lozingia was entirely destroyed in this fire, and that the present must have been erected in its place. But it is astonishing how any one who had even looked at the cathedral could allow himself for a moment to doubt that the original edifice is still preserved to us. The wood-work, decorations, &c., must certainly have been destroyed, and the structure, generally, seriously injured; but not so seriously as to involve anything like a rebuilding of the whole, for a more characteristically Norman edifice does not exist in the country than the present cathedral of Norwich; and it would be absurd to suppose that such a style would have been adopted at the close of the thirteenth century, when Pointed architecture was giving us some of its most exquisite examples of the perfection to which it had attained. The very plan of Norwich is as unmistakably Norman as the buildings erected on it,—transept without aisles or pillars, choir extending beneath the tower in the centre of the structure, into the very nave itself, circular eastern extremity, forming within a chancel with side aisles running round it, and circular chapels. It is, in a word, the very decided Norman character of Norwich that makes it, notwithstanding its smaller size and comparatively undecorated aspect, its decayed surface, and cramped position, one of the most interesting of our cathedrals. The length of the whole building is four hundred and eleven feet; and the tower, one of the finest specimens of decorated Norman extant, rises with its spire, which is of later date, to the great height of three hundred and thirteen feet. One single ancient statue-tomb of an enriched character, and one such only, is to be found in the church—Bishop Goldwell's, shown in Fig. 620. The plain aspect of the cathedral may, no doubt, be in a great degree attributed to the injuries done in the time of the civil war. Bishop Hall, the satirist, who suffered from both parties, not being apparently partisan enough for either, has given us an interesting account of what took place. In his 'Hard Measure,' he says, "It is tragical to relate the furious sacrilege committed under the authority of Linsey, Tofts the Sheriff, and Greenwood: what clattering of glasses, what beating down of walls, what tearing down of monuments, what pulling down of seats, and wresting out of irons and brass from the windows and graves!—what defacing of arms, what demolishing of curious stone-work that had not any representation in the world, but of the cost of the founder and the skill of the mason! what piping on the destroyed organ-pipes! Vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cover, which had been newly cut down from over the greenyard pulpit, and the singing-books and service-books were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train in his cope, trailing in the dirt with a service-book in his hand, imitating in an impious scorn the tone, and usurping the words of the Liturgy. The ordinance being discharged on the guild-day, the cathedral was filled with musketeers, drinking and tobaccoing as freely as if it had turned alehouse."

An interesting appendage of the monastery remains on the south side of the cathedral,—a cloister, also of later date than the original buildings, forming a large quadrangle with a handsome doorway and lavatories. But the most striking feature of the locality is the Erpingham gateway, a truly superb work. Few but will remember the name of the founder as that of the gallant knight of Henry V.'s army, who, while commanding the archers at Agincourt, had the honour of giving the signal for the first momentous forward movement, which he did by throwing his truncheon high into the air, and exclaiming "Now strike!" And they did strike, and with such effect that the French never through the conflict recovered from the blow thus given by the bowmen of England under their gray-headed leader at the very outset. Considering how great a favourite Sir Thomas was with the victor of Agincourt, and the treatment that Lord Cobham received during the same reign for his religious heresy, it is a curious and noticeable circumstance in Sir Thomas's history to find that he too at one time had been dallying with the proscribed Lollard principles, and had exerted himself to promote their diffusion. But Henry Spencer, the "warlike Bishop of Norwich," then ruled over the diocese, who would fain have pursued as short a way with the followers of Wickliffe as he did with those of Wat Tyler. In that most famous of English insurrections, the bishop, unlike many of the more powerful nobles, who shut themselves up in their strong castles, went forth with his retainers to meet the revolvers in the field, where he speedily overthrew them; then, having sentenced them in crowds to the scaffold, he laid aside the warrior and judge, and became the ministering priest to his own victims, and exerted himself as busily to save their souls as to destroy their bodies.



621.—From the Prior's Gate, Cloisters, Norwich.



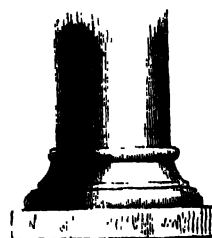
620.—Effigy of Bishop Goldwell, Norwich Cathedral.



622.—From the Prior's Gate, Cloisters, Norwich.



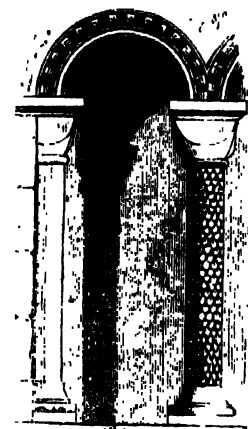
623.—Early English Capital, Norwich.



624.—Norman Base, Norwich.



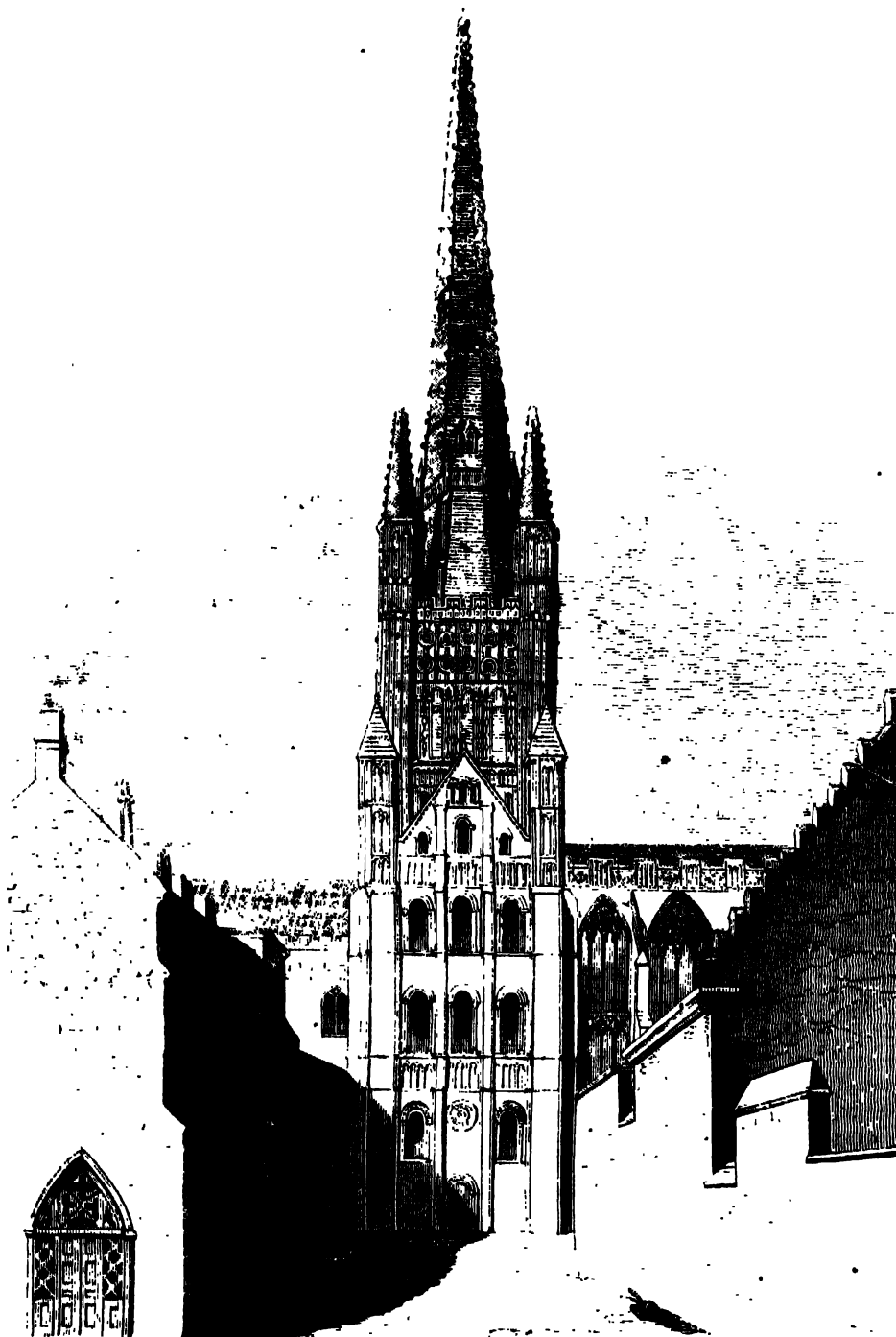
625.—Figure over the Entrance to the Transept, Norwich.



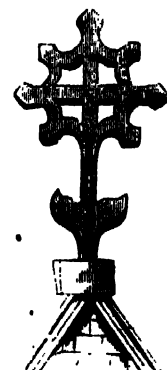
626.—Arcade, North Transept, Norwich.



627.—Finial, Norwich.



619.—Cathedral of Norwich.



628.—Gable Cross, Norwich.



629.—Norman Arcade, Norwich.



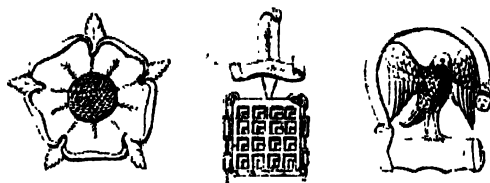
630.—Norman Capital, East End of Gallery, Norwich.



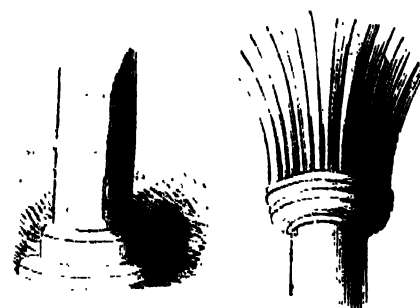
631.—Arcade, Norwich.



634.—Capital and Base, Worcester.



635.—Tudor Badges, Shrine of Prince Arthur, Worcester.



636.—Capital and Base, Chapter House, Worcester.



632.—Worcester, General View.



637.—Effigy of King John, Worcester.



633.—King John's Tomb, Worcester.



634.—Effigy of Lady Harecourt, Worcester.

When such a man declared that if he found any Lollards in his diocese, he would make them hop headless, or fry a faggot, to use his own suitable mode of expressing his benignant sentiments, there was no possibility of mistake as to the matter. Lollardism might be safe enough, but it was assuredly a dangerous time and place for the Lollards. Sir Thomas Erpingham seems to have felt this, and to have desisted in time, when he found that not all his popularity deterred the bishop from throwing him into prison: so he agreed, as the price of his release, to erect a gatehouse at the entrance of the precinct, over against the west end of the cathedral, and renounce all heresies for the future. Hence the erection of the gateway shown in our engraving (Fig. 609).

The matter altogether was deemed of such importance, that Henry IV. took steps publicly to reconcile the knight and the bishop, first by declaring in parliament that the proceedings had been good, and that they had originated in great zeal, and then by directing them to shake hands and kiss each other in token of friendship, which they did. The reconciliation, unlike such forced ones generally, turned out real, for Sir Thomas became as willing, as he had already been an unwilling, benefactor to the cathedral; and one of the bequests of his will was a provision of three hundred marks to the prior and convent of Norwich, to found a chantry for a monk to sing daily mass for him and his family before the altar of the holy cross in the cathedral. It has been supposed, from the circumstance that his wife, who died four years after Sir Thomas's imprisonment, made no mention in her will of saints, as was usual, that it was her influence which had led the knight towards Lollardism, rather than any powerful inherent convictions of his own. If so, it ought to be no imputation on his moral courage that he declined making a martyr of himself. One should be very sure what one does think, when stakes and bonfires begin to argue. The interest attached to this gateway, as well as its remarkable beauty, induce us to dwell for a few seconds on its details. Mr. Britton, in his work on Norwich Cathedral, thus speaks of it:—"Amongst the great variety of subjects and designs in the ecclesiastical architecture of England, the Erpingham gateway may be regarded as original and unique; and considering the state of society when it was first raised, and the situation chosen, we are doubly surprised, first at the richness and decoration of the exterior face, and secondly, in beholding it so perfect and unmutated after a lapse of four centuries. The archivolt mouldings, spandrels, and two demi-octangular buttresses, are covered with a profusion of ornamental sculptures, among which are thirty small statues of men and women, various shields of arms, trees, birds, pedestals, and canopies; most of these are very perfect, and some of the figures are rather elegant. The shields are charged with the arms of Erpingham, Walton, and Clepton, the two latter being the names of two wives of Sir Thomas Erpingham. In the spandrels are shields containing emblems of the Crucifixion, the Trinity, the Passion, &c., while each buttress is crowned with a sitting statue, one said to represent a secular, and the other a regular priest, &c." The first of these priests has a book in his hand, from which he appears to be teaching the youth standing at his side. The regular priest has also his book, but appears to be making no use of it, and turns his eyes idly upon the passengers who may go through the gate. Bloomfield, the historian of the county, thinks this was subtly designed by Sir Thomas "to signify that the secular clergy not only laboured themselves in the world, but diligently taught the growing youth, to the benefit of the world; when the idle regular, who by his books also pretended to learning, did neither instruct any nor inform himself, by which he covertly lashed those that obliged him to their penance, and praised those that had given him instruction in the way of truth." Sir Thomas himself kneels in effigy in the pediment of the gateway, a remarkable instance to after-times of the power exerted by the clergy of his own day.

In simplicity, we may say plainness of decoration, the exterior of WORCESTER CATHEDRAL presents a striking contrast to that of Exeter, which we shall presently notice. The outlines of the form are light and beautiful, and the large size gives them grandeur; but those objects achieved, the architects, unlike the architects of our cathedrals generally, seem to have rested content, and to have shunned altogether that elaborate richness of decoration which so generally characterizes these works, and which show so happily the unwearied desires of all concerned to be constantly doing something to render art more worthy of its sublime objects. They were surely the least conceited of men, those old ecclesiastical builders: it is a fine lesson they have bequeathed to the world, and usable in a thousand ways. The noblest temples ever raised by human hands were raised by

them; works that, to all eyes but their own, not only in their own time, but to all time, present and future, appeared and must appear essentially perfect, demanding but one thought and sentiment,—yet compounded of a host of thoughts and sentiments,—admiration, to them, on the contrary, appeared to be but so many centres of study and improvement. Art was long, and life was short, they saw; and they were content, therefore, to labour, each in his allotted space, in the raising of great works for others, and thought nothing of making great names for themselves. It is curious to see at how early a period a kind of antagonist feeling, a desire to check rather than to participate in such enthusiasm, exhibited itself at Worcester. We may promise that the see of Worcester was founded so early as the seventh century, by Ethelred, King of Mercia, and probably a church then existed in the city, on the site of the present building. In 969 the endowments of the cathedral were removed to the church of St. Mary's convent, which then assumed the rank previously attached to St. Peter's, but the latter building, or rather its site, obtained, a few years later, the restoration of its privileges; St. Oswald having, however, first built a new church in the burial-ground. This was burnt by the followers of Hardicanute in 1041, and replaced by an entirely new edifice, erected by Bishop Wulstan. As the workmen were pulling down the remains of the spoiled church, the prelate was noticed weeping. One of his attendants told him he ought rather to rejoice, since he was preparing an edifice of greater splendour and more suitable to the enlarged number of his monks. He replied, "I think far otherwise; we poor wretches destroy the works of our forefathers, only to get praises to ourselves; that happy age of holy men knew not how to build stately churches, but under any roof they offered up themselves living temples unto God, and by their examples incited those under their care to do the same; but we, on the contrary, neglecting the cure of souls, labour to heap up stones." One might fancy that the feeling thus evidenced remained in force at Worcester through all succeeding alterations and reparations, and more particularly those consequent on the extensive damage done in the fires of 1113 and 1202, when both city and cathedral were burnt: and that the plain exterior that we behold to this day at Worcester is in itself but an evidence of it. The works carried on after the fire of 1102 were so important, that the structure was newly consecrated; and it is that building which forms our cathedral. The plan of Worcester is on a very grand scale. It represents a double cross, the extreme length of which is five hundred and fourteen feet, with a noble tower, rising from the intersection of the nave, choir, and western transept, to the height of two hundred feet. This tower is the most embellished of all the exterior portions. The interior is remarkably light and airy. It is rich in both ancient and modern monuments among the latter, there being several by our modern sculptors, as Roubilliac and the younger Bacon; and among the former, those of Sir John Beauchamp of Holt, beheaded on Tower Hill in the reign of Henry V., and of his lady, both striking examples of early costume; also of Lady Harcourt (Fig. 638), Judge Littleton, Prince Arthur (the son of Henry VII.), and King John. The Prince lies buried in a beautiful chapel of highly ornamented open work, the decorations of which are representative of the union of the white and red roses of York and Lancaster. The tomb of John (Fig. 633), the great object of interest and inquiry with all visitors, stands in the middle of the choir. Before the year 1797 it has been supposed that the remains of the king had been interred in the Lady Chapel, but as an opportunity then offered, during some alteration, of determining the point, an investigation took place of no ordinary interest. The effigy on the top (Fig. 637) was first removed, with the stone slab on which it rested; the interior was thus laid open, where two brick partition walls were discovered, raised no doubt for the more effectual support of the superincumbent mass. After clearing away a quantity of rubbish, and removing one end and a pannel at each side, a stone coffin was found between the brick walls; and when that was opened, the remains of the monarch were visible, much decayed, and with some of the smaller bones no longer seen, but the whole presenting an almost exact counterpart of the effigy on the exterior of the tomb. The only differences were the gloves on the hands, and the covering on the head, which consisted of a crown on the effigy, and of the celebrated monk's cowl on the body, placed there before burial, as a passport through the regions of purgatory. A feeling of the same kind actuated the fierce and bold, but superstitious king, when he desired that his resting-place in his favourite church should be between the bodies of St. Oswald and St. Wulstan, whose effigies, in small, also grace his tomb; the evil spirits, he fancied, would not venture into such company, even to seize him. The hood appeared to have fitted the head exactly, and to have been tied or buckled under the chin by straps,

parts of which remained. The body had been wrapped in an embroidered robe, reaching from the neck to the feet, made, it was supposed, of crimson damask, but the cuff, greatly decayed, alone remained. Fragments of the sword and of the scabbard were also found. On the legs there had been some kind of ornamental covering tied round the ankles, and extending over the feet, where the toes were visible through its decayed parts. The exposure of the relics of kingly mortality caused their speedy destruction, the whole mouldering to dust. On ascending the steps of the altar, visitors are shown another object of curiosity—the stone covering the body of William Duke of Hamilton, who fell in the memorable battle of Worcester, in 1651. In the tower is a fine peal of eight bells, each bearing a different inscription. On the last we read:—

I, sweetly tolling, men do call
To taste a meat that feeds the soul.

The changes which the names of places have undergone are often strikingly illustrative of the vast extent of time over which the annals of such places extend; Exeter forms a remarkable case in point. In the *Cacr-Isce* of the Britons, signifying the town on the water, we are carried back to the very beginning of all, when the founders in that, as in so many other instances, took as their name for the new place some characteristic circumstance of position. Then in the *Isca* of the Romans, a Latinized version of the same thing, we are reminded of the dominion of the conquerors of the world. Another change shows us the Roman empire in Great Britain at an end, though the memory of that dominion is preserved in the Saxon *Exancestre*, that is to say, the Castle on the Ex: from this we pass finally into the great stream of modern history, as we begin to meet with the comparatively modern appellation of Exeter. The ecclesiastical antiquity of the city is no less noticeable; another name ascribed to Exeter—*Monketon*—seems to show that even in the Saxon times it had become distinguished for the number of these religious ascetics who resided in it. This very remoteness of origin may be the cause why we have been left uncertain of the precise time when the earliest building on the site of the cathedral was begun. All we know on the subject is, that soon after the junction of the sees of Devon and Cornwall, the seat of the united bishopric was removed to Exeter, and Leofric, the bishop, installed with great pomp into the cathedral, in the presence of the Confessor and his queen, both of whom took a prominent share in the ceremony. In 1050, then, the date of this event, there was a cathedral standing in Exeter, but whether recently erected or no is unknown. After the Conquest we find Warlewast, one of the followers of William, busily at work altering and enlarging during the early part of the twelfth century. Happily for him, he did not live to see his labours rendered of no avail by the mischief done to the cathedral during the time Exeter was besieged by Stephen in 1136, and which rendered it necessary for his successor, Chichester, to commence a reparation on the most extensive scale. He seems to have been the very man for the time and the task imposed upon him. A remarkable proof of his zeal, and which was probably exercised in favour of the rebuilding of the cathedral, is given in the statement that he was accustomed to go abroad very frequently in pilgrimage, sometimes to Rome, and sometimes to other places, “and ever would bring with him some one relic or other.” (Bishop Godwin.) During the lifetime of Chichester and the three succeeding prelates, the cathedral works were steadily carried on; the last of them, Bishop Marshall, whose sculptured effigy is seen in Fig 647, having the honour of completing the whole before his death in 1206. Whether the large sums of money that had been constantly, and for so long a time, pouring into the Exchequer had begotten something like a love of wealth for other than church purposes in the minds of the chief officers, we shall not venture to decide, but a few years after the religious world was greatly scandalized at some discoveries made at Exeter. Richard Blondly, a recently-deceased bishop, “a man of mild spirit, but very stout against such as in his time did offer any injury to the church,” had, it appeared, waxed weaker as he grew older, and allowed his chancellor, registrar, official, and keeper of the seal, with other of the household, to obtain conveyances from him of various estates, advowsons, &c., that then were in his disposition; and for their own private and general benefit. The business was transacted with great secrecy and skill; but the next bishop discovered the whole, and in place of their enjoying the nice little pickings provided, all the great officers of Exeter Cathedral found themselves soon after excommunicated, and doing public penance in their own building openly, upon Palm Sunday, as the indis-

pensable preliminary to their readmission into the Christian body. Before long, however, the masons were again thickly clustering about the cathedral walls and foundations; and bringing the structure to the plan and the state in which a considerable portion of it remains to this day. Peter Quivil was the bishop who thus signalized himself by commencing the great undertaking of bringing the old-fashioned cathedral into better harmony with the architectural knowledge and tastes of the thirteenth century. He may be, indeed, almost called the author of the present cathedral, for what portions of it were untouched by him, and executed afterwards, were built in pursuance of his designs. How extensive these were, may be shown by simply stating that the renovation in the new style, begun by him between 1281 and 1291, and which was ended by Bishop Brentingham, about a century later, extended to every part of the structure, the towers alone excepted. Bishops Stapledon and Grandisson, during this period, particularly distinguished themselves by their architectural labours. Godwin furnishes us with some interesting particulars of the installation of a bishop in the early ages, in his notice of Stapledon's induction to the see. At the east gate he alighted from his horse, and went on foot to the cathedral; black cloth having been previously laid along the streets for him to walk upon. Two gentlemen of “great worship,” one on each side, accompanied him, and Sir Hugh Courtney, of the great family of that name, who claimed to be steward of the feast, went before. At Broad-gate he was received by the chapter and choir, all richly apparelled, and singing the *Te Deum*; and thus they led him to the church. After the service and the usual ceremonies, all parties adjourned to the Bishop's Palace, where a feast, such as the middle ages alone could furnish, was provided. “It is incredible,” Godwin remarks, “how many oxen, tuns of ale and wine, are said to have been usually spent at this kind of solemnity.” Stapledon's feast would, no doubt, be more than usually magnificent and expensive; for, whatever his faults, something like princely liberality seems to have been one of his characteristic merits.

Exeter College, Oxford, was founded by him, and originally called by his name: Hart Hall, in the same university, also derives its origin from Bishop Stapledon. Unfortunately for him, he was a busy statesman, as well as a zealous prelate. Having held posts of high honour under Edward II., he was found among the adherents of that unhappy prince when, towards the close of the reign, his queen, son, brothers, and cousin marched at the head of an army against him. Edward was in London, and appealed to the citizens, but they gave him so decisive a rebuff, that he fled precipitately, leaving the Bishop of Exeter, Stapledon, as governor. He had scarcely reached the outskirts when the people rose, and, putting aside all opposition, obtained possession of the bishop, and of his brother Sir Richard Stapledon, and executed them both in Cheapside, on the 15th of October, 1326. In the north aisle of the cathedral are two splendid monuments facing each other; they are those of the two brothers. The choir is the principal portion that we owe to Bishop Stapledon. The gorgeous west front, with its almost interminable series, in double tier, of sculptured kings, prophets, apostles, prelates, and distinguished persons, forming one of the richest architectural façades in Europe, is understood to have been raised by Bishop Grandisson, who “sequestering himself from all idle persons,” is said to have “kept no more about him than were absolutely necessary, in order to compass the charge of such mighty works; likewise, assembling his own clergy, he persuaded them to bequeath all their goods, &c., to the building of the mother-church of the diocese.” After this last circumstance, one need not wonder that he should also be able to prevail “on sundry temporal men to give of their store.”

The building, whose gradual formation we have thus traced, now consists of a nave, seventy-six feet wide and one hundred and seventy-five feet long, with corresponding aisles at the sides; two short transepts formed in a peculiar way, namely by two towers, of unmistakable Norman original, and therefore, to an antiquary, the most interesting parts of the cathedral; a choir of the same breadth as the nave, and one hundred and twenty-eight feet long; to these—the principal feature of the place—must be added, ten chapels, of which the Lady, or St. Mary's Chapel, at the eastern end, is the most important, and the chapter-house. It is hardly necessary to say the interior is in many respects surpassingly noble and beautiful. The delicate and numberless pillars, clustering together into so many solid groups for the support of the nave and choir, always a beautiful illustration of a beautiful thought, the power resulting from union, seem to particularly arrest our attention in Exeter Cathedral. The choir and nave are divided by a screen of the most exquisite character. The chapter-house is, as usual, very



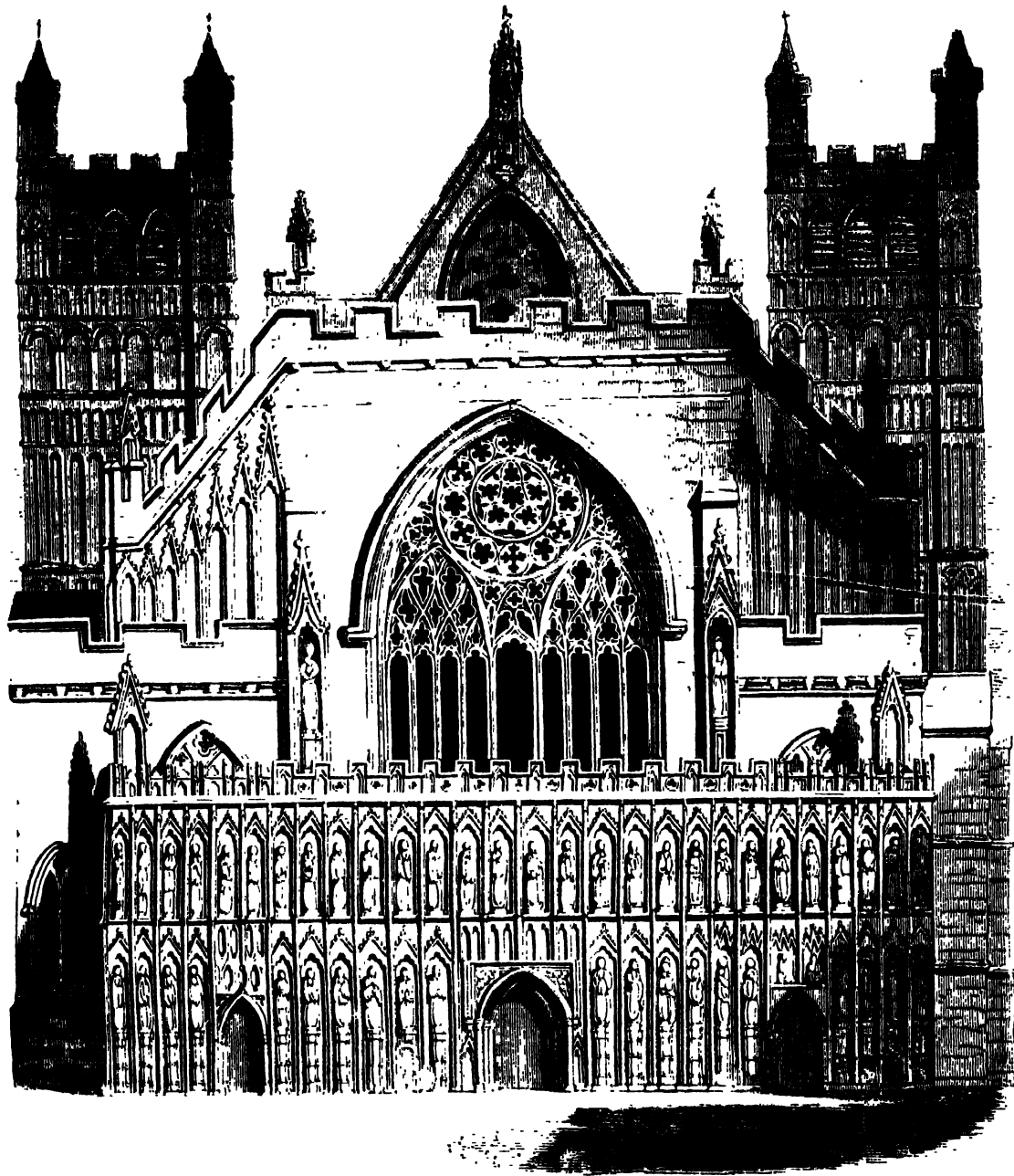
641.—Bracket, Exeter.



642.—Section of Shaft, Exeter.



643.—Bracket, Exeter.



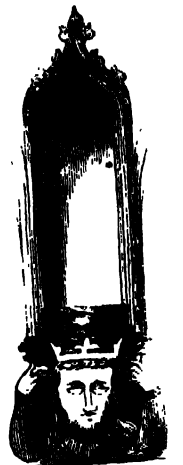
639.—West Front of Exeter Cathedral.



642.—Bracket, Exeter.



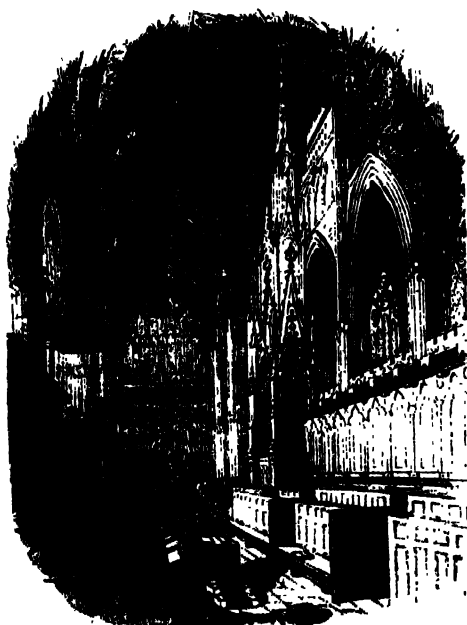
644.—Section of Shaft, Exeter.



645.—Bracket, Exeter.



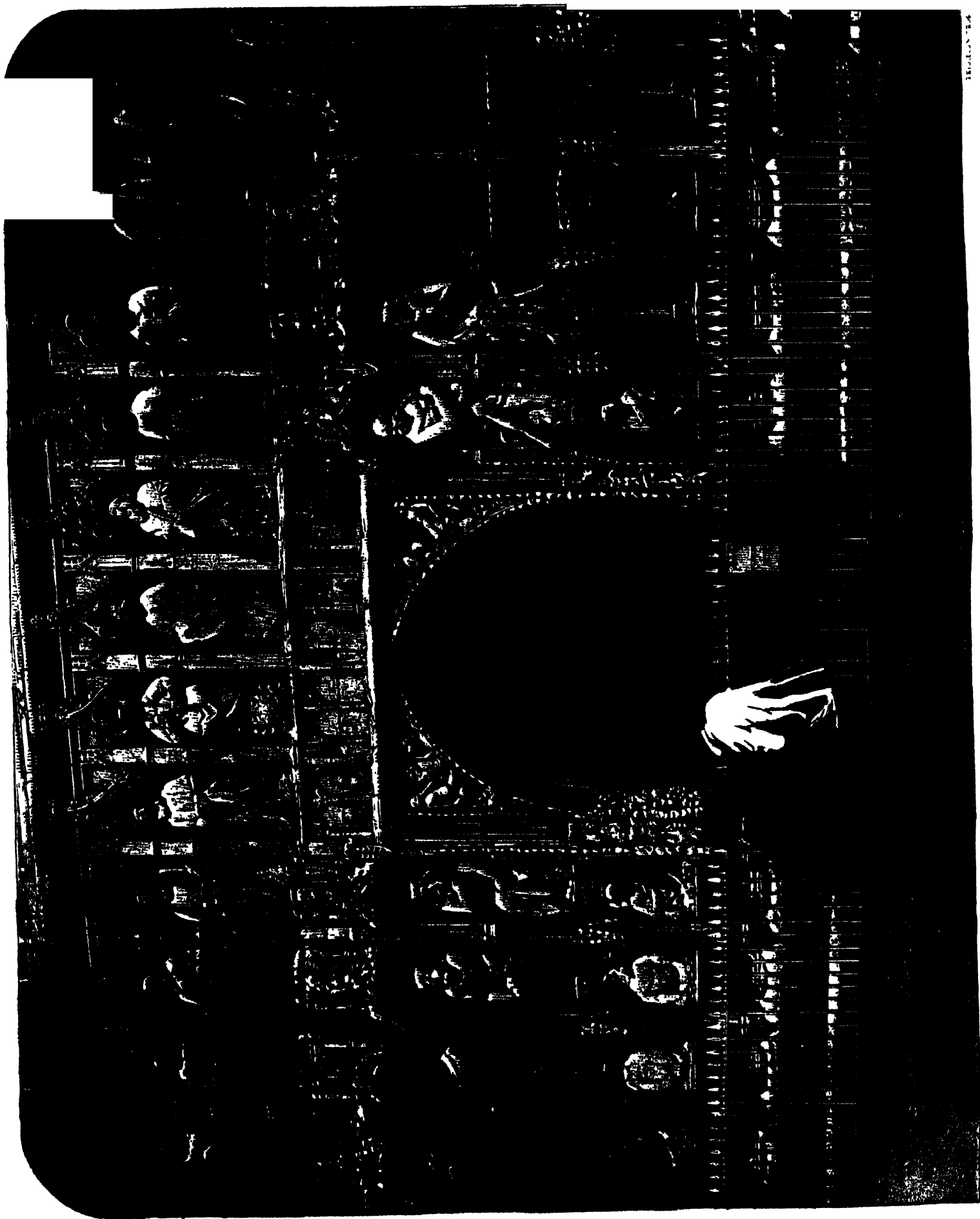
647.—Effigy of Bishop Marshall, Exeter.



640.—Exeter Cathedral.



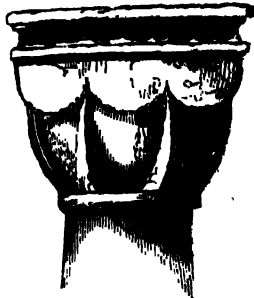
648.—Effigy of Bishop Bartholomew, Exeter.



SCREEN AT THE WEST FRONT, EXETER CATHEDRAL.



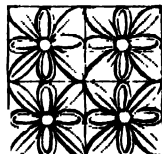
651.—Conventual Seal of Rochester.



654.—Capital of a Crypt Column.



655.—Norman recess on West Front, Rochester.



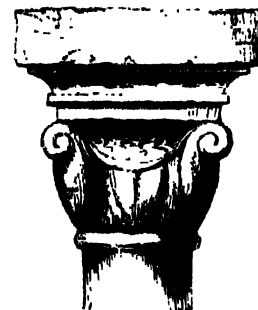
657.—Coloured Tile, Rochester.



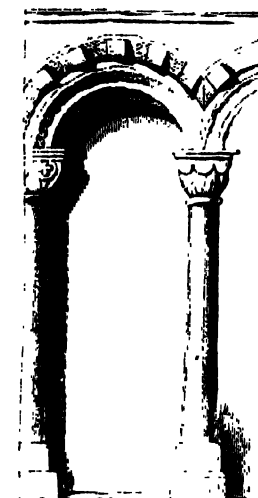
649.—Principal Entrance and Interior of Rochester Cathedral.



652.—Conventual Seal of Rochester.



653.—Capital of a Crypt Column.



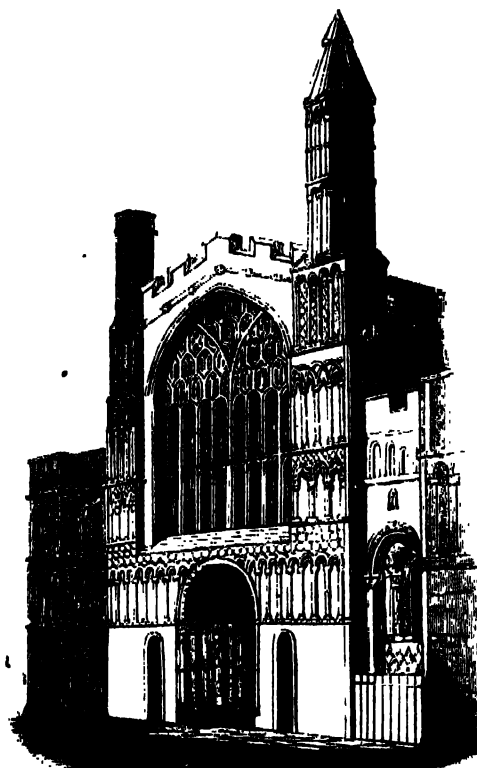
656.—Norman Recess on West Front, Rochester.



658.—Coloured Tile, Rochester.



659.—St. Augustine. From the Door of the Chapter-House, Rochester.



660.—West Front of Rochester Cathedral.

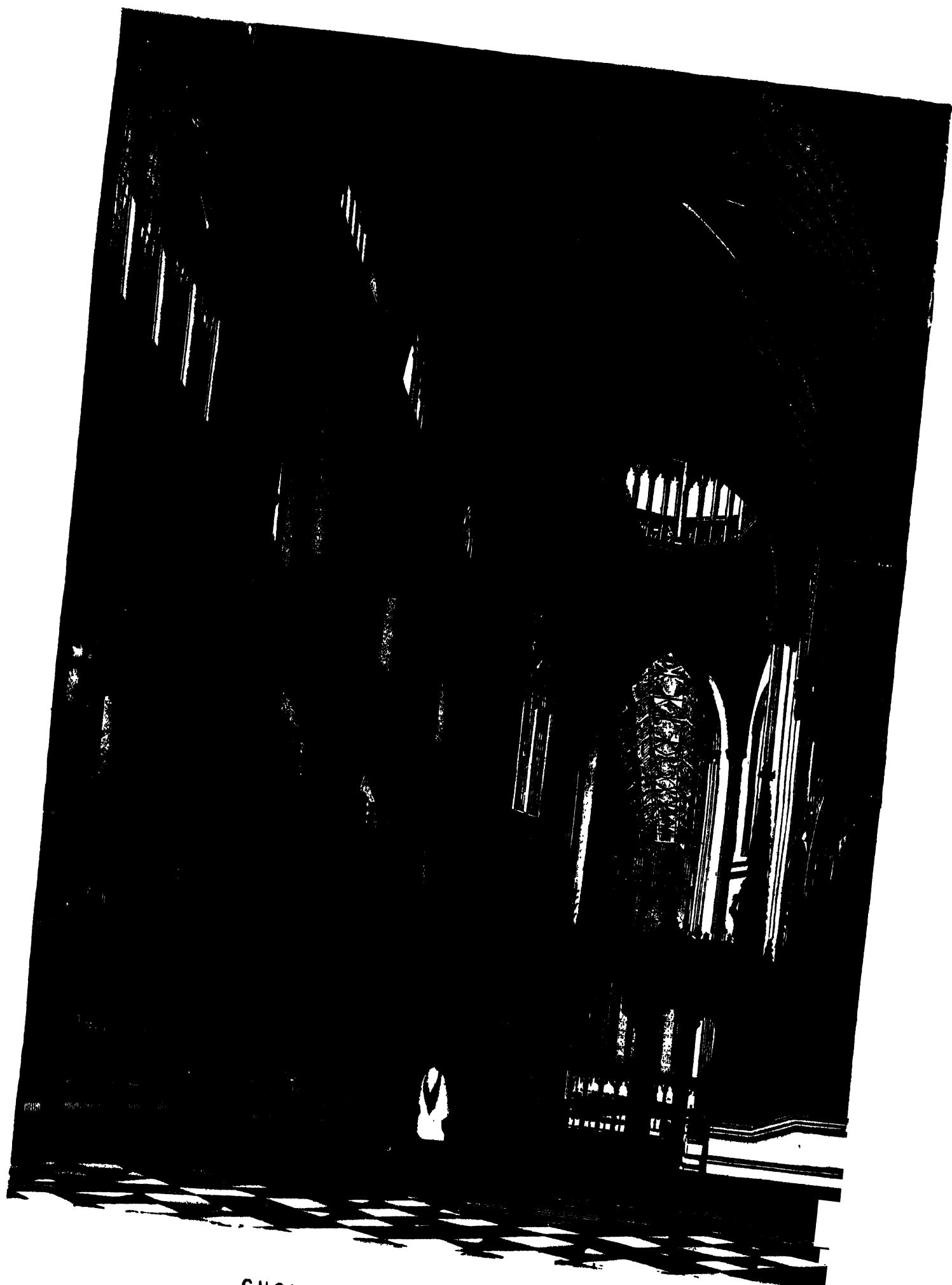


663.—Emblematic Figure of the Mosae Dispensatio. From the Door of the Chapter-House, Rochester.

beautiful; its roof is of oak. The windows of the cathedral generally are very large, and some of them strikingly handsome, with their stained glass. Among the lesser objects of attraction the cathedral presents, may be mentioned the organ, which is probably the largest in Europe, the *canon* only excepted, and without any exception the finest in use; the clock in the north tower, which exhibits all the mechanical powers, as well as the ordinary time of the day; the great bell, said to weigh twelve thousand five hundred pounds; the *spiral staircase*, an ancient unique example of carved wood-work, forming, as it does, a magnificent pyramid fifty-two feet high, built up of arches, pillars, niches, pannels, crockets, and foliated ornaments; and lastly, the Minstrels' Gallery, near the middle of the choir, supported by thirteen pillars, with a niche between each two, containing a statue of a musician playing on some instrument. The monastery, we may notice in conclusion, belonged to the Benedictine Order.

Lambarde, the old Kentish topographer, has a curious passage in his 'Perambulation,' on the subject of the comparative insignificance of the diocese of Rochester. "The learned in astronomy," he says, "be of the opinion that if Jupiter, Mercury, or any other planet, approach within certain degrees of the sun, and be burned (as they term it) under his beams, that then it hath in manner no influence at all, but yieldeth wholly to the sun that overshadoweth it; and some men, beholding the nearness of these two bishoprics, Canterbury and Rochester, and comparing the bright glory, pomp, and primacy of the one, with the contrary altogether in the other, have fancied Rochester so overshadowed and obscured, that they reckon it no see or bishopric of itself, but only a place of a mere suffragan, and chaplain to Canterbury. But he that shall either advisedly weigh the first institution of them both, or but indifferently consider the estate of either, shall easily find that Rochester hath not only a lawful and canonical cathedral see of itself, but that the same was also more honestly won and obtained than even that of Canterbury was." Worthy Master Lambarde's enthusiasm here probably carries him a little too far: however, the history of Rochester shows decidedly enough that its claims to respect and attention are little if at all inferior to the claims of its more potential neighbour, great as those are. Both were founded under the auspices of the same royal convert from paganism to Christianity, Ethelbert; and if Canterbury had an Augustine for its first spiritual superior, Rochester had for its first bishop one of Augustine's companions, Justus. Whilst, therefore, it was natural enough that the former should rise to the very summit of ecclesiastical wealth and power, it was really extraordinary that the latter should as steadily decline till it became what it remains,—the smallest, poorest, and least influential of English sees. The particular causes of this declension appear to have been the wars between the different states of the Heptarchy, then the incursions of the Danes, which left the church in such a state at the time of the Conquest that Divine worship was entirely neglected in it, and the four or five secular canons, who then remained nominally attached to it, found it necessary to eke out their means of subsistence by the aims of the benevolent. The Conqueror, however, still found something to pillage and confer upon his relative, Bishop Odo; and the see seemed about to perish altogether, when Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to check the downward progress of Rochester by the appointment of a monk of the Abbey of Bec, for the avowed purpose of achieving a restoration of the old estates and prosperity; and though he died shortly after, his successor was Gundulph, of whom Lambarde says: "He never rested from building and begging, tricking and garnishing, until he had erected his idol building to the wealth, beauty, and estimation of a popish priory." He too was chosen by Lanfranc from the Abbey of Bec; and a tradition recorded by William of Malmesbury gives us an interesting glimpse of the two friends before the conquest of England was dreamt of, and before, therefore, either had any idea of the future power that would be reposed in their hands. The historian says that Lanfranc foretold Gundulph's advancement by a trial of the *Sortes Evangelice*, that is to say, opening the book of the Gospels at haphazard, and taking the first text on which the eye rests as the prophetic one. Gundulph, like William of Wykeham, was one of those ecclesiastics who shed a glory upon the middle ages, by their happy union of comprehensive intellects to devise, and firm purposes to carry out measures of high importance to the general weal. Whilst he did almost everything for Rochester, recovering, with the assistance of Lanfranc, its former possessions, obtaining the grant of new ones, building a castle, and rebuilding the cathedral, he signalized himself in other quarters by the foundation of a nunnery (at West Malling) and by the erection of

the famous White Tower, the nucleus around which all the assemblages of buildings now known as the Tower of London has gradually grown up. Among his other doings at Rochester, he removed the secular canons, and replaced them by Benedictine monks; and he obtained for the monastery, from Henry I., the privilege of *coining*. And that was not the only royal favour conferred upon it, and commemorated in the statues of the king and queen in the magnificent doorway of the cathedral. Gundulph who appears to have been a confessor to the queen, Matilda, obtained, through her means, many gifts and privileges from her husband. The cathedral was in the main completed during the lifetime of Gundulph, who died in March 1103-4, and was buried in the episcopal vestments with great splendour, before the altar of the crucifix placed at the entrance of the choir; but the whole does not appear to have been considered finished till 1180, when, on the day of Ascension, a solemn and magnificent dedication of the pile to St. Andrew took place in the presence of King Henry, assisted by all the chief prelates of the country. The cathedral was originally "dedicated to St. Andrew as a token of respect to the monastery of St. Andrew at Rome, from which Augustine and his brethren were sent to convert the Anglo-Saxons; and after the church was rebuilt, Lanfranc did not change the name of its tutelary saint, as he did in his own cathedral, the primate having such confidence in this apostle, that he never transmitted by Gundulph any principal donation without entreusting the bishop to chant the Lord's Prayer once for him at the altar of St. Andrew." ['Denne's Memoirs of the Cath. Church of Rochester.'] The festival of St. Andrew was of course kept with great splendour in the monastery; and Gundulph, to enhance the proceedings of the day, made special provision for it, by appointing that there should be reserved out of the estates that he had caused to be settled upon the establishment, what was called a *Xenium*, from a Greek word signifying a present given in token of hospitality. Gundulph's *Xenium* seems to have been a very handsome affair, consisting of sixteen hogs, cured for bacon, thirty geese, three hundred fowls, one thousand lampreys, one thousand eggs, four salmon, and sixty bundles of furze, with a large quantity of oats, &c., the whole apparently intended for the entertainment in the bishop's palace of the poor, and strangers generally; for Gundulph expressly says, "If it should happen, contrary to my wishes, that I, or any of my successors, shall be absent from the feast, then, in God's name and my own, I order that the whole *Xenium* be carried to the hall of St. Andrew, and there, at the discretion of the prior and brethren of the church, be distributed to the strangers and poor, in honour of the festival." The fate of this *Xenium* forms but one of the many illustrations that the history of our country unhappily furnishes of the fate of the unprotected poor: this provision for a festival day, which must have lightened so many weary spirits by its enjoyments, if it did not even relieve many empty stomachs by its store of food, was ultimately treated as a matter that merely concerned the bishops and the monastery; and hotly enough they disputed it, till the former consented to receive a composition in money in lieu of the provisions in kind: of course we should now look in vain in Rochester for any "open house," ecclesiastical or otherwise, whether on St. Andrew's or on any other day. Of Gundulph's works in the cathedral, the nave forms the principal existing remain, many of the other portions having been seriously injured by the destructive fires that have taken place in Rochester. On the north side of the choir, between the two transepts, there is also a low square tower now in ruins, and known as Gundulph's, the walls of which are six feet thick. It has been doubted, however, whether this was really erected by the architect in question. Parts of the cathedral are recorded as having been built by persons designated simply as monks, rich men, no doubt, who had retired to the cloister of St. Andrew, sick of the vanities and turmoil of active life, and there expended their possessions in the adornment of the house of God. Richard of Eastgate, and Thomas of Mepeham, were the monks who restored and rebuilt the north side of the west transept, after the great fire of 1179; Richard of Waledene the monk, who, about the commencement of the thirteenth century, completed what they had begun by the erection of the south side. How the upper transept and choir came to be re-erected, in the reigns of John and Henry III., forms a curious story, and one strikingly illustrative of the time. In 1201 a rich, benevolent, and pious tradesman, a baker, named William, set out with his servant to perform a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On the road to Canterbury, a little beyond Rochester, the servant murdered his master, and fled with the property, which had tempted him to the commission of the crime. The corpse was found and taken back to Rochester, where a fate awaited it that the unfortunate William had certainly never antici-



CHOIR OF ELY CATHEDRAL.

LEWIS DAV, 1910

pated. The monks were probably at the time very anxious to enhance the reputation of their monastery and church in any way they could, and particularly by rebuilding the parts of the latter that had been damaged in the fires, and were therefore quite prepared to appreciate any remarkable circumstance that might happen in connection with their establishment. And such it seems now occurred when the body of William the baker was placed in the cathedral. Miracles—of what nature is not recorded—were wrought at his tomb, the repute of which, spreading far and wide, brought hosts of devotees to Rochester, whose offerings filled the treasury, and gave the monks the necessary funds for the erection of the parts of the cathedral we have mentioned, or, in other words, the whole of the cathedral eastward of the west transept. In 1254 the Pope canonized the murdered traveller, and granted indulgences to all who should visit and make offerings to his shrine.—circumstances that naturally gave a new impetus to the popularity of the tomb and cathedral. The northern part of the east transept, known as St. William's Chapel, preserves to this day the remembrance of these events. The tomb itself has disappeared, though the spot where it stood is marked by a slab in the centre of a square, formed of curiously-figured mosaics. Pilgrims reached the chapel by a small dark aisle, which, after passing between the choir and Gundulph's tower, opens into the former. Midway in the aisle is a flight of steps, worn down to something very like an inclined plane by the innumerable feet that have trodden them. The destruction of the tomb probably took place at the Reformation, when the church generally received considerable damage. During the Civil War the fabric was still more seriously injured by the soldiers of the parliament. These are said to have converted one portion of the cathedral into a carpenter's shop, and another into a tippling-house. From such unpleasant reminiscences it is doubly gratifying to pass to the consideration of the recent doings at Rochester, where the Dean and Chapter have shown that they are fully conscious of the valuable nature of the trust reposed in their hands, and determined to exhibit that consciousness practically. In 1825 a central tower was erected at the intersection of the principal transept, whilst within the last three or four years the anterior has undergone a comprehensive repair, including many important restorations of the old details of the structure, such as windows and arches, long filled up, but now once more diffusing a sense of lightness and gracefulness around. The north transept, or St. William's Chapel, has in consequence again become what it originally was, one of the most interesting and beautiful specimens of early English architecture that England anywhere possesses.

The other parts of the cathedral eastward are less decorated, and all those westward, including the nave and west front, are in the main Norman. Of course the perpendicular window in that front (Fig. 650) is the introduction of a much later time. The exceeding richness of the gateway beneath, when the stone was as yet undecayed, and the sculpture exhibited the faithful impress of the artist's hand, is evident at a glance even in the present state. The Chapter House, now in ruins, also exhibits some remarkably fine sculpture, among which may be mentioned the statue of Augustine in the doorway. The dimensions of the cathedral are small when compared with those of cathedrals generally. The entire length is three hundred and six feet, breadth of the nave and side aisles sixty-six feet, breadth of the west front eighty-one feet. There are numerous monuments and chapels; and beneath the choir, and extending its whole length, is a crypt. Among the many eminent bishops of the see may be mentioned Walter de Merton, the founder of the college known by his name at Oxford; the venerable Fisher, the friend and fellow-sufferer of Sir Thomas More, beheaded by the brutal despot Henry VIII.; and the literary trio, Sprat, the poet—Atterbury, the eloquent divine and delightful correspondent of Pope—Pearce, the critic and commentator.

The fair of Ely, commencing on the 29th of October, used to exhibit a picturesque kind of memorial of the saint to whom the day had been originally dedicated, and from whom the Isle has derived, in a great measure, its importance; we refer to the ribbons of various colour then offered for sale—no ordinary merchandise, for they had touched the shrine of St. Etheldreda, more popularly known as St. Audrey, and were thence called St. Audrey's ribbons. But this, like so many of our other interesting customs, has shared the fate of the views and sentiments that first gave them birth, and disappeared, and we must now look to the dusty records of our local antiquaries for any tokens of remembrance of the pious lady to whom we owe the foundation of the great religious establishment on the Isle, and therefore remotely of the cathedral itself, which

was connected with it. Yet the history of Etheldreda was one calculated to live in the popular recollection. She was the daughter of Anna, King of East Anglia, who gave her the Isle of Ely as a part of her dowry on her marriage with Tonbert, a nobleman of the same kingdom. After Tonbert's death she married Egfrid, King of Northumberland; but from a very early period all her affectionate and desires seem to have been placed on a monastic life—we are informed she lived with both husbands in a state of virginity—and so she finally obtained the unwilling consent of the king to her retirement to the cloister, and took the veil at Coldingham. Egfrid, however, who was passionately attached to her, withdrew this permission, and brought her home. Determined to fulfil what she conceived to be her mission, she again left him, secretly, and fled to the Isle of Ely, where she began the erection of the monastery, assisted by her brother, then King of the East Angles. Egfrid, still persevering in his endeavours to compel her to live with him, was (so the monastic writers tell us) warned to desist, by a miracle. As he pursued her with a body of knights, the rock on which she happened at the time to be standing, accompanied by her maidens, was suddenly surrounded by water. After that Etheldreda was allowed to pursue her own way in peace. And then the new monastery was finished, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the foundress appointed its first abbess. Bede has given us a striking view of her domestic life in this high office. It appears she never wore any linen, but only woollen garments, ate only once a day, except during sickness, or on occasions of great festivals, and never, except when her ill health rendered indulgence necessary, returned to bed after matins, which were held in the church at midnight, but made it her custom to continue there at prayers till daybreak. The fame of all this sanctity and discipline gained many and distinguished converts. Persons of the noblest family, matrons of the highest rank, we are told, devoted themselves to religion under her guidance; even some of royal state joined her, resigning all the comforts and luxuries to which they had been accustomed, for the hard fare and severe monotony of a monastic life;—such were Etheldreda's own relatives—Sexburga, her sister, Queen of Kent; Ermenilda, Sexburga's daughter; and Wurburga, the daughter of Ermenilda, who succeeded each in turn to the abbacy. Etheldreda died, as she had foretold, of a contagious disorder, and was buried, as she had directed, in a wooden coffin, in the common cemetery of the nuns. The chief events of her life, as here narrated, and others to which we have not thought it necessary to refer, are shown in a series of sculptures which decorate some of the pillars in the cathedral.

In 870 the abbey thus erected was pillaged and destroyed by the Danes, and all its revenues seized for the use of the crown. But King Edgar, in 970, regranted the whole to Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who rebuilt the monastery, and placed a number of monks in it. It was no doubt after this complete restoration that the bishop invited Ethelred, brother of the reigning monarch, Edward the Martyr, to visit Ely, who came with his mother and some of the nobility, and went in solemn procession to the shrine of St. Etheldreda; where the young prince, whose heart seems to have been filled with veneration for the memory of the virgin-wife, promised to become her devoted servant. This was the prince for whom that mother, then present, afterwards murdered her elder born, Edward: Ethelred then ascended the throne, and subsequently evidenced in various ways that he had not forgotten his visit to Ely. As to his mother, Elfrida, the annals of Ely tell of another murder committed by her, only less atrocious than that which has made her memory for ever infamous. Desiring to get rid of Abbot Brithnoth, she is said to have resorted to her usual mode of solving such difficulties—a violent death—and which was thus accomplished. Her servants having heated sharp-pointed irons in the fire, thrust them into the abbot's body beneath the arm-pits; Elfrida considering, probably, that with a little management, as to the display and care of the corpse, she would thus be able to avoid discovery. And, if such was her hope, she was gratified; for the cause of Brithnoth's death appears to have remained unknown till remorse for the murder of her son made Elfrida herself confess this murder too.

The next event in the history of the monastery is connected with one of those struggles against the Normans, that have peculiarly attracted the popular attention. It was in the Isle of Ely that Hereward, "England's darling," as his countrymen affectionately and admiringly called him, held out for a considerable period against all the forces of the Conqueror, causing him a great amount of loss, anxiety, and undissembled rage and mortification; and it was in the famous monastery of the Isle that the patriots appear to have found at first their warmest religious supporters. And although



663.—Athelstane, Ely.



664.—Alwin, Ely.



661.—Ely Cathedral, North-West.

665.—Bracket, Ely.



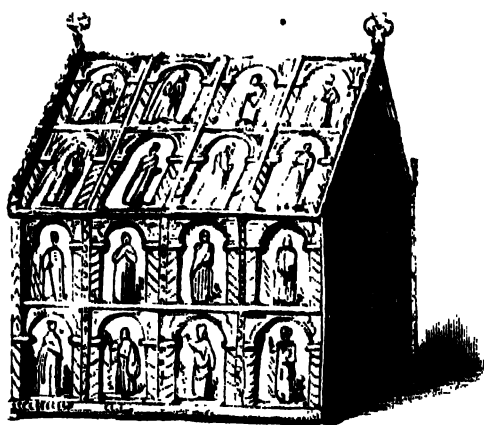
667.—Capital, Ely.



666.—Niche, St. Mary's Chapel, Ely.



668.—Early English Capital, Ely.



669.—Shrine of St. Ethelreda, Ely.



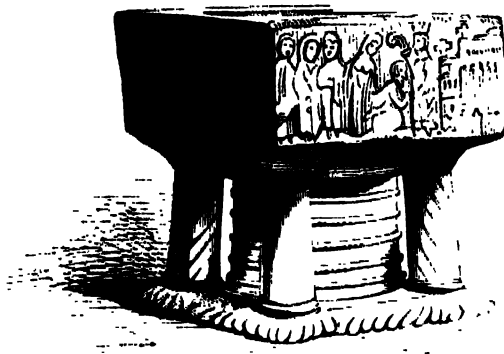
662.—Ely Cathedral.



670.—Vesica Piscis, Ely.



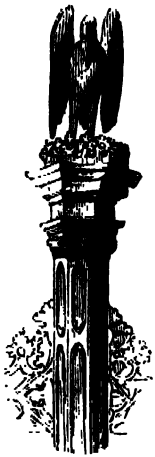
673.—Head of Waynflete, Winchester.



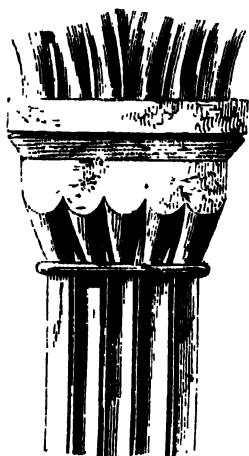
675.—Font, Winchester.



674.—Effigy of Wykeham, Winchester.



676.—Pinnacle, Bishop Fox's Chantry, Winchester.



678.—Norman Capital, Winchester.



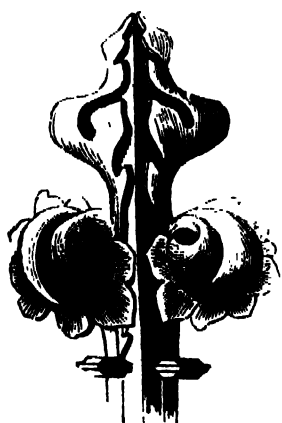
671.—North-West View of the Cathedral at Winchester.



677.—Pinnacle, Altar Screen, Winchester.



679.—Norman Capital, Crypt, Winchester.



680.—Finial, Winchester.



672.—Winchester.



681.—Finial, Lady Chapel, Winchester.

there were some recreant few of the monks who, having made a profession of fasting up to a certain point, were so utterly averse to going beyond it, that when provisions grew scarce, they treacherously showed the Normans a way into the Isle, and thus caused Hereward to be at last driven from it; yet the history of William's conduct towards the abbey seems to show that the monks generally had been actuated by nobler principles, and had really given all possible aid to the brave Hereward; on the reduction of the Isle, the furniture and precious jewels of the monastery were seized, and its lands were divided among the Norman chieftains. The firmness of a Norman ecclesiastic alone prevented the ruin that thus seemed to threaten the establishment. Theodwin, having been named abbot by William, refused to enter upon the duties of his abbacy till all the property of the monastery had been restored to it; and so the restoration was made.

A pleasant evidence of the amiable character of the monks of Ely is furnished by an incident that is supposed to have occurred during the time that Theodwin's friend, Godfrey, held the office of Procurator, there having been a temporary vacancy of the abbacy after Theodwin's death. The story also gives a curious illustration of the uses to which our kings were sometimes accustomed to turn the religious establishments of England. Certain knights and gentlemen, who are understood to have belonged for the most part to the best families of the country, and who were officers in the king's army, were sent down by the king to be quartered for a time in the monastery, until he could better provide for them, or until he needed their services. The monks received them well, admitted them to dine with themselves in the common hall or refectory, and at last grew so much attached to them, that when they were called away to go into Normandy, to repress the insurrection of Robert, the king's son, the monks conducted them a portion of the way with solemn procession and singing, and only parted with them at Hadenham, after mutual expressions of deep regret and respect. We need only add to the foregoing historical notices, that Ely was raised into a bishopric by the King Henry I., in 1107, who thus expected to decrease the political importance of the Isle, by dividing the ecclesiastical lands and authority; and that after the dissolution of monasteries, Henry VIII. raised the church to the rank of a cathedral—dedicated to the Undivided Trinity.

A glance at our engraving (Fig. 661) will show that this building is at once noble and remarkable. The elegant lantern-like character of the towers in particular arrests our attention, and we are further surprised to find that the shorter of the two occupies the position generally assigned to the main tower, namely, the centre of the structure, whilst the larger forms a portion of the western front. The interior of the octagon tower presents a no less interesting peculiarity of rich architectural effect. In looking at the date of the different parts of the cathedral, we are naturally curious to know first if there be any remains of Etheldreda's work, and we are answered in the affirmative, and referred to the various antique specimens of masonry now enclosed within, or forming parts of the walls of the neighbouring prebendal houses. Of the cathedral itself, the oldest portion is the transept, which appears to be of the style prevalent in the early part of the twelfth century, and was therefore, in all likelihood, built when the erection of the bishopric gave a new dignity to the church, and demanded, as may have been thought, a more magnificent structure. The transept, therefore, is Norman, with circular arches and heavy pillars; and the nave, which was erected in the same century, does not materially differ from it. Between 1174 and 1189, however, the great western tower was erected by Bishop Rydel, and afforded a noble example of the mighty architectural changes which a single century had brought forth; elegance and beauty were fast growing upon the solid foundation that had been laid for them. Before the close of the same century the Galilee Chapel was built. The presbytery, now used as the choir, was the work of half a century later, when pointed architecture had attained a state of essential perfection: if we contrast the choir of Ely with the choirs of other cathedrals more distinguished for their exquisite architecture, we find that it is mere elaborateness of decoration that makes the difference. And it is no slight merit in the builders of our cathedrals that they knew how to go on elaborating without losing in the process all the more valuable qualities of their productions: it is something to be able to say, after looking at the exquisite purity of the choir of Ely, that the octagon tower is the most beautiful part of the whole building, simply because it is the latest.

The height of this tower is one hundred and seventy feet. The dimensions of the other parts of the cathedral are, the west tower two hundred and seventy feet, transept one hundred and ninety feet, entire length five hundred and thirty-five feet. The monu-

ments present some superb specimens of sculpture—such are the tombs of Bishops Alcott and West,—and some memorials of still higher interest than art can give, though not altogether disconnected with art; we allude more particularly to the tomb of Tiptoft, the ill-fated Earl of Worcester, the patron of Caxton, and a man of such universal accomplishments that, when he was executed at Tower Hill, 1470, it was said, "The axe then did at one blow cut off more learning than was left in the heads of all the surviving nobility."

According to certain authorities, more amusing than trustworthy, there was reigning over Britain in the second century, and some twelve and a half centuries after Brute, the descendant of the far-famed Æneas of Troy, ruled in the island, one Lucius, who became a convert to Christianity, and erected a church at Winchester, on the site previously occupied by the chief Pagan temple of the country. Whether the story be true or false, it gives us a striking idea of the antiquity of the cathedral, whose origin is thus carried back to the period where fact and fable mingle inextricably together. The first record of a strictly historical nature, respecting Winchester, seems to be in connection with the seventh century, when the Saxon kings and people of Wessex generally relinquished idolatry; Kinegils, a descendant of that very Cerdic who is said to have destroyed Lucius's structure, setting the example in 635, and began the erection of a new cathedral, of great size and magnificence, which was completed by his successor Kenewalch. The first bishop was St. Birinus, who had been sent over to England by Pope Honorius, and to whom the merit of Kinegils' conversion is attributed.

In this brief statement we may perceive ground to satisfy us that Winchester must have been a place of no ordinary importance, and the direct history of the city tells us that backwards from the reign of Richard the First, through English, Norman, Saxon, and it is supposed even British times, Winchester was really the capital of the island. Of its origin, it were almost idle to speak. "It may possibly have existed," says a writer in the 'Penny Magazine,' "as a village in the woods for a thousand years before the Christian era." The Danes, who, as we have seen, figure so conspicuously and so destructively in the annals of a great proportion of the oldest churches and monasteries of the country, reduced the building once more to a ruin, in 871, to be re-edified, as is supposed, by him whose very name became more terrible to the Danes than their own had been to the afflicted people of England—Alfred. But the earliest portions of the present pile are those which were erected towards the close of the tenth century, by Bishop Ethelwold, who finding the cathedral greatly dilapidated, rebuilt it from the foundation. Some of the most substantial walls and pillars of the existing pile are the presumed remains of St. Ethelwold's labours. With the following century came the Conquest, and a Norman ecclesiastic, Walkelyn, to rule over the see, and introduce his own country's superior knowledge of, and taste for, architecture. His advent was delayed, however, in an unexpected and extraordinary manner. When the Conqueror died, there was but one Saxon bishop to be found in broad England—Wulstan, bishop of Winchester; a man whose only learning was the best of all learning, that which taught him to live a life of spotless purity, humility, and unremitting usefulness. He was required to resign his episcopal staff, by a synod, sitting at Westminster Abbey, on the ground that he was ignorant of the French language. Wulstan rose, on the demand being made, grasped his crozier firmly in his hand, and thus spoke: "I am aware, my Lord Archbishop, that I am neither worthy of this dignity, nor equal to its duties; this I knew when the clergy elected, when the prelates compelled, when my master called me to fill it. By the authority of the Holy See he laid this burden upon me, and with this staff he commanded me to receive the rank of a bishop. You now demand of me the pastoral staff, which you did not present, and the office which you did not bestow. Aware of my insufficiency, and obedient to this holy synod, I now resign them; not, however, to you, but to him by whose authority I received them." Advancing then to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, he thus apostrophised the deceased sovereign: "Master, thou knowest how reluctantly I assumed this charge at thy instigation. It was thy command that, more than the wish of the people, the voice of the prelates, and the desire of the nobles, compelled me. Now we have a new king, a new primate, and new enactments. Thee they accuse of error, in having so commanded, and me of presumption, because I obeyed. Formerly, indeed, thou mightest err, because thou wert mortal; but now thou art with God, and canst err no longer. Not to them, therefore who recall what they did not give, and who may deceive

and be deceived, but to thee who gave them, and art now raised above all error, I resign my staff, and surrender my flock." And so saying, he laid the crozier upon the tomb, and took his place among the monks, as one of their own rank. But lo, a miracle! or what was alleged to be one—the staff became so firmly embedded in the stone, that it could not be removed; an evident token that it was the pleasure of Heaven, that Wulstan should not be deprived of his bishopric: the synod left him therefore in its possession in peace. At his death, Walkelyn, a Norman, was appointed by the king, and it was in his case, as in many others, of prelates appointed by the Conqueror, if they could not satisfy the people of their right, they certainly did convince them of their fitness. Walkelyn built the present tower, part of the present nave and transepts, and altogether made the cathedral so essentially a new work, that it was re-dedicated by him to the Apostles Peter and Paul and the Saint Swithin. Succeeding prelates continued to add and to decorate till Wykeham came, and crowned the whole with the magnificent west front, truly *his* front, as the statue in the pediment seems fittingly to assert, for he was the architect, as well as in a general sense the builder. The character of this distinguished man illustrates so strongly what we conceive must have been the character, in a lesser degree, of many of the prelates to whom we owe our cathedrals, that we should have been glad to have dwelt on it, did our space permit, at more length. As it is, we can only observe, by way of showing the marvellous versatility, as well as lofty excellence in particular pursuits, which men in those early ages often exhibited, unconscious of the practical refutation they were giving to the absurd "philosophy" of later ones, that William of Wykeham, as a man of the world, raised himself, by address and ability, from a very humble position in life, that left him dependent on strangers for his education, to a position which gave him an opportunity of commanding the most lofty; that William of Wykeham, as a priest, was so distinguished in his holy calling, that he was raised by successive steps from the mere clerk to the all-potential bishop; that William of Wykeham, as a statesman, after a similar series of ascending stages, became Lord High Chancellor, and that, too, at a time, the latter part of the reign of Edward the Third and the reign of Richard the Second, when the national affairs were in the most perturbed state; that William of Wykeham, a wholesale restorer and reformer of existing religious foundations, was scarcely less famous as an establisher of new ones in honour, and for the promotion of learning—witness to the last feature those two noble colleges of Winchester and Oxford that were founded by him; that, lastly, William of Wykeham, as an artist, was without rival in his own time, and hardly surpassed in any other. To the man who began his career in this department of his multifarious history, as a clerk of the works to the king, we owe not merely the grand western front of Winchester Cathedral, but such works as England's one palace, among the several so called, Windsor, which assumed, under Wykeham, for the first time, the extent and general arrangement that still prevail through the castle.

Since the bishopric of this noble specimen of *all-sided* humanity, to borrow Goethe's characteristic mode of expression, the chief builder at Winchester has been Bishop Fox, whose statue, under a canopy, terminates in his improvements on the east. But the good work has been continued with admirable spirit and taste in our own days. Not less than forty thousand pounds have been recently expended in restoration, and, what in one instance was still more needed, alteration; we allude to the beautiful choir-screen, that now stands where stood Inigo Jones's elegant, but ridiculously inharmonious, piece of composite handiwork.

Figures of arithmetic sometimes describe better than figures of speech, and we are not sure but that will be the case, as respects the general external aspect of Winchester Cathedral. Whilst the entire length of the structure reaches to five hundred and forty-five feet, the main tower rises only to the height of one hundred and thirty-eight feet: the outspread but stunted expression of the pile may therefore be seen at once. The tower, indeed, rises but twenty-six feet above the roof; the explanation, therefore, is evident—the work remains unfinished. Apart from the west front, however, Winchester is, in many respects, a truly magnificent structure. The view that opens upon the spectator, as he enters by the western door, is one of almost unequalled splendour; he looks through one continuous vista of pillars, arches, and roof, extending to the eastern extremity, where the eye finally rests upon the superb eastern window, that casts its "dim religious light" into the choir. The pillars and arches of the nave are among the most interesting parts of the cathedral: within the clustered columns, that give so light an aspect to those enormous masses of masonry, are hidden

the very Saxon pillars of Ethelwold's structure; within those pointed arches above them, yet remain Ethelwold's semicircular ones; the skilful architect having thus adapted both pillars and arches to the style required, rather than pull them down unnecessarily. The cathedral is rich in monuments: William Rufus lies here, in the choir, in a tomb of plain grey stone. In six mortuary chests, carved in wood, painted and gilt, are buried the remains of Saxon Kings, Kinegils probably among them, and of other distinguished persons, transferred by Bishop Fox from the decayed coffins in which they had been buried. But in an artistic sense, the monumental glory of the cathedral consists in the chantries or oratories of the Bishops Edyngton, Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete, and Fox: the last four are among the most superb specimens we possess of these generally beautiful works. One of West's best pictures, the Raising of Lazarus, forms the cathedral altar-piece.

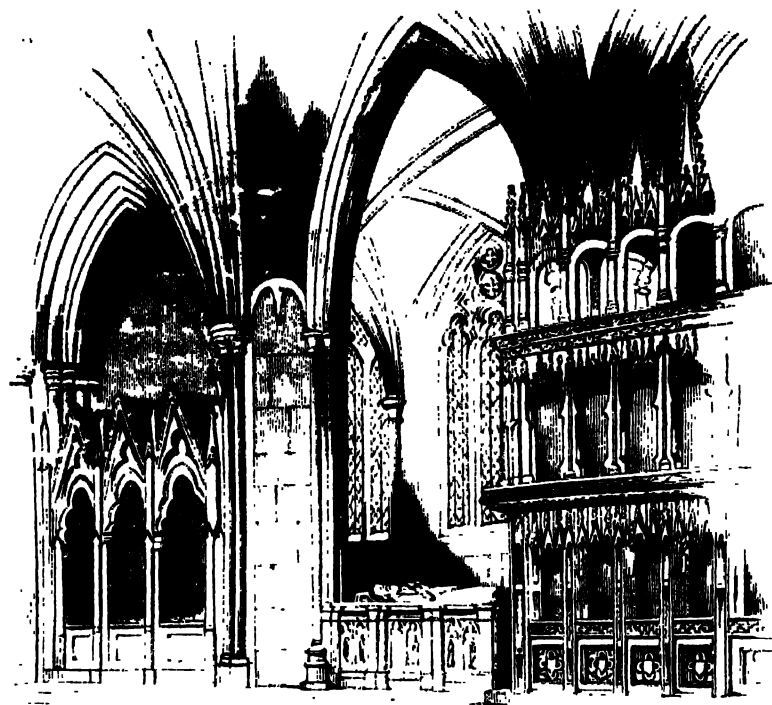
The magnificence of Cardinal Wolsey has become a byword, and, as often happens in such cases, has by that very proof of its original fitness almost ceased to be of any practical value; in other words, the term now rises habitually to the mind whenever the subject is before it, in place of, rather than as concentrating and explaining the circumstances and thoughts which originally gave currency to it. But if any one desires to revive the idea of that magnificence in all its primitive freshness of meaning, he need only visit Oxford. Near the southern entrance of the city, with its picturesque series of bridges across the Isis, or Thames, he will find a pile of buildings at first attracting his attention by its general architectural splendour, then by its extraordinary extent, the plan including a cathedral, two great quadrangles, and two courts; lastly by the individual interest attached to almost every separate feature, and more especially the cathedral, the superb west front, the stately hall, and the entrance tower, in which hangs one of the most famous of English bells, Great Tom of Oxford. That pile of building forms Christ Church College and Cathedral, the former being the establishment that Wolsey founded in grateful acknowledgment of the benefits he had derived from the university, and in redemption of the promise which he had consequently made at an early period of his prosperity, to bestow some lasting mark of his esteem upon the place. And splendid as is the edifice, important as are its uses, the one and the other represent but imperfectly the gigantic plan of its founder, which was and is an unprecedented instance of princely beneficence in a country of wealthy men and prodigal benefactors. The best architects of the age were collected together to erect the buildings; and the society for whose accommodation they were to be reared was to consist of one hundred and sixty persons, chiefly engaged in the study of sciences, divinity, canon and civil law, arts, physic, and literature. But the sunshine of royal favour, in which the great Cardinal basked became suddenly eclipsed by newer favourites; he fell even more suddenly and signally than he had risen. The crowned despot, however, for once seems to have been moved in a good cause; and either Wolsey's pathetic consignment of his cherished project to the royal care, or the entreaties of the university, caused him to save Christ Church and become its patron. Some years later he translated the see of Osenoy, formed by himself out of the monastery of that name, to Oxford, and Christ Church became the cathedral. At the same time the principal estates were granted to the chapter, on condition of their maintaining three public professors of Divinity, Hebrew, and Greek; one hundred students in theology, arts, and philosophy, eight chaplains, and a suitable choir. We have thought it necessary to give this short notice of the origin of the junction of the college with the cathedral, which would otherwise have seemed unaccountable to those ignorant of their history; and, having done that, proceed to notice the structure that more peculiarly belongs to our present section.

Wolsey founded his college upon a site not only time-honoured, but made sacred by its early connection with the growth of Christianity in England, and, to some eyes at least, by one of those pious legends with which church history is so rife; it was on the site of the monastery of St. Frideswida, the church of which yet remained, that he began to build.

We need hardly speak of the antiquity of Oxford itself, since there are learned men who talk of literature having flourished there ever since certain "excellent philosophers with the Trojans coming out of Greece, under the command of Brute, entered and settled in Britain." Whatever truth there may be in this, it seems to be undoubted by any one that it was a place of importance in the British times. But the first event that may be called historical, and that had any great influence over its future fortunes, was one



685.—Pinnacle, Oxford.



682.—Shrine of St. Frideswide, Oxford.

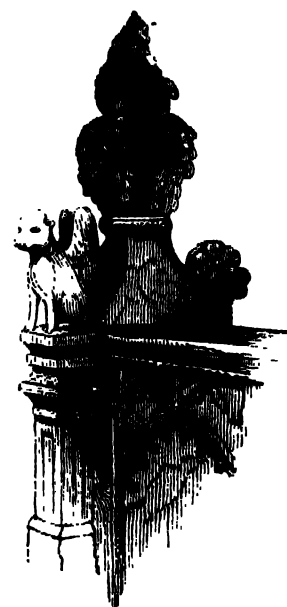
686.—Corbel Shaft, Oxford.



687.—Poppy-head, Oxford.



683.—Christ Church, Oxford.



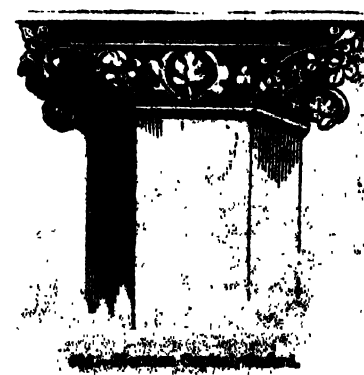
688.—Poppy-head, Oxford.



689.—Corbel Shaft, Oxford.



690.—Arcade, Christ Church, Oxford.



691.—Corbel Shaft, Oxford.



681.—Bury St. Edmunds.



682.—Bury St. Edmunds.



683.—Bury St. Edmunds.—17.5.



684.—Abbey Gateway, Bury St. Edmunds.



685.—Parliament in Abbey of Bury.



686.—Baron Tower, Bury.

of which the Cathedral of Christ Church is to this day the palpable embodiment. In 727 Didan, the sub-regulus, or Earl of Oxford, founded a monastery, then dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and in which Didan and his wife were interred. Their daughter, Frideswida, devoted herself to a religious life, and was appointed to the government of her parents' foundation; when an event occurred that incalculably enhanced the popularity of the monastery, and ended in her canonization and the rededication of the monastery to her. Algar, Earl of Leicester, fell in love with her, and allowed his passion so far to exceed all the limits that prudence, as well as religious principle, marked out, as to endeavour to force her, sacred to the service of God as she was by her own choice and the monastic laws, into a marriage. She then concealed herself in a wood at Benson, near Oxford; and the Earl, unable to discover her abode, threatened to fire the city if she was not delivered up to him. "Such tyranny and presumption," observes Leland, "could not escape divine vengeance; he was struck blind! Hence arose such a dread to the Kings of Britain, that none of his successors dared enter Oxford for some time after."

Frideswida died in 740, and was probably buried in a chapel on the south side of the church, for there stood her shrine, until the great fire of Oxford in 1002 (that occurred during the simultaneous massacre of the Danes by Ethelred's order), when it was nearly destroyed, and for a time neglected. But in 1180 the shrine was removed to its present situation, in the dormitory, to the north of the choir; and the worn steps leading to the little oratory, erected at the back of the shrine, show how numerous have been the devotees who have there visited it. In course of time, a new shrine was desired for so popular a saint, which was accordingly erected in 1289, and which remained until the Reformation, when it is said to have been destroyed; but was more probably simply defaced. And even then the relics of the body of St. Frideswida were preserved by some ardent Catholics, and restored subsequently to the church. In the reign of Queen Mary, the remains of the wife of Peter Martyr, the Reformer, were taken up from their resting-place in the Cathedral, and formally condemned to be buried beneath a dunghill: when Elizabeth came to the throne, they were restored with all marked honours; and to prevent any further disturbance in case of a restoration of the older religionists to power, the very singular step was taken of mixing the mouldering relics of the wife of the Protestant reformer with those of the canonized nun and abbess Frideswida. Whether the mingled ashes now lie in the grave of Martyr's wife, or beneath the large altar tomb that is supposed to be St. Frideswida's, and is called by her name, is now unknown. In Fig. 682 this monument is shown: the one to the extreme right, with three stages of decorated architectural work, the lowest being of stone, the other two of wood. Beyond, and next to it, is the very rich monument of Lady Elizabeth Montacute, with her effigy, in the costume of the day, the dress enamelled in gold and colours all over. The third and last monument of the same range is the tomb of Guimond, the first prior; for St. Frideswida's monastery for nuns was subsequently changed into a house of secular canons, and then again into one for regular canons of the order of St. Austin; and thus it remained until Wolsey obtained an order for its dissolution from the Pope, prior to the change he meditated.

There is no reason to suppose that any portions of the pile erected by the parents of Frideswida are preserved in the present Cathedral. At the same time, the architectural character of the oldest portions of the church—early Norman or Saxon—has induced some antiquaries to refer its date to the very beginning of the eleventh century; but the more received opinion is that which attributes the erection to the twelfth century. Much, however, has been added since, as the Chapter House, which, with a highly-enriched Norman doorway, exhibits generally a valuable example of the early English style; the tower of similar architecture (the present spire was added by Wolsey); and the cloisters, which are in the beautiful perpendicular style. Some of the most striking parts of the interior belong to the same period as the cloisters. The roof of the nave is especially deserving of attention, for its curiously-beautiful groining, and for the pendants which stud it over. The size of Christ Church is certainly remarkable, but in the opposite sense to that in which such words are usually applied to such structures: it is, indeed, one of the most *petite* of cathedrals. Its entire length but little exceeds one hundred and fifty feet, and the entire breadth is but fifty-four feet; the transept measures one hundred and two feet, from end to end; the roof is about forty feet high; the steeple, one hundred and forty-six.

Leland, writing of Bury St. Edmunds, some three centuries ago,

observed with unwonted enthusiasm, "The sun hath not shone on a town more delightfully situated;" and we may also add, that the sun doth not now shine on a town, in the whole, more worthy of its natural beauty of position, or of the name which it is said to have borne in the Roman times—the Villa Faustina, or the "happy town." This has partly arisen from the circumstance that a great portion of the place was burnt down in 1806, and has been rebuilt in a handsome manner; but still more must be owing to the feelings and taste of the inhabitants. The river, which, as may be seen in our engravings (Figs. 691, 692), gives so charming an appearance to Bury St. Edmunds from whatever direction viewed, is the Lark; and it contributes no less to the internal than the external aspect, to the comfort than the prosperity of the place. Here we see its waters washing the lower part of the very pretty botanical garden; there bearing along the numerous barges laden with coals and other commodities which they have received about a mile below the town, where the Lark ceases to be navigable to larger vessels. The entrance to that garden is through the "abbey gate," almost the only relic of a monastery which, in architectural extent and magnificence, wealth, privileges, and power, surpassed every other in Great Britain, Glastonbury alone excepted; and the early history of which almost ranks even with that foundation in interest.

In the ninth century the place belonged to Beodric, and was hence called his *worthe* or *cortis*, that is to say, his villa or mansion, and was by that nobleman bequeathed to Edmund, the King and Martyr. How the last-named title was obtained it is our business here briefly to relate, for in the martyrdom of King Edmund we look for the origin of much of the prosperity of Bury, and of the historical interest which now invests its monastic remains. Mingling, as usual, truth and fable, the story runs thus:—Edmund, the brother and predecessor of the great Alfred, succeeding to the throne of East Anglia, was crowned at Bury, on the Christmas-day of 856, being at the time only fifteen years old. In 870 he was taken prisoner by the Danes, and, as he was a Christian as well as an enemy, tortured to death. The Danes first scourged him, then bound him to a tree, and pierced his body all over with arrows; lastly they cut off his head, which they threw into a neighbouring wood. On the departure of these terrible visitors, the subjects of the murdered king sought his remains, that they might inter them with all the honour and reverence due alike to his position and his character. The body was found still attached to the fatal tree; this they buried in a wooden chapel at Hagilsdun, now Hoxne. For a time, all their endeavours to discover the head were ineffectual; but when forty days had elapsed, it was found between the fore-paws of a wolf, which, strange to say, yielded it up quietly, and, stranger still, un mutilated, and then retired into the forest. No wonder that Lydgate the poet, who was a monk of Bury, observes, "An unkonouth thyng, and strange ageyn nature." The greatest marvel was yet behind. The head was taken to Hagilsdun, placed against the body in its natural position; when it united so closely with the latter, which was not at all decomposed, that the separation could hardly be traced. The corpse was subsequently removed to Bury, which hence obtained the name of Bury St. Edmunds. Events of this nature were calculated to call forth in the highest degree the pious enthusiasm of the people; and which found, as usual, its development in a magnificent house for religious men, whose lives should be devoted to the honour of the king, martyr, and saint, and of the God in whose service he had so worthily lived and died. Six priests first met, and formed the nucleus. Benefactors of every class, from the highest to the lowest, assisted in the good work; among the earliest of these may be named King Athelstane, and Edmund, son of Edward the Elder. But the time was inauspicious in many respects for rapid or safe progress. The Danes still threatened; and, on one occasion (just before Swein destroyed Bury, in the beginning of the eleventh century), Ailwin, guardian of the body of St. Edmund, conveyed it to London. In the metropolis a new perplexity arose: the Bishop of London, having obtained possession of the treasured remains, by a process that might almost be called a kind of felony, refused to give it up when Ailwin was prepared to return; the guardian, however, was immovably true to his trust, and so, after much altercation, it was again safely deposited in Bury. Peace at last blessed the land, and Ailwin began in earnest the erection of a place that should be esteemed suitable to the memory of him whose mausoleum it was in effect to be. In 1020 he ejected all the secular clergy, and filled their places with Benedictine monks, obtained their exemption from all episcopal authority, and, these preliminaries settled, began the erection of a beautiful church of wood. Two other churches were subsequently raised of the same material. But in 1065 Abbot Baldwin laid the foundation of

fourth, of stone, and on the most magnificent scale. It was about five hundred feet long: the transept extended two hundred and twelve feet; the western front was two hundred and forty feet broad; no less than twelve chapels were attached in different parts: twelve years were spent in the erection. Of this grand structure there remain but portions of the west front: the chief are, a tower converted into a stable, and three arches, forming originally the entrances into the three aisles of the church, which the utilitarianism of the age has converted, no doubt with considerable self-congratulation at the ingenuity of the idea, into very snug and comfortable dwelling-houses. Notwithstanding all that we know of the influences that have been in operation during the last three centuries to injure or degrade those noble architectural monuments of our forefathers, it strikes one every now and then with a sense of surprise to see how extensive these injuries have been, involving, indeed, in many cases, the almost absolute destruction of piles that, before such influences began to operate, were in the most perfect and apparently indestructible state. When Leland looked upon Bury in the sixteenth century, and said the sun had not shone upon a more delightfully situated town, he added also, nor on "a monastery more illustrious, whether we consider its wealth, its extent, or its incomparable magnificence. You might indeed say that the monastery itself is a town; so many gates are there, so many towers, and a church than which none can be more magnificent; and subservient to which are three others, also splendidly adorned with admirable workmanship, and standing in one and the same churchyard." That was but little more than three centuries ago; yet of all these buildings, which, if even left uncared for to the uninterrupted processes of natural decay, would have exhibited as yet but mere superficial injury, what have we now left? Two of the three smaller churches, a tower and a few arches of the great one, a gateway and part of the walls of the monastery, and another gateway, or tower, which formed the entrance into the churchyard, opposite the western front of the monastic church: and that is, in effect, all. It is, indeed, difficult to believe in the truth of Leland's description, and the description of other writers, who speak in minuter detail of the four grand gates to the abbey, the lofty embattled walls extending so far around, and enclosing, besides the four churches and the necessary monastic buildings of residence, a palace and garden for the abbot, chapter-house, infirmaries, churchyard, and several chapels,—till we begin patiently to explore the traces yet to be found on the spot, and to remember the size and importance of that community which had here for so many centuries its abode. The household of St. Edmundsbury included some eighty monks, sixteen chaplains, and one hundred and eleven servants. The importance of the monastery is shown in its power and privileges. The abbot sat in parliament as a baron of the realm, and in his chapter-house and hall as something more. No sovereign, indeed, could be much more absolute. He appointed the parochial clergy of Bury—all civil and criminal causes arising within the place were tried within his court—the life and death of offenders were in his hand. The monastery coined its own money, and the monarch's into the bargain, when it suited him to obtain its assistance: Edward I. and Edward II. both had mints here. It permitted no divided allegiance in the locality, whether of a spiritual or a temporal nature, and had a very summary mode of setting at rest any question of the kind that might arise. In the thirteenth century, some Franciscan friars, came to Bury, and built a handsome monastery; but the monks having by that time, we presume, settled in their own minds that they did not like friars, went and pulled down their building, and drove its tenants forth from the town. Redress appears to have been quite out of the question. Another evidence of the importance of the monastery may be drawn from our knowledge of its wealth. At the dissolution, the commissioners of the king said they had taken from it in gold and silver five thousand marks, a rich cross with emeralds, and also divers stones of great value, but still left behind ample store of plate of silver for the service of the church, abbot, and convent. As to its revenues, a writer in 1727 said, they would have been equal at that time to the enormous sum of two hundred thousand pounds yearly.

We have already noticed the remains of the monastic church. The abbey gate (Fig. 694) was erected in 1327, and is, therefore, above five centuries old, yet notwithstanding its age, and the entire destruction of its roof, remains surprisingly perfect. As a specimen of Gothic architecture it is at once majestic and superb; the height being no less than sixty-two feet, and the fronts, more particularly that on the western or exterior side, being decorated in the most gorgeously splendid style. Among the beautiful decorations of the interior of the gateway is much carved-work, including,

in one part, the arms of the Confessor. But the tower leading into the churchyard (Fig. 695) is, considering its remoter antiquity, as well as its extraordinary magnificence, the most interesting of all the remains of this great religious establishment. It rises to the height of eighty feet, is simple and massive in form, but most elaborately beautiful in decoration—and pure unadulterated Saxon. It is, in a word, one of the finest things of the kind in existence. No records carry us back to the date of its erection. The sculpture upon it is exceedingly curious and valuable as the product of so early a time. Near the base on the western side are two bas-reliefs; in one of which Adam and Eve, entwined by the serpent, typify man in his fallen state; whilst in the other, the Deity is seen sitting in triumph in a circle of cherubim, as representative of man's spiritual restoration. In the interior of the arch are some grotesque figures. The stone of which the edifice is built is remarkable for the number of small shells it contains. Through this gateway we pass to the churchyard, where, as we wander along an avenue of stately and fragrant lime-trees, we perceive, in different parts, the two churches of St. James and St. Mary, and the Shire-hall, erected on the site of the third and destroyed church of St. Margaret; various portions of the abbey ruins; Clopton's Hospital, a modern work of beneficence; and the mausoleum, once the chapel of the charnel, where Lydgate is understood to have resided, and where possibly the greater part of his multifarious writings were composed. His case furnishes a valuable and instructive example of one of the uses of our monasteries—that of nurturing men of learning and literary ability. Lydgate was at once a traveller, a schoolmaster, a philologist, a rhetorician, a geometrician, an astronomer, a theologian, a disputant, a poet; and it is hardly too much to say, that he was all this chiefly because he was also a monk. How many such men may not these institutions have contained, but who did not, like Lydgate, seek for fame beyond the confines of their own monastery! Such encouragement as the Abbot of St. Edmundsbury gave to Lydgate was, in all probability, the rule rather than the exception, in such establishments generally. The pride in the reputation thus reflected upon their house, and the eternal craving for some kind of mental occupation and excitement, which no discipline could entirely eradicate, must have made many a superior encourage such studies, even when he had in himself no particular tendency towards them; but how much more when he had!—and the frequency of the qualification "learning" recorded in accounts of election to monastic government shows that this must have been a matter of common occurrence. We need not then be surprised to see Lydgate allowed to master so many departments of knowledge, or to open a school in the monastery at Bury for teaching some of them, as he did, to the sons of the nobility of his day. Another and equally pleasant instance of the estimation in which he was held is commemorated by a most splendidly illuminated MS. now in the British Museum, forming a life of St. Edmund, and which he presented to Henry VI. when he visited the monastery in 1440: a pension of 7*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* was the monarch's answering gift; a most princely one, according to the then value of money. Both the smaller churches that we have mentioned as existing are strikingly handsome. St. Mary's has three aisles, divided by two rows of very elegant columns; and the roof of the middle aisle, sixty feet high, is beautifully carved. The roof of the chancel presents an additional feature, carved gilt work on a blue ground, supposed to have been brought from Caen in Normandy. In this church lies Mary Tudor, third daughter of Henry VI., and wife, first, of Louis XII. of France, and afterwards of the Duke of Suffolk: there also, in the middle of the chancel, rests the last Abbot of Bury, John Reeves.

Many events of historical importance are recorded in connection with the monastery. During the wars between Henry II. and his son, the forces of the former marched out of Bury with the sacred standard of St. Edmund, to a spot in the neighbourhood where the enemy was met with, and a battle fought, which ended in favour of the king: to the standard, of course, was attributed the honour of the victory. This incident probably suggested to Richard I. the idea of bringing to Bury the rich standard of Isaac, King of Cyprus, which he had taken whilst on his way to Acre and the Holy Land. But the most important of all such events were those connected with the baronial struggle for the great Charter. John arrived from France in October, 1214, full of rage and mortification at the defeat his forces had recently experienced at a place between Lisle and Tournay, and determined to repay himself for his sufferings and losses at the hands of the enemy by increased exactions from his own subjects. FitzPeter, the Justiciary, a man whom John feared, had died during his absence. He laughed



700.—Byland Abbey, Yorkshire.



701.—Byland Abbey.



702.—Fountains Abbey.



703.—Walsingham Abbey.



697.—Bermondsey.—Remains of the Eastern Gate-house of the Abbey.



698.—Bermondsey.—Remains of the Abbey; from a drawing made immediately before their Demolition.



707.—Perashore.



708.—Cross near Perashore.



704.—Priory Church, Hexham. (East end.)



705.—Tewkesbury.



706.—Tewkesbury.

as the news was imparted to him: "It is well," said he; "in hell he may again shake hands with Hubert our late primate, for surely he will find him there. By God's teeth, now, for the first time, I am King and Lord of England." But the barons were prepared. A league had been already formed with Langton, the Cardinal, and they now agreed to meet: "The time is favourable," they said: "the feast of St. Edmund approaches; amidst the multitudes that resort to his shrine we may assemble without suspicion." On the day in question the 20th of November, they met, and resolved to demand their rights from the king, in his very court, on the coming Christmas-day. It was a hazardous undertaking, and one from which weak minds might easily be induced to draw back, to which faithless hearts might be as readily instigated to turn traitors; so the solemn sanction of the church was as it were invoked to deter both the one class and the other, if any such there were. The barons advancing in the order of their seniority, one by one, laid their hands on the high altar, and swore that if the king refused the rights they demanded, they would withdraw their fealty, and make war upon him, until he should yield. We need not follow their proceedings further, they are too well known; but the virtual conclusion of the memorable meeting at Bury was the still more memorable one on the plains of Runnymede. Several parliaments have been held in the monastery; the most noticeable is the one that sat in 1447 for the not very estimable or dignified purpose of promoting the object which Margaret, the queen of Henry VI., and her favourite Suffolk, had so much at heart, namely, the destruction of the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester. Of course that object was for a time concealed, and Gloucester, in consequence, went unsuspectingly to his fate. On the 11th of February, or the very day after the opening of the parliament, he was arrested on a charge of high treason. In less than three weeks from that time he was found dead in his bed; and although no marks of violence were visible when the body was publicly exhibited to the people of Bury St. Edmunds, the impression was universal that he had been murdered. The weak young king, who had consented to all but the last foul proceeding, "thus"—to use, with mere verbal alteration, the words Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Gloucester, in the Second Part of Henry VI.—

————— King Henry threw away his crutch
Before his legs were firm to bear his body:
Thus was the shepherd beaten from his side,
When wolves were gnawing who should gnaw him first.

But for Gloucester's sudden death, we might have known nothing of the wars of the Roses.

So completely has every important vestige of the once famous Abbey of Bermondsey (see Fig. 698) been swept away, that one may pass a hundred times through the streets and lanes that now cover the site, without even a suspicion that any such establishment had ever existed there. A few decaying squalid-looking tenements in the corner of an out-of-the-way court (Fig. 697), a small portion of a gatehouse, with half the rusty hinge still inserted in the stone, scattered masses of wall about the present churchyard, and a few names of streets and squares, as the Long Walk, and the Grange Walk, are the sole relics of the monastery which in its days of splendour was esteemed of so much importance, that great councils of state were frequently held in it. Of the church, which unquestionably was a large and handsome, probably a very magnificent structure, there is not even a trace to be found, unless we may make an exception in favour of a very curious and ancient salver of silver, now used in St. Mary's Church for the collection of alms, and which possibly formed a part of the abbey treasure. The salver presents a view of the gate of a castle or town, with two figures, a knight kneeling before a lady, while she places a helmet on his head. The costume of the knight appears to be of the date of Edward II. This church of St. Mary, we may observe, was built on the site of a smaller one, erected by the monks at a very early period, and, it is supposed, for the use of their tenants and servants. With so little, then, existing at present to stimulate our curiosity as to the past, it will be hardly advisable to dwell at any length upon the subject, though far from an uninteresting one. The founder of Bermondsey was a citizen of London, Aylwin Child, who, in his admiration of the new order of Cluniacs that had just been introduced into England, obtained four monks from one of the foreign monasteries to establish a house of Cluniacs at Bermondsey. The Benedictine rule or discipline was, one would imagine, strict enough for any-body of men, however pious; not so thought some of the members of the order themselves; and from

their thoughts and desires gradually arose the order we have referred to. Bermondsey, like the other houses of Cluniacs in England, was considered an alien priory, that is to say, was under subjection to the great Abbey of Cluny in Burgundy, and shared therefore in the fate that befel all such alien houses in the fourteenth century—sequestration. But Richard II. not only restored it to life and activity, but raised it to the rank of an abbey: among his motives for this gracious and important favour, a present of two hundred marks, we presume, ought to be enumerated. At the dissolution Bermondsey was valued at 548*l.* 2*s.* 5*d.*; and it is remarkable enough that King Henry seems to have really got nothing in this instance by the dissolution; through his unusual liberality, the monks were all pensioned off with sums varying from five pounds six shillings and eightpence to ten pounds yearly, while the abbot's share must have swept away nearly all the rest, amounting, as it did, to 336*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* King Henry certainly was never more shrewdly managed than by the last Abbot of Bermondsey.

Among the historical recollections of the abbey may be mentioned the residence and death in it of Katherine, who had for her first husband Henry V., and for her second, Owen Tudor, the founder of the Tudor dynasty. Two days before her death, her son by the conqueror of Agincourt, Henry VI., sent to her, in token of his affectionate remembrance, a tablet of gold weighing thirteen ounces, and set with sapphires and pearls. The chief interest, however, that we now feel in the Abbey of Bermondsey arises from the enforced residence of Elizabeth Woodville, whose eventful life finds few parallels in female history. At first the wife of a simple English knight; then, after his death in the wars of the Roses, a wretched widow, pleading at the feet of Edward IV. for the reversal of the attainder that threatened to sweep away the home and estates of herself and children; then the queen of that king, and married by him for the very unpolitical reason that he had fallen passionately in love with her; then again a widow struggling to keep her royal offspring from the murderous grasp of their usurping uncle the Duke of Gloucester,—and who, after their murder in the Tower, became Richard III.; then once more lifted into apparent prosperity by the union of the rival Roses in the persons of her daughter and Henry VII.; and then, lastly, a prisoner at Bermondsey during the very reign of that daughter, and at the instance of that daughter's husband. And there she died, the queen of one king, the mother of the wife of another; and so poor, that in her will, which is touchingly pathetic, we find her leaving her blessing to her child as the only thing it was in her power to bequeath to her. "I have no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind." Henry's reason for this harshness appears to have been a belief that she had been instrumental in raising a new Yorkist insurrection in Ireland in 1486, under the leadership of the pretended Earl of Warwick, but really Lambert Simnel, the son of a joiner. He had reason to know she did scheme; for, says Bacon, "in her withdrawing chamber had the fortunate conspiracy for the king against King Richard III. been hatched, which the king knew and remembered perhaps but too well." After the death of his wife, Henry established a yearly anniversary at Bermondsey, when prayers were to be offered for his own prosperity, and for his wife's, his children's, and other relatives' souls; but not a word as to the soul of his wife's mother, the beautiful, intriguing, possibly unprincipled, but certainly most unfortunate, Elizabeth Woodville.

Having now noticed in our pages, and at what may be considered sufficient length, some of the more important of the English monasteries, we shall, as a general principle, treat the remainder in groups; passing over most of the subjects in each with a brief, or at least a very partial account, but dwelling, as we may see occasion, on the others. If many highly-important establishments may be thus cursorily dismissed, many also will receive a fair share of attention; whilst, by not attempting what is impracticable in the present instance,—to preserve the individual interest of all, we may hope to convey a more satisfactory impression as to those we select from the multitude. In our first group we include Byland and Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, Walsingham Priory in Norfolk, Tewkesbury Abbey in Gloucestershire, and Hexham Priory in Northumberland. With such subjects it is indeed difficult to make a choice; but on the whole we may consider Fountains Abbey as the best fitted for lengthened notice.

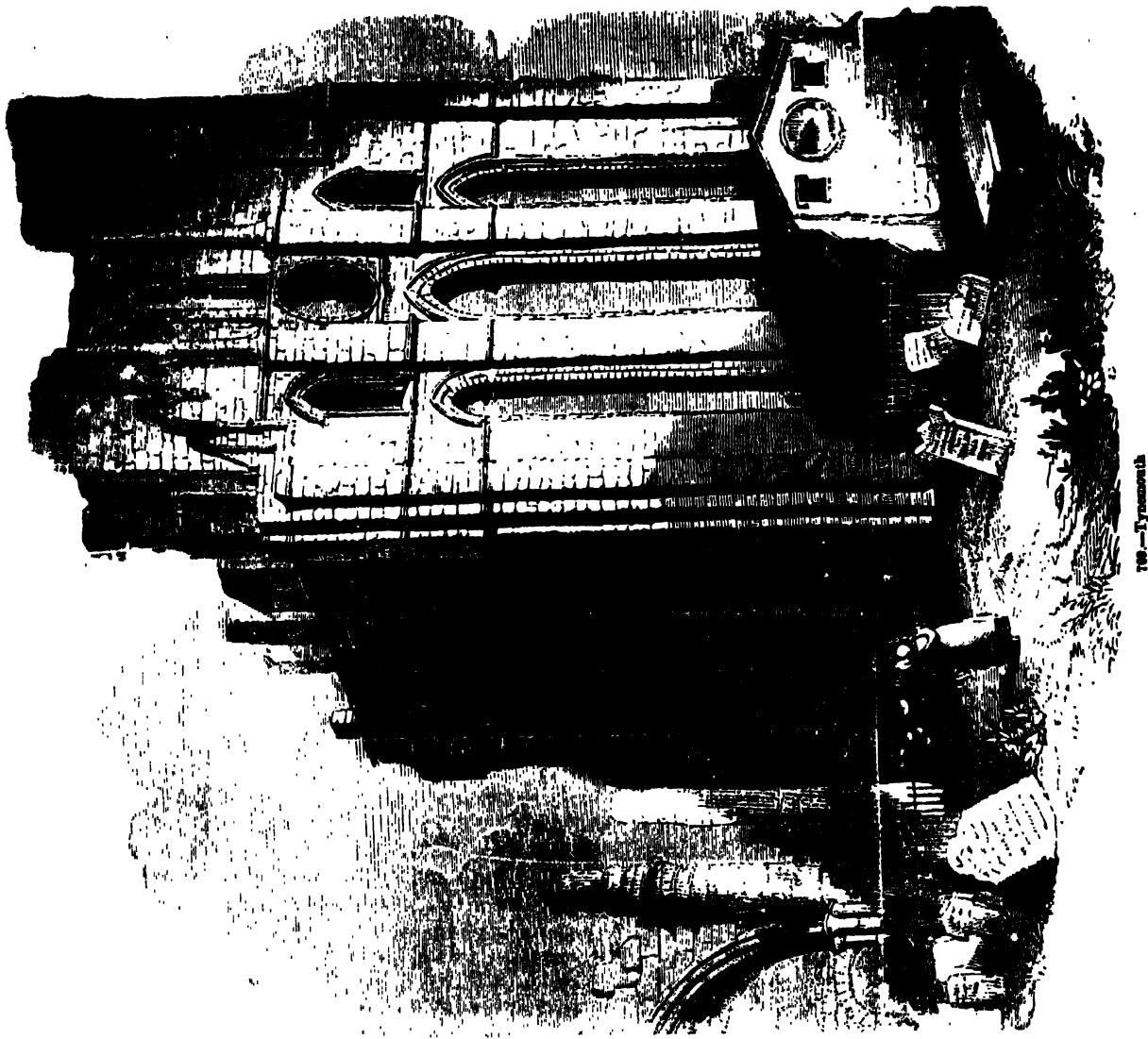
Among the monastic remains we have had, or may yet have, occasion to notice, there are of course some few that enjoy a marked

pre-eminence, either for their history, the beauty of their architectural relics, or the advantages of their local position: they are antiquities that every one feels interested in, that many have personally seen. Fountains Abbey is of this class. Its very name is suggestive of a world of pleasant associations, green ruins with many a legend or story hanging about them, picturesque and attractive as themselves; quiet woods, and delightfully unquiet waters; nooks and corners among rocks or by water-banks, or beneath great over-arching trees; a place, in fine, for deep emotion and elevated thought,—where one seems to stand between the Past and the Future, unaffected by all the disturbing influences of the Present; and to look on all things with a sense of newly-aroused powers of apprehension of the truth or falsehood that is in them,—of newly-awakened desire to draw from these chewings of the cud of sweet and bitter fancy the most wholesome nutriment for the every-day business of life, towards which we at last must again, however reluctantly, address ourselves. It is no wonder that Fountains Abbey should have obtained so high or extensive a reputation. All the peculiar advantages above enumerated, as tending to give such relics of “Old England” their fame, are combined in this. It is situated in a beautiful and romantic valley, through which runs the Skell, and in the vicinity of Studley park and pleasure-grounds, the last forming one of the horticultural notabilities of England, a continuous garden of some three hundred acres laid out in the most charming style. For the beauty of the architecture of Fountains Abbey we need only refer to the view (Fig. 702), where the remarkable state of preservation in which the pile generally exists, as well as some indications of the elegance of the prevailing style, will be apparent. On the whole the Abbey ruins form the most perfect specimen that the country possesses of what may perhaps be called the most perfect architectural time, —the age of Henry III. and of Westminster Abbey. All the walls of both church and monastery yet stand, though roofless and with dilapidated windows. The majestic tower, from its unusual position at the north end of the transept, still rises up in serene grandeur. We may walk through the nave and admire the arch of its once glorious eastern window; from thence wander into the “ruined choir” and listen to hymns of praise, albeit the choristers are of a finer race than of yore. The Chapter House yet tells us of the abbots who sat there in due course of spiritual government, and some of whose tombs now lie beneath our feet, with half-illegible inscriptions; we can still perceive, over the Chapter House, where the library was situated in which the monks read, and the adjoining scriptorium wherein they wrote. It is as long a walk as ever to pace from end to end of the cloisters, and almost as picturesque, with those curious arches overhead formed by the mazy intersections of the groinings of the roof; the kitchen is ready at any moment to glow with “unwonted fires,” and renew those old hospitalities of which its two immense fireplaces give one such an expansive idea; the very garden of the monastery still smells sweet and looks fair with quivering leaves and “flowers fresh of hue.”

Whilst such the position and such the remains of Fountains Abbey, both at the same time borrow from their past history higher and deeper interest than the picturesque hands of nature or of time could bestow. The monastic orders generally, perhaps universally, had their origin in the desire of some one man, or some few men, to check prevailing evils in the lives or views of the people, or of their spiritual teachers, or to carry on still further reformations or improvements already begun. It is easy to imagine that much heart-burning and strife must have frequently resulted from such endeavours; which set brother against brother, divided the once peaceful monastery against itself, which annoyed the idle, or supine, or the licentious, by placing monitors eternally at their elbow. In connection with the records of Fountains Abbey we find a curious and ample account of the growth of such a division: “The same of the sanctity of the Cistercian monks at Rievaulx [Rievaulx], the first of that order of Yorkshire, having extended to the Benedictine monastery of St. Mary at York, several of the monks there, finding too great a relaxation in the observance of the rules, were desirous of withdrawing themselves to follow the stricter rules observed by the monks of Rievaulx. But Galfrid, their abbot, opposed their removal, as being a reflection on his government of the abbey; whereupon, in A.D. 1132, the 33rd of Henry I., Richard, the Prior, went to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, to desire that he would visit the abbey and regulate what was amiss therein, and assist them in their design of withdrawing themselves. The day of visitation being come, the archbishop, attended by many grave and discreet clergy, canons, and other religious men, went to St. Mary's Abbey, whither the abbot had convoked several learned men, and a multitude of monks from different parts of England,

that by their aid he might oppose the archbishop, if requisite, and correct the insolence of those brethren that wanted to leave the abbey. On the 6th of October, A.D. 1132, the archbishop arrived at the monastery, when the abbot, with a multitude of monks, opposed his entrance into the chapter with such a number of persons as attended him; whereupon an uproar ensued: and the archbishop, after interdicting the church and monks, returned; and the prior, sub-prior, and eleven monks withdrew themselves, and were joined by Robert, a monk of Whitby, who went along with them, and were maintained at the archbishop's expense, in his own house, for eleven weeks and five days. . . . The abbot did not cease by messages to persuade the withdrawn monks to return to their monastery, while they at the bishop's house spent most of their time in fasting and prayer. However, two of them were prevailed on to quit the rest, and go back; and yet one of the two repenting, soon returned to those who were for a more strict way of life.” It is to these monks of St. Mary's that Fountains Abbey owes its origin; they were its founders, and very interesting were the circumstances of the foundation, as related by the same writer, Burton [*Monast. Eboracen.*]. “At Christmas, the archbishop, being at Ripon, assigned to the monks some land in the patrimony of St. Peter, about three miles west of that place, for the erecting of a monastery. The spot of ground had never been inhabited, unless by wild beasts, being overgrown with wood and brambles, lying between two steep hills and rocks, covered with wood on all sides, more proper for a retreat of wild beasts than the human species. . . . Richard, the Prior of St. Mary's at York, was chosen abbot by the monks, being the first of this monastery of Fountains, with whom they withdrew into this uncouth desert, without any house to shelter them in that winter season, or provisions to subsist on; but entirely depending on Divine Providence. There stood a large elm in the midst of the vale, on which they put some thatch or straw, and under that they lay, eat, and prayed, the bishop for a time supplying them with bread, and the rivulet (the Skell) with drink. Part of the day some spent in making wattles to erect a little oratory, whilst others cleared some ground to make a little garden.” A clump of yew-trees, it appears, however, offered a better shelter, and to these they removed, and there remained during the erection of the monastery. Some of these trees, we believe, still remain, and are of such extraordinary size and so close together, as to corroborate the statement of the uses to which they were put above seven centuries ago. The monks adopted the Cistercian rule, and placed themselves in direct communication with the famous founder of it, St. Bernard, who sent them a monk from his own monastery of Clairvaux, to instruct them alike in spiritual and temporal affairs. Some cottages were now built, and ten other persons joined them. Terrible, and all but intolerable, as were the difficulties these men endured, their enthusiasm seems to have never slackened for a moment; they were even liberal in their severest destitution. At a time when they were obliged to feed on the leaves of trees, and herbs boiled with a little salt, a stranger came and begged for a morsel of bread: two loaves and a half were all that the community possessed; and one was given to the applicant, the abbot saying, “God would provide for them.” Almost immediately after, two men came from the neighbouring castle of Knaresborough with a present of a cartload of fine bread from Eustace Fitz-John, its lord. Left, however, entirely to the assistance of the Archbishop of York, they were, at the end of two years, about to retire to the Continent, on the invitation of St. Bernard, when prosperity at last dawned upon them; Hugh, Dean of York, falling sick, caused himself to be taken to Fountains, and settled all his immense wealth upon the community. From that time the monks steadily progressed until their establishment became one of the most distinguished in the kingdom. Its territorial wealth seems almost incredible. From the foot of Pinnigant to the boundaries of St. Wilfred, a distance exceeding thirty miles, extended without interruption its broad lands. There is a circumstance in the later history of the abbey, which, taken in connection with those already narrated as to its earlier, forms a striking commentary on the causes of the rise and fall of all such institutions. William Thirsk, the last but one of all the long line of abbots, was expelled from his own abbey, and afterwards hanged at Tyburn!

Byland Abbey (Fig. 701) needs but few words. It was founded in 1177 by Roger de Mowbray, the nobleman whose estates were sequestered by Henry I. for disloyalty, and then given to another nobleman, also of Norman extraction, who took the Mowbray name, and founded the great family of the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk and Earls of Nottingham. The exquisite form of the lancet windows yet remaining in a part of the ruins, shows that Byland has



708.—Tyne-mouth



711.—Easby Abbey.



710.—Tyne-mouth Cliff.



714.—Devil's Bridge, south-west.



715.—View of St. Key's Hermitage.



716.—Warkworth Hermitage.

been a beautiful and stately pile. The memory of our "Lady of WALSINGHAM" demands longer pause before the beautiful ruins of the priory at that place. It is difficult to account for the reputation obtained by this monastery. In 1061, a lady, the widow of Richoldis de Favarches, erected a small chapel in honour of the Virgin Mary, in imitation of the Sancta Casa at Nazareth; and to this chapel, the lady's son added a Priory for Augustine canons, and built a church. In these facts there does not appear to be anything at all unusual or remarkable; not the less, however, did the shrine of our Lady, erected in the chapel, become the most popular place of resort, without exception, that Old England contained. Even Thomas à Becket's shrine at Canterbury seems to have been hardly so much visited. Foreigners came hither from all parts of the world, guided, as they fancied, by the light of the milky way, which the monks of Walsingham persuaded the people—so Erasmus says—was a miraculous indication of the way to their monastery. Many kings and queens were among the pilgrims: above all, let us not forget to mention, for the sake of the strange contrast the incident presents to the subsequent acts of the same man, Henry the Eighth came hither in the second year of his reign, and walked barefoot from the village of Baslam. Not many years after, the image of our Lady was burnt at Chelsea, to the horror of the Roman Catholic world; and who should direct the act, but that same quondam worshipper and royal pilgrim to Walsingham, King Henry. Prior to the dissolution of the monastery, Erasmus visited it. The chapel, he says, then rebuilding, was distinct from the church, and contained a smaller chapel of wood, with a little narrow door on each side, where strangers were admitted to perform their devotions, and deposit their offerings; that it was lighted up with wax torches, and that the glitter of gold, silver, and jewels would lead you to suppose it to be the seat of the gods. A Saxon arch, forming part of the original chapel, still exists; and there also remain extensive portions of the church and monastery, among which may be especially mentioned, on account of its exceeding beauty, the lofty arch, sixty feet high, which formed the east end of the church, and two wells called the Wishing wells, from which whoever drank of the waters obtained, under certain restrictions, whatever they might wish for: at least so many a devotee was told and believed. Most of the convent ruins are now included in the beautiful pleasure grounds of a modern residence known as Walsingham Abbey. (Fig. 703.)

TEWKESBURY Church, as it is called, but which for size, plan, and magnificence may rank among our cathedrals, was, before the dissolution of monasteries, the church of the Abbey of Tewkesbury, originally founded in the Saxon times by two brothers, Dodo and Odo, who both died in 725. During the reign of the Confessor, an incident occurred which led to the temporary ruin of the foundation, and which is too remarkable to be passed without notice. Bithric, Earl of Gloucester, was sent into Normandy, on an embassy, and whilst there, Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, fell so passionately in love with him, as to forget the delicacy of her sex and make her feelings known to him who had called them forth. Whether the earl disliked the Norman lady, or was already in love with an English one, we know not, but he at all events so discouraged the advances made that the love, as is not unfrequent in such cases, changed to hate, and left but one desire in Matilda's heart, that of vengeance. The earl no doubt laughed at threats from such a quarter, and returned to England, where most probably the circumstance was altogether forgotten. But by-and-by, news came that Matilda had married Duke William of Normandy. Time passed again, and rumours of invasion at the hands of this Duke William filled all England; and truly the duke came at last, and England was conquered. Then too came the time that Matilda had never, it seems, ceased to look forward to. She personally solicited the conqueror to place Bithric at her disposal, and having obtained possession of his person, threw him into prison at Winchester, and there he died. Many of his estates were at the same time seized by Matilda, among them the town and abbey of Tewkesbury. By William Rufus, however, the church and monastery were re-granted to Robert Fitz Hamon, who rebuilt the whole about 1102. "It cannot be easily reported," says William of Malmesbury, "how highly he exalted this monastery, wherein the beauty of the buildings ravished the eyes, and the charity of the monks allured the hearts of such folk as used to come thither." Among the interesting features of the interior of this Church may be particularized the monuments of the nobles and others slain in the fatal battle of Tewkesbury. (Figs. 705, 706.)

HEXHAM Church (Fig. 704) was also the church of a famous monastery, and, like Tewkesbury, owes its preservation, in much of its ancient magnificence, to the fact of its being used

after the Reformation, as a place of worship for the town and parish. The plan is cathedral-like, including nave, choir, and transepts, though the nave, having been burnt by the Scots in the time of Edward the First, has never been rebuilt. The architecture generally is of the twelfth century, but there are both later and earlier portions; some of the last indeed being supposed to be remains of a structure that formed one of the marvels of Saxon England, the church erected by Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, in the latter part of the seventh century. It has been thus glowingly described by one who assisted to restore it from the ruin into which it had fallen. Wilfred "began the edifice by making crypts, and subterraneous oratories, and winding passages through all parts of its foundations. The pillars that supported the walls were finely polished, square, and of various other shapes, and the three galleries were of immense height and length. These, and the capitals of their columns, and the bow of the sanctuary, he decorated with histories and images, carved in relief on the stone, and with pictures coloured with great taste. The body of the church was surrounded with wings and porticos, to which winding staircases were contrived with the most astonishing art. These staircases also led to long walking galleries, and various winding passages so contrived, that a very great multitude of people might be within them, unperceived by any person on the ground-floor of the church. Oratories, too, as sacred as they were beautiful, were made in all parts of it, and in which were altars of the Virgin, of St. Michael, St. John the Baptist, and all the Apostles, Confessors, and Virgins. Certain towers and blockhouses remain unto this day specimens of the inimitable excellence of the architecture of this structure. The relics, the religious persons, the ministers, the great library, the vestments, and utensils of the church, were too numerous and magnificent for the poverty of our language to describe. The atrium of the cathedral was girt with a stone wall of great thickness and strength, and a stone aqueduct conveyed a stream of water through the town to all the offices. The magnitude of this place is apparent from the extent of its ruins. It excelled, in the excellence of its architecture, all the buildings in England; and, in truth, there was nothing like it, at that time, to be found on this side the Alps." [Richard, Prior of Hexham.] It can hardly be supposed there were English architects to design, or English workmen to execute such a building, in the seventh century: both classes were brought from Rome.

In dealing with a second group, we may commence with the venerable and picturesque ruins of the monastery of EASBY, which are near the village of that name, about a mile and a half from Richmond, and on the rocky and well-wooded banks of the Swale. Rould, Constable of Richmond Castle, was the founder, about the year 1152. Its inhabitants were members of the then recently introduced order of Premonstratensian Canons, who lived according to the rule of St. Austin. Their dress was entirely white—a white cassock, with a white rochet over it, a long white cloak, and a white cap; and a picturesque addition to one of the most picturesque of houses and scenes, these white canons must have formed. Our cut (Fig. 711) shows the more important of the existing remains, which are well described in Dr. Whitaker's 'Yorkshire':—

"By the landscape painter and the man of taste the ruins of this house, combined with the scene around them, have never been contemplated without delight. But admiration and rapture are very unobserving qualities; and it has never hitherto been attended to, that this house, though its several parts are elaborate and ornamental, has been planned with a neglect of symmetry and proportion which might have become an architect of Laputa. Of the refectory, a noble room nearly one hundred feet long, with a groined apartment below, every angle is either greater or less than a right angle. Of the cloister-court, contrary to every other example, there have been only two entire sides, each of which has an obtuse angle. From these again the entire outline of the church reels to the west, and though the chapter-house is a rectangle, the vestry is a trapezium.* Once more: of the terminations of the north and south aisles eastward, one has extended several yards beyond the other; the choir also is elongated, out of all proportion. The abbot's lodgings, instead of occupying their usual situation, to the south-east of the choir, and of being connected with the east end of the cloister-court, are here most injudiciously placed to the north of the church, and therefore deprived, by the great elevation of the latter, of warmth and sunshine. The abbot's private entrance into the church was by a doorway, yet remaining, into the north aisle of the nave. To compensate, however, for the darkness of his lodg-

* Trapezium, a figure where the four sides are neither equal nor parallel.

ings, he had a pleasant garden, open to the morning sun, with a beautiful solarium,* highly adorned with Gothic groinings at the north-east angle.

"But to atone for all these deformities in architecture, many of the decorations of this house are extremely elegant. Among these the first place is due to the great window of the refectory, of which the beauties are better described by the pencil than the pen. This, with the groined vault beneath, appears to be of the reign of Henry III. North-west from this are several fine apartments, contemporary, as appears, with the foundation; but the whole line of wall, having been placed on the shelving bank of the Swale, has long been gradually detaching itself from the adjoining parts, and threatens in no long period to destroy one of the best features of the place. On the best side of the imperfect cloister-court is a circular doorway, which displays the fantastic taste of Norman enrichments in perfection. A cluster of round columns, with variously adorned capitals, is surmounted by a double moulded arch, embossed with cats' heads hanging out their tongues, which are curled at the extremities. Above all is an elegant moulding of foliage. Not far beneath is a large picturesque tree (perhaps truly) distinguished by the name of the Abbot's elm. The abbey gateway, still in perfect repair, is the latest part of the whole fabric, and probably about the era of Edward III."

On a bold bluff rock, looking out upon the German Ocean, stand the ruins of the PRIORY OF TYNEMOUTH. We pass into the consecrated ground, which is still used as a burial-place, through a barrack, the buildings of which have been partly erected out of the materials of the Priory. When we are within the Priory inclosure we see artillery pointing seaward and landward,—sentinels pacing their constant walk, and in the midst the old grey ruin, looking almost reproachfully upon these odd associations. There is one living within constant view of this ruin—a writer who has won an enduring reputation—to whom the solitude of a sick-room has brought as many soothing and holy aspirations as to the most pure and spiritual of the recluses, who, century after century, looked out from this rock upon a raging sea, and thought of a world where all was peace. The scene which is now presented by the view from Tynemouth is thus described by the writer to whom we allude, in 'Life in the Sick-room.' What a contrast to the scene upon which the old monks were wont to look! (Fig. 710.)

"Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland, and on the nearer half of this down hay-making goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the Prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the Prior's fish-pond, the green down slopes upwards to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads in company, to the village on the yet farther height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and finally they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly career along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill, now in motion and now at rest; a limekiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness."

The original choice of the situation for the Priory appears to have been dictated by that benevolence which was characteristic of

the early religious foundations. Tynemouth Priory was a beacon to the sailor, and when he looked upon its towers he thought of the Virgin and Saint Oswin, who were to shield him from the dangers of the great waters. That the situation, at the mouth of a river, and on an elevated site, early recommended the place as suitable both for military defence and religious purposes, is evident from the fact that Robert de Mowbray, about the year 1090, fled hither, and defended himself within its walls against William Rufus (against whom he had conspired); but, after a time, finding that he could hold out no longer, he sought "sanctuary" at the altar of the church, from which, however, he was taken by force, and, after suffering a tedious imprisonment, was put to death. The monastery at one time enjoyed considerable wealth. It possessed twenty-seven manors in Northumberland, with their royalties, besides other valuable lands and tenements. At the dissolution, in 1539, there was a prior, with fifteen prebendaries and three novices. The annual revenues of the priory were then estimated (separate from the Abbey of St. Alban's, on which it depended) at 397*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* by Dugdale, and at 511*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* by Speed. The prior, on the surrender of the monastery, received a pension of 80*l.* per annum. The site and most of the lands were granted in the 5th of Edward VI. to John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland; but by his attainder in the next year it reverted to the Crown, in which it remained till the 10th of Elizabeth. During the reign of Elizabeth the place was occupied as a fortress. Camden says, "It is now called Tynemouth Castle, and glories in a stately and strong castle."

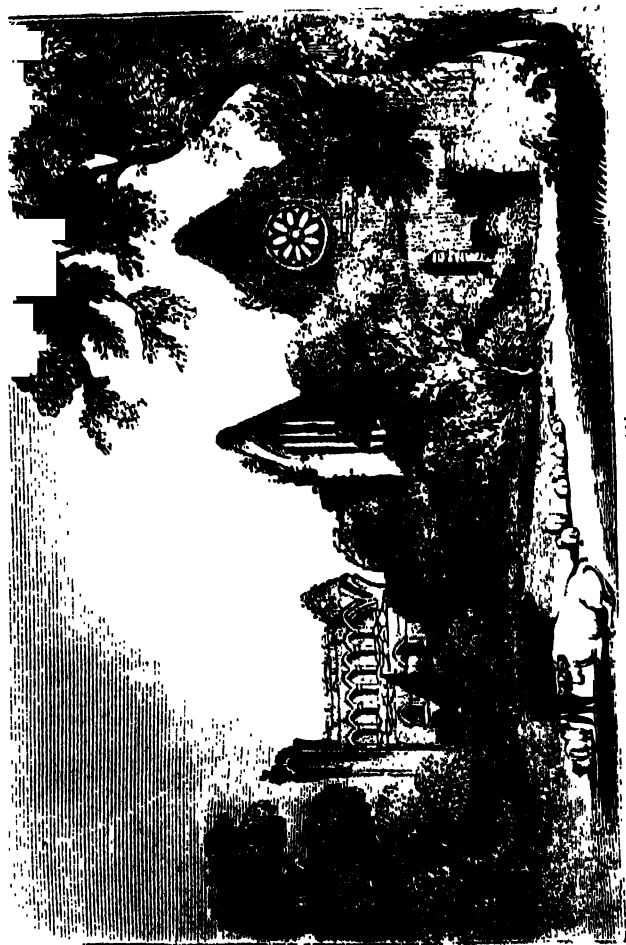
The following description of the remains is from a small work published at North Shields in 1806. There is very slight alteration at the present time, for the ruins are now carefully preserved.

"The approach to the priory is from the west, by a gateway tower of a square form, having a circular exploratory turret on each corner: from this gateway, on each hand, a strong double wall has been extended to the rocks on the sea-shore, which from their great height have been esteemed in former times inaccessible. The gate, with its walls, was fortified by a deep outward ditch, over which there was a drawbridge, defended by moles on each side. The tower comprehends an outward and interior gateway, the outward gateway having two gates at the distance of about six feet from each other, the inner of which is defended by a portcullis, and an open gallery; the interior gateway is, in like manner, strengthened by a double gate. The space between the gateways, being a square of about six paces, is open above to allow those on the top of the tower and battlements to annoy assailants who had gained the first gate.

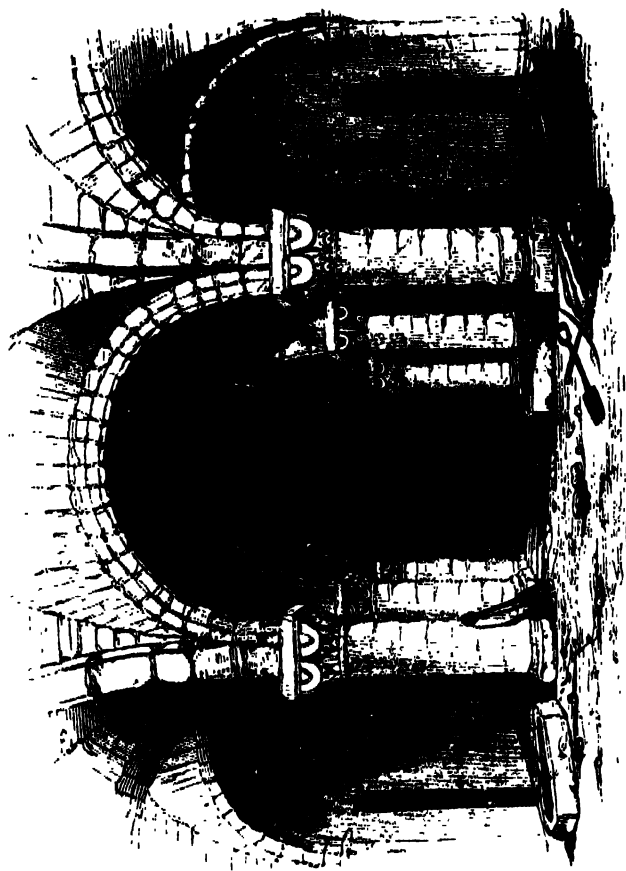
"On passing the gateway, the scene is strikingly noble and venerable; the whole enclosed area may contain about six acres; the walls seem as well calculated for defence as the gateway tower; the view is crowded with august ruins; many fine arches of the priory are standing. The most beautiful part of these remains is the eastern limb of the church, of elegant workmanship. The ruins are so disunited, that it would be very difficult to determine to what particular office each belongs. The ruins which present themselves in front, on entering the gateway, appear to be the remains of the cloister, access to which was afforded by a gateway of circular arches, comprehending several members inclining inwards, and arising from pilasters. After passing this gate, in the area many modern tombs appear, the ground being still used for sepulture. The west gate entering into the abbey is still entire, of the same architecture as that leading to the cloister. The ground, from the cloister to the south wall, is almost covered with foundations, which, it is presumed, are the remains of the Priory. Two walls of the church are standing: the end wall to the east contains three long windows; the centre window, the loftiest, is near twenty feet high, richly ornamented with mouldings. Beneath the centre window at the east end is a doorway of excellent workmanship, conducting to a small but elegant apartment, which is supposed to have contained the shrine and tomb of St. Oswin." (Fig. 709.)

PERSHORE, a name derived, it is said, from the great number of pear-trees in the vicinity, is delightfully situated on the northern bank of the Avon. The origin of the town is probably to be dated from the foundation of the abbey here in the seventh century, by Oswald, one of the nephews of Ethelbert, King of Mercia. The patrons of the establishment seem to have had some difficulty in making up their minds as to what particular religious community should be permanently settled in it, for at one time we find secular clerks at Pershore, then monks, then seculars (females) again, and lastly, from 984, Benedictine monks. Legend has been busy concerning the early history of Pershore. One Duke Delfere usurped the possessions; and in consequence—so it was

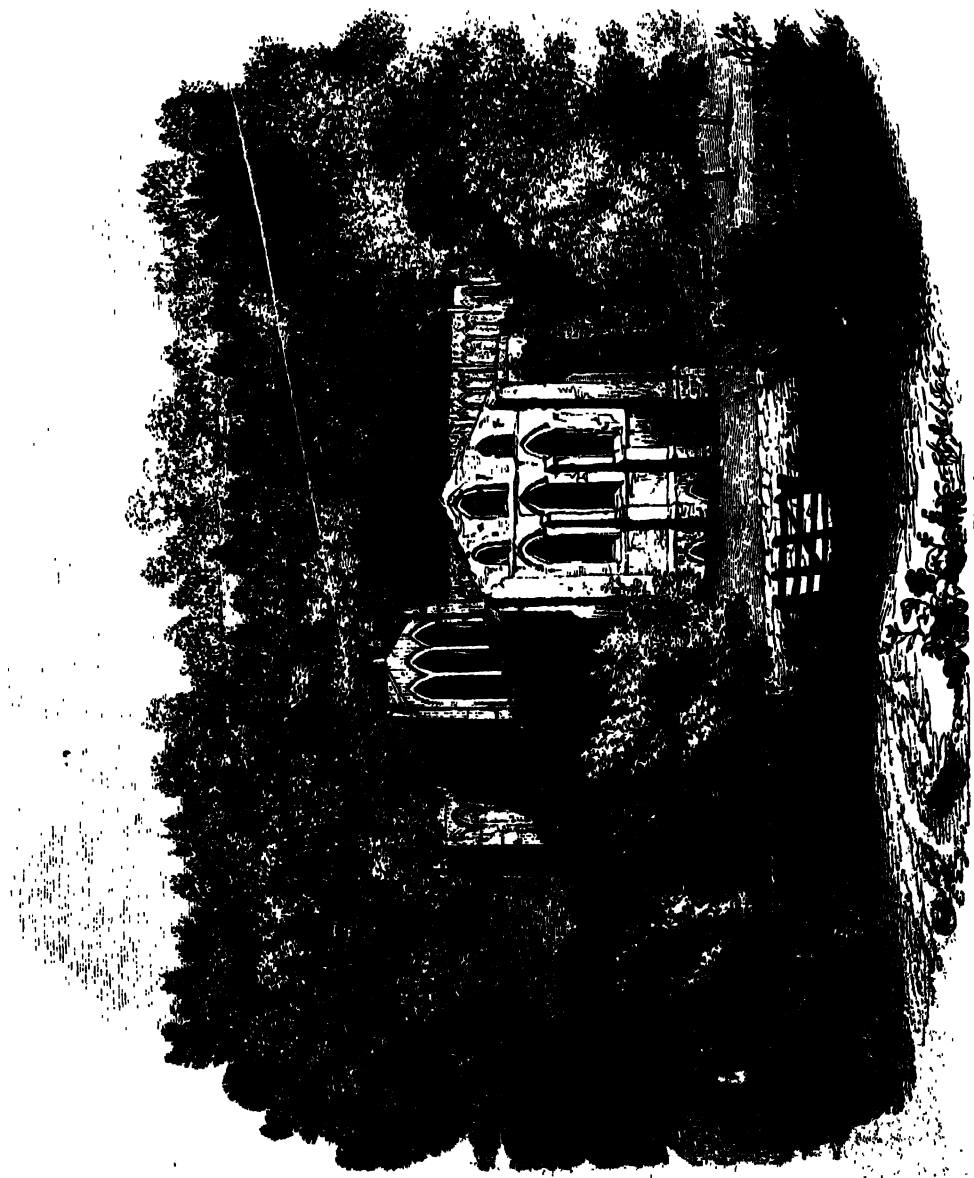
* Solarium, as the name implies, signifies a place exposed to the sun, and was applied originally to places on the tops of houses where the Romans used to take air and exercise. In the present instance it means simply a garden or summer-house.



717.—Dybburg: Abbey.



718.—Crypt: St. Peter's, Oxford.



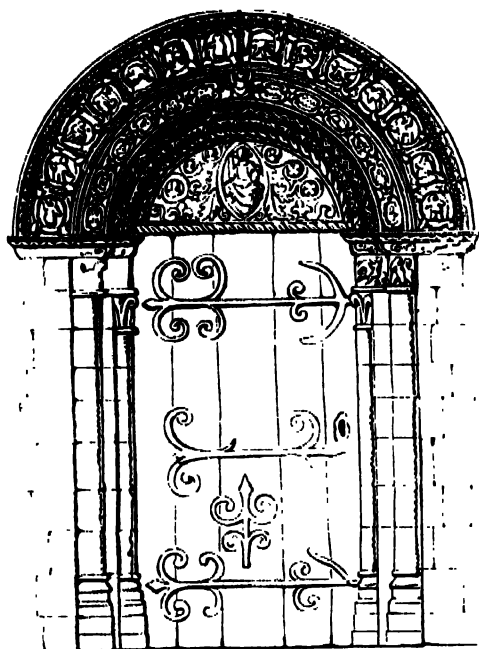
720.—Cattisloe Priory, Norfolk.



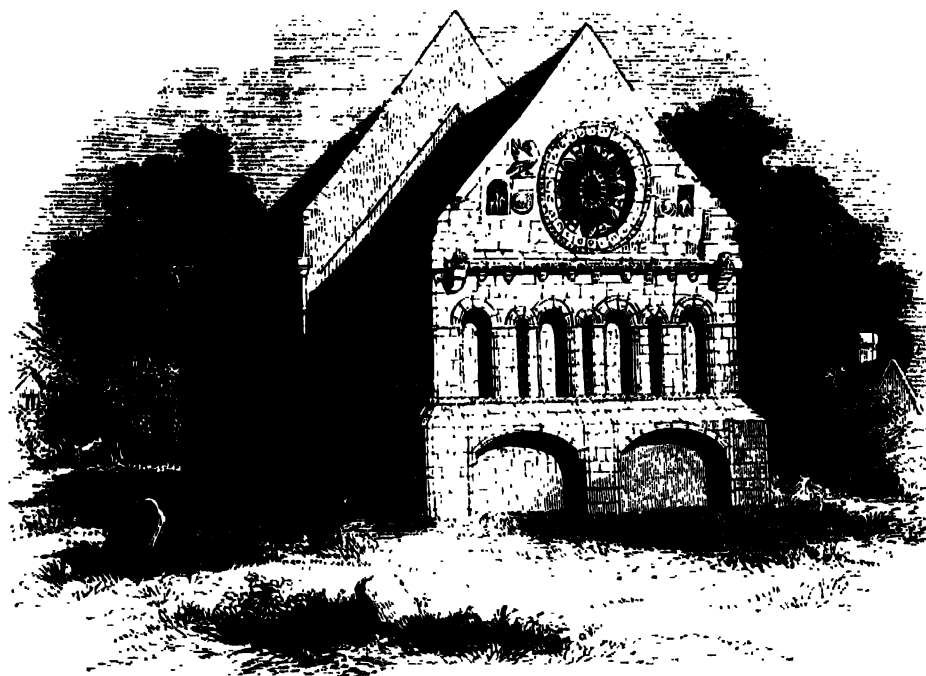
721.—Aspatia.



712.—Christchurch, Hampshire.



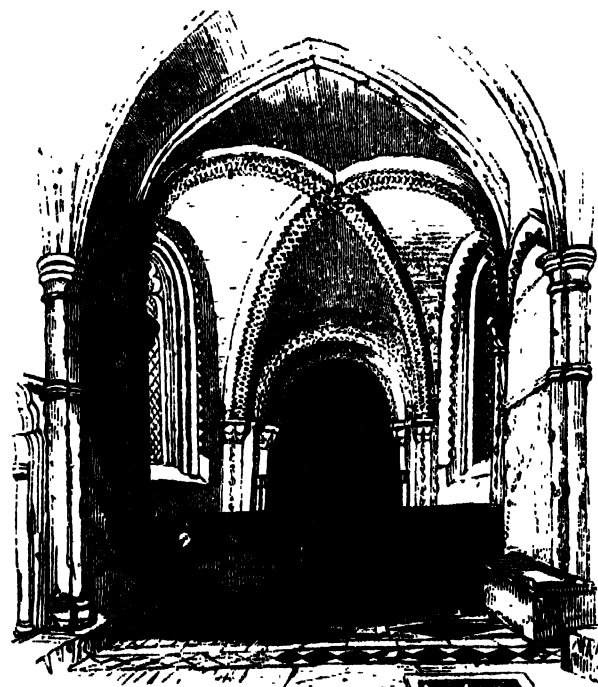
722.—Doorway of Barfreston Church, Kent.



723.—Barfreston.



713.—St. John's Chester.



724.—Illey.

generally believed—died eaten up by vermin. Oddo, another Mercian duke, to whom the estates had passed, was so moved by Delfere's miserable fate, that he not only restored the lands, but made a vow of celibacy, in order that no son of his should ever be guilty of the sacrilege of endeavouring to obtain repossession. There remain of the abbey some vestiges of the monastic buildings, a part of the entrance gateway, and considerable portions of the church, as in the tower, the southern part of the transept, and a chapel, all included in the existing church of the Holy Cross. (Fig. 707.) Near the gateway we have mentioned, stood the small chapel of St. Edburga, to whom the abbey was dedicated. This lady was a daughter of Edward the Elder, and distinguished herself even in her childhood by her scholastic and pious tastes. Her father one day placed before her a New Testament and several other books on one side, and some fine clothes and rich jewels on the other, and desired her to choose. The princess at once took the books. The king, thinking, no doubt, he was bound to obey what he esteemed such decisive tokens of her proper position in life, immediately placed her in a nunnery at Winchester, where she died, and where her bones were preserved for ages after, as invaluable relics.

No one need be surprised at the magnificence of the ancient priory of CHRIST CHURCH, Hampshire (Fig. 712), as that magnificence is attested to the present day by the church, when the circumstances related of the erection are considered. The first establishment of the house is lost in the darkness of antiquity, but in the twelfth century we find Ralph Flambard, that turbulent and oppressive, but able and zealous prelate, busily engaged rebuilding the whole, and obtaining the necessary funds by seizing the revenues of the canons, allowing each of them merely a sufficiency for his subsistence. We may imagine the confusion, the dismay, the uproar, though, unfortunately, no Sydney Smith was then among the oppressed to record their feelings and sentiments as on a somewhat similar occasion in our own time. The Dean, Godric, resisted the bishop with all possible energy, but was, in consequence, degraded from his office, and obliged to seek refuge on the Continent; and though he was ultimately allowed to return, it was only in a spirit of due obedience to his superior. Flambard, having removed all opposition, levelled the old buildings to the ground, and raised the new ones, of which considerable portions exist to this day: these are to be found in the nave, the south-western aisle, and the northern transept. But let it not be supposed that Flambard obtained all the honours of this mighty work. According to a legend told by the monkish writers, he had supernatural assistance. Whenever the workmen were engaged in their labours, there was observed one workman of whom no one could tell from whence he came, or what he was, except that he exhibited a most extraordinary indefatigability in the business of raising the monastery, and an equally extraordinary liberality in declining to be paid anything for what he had done; at the times of refreshment, and of settlement of wages, he was ever absent. And so the work progressed, until near completion. One day a large beam was raised to a particular place, and found, unfortunately, to be too short. The interrupted and embarrassed workmen were unable to remedy the defect, and retired to their dwellings for the day. The next morning, when they returned to the church, there was the beam in its right position, longer even than was required. The strange workman immediately occurred to every one's thoughts; and the general conclusion was, that the Saviour himself had been the supernatural assistant. The dedication of the pile to Christ was in later ages attributed to this circumstance, and hence comes the name of Christ Church. Nay, if there are any persons very anxious about the legend, we believe they may yet find some who will show them in the church what they hold to be the very miraculous beam itself. It is probable that Christ Church was originally founded in the earliest days of Christianity in England, on the site of a heathen temple, the usual mode in which the shrewd missionaries of Rome at once attested the triumph of the new over the old religion, and reconciled the people to the change, by adopting their habitual places of worship. In the course of the last century there was discovered, in the Priory foundations, a cavity about two feet square, that had been covered with a stone cemented into the adjoining pavement, and which contained a large quantity of bones of birds,—herons, bitterns, cocks and hens. Warner, a local antiquarian writer, observes that, among the Romans, "many different species of birds were held in high veneration, and carefully preserved for the purposes of sacrifice and augural divination. Adopting the numerous absurdities of Egyptian and Grecian worship, their tolerating conquerors had affixed a sacredness to the cock, the hawk, the heron, the chicken, and other

birds; the bones of which, after their decease, were not unfrequently deposited within the walls of the temple of the deity to whom they were considered as peculiarly appropriated." Portions of the Priory yet remain, and a visitor to the neighbourhood occasionally hears of the Convent Garden, now a meadow, of Paradise, the appropriately named place of recreation for the scholars of Christ Church school, and forming also a relic of the Priory,—of vestiges of fish-ponds and ~~moats~~ ^{moats}. But the church is the only important part of the Priory now existing, which, apart from its architectural characteristics, exhibits many interesting features. Including St. Mary's Chapel at the eastern end, and the Tower at the western, the Church extends to the distance of three hundred and eleven feet. The parts of the building which may be separately distinguished are the Norman remains already noticed, the Porch or principal entrance, and the Tower, with the Great Window nearly thirty feet high. On the under sides of the benches of the stalls, are a series of satirical and grotesque carvings, representing, there can be little doubt, the monkish opinions of the friars. In one is seen a fox with a cock for his clerk, preaching to a set of geese, who are greedily imbibing the doctrines he puts forth. In a second the people are typified by a zany, who, while his back is turned upon his dish of porridge, is saved the trouble of eating it by a rat. A third exhibits a baboon with a cowl on his head, reposing on a pillow, and exhibiting a swollen paunch. From what we know of the origin of the friars, who sprung up to reform the state of idleness and sensuality into which the monks and clergy generally had fallen, one would think the last of these pieces of carved satire must have told much more strongly against its authors than its objects. Another very curious carving is the Altar-piece, which Warner supposes to be coeval with Bishop Flambard. If so, it is one of the most extraordinary things of the kind existing in England. The carving represents the genealogy of Christ, by a tree springing from the loins of Jesse. On each side is a niche, one containing a statue of David, the other Solomon. Above these sit the Virgin with the child Jesus, and Joseph, and surrounded by the Magi. Projecting heads of an ox, and an ass, remind us of the manger, and of the flight to Egypt. Still higher are shepherds with their sheep, the former looking up toward a group of angels, over whom, at the apex of the carving, God extends his protecting arms. Exclusive of all these figures, which are mostly mutilated, there are niches which contained nine others, and there are a host of small figures of saints, thirty-two in number, also in niches, and each bearing his particular emblem or distinguishing mark. The chief individual memories of Christ Church are connected with the noble family of the Montagues, Earls of Salisbury. By them was the noble Tower at the west end erected in the fifteenth century; by them were the two small Chantries in the North Transept raised; by them was the beautiful, but mutilated Chapel—to the north of the altar—left to excite the admiration of visitors to the Church by its beauty, to stir at the same time their deepest sympathies and warmest indignation, as it reminded them of the noble and most unhappy lady whose fate that mutilation may be said to commemorate. The chapel was erected by Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, for her own resting-place, when in due course of nature she should have need of it. But the venerable mother of the eloquent Cardinal Pole, the man who had refused to minister to the depraved appetites of Henry, and subsequently held him up to the scorn and abhorrence of the European world, was not likely to die a peaceful death in England during that monarch's lifetime. In 1538 the chief relatives of the Cardinal, namely Lord Montague and Sir Geoffrey Pole, his brothers and the Countess, his mother, were suddenly arrested with the Marquis of Exeter and others, on a vague charge of aiding the Cardinal, as the King's enemy; and Geoffrey, the youngest, having pleaded guilty and made a confession involving the remainder, on a promise that he should be pardoned for so doing, the two noblemen were beheaded on Tower Hill. A month afterwards, on the ground of some alleged discoveries made through the wreck of a French vessel on our shores, fresh arrests took place; and parliament was instructed to pass bills of attainder against the living mourners of the recent victims of the scaffold;—namely, the Countess of Salisbury, her grandson, the child of Lord Montague, and the widow of the Marquis of Exeter, and with them were associated two knights. The Countess was then seventy years of age, but behaved not the less with so much firmness and presence of mind on her examination before the Earl of Southampton and the Bishop of Ely, that these personages wrote to their employer, Cromwell, saying she was more like a strong and constant man than a woman, and that she denied everything laid to her charge; and that it seemed to them either that her sons had not made her "party or participant of the bottom and pit of their stomach, or that she must be the

most ardent traitress that ever lived." Some of the Countess's servants were examined, and, no doubt, tampered with; still no sufficient material for a criminal trial was to be obtained. What next? Dismissal to their homes, no doubt, under almost any other English monarch: not so under the rule of the cruel Henry; so a bill for their attainder, without the form of a trial, was obtained from the parliament, which should be considered scarcely less infamous than the King to allow itself, as it did, to be the constant agent of his personal malignity. The two knights were executed; the Marchioness of Exeter was pardoned some months later, and what became of the boy does not appear: but as to the Countess, two years after the high nobility and commons of England had authorized the murders sought at their hands, and when men's minds thought the affair had reached its bloody conclusion at last, the people of England were horrified, those at least whom the never-ceasing wholesale state executions had not entirely brutalized, to hear that the aged Countess had been dragged to the scaffold after all, on the ground of some new provocation given by her son, Cardinal Pole, and that one of the most frightful scenes in English history had taken place on the occasion of the poor lady's death. When told to lay her head on the block, she answered, "No! my head never committed treason; if you will have it, you must take it as you can." The executioner strove to detain her, but she ran swiftly round the scaffold, tossing her head from side to side, while the monsters struck her with their axes, until at last, with her grey hair all dabbled in blood, she was held forcibly to the block, and an end put to her misery. There is, as we have already partly intimated, an appendant to this awful picture to be found in the history of Christ Church. It might have been supposed that even Henry would be glad to let such events pass as soon as possible into oblivion; but his satellites knew him better: so when the commissioners were at work at the time of the Reformation, they took care to tell him, in relation to their visit to Christ Church—"In the church we found a chapel and monument made of Caen stone, prepared by the late mother of Reginald Pole for her burial, which we have caused to be defaced, and all the arms and badges clearly to be delete [erased]."

On one side of the tower, at the west end of ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CHESTER, may be seen the figures of a man and a hind; in that rude pictorial representation we have a record of the origin of the foundation of St. John's, between eleven and twelve centuries ago; when King Ethelred was admonished in a vision that he should erect the sacred pile on a spot where he would see a milk-white hind. When entire, this building was worthy of its kingly founder, having been at once large and magnificent. But one limb after another of the edifice has disappeared, until now there remains little more than the nave of a building that once had its transepts, and choir, and chapels, on the true cathedral scale. And that nave, with its mighty pillars and arches, seems sadly shorn of its dignity by the alterations and fittings-up, including wooden galleries, that have taken place to render the church suitable to our modern notions of the accommodation required for a congregation. (Fig. 713.) There are two interesting traditions connected with St. John's. When, according to the monkish writers, Edgar took that famous water excursion of his in a barge on the Dee, rowed by eight kings, it was to the church of St. John that he, taking his station at the helm, personally directed their course, and then returned to his palace. If this story be but of doubtful authenticity, we fear our other will be still less entitled to credence. Giraldus Cambrensis, in reference to the brave but unfortunate Harold, slain at Hastings, says that he "had many wounds and lost his left eye with the stroke of an arrow, and was overcome, and escaped to the county of Chester, and lived there holily, as men troweth, an anchorite's life in Saint James's cell, fast by St. John's Church, and made a good end, as it was known by his last confession." The believers in the existence of Harold at Chester, long after he was supposed to have been killed at Hastings, have been accustomed to show, by way of supporting their views, a small antique-looking building overhanging a high cliff on the south of the churchyard, and known as the Anchorage. Two bodies, deposited in coffin-shaped cavities, have been found in the rock close by—no doubt the bodies of those who have tenanted the Anchorage. But if we would follow the remains to their undoubted resting-place, we must visit WALTHAM ABBEY.

WALTHAM ABBEY, or Holy Cross, is situated on the eastern bank of the river Lea, at the distance of twelve miles and a half from London; the latter name is derived from a holy cross, asserted to have been brought hither by miraculous means during the reign of Canute. Tovi, standard-bearer to Canute, founded here a religious house for two priests, to whose charge the sacred relic was

committed. After the death of Athelstan, the son and successor of Tovi, the estate, it appears, reverted to the crown. The lordship was then given by the monarch (Edward the Confessor) to Harold, on condition that he should build a college, and furnish it with all necessities, relics, dresses, and ornaments, in memory of Edward and his spouse Editha. Harold in consequence rebuilt the church, increased the number of priests to twelve, one of whom was the governor, under the title of dean, gave it ample endowments, and, so far as the time permitted, made it an excellent school of learning. No less than seventeen manors were granted on this occasion by Harold, and confirmed to the establishment by the charter granted by Edward. Previous to the fatal battle of Hastings, Harold here offered up his vows; and he afterwards was brought here for interment with his two brothers, by their unhappy mother Githa, who with great difficulty obtained Harold's remains from the Conqueror. The canons on Harold's favourite foundation also experienced William's resentment. It is said that he despoiled them of all their moveable wealth; their lands, however, he left nearly entire. Waltham continued a college until 1177, when it was dissolved on the alleged account of the debauchery of the members, by Henry II., and an abbey for regular canons founded in its stead, whose number, according to Farmer, in his 'History of Waltham Abbey,' amounted to twenty-four. The Conqueror's charter was confirmed, as were also various subsequent additional grants, and two new manors were granted.

In 1191 Waltham was made a mitred abbey. Richard I. gave to the abbey the whole manor of Waltham, with great woods, and park called Harold's park, and other lands, as well as the market of Waltham. Henry III. frequently resided here, and, as a mark of his favour, granted the Abbey a fair, to be held annually for seven days. During this reign the church was again solemnly dedicated in the presence of the king and many of the principal nobles. The body of Edward I. was brought here in 1307, with great pomp, where it remained for no less than fifteen weeks, during which time six religious men were chosen weekly from the neighbouring monasteries to attend it night and day. The abbey was surrendered to Henry VIII. at the dissolution, on the 23rd of March, in the thirty-first year of his reign, by Robert Fuller, the last abbot, who had previously made a vain effort to avert the impending ruin by presenting the king with the magnificent seat of Copt Hall. The net annual income at this period was 900*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*

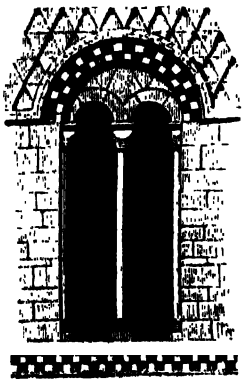
The only remains of the monastery are, a portion of the conventual church, which now forms the parish church, an entrance gateway and bridge across an arm of the Lea, some vaulted arches forming a kind of dark passage of two divisions, and some broken walls. The church must have been a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture, if it were only from its great size. An idea of the extent may be conveyed by stating that the site of Harold's tomb, which stood either in the middle of the choir or in a chapel beyond, is no less than one hundred and twenty feet distant from the termination of the present edifice. The original church consisted of nave, transept, choir, and chapels. There was also a large tower rising from the intersection of the transept, containing "five great tunable bells." Part of this tower having fallen, the remainder was undermined and blown up, the choir, tower, transept, and east chapel at once demolished. The nave and some adjacent chapels alone remained: the nave, as before stated, with its side aisles, forms the body of the present church. (Figs. 604, 605.) This is about ninety feet in length, and in breadth, including the side aisles, forty-eight feet; it is in the Norman style, with round massive piers dividing the nave from the aisles, semicircular arch, and zigzag enrichments. One of these piers on each side is decorated with spiral and another with very bold and rude zigzag indentations, which, it is supposed, were formerly filled up with brass or other metal. Above the first range of arches, supported on the piers we have mentioned, are two other tiers of arches: those of the second tier corresponding in width with those of the first, but being lower in height; the arches of the third tier are three to each arch of the lower tiers, with a window pierced in the middle one. The roof is modern and plain. At the west end of the church is a heavy square embattled tower, eighty-six feet high, bearing date 1578. From the south side of the church projects the Lady-chapel, now used as a vestry and school-room, under which is a fine arched crypt, "the fairest," says Fuller, who was the incumbent from 1648 to 1658, "I ever saw." Another little chapel, at the south-east end, is now a repository for rubbish. These chapels have some beautiful portions in the decorated English style. The windows in the south aisle have been but little altered. There is a fine wooden screen, bearing the arms of Philip and Mary, and a font, which appears to be very ancient. Near the screen there was



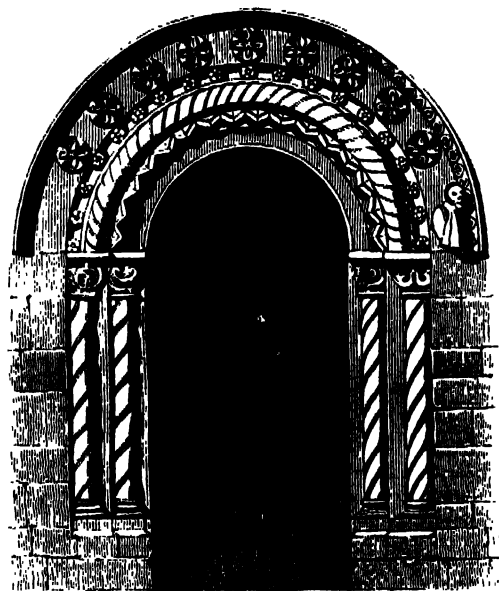
725.—Romsey Abbey.



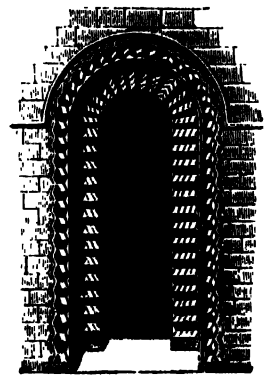
726.—The Abbey Church, Romsey, Hampshire.



730.—Norman Window.—Caston Church, Northamptonshire.



727.—The doorway, Romsey Abbey, Hants.



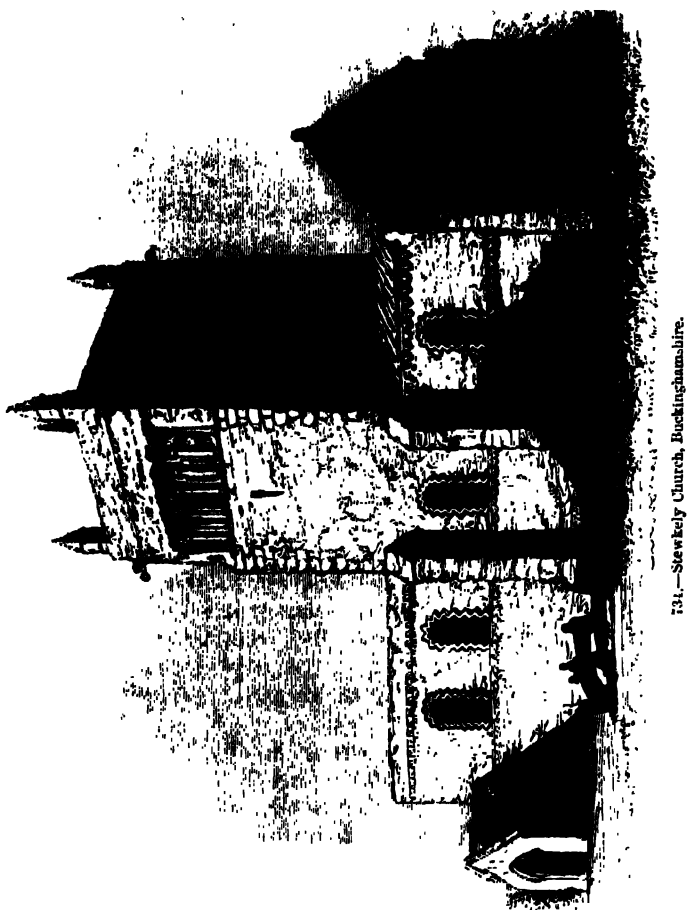
731.—Norman Window.—St. Cross.



729.—St. Cross, near Winchester.



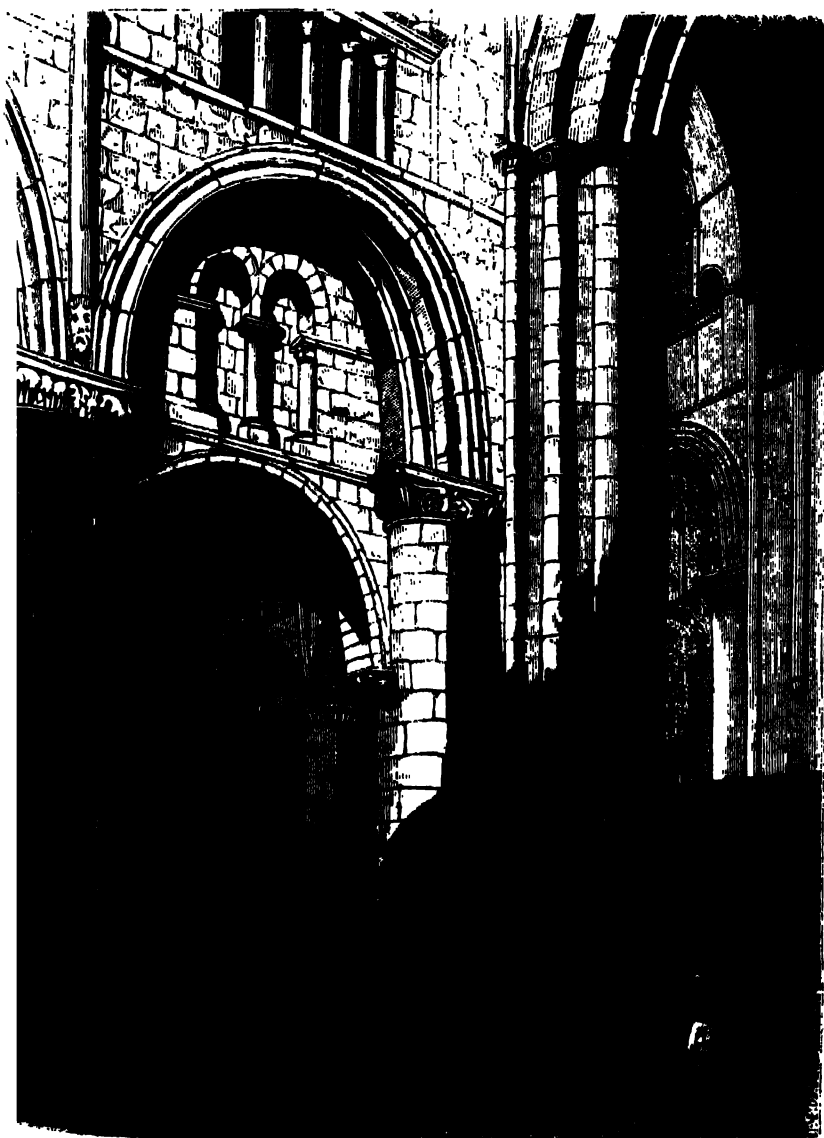
728.—St. Cross.



731.—Stewkely Church, Buckinghamshire.



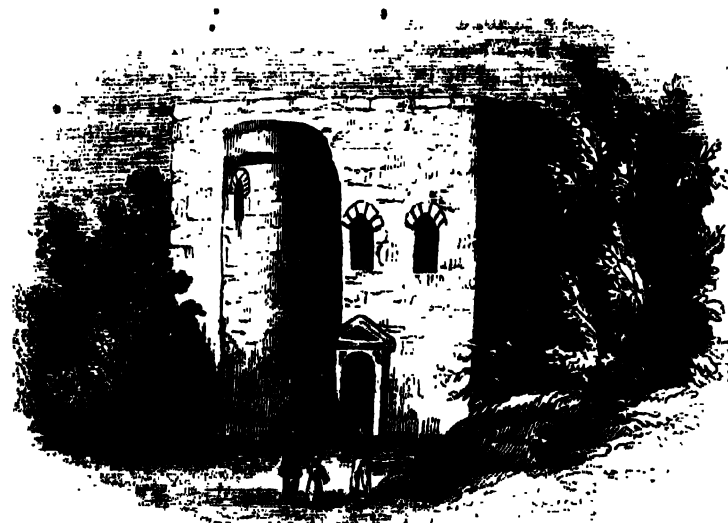
732.—Interior of Holyrood Chapel.



733.—Oxford Cathedral.



735.—St. Peter's, Northampton.



736.—Sanctuary, Westminster.—From a sketch by Dr. Stukeley, before its destruction in 1775.

formerly a painting on glass of Harold; this was destroyed by the Danes during the reign of Charles I. Farmer observes that the church "is observed by all artists, and the most curious, to stand the exactest east and west of any other in Great Britain." The abbey refectory is reported to have stood eastward of the church, and the stables on the spot now known as the Abbey Farm. The gateway we have mentioned is in a much later style of architecture than the church. Two stone coffins have been found at different periods, each of which was at first thought to be Harold's, but there appears to have been no proof of the correctness of the supposition.

Near the abbey mills is a wide space of ground called the Bramblings, but formerly known by the name of Rome-land; owing, it is supposed, to the rents having been appropriated to the see of Rome. On this spot Henry VIII. had a small pleasure-house, which he occasionally occupied in his visits to Waltham. One of these visits led to an important event—the introduction of Cranmer to Henry, and his consequent elevation to influence and authority.

If history were altogether silent on the subject of Verulam, and we knew nothing of the slaughter of its countless thousands of Roman inhabitants by the Britons under Boadicea, and of other scarcely less important events, that show the place to have been one of the most ancient and distinguished of British and Roman towns, a walk through the neighbourhood of its more modern representative, St. Albans, even at the present day, would tell us our footsteps were among the memorials of a mighty people, that we looked upon the site of what must have once been a great and magnificent place. There is no mistaking the character of these huge fragments of wall, or of these gigantic embankments, not unaptly denominated the Verulam Hills, or of the extent of the place both walls and embankments formerly enclosed. Nay, even the very Abbey Church of St. Albans, stamped as it is with an expression of the extremest antiquity in its general style of architecture, tells of something infinitely more ancient, in the heterogeneous materials of which it is built,—tiles, bricks, flints, the débris of Roman Verulam. But if we avail ourselves of the assistance of history, our wonder and admiration are indefinitely enhanced. Before London as yet was, Verulam existed, not only as an important city, but as the seat of a line of princes, the Cassil. After their overthrow, and the complete establishment of the dominion of the masters of the world, Verulam was one of the few places that rejoiced in the honour and advantages attending the elevation to the rank of a municipium or free city. Its wealth, as well as its large population, at the time of the British outbreak under Boadicea, is evident from the allusion to it made by Tacitus, who seems to intimate that its riches formed an additional inducement with the Britons to attack it, and from the number of persons—seventy thousand—who are said to have fallen in Verulam, London, and some other less important places. It may be easily supposed that St. Albans must be a rich mine for the antiquary to delve in, though its choicest treasures have probably been already gathered. "Were I to relate," says Camder, "what common report affirms of the many Roman coins, statues of gold and silver, vessels, marble pillars, cornices, and wonderful monuments of ancient art dug up here, I should scarcely be believed." One of the most important discoveries was made some nine centuries ago, during the time of Abbot Eadmer, who having employed men to ransack the ruins, they "tore up the foundations of a great place in the midst of the ancient city; and while they were wondering at the remains of such large buildings, they found in the hollow repository of one wall, as in a small press, among some lesser books and rolls, an unknown volume of one book, which was not mutilated by its long continuance there; and of which neither the letters nor the dialect, from their antiquity, were known to any person who could then be found; but the inscriptions and titles in it shone resplendent in letters of gold. The boards of oak, the strings of silk, in great measure retained their original strength and beauty. When inquiry had been industriously made very far and wide concerning the notices in this book, at last they found one priest, aged and decrepit, a man of great erudition, Unwon by name, who, knowing the dialect and letters of different languages, read the writing of the before-mentioned book, distinctly and openly. In the same manner he read without hesitation, and he explained without difficulty, notices in other books that were found in the same room and within the same press; for the letters were such as used to be written when Verulam was inhabited, and the dialect was that of the ancient Britons then used by them. There were some things in the other books, written in Latin, but these

were not curious; and in the first book, the greater one, of which I have made mention before, he found written 'The History of Saint Alban, the proto-martyr of the English,' which the church at this very day recites and reads; to which that excellent scholar Bede lends his testimony, differing in nothing from it. That book in which the 'History of St. Alban' was contained, was deposited with the greatest regard in the treasury of the abbey; and exactly as the aforesaid presbyter read the book written in the ancient dialect of England or Britain, with which he was well acquainted, Abbot Eadmer caused it to be faithfully and carefully set down by some of the wiser brethren of the convent, and then more fully taught in the public preachings. But when the history was thus made known, as I have said, to several, by being written in Latin, what is wonderful to tell, the primitive and original work fell away in round pieces, and was soon reduced irrecoverably to dust." (Whitaker's 'Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall.') As may be supposed, the name, St. Albans, is derived from the saint, whose history was thus strangely discovered. Alban, or Albanus, was a Roman citizen of Verulam, who, during the dreadful persecution instituted by Dioclesian against the Christians, gave shelter to one of their ministers or priests, named Amphilabus, who had fled to Verulam from Wales. His retreat was unfortunately discovered, and the judge of the city sent soldiers to arrest him; when Albanus, who had received some private intimation of their approach, sent away his guest in safety, and then putting on his habit, presented himself to the soldiers as the man of whom they were in search. By them he was conveyed to the judge; where, throwing off his cloak, and revealing himself, he proceeded to defend the act of heroism he had performed, by one still more heroic,—a bold and unequivocal declaration of his belief in the doctrines of the Cross. Great was the excitement and indignation. At first he was scourged with the utmost severity, in the hope of inducing him to recant; but seeing all efforts ineffectual, he was taken the same day to a neighbouring hill, and there beheaded. Two miracles are related as having occurred at his death. The bridge over the river was so narrow that the multitudes who crowded to see the execution were unable to pass, until Albanus prayed that the waters might be divided and afford a safe passage. This was done; and the executioner, in consequence, refused to perform his office, and was himself condemned to death on account of his scruples. The other miracle has been thus recorded by a poetical writer of the time of James I., in an inscription which was placed below a painted window in the abbey, representing the martyrdom:—

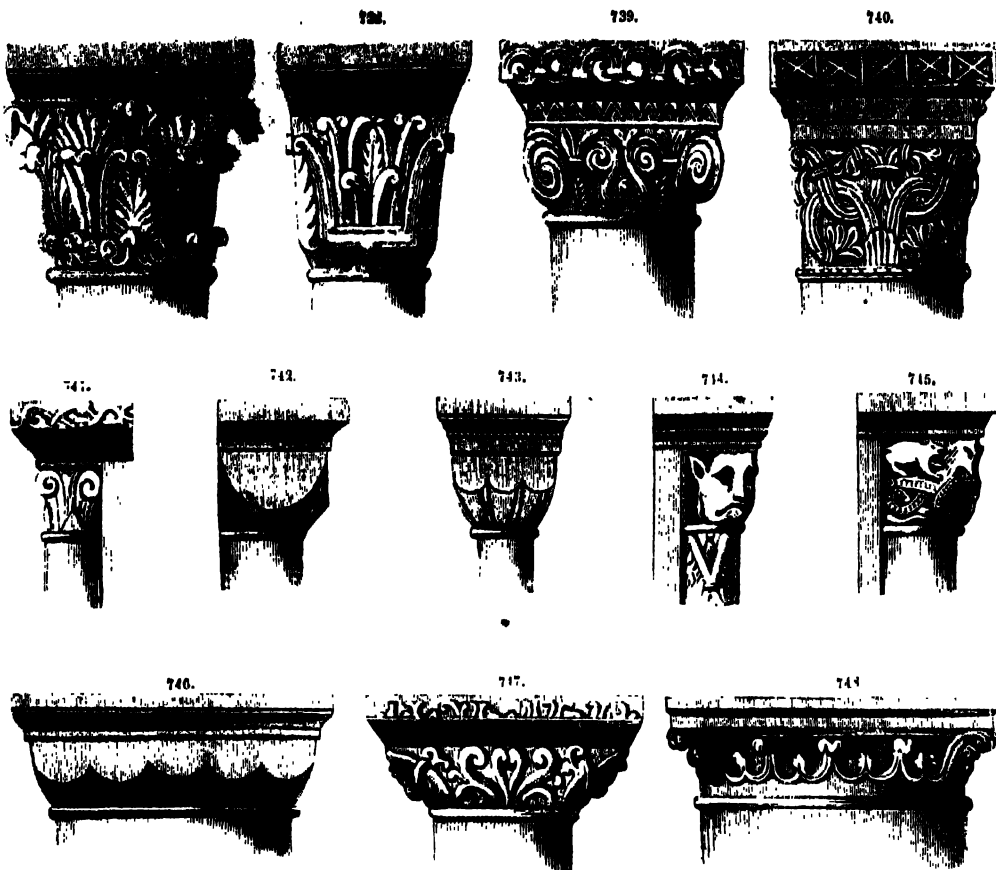
"This image of our frailty, painted glass,
Shows where the life and death of Alban was.
A Knight beheads the martyr, but so soon,
His eyes dropt out to see what he had done;
And leaving their own head, seem'd with a tear
To wail the other head laid mangled there:
Because, before, his eyes no tears would shed,
His eyes themselves like tears fall from his head
Oh, bloody fact, that whilst St. Alban dies,
The murderer himself weeps out his eyes."

After the execution, the people of St. Albans had the story of Albanus's disgrace, as they esteemed it, engraved upon marble and inserted in the city walls. Even then, however, no doubt St. Albans was secretly divided against itself; and men were heard still whispering to each other in solitary corners in something like the words of the scientific martyr of a later time—"It moves;" for both Bede and Gildas state that but a very few years later a church was founded, in honour of Alban, on the very spot where he had suffered. And then, too, the public record of his disgrace disappeared from the walls, to give place to the triumphant materials of the new religion. And in high veneration did the place, afterwards known as St. Albans, remain from that time forward, though it was not till the eighth century that it enjoyed the honours, usually accorded to all such sacred spots, of having a house of religious persons established on it. Offa, the great Mercian king, being then in much trouble of mind as to various incidents of his career, and more particularly as to the murder of Eadbert, sovereign of the East Angles, determined to set all right by founding a monastery. Then came the question as to the place about. After a while, being at Bath, as Matthew Paris, the historian of the abbey, tells us, in the rest and silence of night, he seemed to be accosted by an angel, who instructed him to remove from the earth the ashes of the body of the first British martyr, Alban, and place them in a suitably ornamented shrine. To this Herbert, Archbishop of Lichfield, and Ulfstan, Bishop of Exeter, his special counsellors, did Offa command him to obey. The vision; when the whole three set out to search.

they approached Verulam, the king saw a light, as of a torch shining over the town, and, as a harbinger of success, gladly was it welcomed. "When the king, the clergy, and the people," continues the historian, "were assembled, they entered on the search with prayer, fasting, and alms, and struck the earth everywhere with intent to hit the spot of burial; but the search had not been continued long when a light from heaven was vouchsafed to assist the discovery, and a ray of fire stood over the place, like the star that conducted the Magi to find the Holy Jesus at Bethlehem. The ground was opened, and, in the presence of Offa, the body of Alban was found." It was then taken in solemn procession to the church before mentioned, which had been erected on the very spot where Alban had been beheaded, and there deposited in a shrine enriched with plates of gold and silver. Offa himself placed a circle of gold, inscribed with Alban's name and title, round the skull. And then was commenced the erection of the monastery around the church; a matter deemed of such vast importance, that Offa made a preliminary visit to Rome to procure the requisite powers and privileges, obtained at no less a cost than the making perpetual the payment of Peter-pence by the English nation (a custom that did last for several centuries), but which previously had been granted by Inn merely for the maintenance of a Saxon college at Rome. On his return to England, a great assembly was held at Verulam, of the nobles and prelates, when it was resolved that the monastery should not only be on a large scale, sufficient, indeed, for the accommodation of one hundred monks, but so amply endowed as to be able to exercise the rites of hospitality to the many travellers who passed through the neighbourhood along the Watling Street in their journeys between London and the North; a gratifying trait of the feelings, as well as an interesting glimpse of the manners of Saxon England. The monks were all carefully selected from the houses most distinguished for the regularity of discipline. The first stone was, of course, laid by Offa, who laboured at the undertaking with a zeal and perseverance that were, considering his position and the many duties it imposed, really extraordinary; and although the buildings were mostly erected in the course of the first four or five years, death found him still busily engaged in his labour of love and piety, rather than of remorse, in which it first originated. A touching story is told concerning his burial. From some unexplained cause, Willegod, the first abbot, seems to have thought it his duty to refuse permission to inter the remains of Offa in the monastery; two months after Offa's death, Willegod himself died, partly through the grief he is said to have felt on account of that refusal. In the history of the subsequent abbots of St. Albans we might find ample materials for an interesting volume; we can, therefore, only attempt to select here and there a passage. During the lifetime of the eleventh abbot, Ælfric, some alarm was felt lest, in the ravages of the Danes, the remains of St. Alban might fall into their unrespecting hands; and in consequence the monks came to a determination which does great credit to their shrewdness, and which led to an incident strikingly illustrative, in various points, of the monkish character. A wooden chest was brought, into which were put the saint's relics, and the costly shrine, into which, we presume, they had been placed by Offa; to these were added some of the most valuable effects of the monastery. The chest, with its precious contents, was then let into a secret cavity in the wall of the church, and securely closed up. A few of the monks only were admitted into the abbot's confidence. This completed one part of the arrangement. Another and very rich-looking chest was now obtained, and the bones of a common monk placed therein with great show of respect. This, with some of the ornaments of the church, and an old ragged cloak, which it was insinuated was the very cloak that Amphilabus had worn, and in which Alban went disguised before the judge, were sent to the monks of Ely to take care of, who received them with undissembled joy. After the alarm had subsided, Ælfric demands his chest and other deposits; but the monks are determined to take such care of them, as never again to let them leave their own walls. Ælfric implores—but they care not; Ælfric threatens, and at last they are somewhat frightened; a schism takes place in the monastery, some insisting upon the return of the martyr's remains, some insisting upon their retention; at last, however, there is a sudden unanimity; they will return the chest, but first open the bottom very subtly, and remove the relics by others. No sooner, however, does Ælfric receive the chest on its return, than he sees the imposition, and forgetting his own deception in his indignation at the deception of his brethren of Ely, exposes the whole affair, to the sorrow of many a plain spirit, the mirth of many a merry one, and the never-ending annoyance and mortification of the poor monks of the Isle.

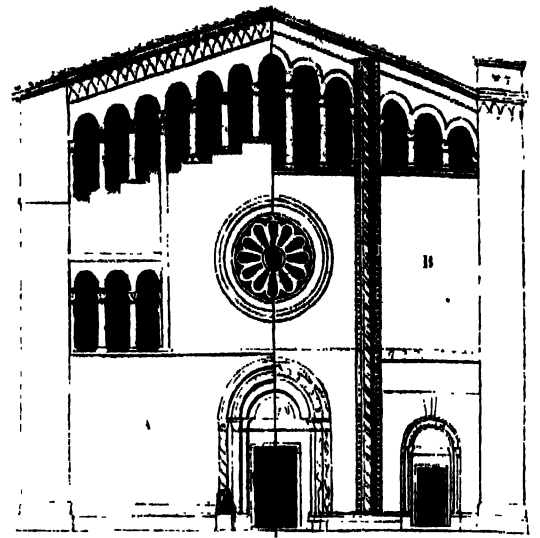
If the monastic character, but too often, it is to be feared, was justly chargeable with these little deceptions, it had many excellent qualities by way of counterpoise. The records of the abbey of St. Albans exhibit various instances of noble devotion to the public good. Thus the predecessor of Ælfric, Leofric, son of the Earl of Kent, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, during the prevalence of a grievous famine, first expended for the relief of the people the treasures that had been set apart for the erection of a new church, and then sold the very materials, the slabs of stones, the columns, and the timber that had been dug up for the same purpose from the inexhaustible quarry of the ruins of Verulam. To these also he added the gold and silver vessels that belonged to the church and to his own table. His wise liberality caused much dissension among the monks, but he had his reward in his own inward satisfaction, and in the gratitude of his fellow-men generally, some of whom, the most exalted in rank, warmly supported him. Another abbot, the successor of Ælfric, Leofstan, confessor to the Confessor, cut down the thick groves and woods that covered the Watling Street, and which had become the haunts of wolves, wild boars, stags, and wild bulls (these were among the inhabitants of Old England), as well as of a still more terrible class of ravagers, the human robbers and outlaws who made plunder their trade. And yet a third abbot must be mentioned, Frederic, descended from Saxon royal blood, and with the true current still pouring through his veins. It was his misfortune to be Abbot of St. Albans at the period of the Conquest. William, after the battle of Hastings, had gradually made way to London; but finding his entrance resisted, roamed about the country for some time, doing all the mischief he could, thereby intimating, we presume, to the people, the advantage of quickly coming to a better understanding with such a reckless and potent enemy. On his return towards London, his road lay through St. Albans. As he approached that place, the passage was found to be stopped by masses of great trees that had been felled and drawn across the road. The Abbot of St. Albans was sent for to explain these demonstrations, who, in answer to the king's questions, frankly and fearlessly said, "I have done the duty appertaining to my birth and calling; and if others of my rank and profession had performed the like, as they well could and ought, it had not been in thy power to penetrate into the land so far." Not long after, the same Frederic was at the head of a confederacy, determined, if possible, to compel William to reign like a Saxon prince, that is, according to the ancient laws and customs, or to place England's darling, Edgar Atheling, in his room. William submitted for a time, and, in a great council at Berkhamstead, swore, upon all the relics of the church of St. Albans, that he would keep the laws in question, the oath being administered by Abbot Frederic. In the end, however, the Conqueror grew too strong to be coerced into any measures, however nationally excellent or desirable, and he does not seem to have cared much about oath-breaking, unless indeed it was when he had exacted the oath—the unhappy Harold, for instance, found that no light matter—and so William became more oppressive than ever. St. Albans, as might have been anticipated, suffered especially from his vengeance; he seized all its lands that lay between Barnet and London-stone, and was with difficulty prevented from utterly ruining the monastery. As it was, the blow was enough for Frederic, who died of grief in the monastery of Ely, whither he had been compelled to fly.

We have before had occasion to notice the many able and zealous men whom William introduced into our bishoprics, and abbatial offices, in the place of the Saxon dignitaries, whom he displaced or killed off: St. Albans forms no exception to this general rule. Paul, said by some to be the king's own son, was made abbot, who signalized his rule by a rebuilding of the entire abbey, church included, from the enormous masses of materials that had been previously collected from the Roman city. The "young monks" of the abbey possessed a less gratifying recollection of him. To these "young monks," says Matthew Paris, "who, according to their custom, lived upon pasties of fresh meat, he prevented all inordinate eating," by first stinting them in quantity, and then in substituting *kar-pie*, or *herring-pie*, made of "herrings and sheets of cakes." One would have supposed there was no need of stinting the use of that dish. The new church was consecrated by the succeeding abbot, Albany, 1115, when a goodly company were present, including Henry I. and Queen Maud, with a crowd of prelates and nobles, all of whom were for eleven days entertained by the abbey at its own cost. The spiritual connection of St. Cuthbert with the abbey began in this abbot's time, who is said to have enjoyed "a wonderful cure of a withered arm" through the saint's intercession. From the period of the erection of the new church, the abbey gradually began to recover its lost prosperity,

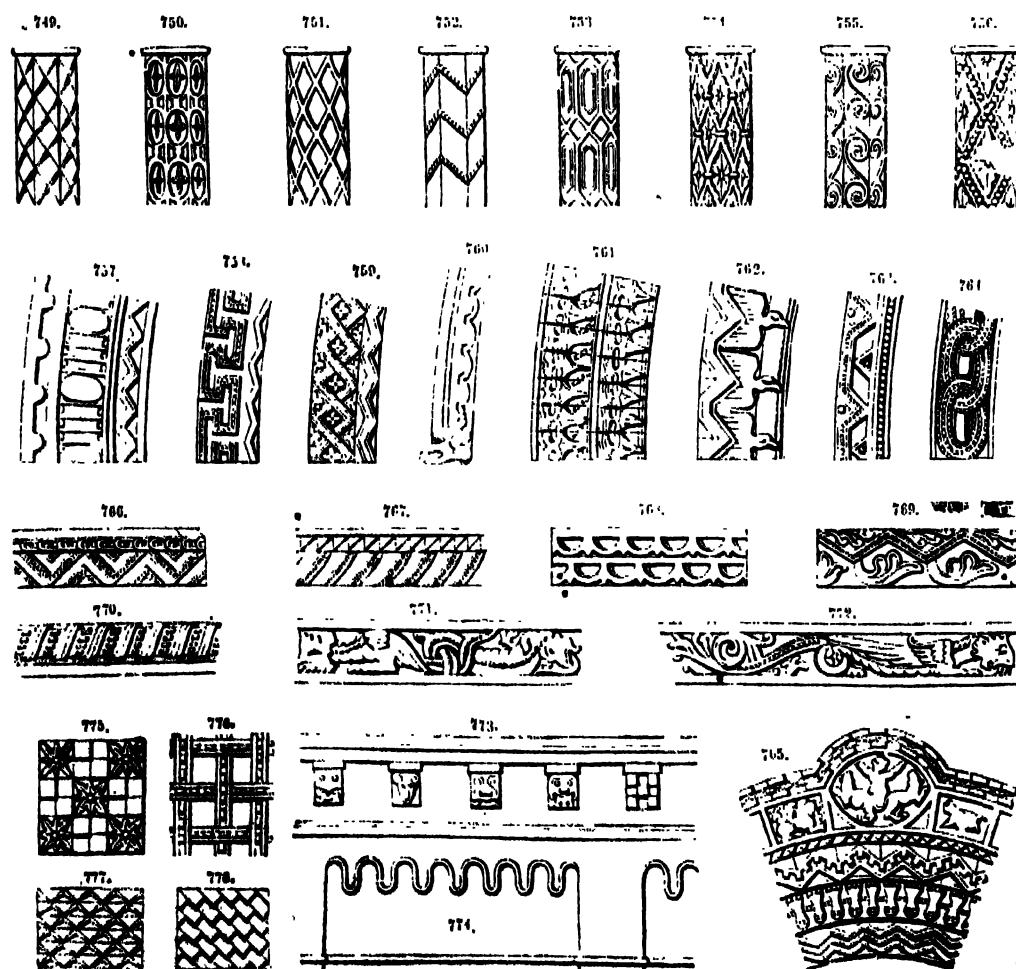


Norman Capitals.

737. Junligny. 738. Sannois-sur-Rille. 739. St. Peter's, Northampton. 740. Steetly, Derbyshire. 741 and 742. St. John's, Chester.
712, 713, and 746. Rochester Cathedral. 715. Canterbury. 746. St. Georges de Rocherville. 718. Oxford.



770. -Specimen of Lombardic Architecture



Norman Architectural Decorations.

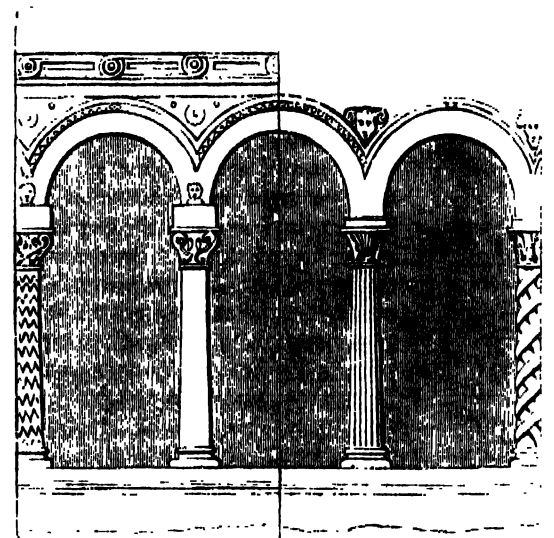
749 to 756. Shafts of Columns.

757 to 765. Arch-Mouldings.

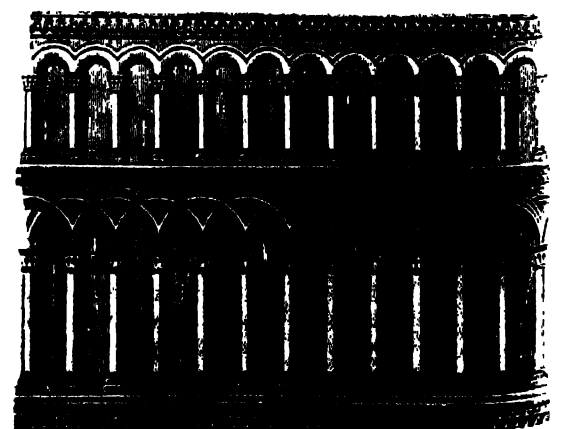
766 to 772. Strings and Imposts.

773 to 776. Ornaments on Flat Surfaces.

773, 774. Cornices.



770. -Specimens of Lombardic Architecture



770. -Specimens of Lombardic Architecture



782.—The Husbandmen. Vision of Henry II.



783.—Costume of the Time of John.



784.—Horse beating a Tabor



785.—Fishing with a Seine Net



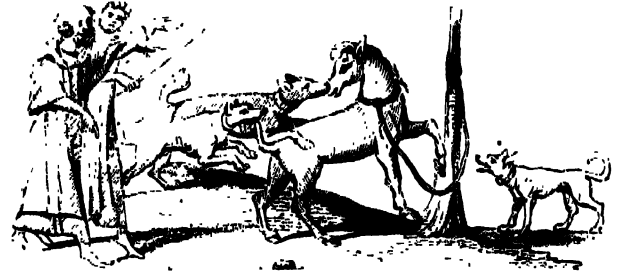
786.—Horse beating a Tabor.



787.—Rob-A-Apple.



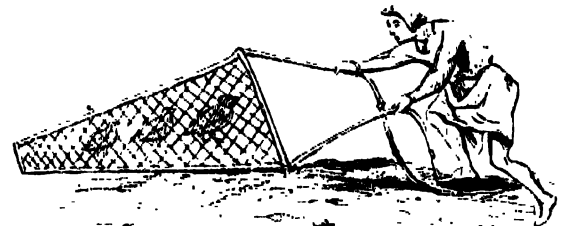
790.—Costume of Norman-English Ladies in 12th Century.



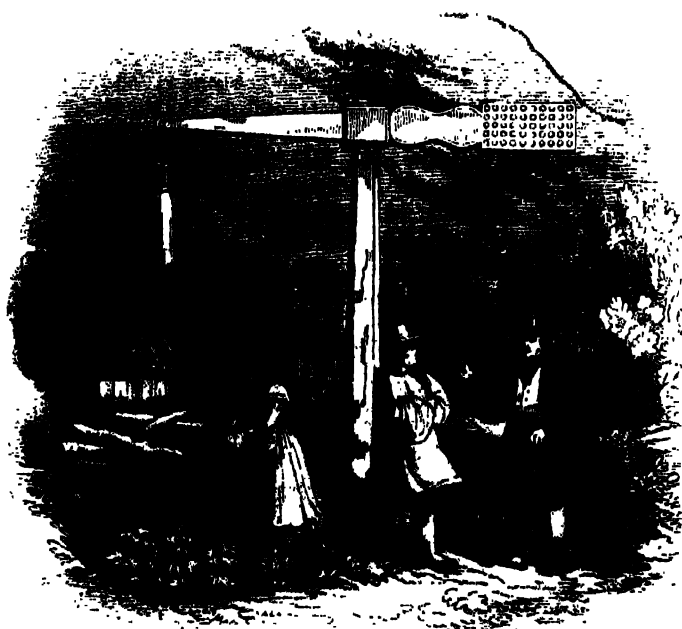
788.—Horse Baiting.



789.—Water Tournament.



791.—Bird-catching by Clap-net.



792.—Ancient Quinn; now standing at Offham, Kent.



793.—Playing Bears.



794.—Fowling.

and to rise to even greater splendour. Abbot Gorham's rule marks perhaps the most important era of this progress. He procured exemption for the abbey from all ecclesiastical jurisdiction other than that of the Pope, a favour obtained through the personal recollections of the latter—Adrian, the Englishman, who then filled the chair of St. Peter, and who had been born at Abbot's Langley. To this was added a grant of precedence; "as St. Alban was distinctly known to be the first martyr of the English nation, so the abbot of his monastery should at all times, among other abbots of the English nation, in degree of dignity be reputed first and principal." Many disputes and heartburnings arose through these privileges: the Bishops of Lincoln were discontented to be deprived of their usual jurisdiction; the abbots of Westminster, of what they seem to have considered their proper seat, the one of highest honour and dignity in parliament. In the second point the Abbots of St. Alban were ultimately defeated through the supineness of one of their number, who was content to be foremost in learning; but in the first they were perfectly successful, the Bishops of London giving up all opposition, after a very marked interference by royalty, during the abbacy of Gaurine. The king happened at the time to be a visitor to the abbey, and thus addressed the astonished prelate: "By the eyes of God, I was present at the agreement. What is it, my lord of Lincoln, that you would attempt? Do you think these things were done in secret? I, myself, and the most chosen men of the realm, were present; and what was then done is ratified by writings the most incontestable, and confirmed by the testimony of the nobles. The determination stands good; and whoever sets himself to combat this abbot and monastery, combats me. What seek you?—to touch the pupil of mine eye?" "By no means, your Majesty," we can fancy the astounded prelate replying in a troubled and tremulous voice, and retiring back into perpetual silence on the subject thenceforth.

Literature and the arts appear to have ever found a welcome reception at St. Alban. The most eloquent of the monastic historians, Matthew of Paris, was a monk here, as was also Roger de Wendover, from whom the former transcribed a portion of his history; and William Rishanger, who continued the narration from the point where Matthew ceased. Then again, we read of several scribes and copyists being constantly employed in the monastery in the twelfth century, by Abbot Symond, and of a house having been built expressly for copyists in the fourteenth century. But the most interesting event of a literary nature, connected with the abbey, was the introduction of printing, almost immediately after its first introduction into England by Caxton. The earliest book known to be issued by the great English printer, from an English office, is dated 1474; the first book printed at St. Alban is of the date 1480, in which year no less than three publications appeared. The most remarkable of the St. Alban productions was the curious 'Gentleman's Recreation,' printed here in 1486, and which consists of three treatises, having for their subjects hawking, hunting and fishing, and coat armour; and the principal author or compiler of which was a lady of rank and the head of a religious house, the nunnery of Sopwell, a subordinate establishment to the abbey. It was an interesting fact that two abbeys, those of Westminster and St. Alban, should have been the first English printing-offices; that the new art, one of the first consequences of which was the Reformation and the dissolution of monasteries, should have had monks for its earliest patrons. The arts have flared no less worthily than literature at the hands of the abbots of St. Alban, from the earliest times. Paul, the first Norman abbot, adorned the space behind the high altar of the church with "stately painting." The shrine, made in 1129, by Abbot Gorham, for the relics of St. Alban, had for its artificer Anketill, who had been Mint-master to the King of Denmark, and who, during the construction of the superb work intrusted to him, appears to have grown so much attached to the abbey, that he would not afterwards leave it, but took the cowl and became a member. When the great repair and improvements of the church took place during the rule of Abbot Trumpington, in the thirteenth century, and when, among other beautiful works, St. Cuthbert's Screen was raised, we find, extraordinary as the fact seems and worthy of all admiration, that the chief architects and sculptors were the abbey's own members, namely, its Treasurer, Richard of Thydenhanger; its Keeper of the Seal, Matthew of Cambridge; its Sacrist, Walter de Colchester: as to the last of whom, Matthew Paris says he was at once excellent in painting, sculpture, and carving. Looking at these and the many similar instances already pointed out, and which are probably but so many indications of the multitude of facts of the same kind that have been left unrecorded, it seems hardly possible to overrate the beneficial influence which these religious

establishments of Old England must have had upon the national mind, humanizing, harmonizing, and ennobling it in a thousand ways, apart from any religious merits, and in spite of their many and notorious religious abuses.

All that is necessary to give a reader who has not seen St. Alban a faint glimpse of what it is (and those who have seen it do not need our aid), may be briefly told. With a preliminary reference, therefore, to the engraving (Fig. 606), we may state that its amazing size, the great variety of architectural styles, comprising, we verily believe, every one ever known in England from the days of the Saxons down to the fifteenth century, including the entire rise, prosperity, and fall of the Gothic, and the strange medley of the materials used in the construction, these are the characteristics that first strike every beholder. The building is in the form of a cross, extending from east to west about six hundred feet, and from north to south, along the transepts, more than two hundred feet. A square tower of three stages of stories, with a spire, rises at the intersection. In the interior, the famous screen of St. Cuthbert divides the choir from the nave (Fig. 607); whilst the altar or Wallingford's screen is placed, as its name implies, over the altar, separating the choir from the presbytery: this is one of the most beautiful pieces of stone-work in the country, of the age of Edward IV. Although finished in the time of Abbot Wallingford, it was planned and commenced by Abbot Whethamsted, as his arms upon the screen yet show. Whethamsted was one of the worthies of St. Alban, a most liberal, able, and indefatigable man. During his rule the wars of the Roses were at the height, and we need only mention the names of the two great battles of St. Alban, in one of which Henry VI. was defeated and made prisoner, and in the other was successful, in order to intimate that the Abbot of St. Alban must have had a troubled time of it. This monument is one of the most remarkable in the church; where also, among many other monuments, may be particularly mentioned those of Abbot Ramryge, and of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, whose fate we have already alluded to in our pages. St. Alban himself lies in the presbytery, where a stone in the middle of the pavement bears the inscription: "S. Albanus Verolamensis, Anglorum Proto-Martyr, xvii Junii, cccxvii:" a date that does not exactly agree with the period referred to by the story, 'The Emperor Dioclesian's persecution of the Christians,' which took place in 303.

On the 3rd of February, 1832, a part of the wall of the upper battlement on the south-west side of the abbey fell upon the roof below, in two masses, at an interval of five minutes between the fall of each fragment. The concussion was so great that the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses described it as resembling the loudest thunder; and the detached masses of the wall came down with such force that a large portion of the roof, consisting of lead and heavy timber, was driven into the aisle below. Besides the damage thus occasioned, the abbey generally has been a good deal out of repair for several years. The nave has been restored; but there is still a great deal to be done, which cannot be attempted by local subscription. This is a national work; and a grant from Parliament might be far better employed on such a superb structure—having no revenues of its own—than on many a trumpery edifice—a Buckingham Palace, for example, or a National Gallery—of our own day.

Though no monastery at any period, the church and hospital of St. Cross present to this day, so much the semblance of a monastery, in the general style of its buildings, and their juxtaposition with the noble church, and in the dress of the members, whom on our visits we see wandering about in the precincts, each in his black cloak, and with a large silver cross on his breast, that with a little exercise of the imagination one may easily fancy the old Catholic times revived, and half anticipate, as we pace silently and thoughtfully along towards the sacred edifice, that we shall hear the masses sung for the souls of some great departed—Henry de Blois, perhaps, King Stephen's brother, who first founded the establishment, or Cardinal Beaufort, who refounded it, and with much greater magnificence. But the place is, in truth, a monument simply of the charity of our forefathers, and we need not look in any part of England for one more worthy of them. The hospital was originally founded for thirteen poor men: these were to reside within its walls, and receive a daily allowance of three and a quarter pounds of bread, a gallon and a half of beer, besides mutton, an ancient and no doubt very good kind of egg-flip, and besides a quantity of wastel bread, or dainty cake. Then there was food in Lent for dinner, flesh at other times, and an excellent supper always provided. But the building here on our left as we enter the first quadrangle, and called Hundred Men's Hall, reminds us

that we have not mentioned the whole provision made by the warlike but charitable bishop for the poor. One hundred of the most indigent inhabitants of Winchester were provided with a dinner in that hall every day, and as their respective allowances were more than even the sharpest-set appetites required, they were permitted to take the remainder home with them; it was, in short, a dinner for their families as well as themselves. To both these classes were added the religious and other officials, who comprised a master, steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers, all educated in the hospital. This, to our notions, should seem pretty well for one charitable establishment; but Bishop Blois' successor thought he could do better, and so added another hundred poor men to the daily dinner in the halls. Lastly, having sunk through corruptions,—its revenues having been plundered and wasted,—Cardinal Beaufort thought it only dealing in a liberal spirit with the hospital, after William of Wykeham had enforced restitution of the old estates, to do something to raise them still higher in amount than they had ever been, and make the most hospitable of institutions still more hospitable. So thirty-five members were at once added to the thirteen for whom a permanent home and maintenance had been provided; and two priests and three nuns to the religious body, the last to wait upon the sick in the infirmary. And to what has all this dwindled? Here are stately buildings; walks, grass-plots, and flower-borders, all in the trimmest order; lodges for the brethren, each having his three rooms, and some hundred a year to spend in them, in the most comfortable manner, for he may follow a trade or profession in the College, may have his wife and family with him there if he pleases; but how many brethren are there of the forty-eight that were here maintained? Why, some eleven or twelve. Beaufort wished his charity to be called the "Alms House of Noble Poverty;" and it has generally been supposed he meant thereby to aid reduced gentlemen in their lowest estate; the modern and practical reading has been, that the Noble Poverty intended to be benefited was that particular state of pecuniary difficulty which is only evidenced in a non-capability of maintaining faithful old servants at its own expense, and which, therefore, kindly hands them over to the care and expense of the hospital. Let it not also be overlooked that any one who knocks at the porter's gate before the day is "too far spent," may receive a horn of ale and a slice of bread; few, except pleasure-seeking tourists, do come for such a purpose, but we must own, now that the extensive process of feeding two hundred poor men of Winchester daily has been quietly got rid of, it is as well not to mind these bread and ale casualties, which form the only existing vestige of the custom, particularly as they are generally well paid for in gratuities. Of course, in these remarks we refer to no particular persons or time; there is no saying when or how the change was consummated; it has been in process for centuries; but it does stir one's indignation to see the property of the poor, wherever we look, thus silently filched from them. It is but a simple matter of arithmetic to estimate what must have been the value *now* of endowments that four centuries ago supported entirely forty-eight families, and partially two hundred more. The church, we may add, yet remains in many respects as Blois himself left it. It is of the cathedral form, with a huge massive Norman tower at the intersection of the transept by the nave and chancel or choir. (Figs. 728, 729, 731.) The very antiquity, of course, gives interest to the structure; but it possesses features of a higher kind in its architectural characters, which have been deemed of such importance, that Dr. Milner thought the Gothic was actually discovered from the accidental effect produced by some peculiar intersections of circular arches in the chapel or church of St. Cross.

Romsey Church, the chief remain of Romsey Abbey, is generally supposed to have been built by the kings Edward the Elder and Edgar; but the regularity of the plan, no less than the finished character of the workmanship of the building, have induced high authorities, Mr. Britton for instance, to attribute the erection to the latter part of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century—the very periods that the records of the abbey have made so full of interest, in connection with its internal affairs. Royally founded—Romsey seems also, through a succession of abbesses, to have been long royally governed. But it is not that circumstance simply that has invested the fine old church and the neighbouring ruins with an attraction even more potent than that of their architecture. We have more than once had occasion to mention the good queen Maud or Matilda, the wife of Henry I.; it was from Romsey Abbey the king took her to become his bride, and under very important circumstances. She had been educated here from her childhood, under the care of the Abbess Christina, her relative, and

cousin to the Confessor, who had evidently cherished in Maud a lofty spirit, well becoming the daughter of the King of Scotland, and a descendant on the mother's side of the great Alfred. As she grew up, many suitors appeared, among them Alan, Earl of Richmond, who died before he could obtain an answer from the king, Rufus; and William de Garenne, Earl of Surrey, who does appear to have obtained an answer and a refusal. When Rufus died, and Henry came to the throne, a new, and what most women would have thought a dazzling, prospect opened upon Maud; the young king himself appeared as her suitor. But the recollections of the bloody field of Hastings, on which had been destroyed the nationality of her country, pressed stronger upon her mind than the personal advantage which might accrue to herself from marrying the son of the Conqueror; so she desired to be permitted to decline the match. But the country and the people she so loved were even more interested than Maud in the success of the proposal. She was told she might restore the ancient honour of England, and be a pledge of reconciliation and friendship between the two races; whilst otherwise their enmity would be everlasting. Maud could not resist that argument, and at last reluctantly consented. But now a new difficulty arose. Many among the Normans, who were not at all desirous of seeing an end put to the state of things that had given them so much power, asserted that Maud was positively a nun; that she had been seen wearing the veil, which made her for ever the spouse of Christ. Maud's explanation is one of those very interesting passages of ancient history which give us a true and most melancholy picture of the state of the people during the first few years after the Conquest. Having denied that she had ever taken the veil, she said, "I must confess that I have sometimes appeared veiled but listen to the cause: in my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Norman, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head, and when I refused to cover myself with it she treated me very roughly. In her presence I wore that covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground, and trampled it under my feet in childish anger." The chief ecclesiastics of England in solemn council determined, in effect, that this explanation was sufficient, by declaring Maud free. The marriage accordingly took place, and threw a momentary gleam of sunshine over the hearts of the miserable Saxon people. The history of another abbess suggests less gratifying materials for reflection. It is an old story,—that of human passions stifled, and therefore burning but with greater intensity, within the walls of the cloister, whither the unhappy man or woman has retired, in the hope of obtaining a peace denied them in the world—that peace which passeth all understanding. But old though this story be, it is ever full of instruction, ever sure of sympathy, when we are permitted to throw the veil aside, and see the true being who is hidden beneath. Such cases are necessarily rare, indeed almost confined to those most awful of events in the histories of our monasteries, when, bursting through all the restraints it had voluntarily imposed upon itself, but which force subsequently maintained, the heart of the unhappy recluse has demanded, at any hazard, its restoration to the general heart of humanity, to share again in all the cares and distresses and exacting demands of the world, but also in all the pleasurable enjoyments which are for ever welling up at our feet, even at the most unexpected times, and in the most unanticipated places, when we pursue with steady purpose the path that duty has marked out for us. If it be true that without occasional solitude the best of us may pass through life in ignorance of that which, of all other things, it most concerns us to know—ourselves, it is no less true, that without a participation in all the healthful activities of life, we shall most probably learn nothing either of ourselves or of others: in a word, we may vegetate, but can hardly be said to live. In the records of Romsey we have a glimpse of one of those terrible struggles between human affections and mental aspirations—between the continual beatings of the heart against its cage for liberty, and the chill repressive bonds of custom, aided by the fearful whisperings of the conscience, "This thing that thou desirest, it were wickedness to do." The termination of the struggle, however, was less tragical than such terminations have too often been, probably from the fact that the culprit was at once an abbess and a princess. Mary was the youngest and, at the time of her entering the abbey, only surviving daughter of King Stephen; a circumstance that, taken in connection with her subsequent history, renders it probable there was some extraordinary reason for her assuming the veil. From a simple nun, she was raised to the rank of abbess, on the first vacancy perhaps; but it soon became evident that her affections did not that way tend; the religious world of



795.—Ship-building.



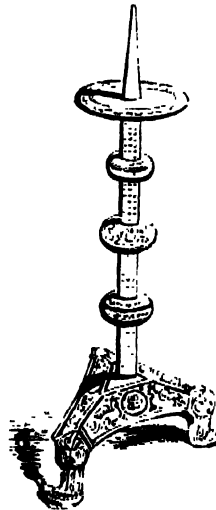
796.—Carver at work. From the Capital of a pillar at St. Georges de Bocherville, Normandy.



797.—Corn Sack and Store-basket



798.—Choirs. Ancient Chessmen. (Brit. Mus.)



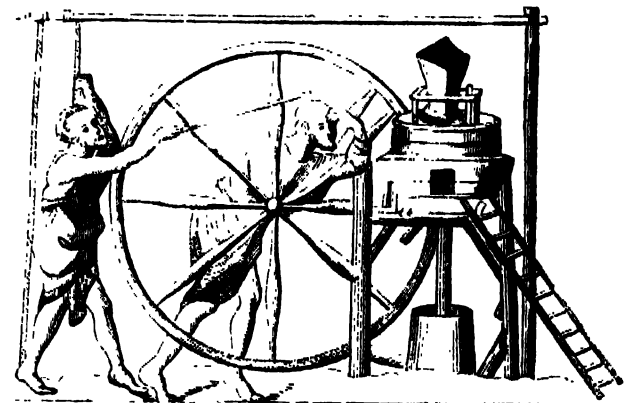
799.—Candlestick.



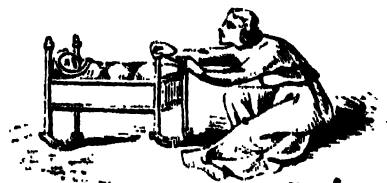
800.—Ancient Chessmen. (Brit. Mus.)



801.—Reaping and Gleaning.



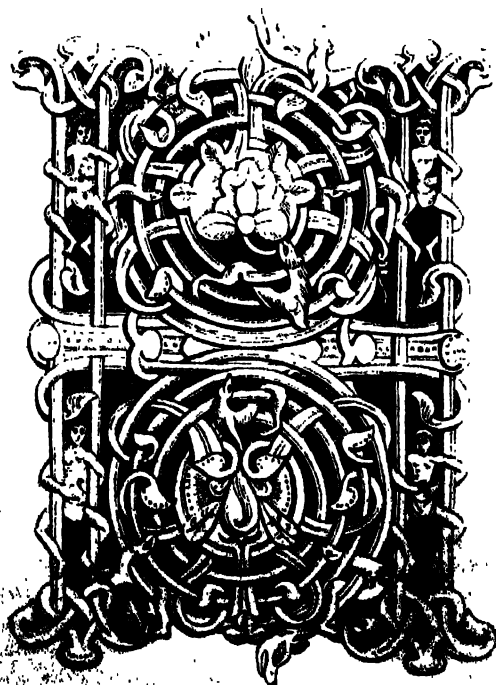
812.—Corn Hand-mill.



803.—Cradle.



804.—Sarcophagus. From the Cathedral of Toul.



805.—Ornamental Letter of the 12th Century.



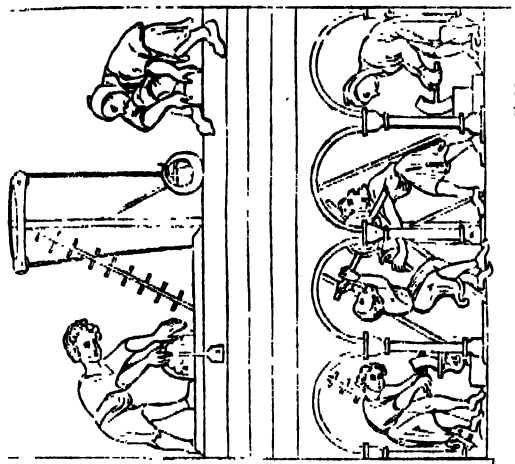
806.—Religious scene.



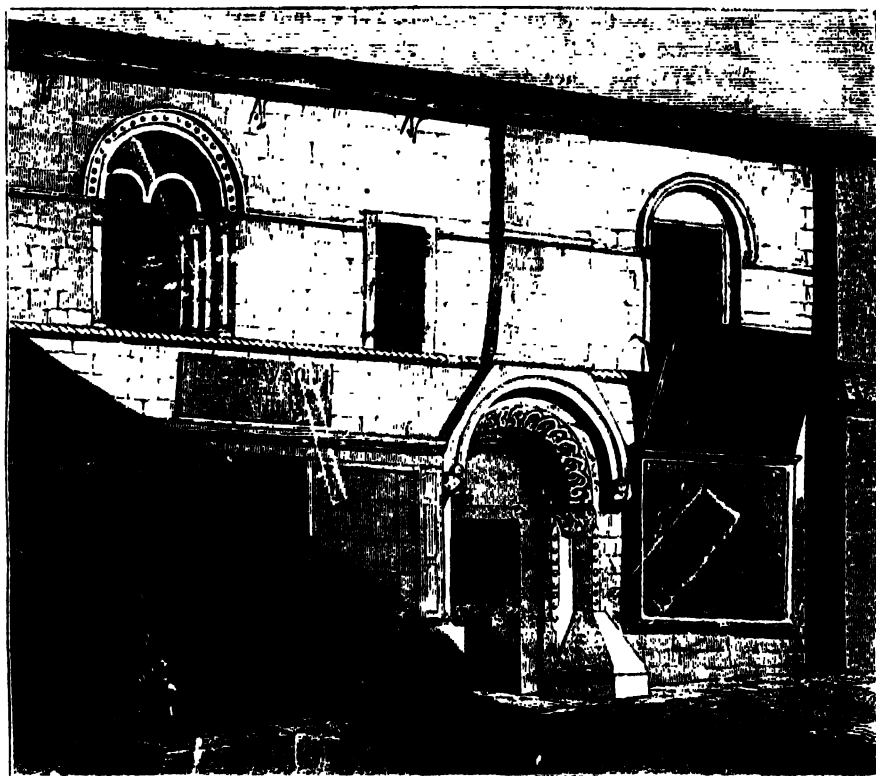
807.—London Bridge, Southwark side.



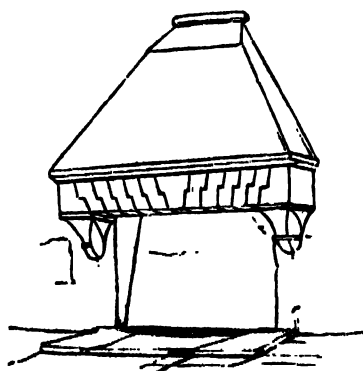
808.—London Bridge, 1208.



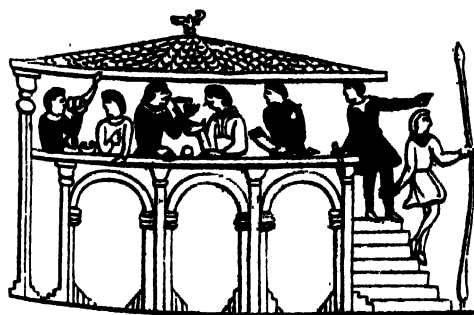
809.—Building a House.



812.—Jew's House at Lincoln.



810.—Fireplace, Boothby Pagnel, Manor-House.



811.—Elevation of a Norman House. (Bayeux Tapestry.)



813.—Firebell Gate (and Curfew), Barling, Essex.

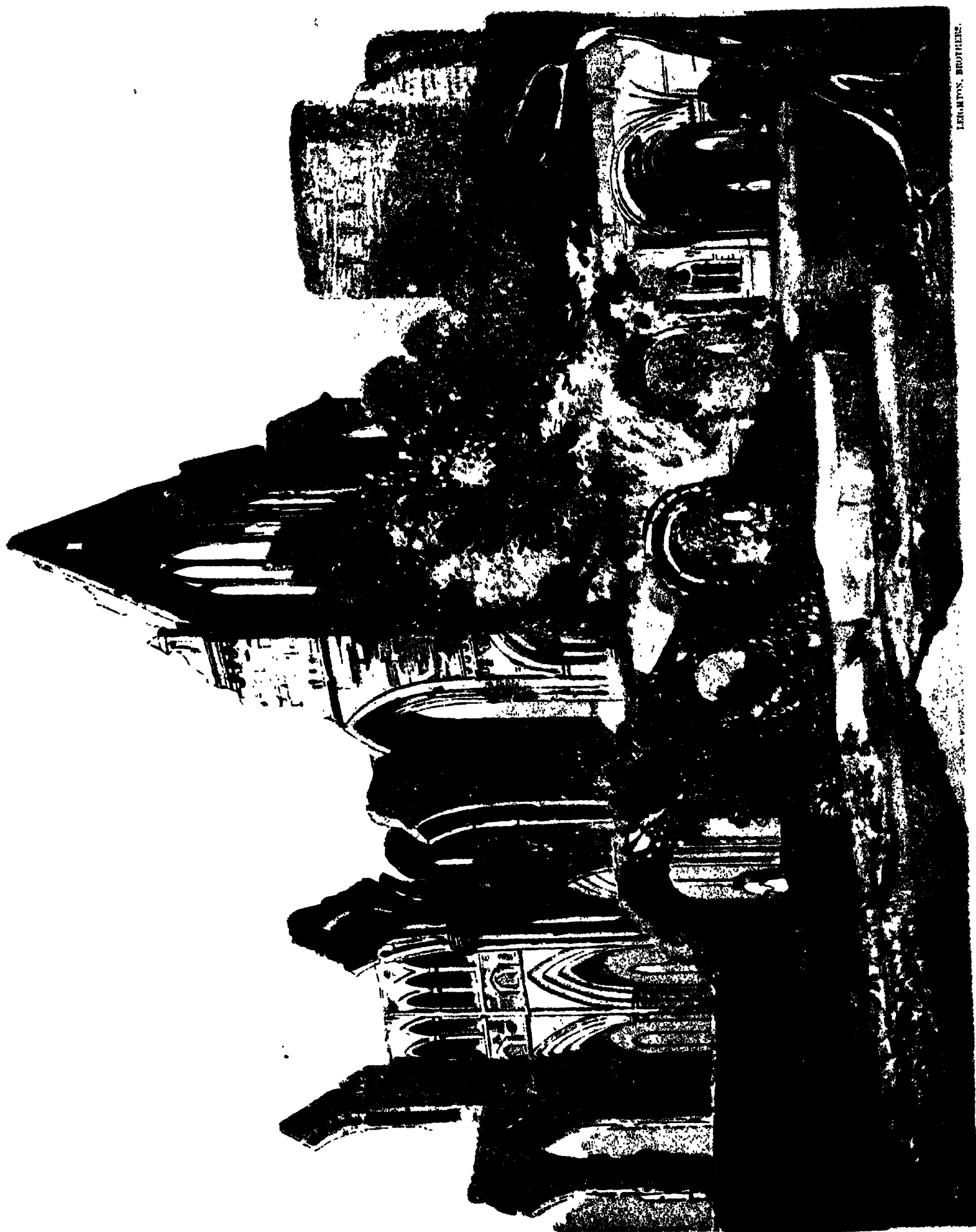
England was suddenly surprised and horrified to hear that the abbess of Romsey had been secretly conveyed to Flanders, and there married to Matthew, son of the earl of that country. To compel her return to the monastery under such circumstances, much less to punish the offender for leaving it, was out of the question; but if the lovers could not be prevented from living together, as they continued to do for no less than ten years, they could be harassed by the incessant interferences and alarmed by the extreme denunciations of the spiritual powers; and these at last seem to have made their union untendurable. So after the long period mentioned, during which two children had been born, the unfortunate abbess was fain to seek a reconciliation with the Church, by consenting to a divorce, and then returning to her monastery. God help her! There needs no record to tell us that she must have had a weary time of it for the remainder of her life. The church is pleasantly as well as commandingly situated, with the green and quiet-looking churchyard of Romsey on this side (Fig. 726), and a pretty little garden on that; here a paved court, once the court of the abbey—there the Sessions Hall, on the site of the monastic buildings, in which the abbess and her nuns and the father confessors once resided. The oldest and most interesting parts of the structure are the chancel, transepts, and eastern part of the nave, which are all of the richest as well as purest Norman style (Figs. 725, 727); the other or western portion was Gothic. In the interior are some memorials of the lady abbesses, and an inscription, charming for its simplicity, "Here lies Sir William Petty;" referring, it is hardly necessary to say, to the well-known and estimable ancestor of the Marquis of Lansdowne. From the top of the towers a delightful view is obtained of the surrounding country; though, until of late years, visitors who ascended to the spot were generally drawn thither to examine Nature on a more limited scale, or, in other words, to admire an apple-tree that had grown upon a small quantity of mould, and there flourished, and put forth its flowers and fruit, regularly as the seasons came, for two or more centuries, and only died at last of sheer old age.

Among the churches of Oxford valuable for their antiquity, the most remarkable is *St. Peter's in the East*, one of the many relics about which the learned disagree as to their Saxon or Norman origin. It is not certainly known when or by whom it was founded, but it is generally attributed to St. Grimbald, who intended his remains to lie in the crypt (Fig. 718); but the good saint, being nettled by some disputes between him and his scholars, indignantly removed his monumental preparations to Winchester. The crypt designed for that honour remains the most remarkable part of St. Peter's. It has a vaulted roof, and low massive pillars in four ranges, and looks altogether like a subterranean cathedral on a small scale. In the churchyard lies the antiquary Hearne. *AsPATRIA* is a long straggling village in Allerdale, below Derwent. The church is dedicated to St. Kentigern, and of rich Norman style. (Fig. 721.) A gigantic skeleton was found in a chest in the neighbourhood; on its left side lay a broadsword, five feet in length; on the right a dirk, a foot and a half in length, the handle studded with silver. Other discoveries have been also made. *BARFREESTON CHURCH* is a highly-prized remain of architectural antiquity, seated in a remote and barren part of Kent, on open downs. (Fig. 723.) At the Domesday Survey it formed a part of the vast estates of the Bishop of Bayeux. Subsequently it was attached to the castle at Dover. Its dimensions are unusually narrow, suited to the scanty population of the district. The most interesting part of the structure is the south or principal portal, which, in every point of view, is elaborate and sumptuous, with some extraordinary allegorical sculpture. (Fig. 727.)

CASTLE ACRE PRIORY, in Norfolk, another invaluable relic of the Early Normans, forms a direct contrast to *Barfreeston* in magnitude, grandeur, and wealth. It was founded in or before 1085, by the first Earl Warren and Surrey, whose favourite residence, of all the one hundred and forty lordships that he received from his father-in-law the Conqueror, was at the castle here. The French monks of Cluni were first introduced into England by this Earl, at the time when foreign priests were overrunning the land, until "neither governor, bishop, nor abbot remained therein of the English nation." At first, *Castle Acre Priory* was a mere cell to the Cluniac Abbey of *Lewes* in Sussex, and the rapidity of its growth to an establishment of the first class is rather a remarkable instance of the liberal piety of the stern warriors of old-time. The first, second, and third Earls Warren,—then their successors of the Plantagenet blood, the Earls of Warren and Surrey—and lastly, the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel and Surrey, successively extended the

endowments, until in 1288 we find the prior in possession of "four hundred and sixty acres of arable land, twenty of pasture, ten of meadow, five water-mills, and fishing liberty 'in pure alms,' besides other lands held by thirty-six tenants, a court baron, two folds, two free boars, and two bulls," while subordinate to *Castle Acre* were four cells, an hospital, and a priory. A lofty stone wall enclosed this stately establishment, which occupied twenty-nine acres. The arrangement of the interior can be distinctly ascertained; and this is a peculiarity that lends much interest to *Castle Acre*, of which we shall avail ourselves to give some definite notion of the place in its palmy days, as an illustration of the sort of life led in the larger monasteries of the middle ages, and the accommodations they provided. There were four principal divisions:—the Church, the Cloister, the Prior's Lodge, and the detached offices. A great part of the beautiful west front of the church remains, picturesquely broken. (Fig. 720.) Each side the great entrance was a tower: there was also a central tower, of which the only remain is a tall irregular mass of rocky flint masonry. The pious brethren celebrated two solemn masses daily in the church. A small chapel was attached to each transept, for the use perhaps of the lordly patrons. The Almonry and Sacristy adjoined the north transept, walled from it, and three points seem to have been especially consulted—convenient nearness to the church, remoteness from the more private parts of the monastery, and easy access to the public entrance. The Almonry was for the entertainment of poor mendicants, against whom its doors were never closed. The Cloister was a square of above one hundred feet, separated by a wall from the cemetery. Fancy can readily conjure up the silent, solemn figures of the black monks pacing these dim arched walks with breviary in hand, meditating, or muttering their Latin prayers; or gliding one by one into the Chapter House that stood east of the Cloister—some, perhaps, with the not very agreeable expectation of reproof, or even severe punishment, for some point of discipline neglected, or serious fault committed—and there entering each into his separate cell; and as we can trace eighteen cells on either side, we perceive thirty-six to be the number of inhabitants of the house. The prior and sub-prior occupied distinct stalls at the upper end. Here, as we have intimated, public confession of faults was made and correction administered; for the Cluniac (which was the principal) branch of the Benedictines was exceedingly strict in all discipline. Here the prior consulted with the brethren on the affairs of the abbey, and here the young monks studied singing, being not only required to sing in the choir, but also to chant psalms during their work. Between the refectory and kitchen was a yard or garden for the admission of servants and lay brethren, and which formed *their* place of correction. The meals in the refectory were restricted to one daily, except at certain periods, when two were allowed, and nothing could be eaten on any pretext after evening service. The strictest silence was preserved, signs being substituted for speech. The staple food was bread and wine, and the remnants were immediately distributed to the poor in the almonry. The meal ended, the monks retired into the locutory or parlour, where conversation was allowed. In the dormitory every monk had his bed and his chest in a separate cell, opening into a common passage running through the centre. The scriptorium, for writing, copying, and illuminating manuscripts, and the library, adjoined the parlour; and in the same portion of the establishment were the hall and chambers for the novices, generally more boys, sent hither for education.

It was to the foreign religious orders introduced into England that we owe whatever intellectual improvement was imported at the Conquest, and none were more useful in that respect than the order of monks domiciled at *Castle Acre*. They were highly esteemed as learned and holy instructors. The pupils were kept apart from the monks, except in the refectory and parlour. The prior's lodge is now a farm: a ladder long ago displaced a flight of stone steps leading up to the prior's door, by which he was enabled to receive guests of quality, or visitors on business, independent of the Convent. A stone basin for holy water under an arch we believe still remains outside the door, where those performed their ablutions who sought his venerable presence. Two richly-storied windows lighted the fathers' dining-room, which still retains the name, one an oriel of nine panels, on the glass of which was painted the arms of the priory, of the Earls Warren and Arundel, of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and of England and France. The prior's chapel adjoined, and the officiating priest and servants entered it by means of a narrow passage behind the prior's bedroom, in order to avoid passing through his private apartments. He was always a foreigner, appointed by the houses of Cluni in France, so long as they exercised jurisdiction over the English houses of their order, and drew from



LEIGHTON, BROTHERS.

DRYBURCH ABBEY

them heavy tribute. In another of the prior's rooms was the broken portraiture, on the glass of the window, of one of the Earls of Arundel, in armour, with a broadsword, and on his surcoat his arms and the remnant of a legend, "My trust ys."—The porter's lodge is a very good specimen of the flint masonry of Henry VII., and it is a curious circumstance that all the arches, buttresses, and window-frames are of a very hard red brick, burned in the several shapes required. The detached offices consisted of an infirmary for the sick, gatehouse, stables for the monastery and for strangers, malthouse, brewhouse, millhouse, &c. There was also a little detached chapel, placed with kind and prudent thoughtfulness where two highways meet, in order to incite the passing traveller to pray, and at the same time to intercept the casual offerings which might otherwise have been carried to some altar in the parish church farther on.

At the Reformation, Thomas Malling, prior of Castle Acre, and ten of his monks, surrendered the whole to his highness Henry VIII., on account of "certain causes, them their souls and consciences especially moving." The ruins have suffered as much from wanton and mercenary injuries, as from time and storms: almost every house and cottage in the village contiguous contains some undisguised evidence of the plunder of the priory. Still, the ruins are unusually ample and various. Wherever buildings have stood, walls or foundations remain, and prominences of the grass-grown soil mark the proportions and dimensions.

A finer situation for a monastic retreat could hardly be conceived, than that in which RIEVAULX ABBEY has been placed. (Fig. 719.) Probably, as a father's sorrow for his only child—a son, killed by a fall from his horse—was the occasion of the foundation of this abbey, so the choice of a site was influenced by the same feeling, which prompted Sir Walter L'Espee, the founder, to seek relief in the gentle influences of this beautiful scenery, where, in 1131, he allotted a "solitary place in Blakemore" to some Cistercian monks, sent by St. Bernard, abbot of Carival, a most devout man, into England. This "solitary place" was surrounded by steep hills covered with majestic woods. The angles of three valleys were near, with each a rivulet running through them, that passing by where the abbey was built, and being called Rie, the vale of this religious house was called Rieval, and the house the Abbey of Rieval or Rievaulx. William, one of the monks sent by St. Bernard, a man "of great virtue and excellent memory," began the building of the abbey, which was endowed by Sir Walter L'Espee, who, since the loss of his son, caring no longer for wealth, devoted the greater part of his possessions to advance that blessed religion in which he found all his solace. The ruins themselves are noble, and prove the abbey to have been of great extent; but it is the fascinating scenery and the touching circumstances of its foundation that lend the greatest charm to Rievaulx Abbey.

There is little to be said of ST. PETER'S OF NORTHAMPTON; it is peculiarly one of those beautiful and antique architectural works that must be seen to be appreciated. Anything more curious in most of its details seldom offers. (Fig. 735.) Its situation near the castle leads to the supposition that it owed its rise to one of the first Norman lords of Northampton, probably within fifty years after the Conquest. It was the privilege of this church, that a person "accused of any crime, and intending to clear himself by canonical purgation, should do it here, and in no other place of the town, having first performed his vigils and prayers in the said church the evening before."

STEWKLEY CHURCH is another of the fine old churches the era of whose erection is unknown. (Fig. 734.) Dr. Stukely mentions it as "the oldest and most entire he ever saw, undoubtedly before the Conquest, in the plain ancient manner," &c. But the enthusiastic doctor was never at a loss for a bold decision, whatever he might be as to proofs on which to found it. The shape is a parallelogram, ninety feet by twenty-four. Half the length is allotted to the nave, and one-fourth to the chancel, which is vaulted with stone. In the remaining space, two round arches support a square tower, whose upper part is surrounded with thirty-two small intersecting circular arches attached to the wall. The windows are small; the mouldings are decorated with zigzag sculpture. It stands in the large village of Stewkley, in Buckinghamshire. It is not unworthy of notice that IFFLEY CHURCH, on the banks of the river Isis, about a mile and a half from Oxford, bears a marked resemblance to the church just mentioned, and belonged to or enjoyed the protection of the same monastery as that with which Stewkley was connected, —the Priory of Kenilworth. It will be a sufficient testimony of its antiquity to say it is known to have been in existence before 1189. (Fig. 724.) The old tower has a commanding aspect, and the sculpture on the western doorway, rude though it be, possesses greater

charms for many an antiquary than works of infinitely greater beauty, in its allegorical character and in its astronomic insignia.

If the old abbey ruins of DRYBURGH, and the many interesting spots in the neighbourhood for miles around, were places especially dear to Scott, how much more must they now be to us, since he has invested them with all the sweet, and lofty, and solemn recollections connected with his own life, and death, and burial among them! Not a pile of old grey wall, not a crag, or wimpling burn, but has its own peculiar association with the great poet. In one part we behold

— those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd his fancy's waking hour,

where, in the poet's childhood,

— was poetic impulse given
By the green hill and clear blue heaven,

and where he sat whilst the old shepherd knitted stockings, and discoursed most eloquent music, to Scott's ears, of tales and ballads of the border, which lay all about them, so that the shepherd could point out the very scenes of which he spake; "and thus," as Washington Irving observes, "before Scott could walk, he was made familiar with the scenes of his future stories; they were all seen as through a magic medium, and took that tinge of romance which they ever after retained in his imagination. From the height of Sandy Knowe he may be said to have had the first look out upon the promised land of his future glory." Then in another part, not far distant, we have Abbotsford itself, that romance in stone and lime; whilst about midway between these scenes of his earliest and latest days lies Dryburgh, secluded among trees, with the broken gables rising upwards from among and above them. (Fig. 717.) And it is impossible to overlook the singularly appropriate and harmonious conclusion to the poet's life, which his burial here suggests. The ripple of the favourite river that soothed his dying ear murmurs by his grave; the "misty magnificence" of his own native and beloved skies hangs eternally over him; its bleak winds whistle and howl through the picturesque Gothic ruins which form his last earthly dwelling-place; sounds that he ever delighted to revel in, objects that of all others he looked on with the most unfading interest and reverence. Years before his death, he had looked forward to Dryburgh as his place of burial, though the idea was not always suggested to him in a very agreeable manner. Dryburgh, originally a house of Premonstratensian canons, founded in the reign of David I., came in 1786, by purchase, into the hands of the Earl of Buchan, who was proud of the sepulchral relics it contained of Scott's ancestors, and accustomed to boast of the honour he should one day have of adding the minstrel himself to the number. As yet, however, it was all eluded by the object of it. And if ever there was a moment of mourning, it was when that day at last came. "The court-yard and all the precincts of Abbotsford," says Mr. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and biographer, "were crowded with uncovered spectators as the procession was arranged; and as it advanced through Dornick and Melrose, and the adjacent villages, the whole population appeared at their doors in like manner, almost all in black. The train of carriages extended, I understand, over more than a mile, the yeomanry followed in great numbers on horseback, and it was late in the day ere we reached Dryburgh. Some accident, it was observed, had caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill at Benerside, exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter had always been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, and the wind high. The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. Mr. Archdeacon Williams read the Burial Service of the Church of England; and thus, about half-past five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 26th September, 1832, the remains of Sir Walter Scott were laid by the side of his wife in the sepulchre of his ancestors, 'In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.'"

By a not unnatural transition we pass from Dryburgh, so connected with Scott's personal and poetical history, to HOLYROOD and the Canongate in Edinburgh, which he has rendered scarcely less interesting memorials of himself by making the neighbourhood



814.—Henry III.—From his Tomb in Westminster Abbey.



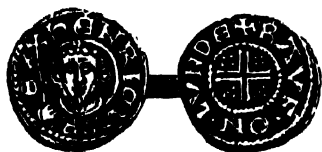
815.—Great Seal of Henry III.



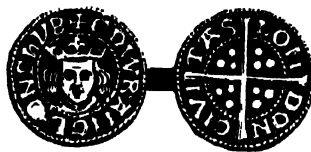
818.—Ruins of Kenilworth in the 17th Century.



819.—Bridge at Evesham.



816.—Penny of Henry III.



817.—Penny of Edward I.



820.—Edward I.—From a statue in the Choir of York Minster.



821.—Edward I.



822.—View of Kenilworth Castle from the Gate-House.



823.—Great Hall, Kenilworth.

the locality of some of the most stirring and admirable scenes of his prose fictions. "This is the path to Heaven," saith the motto attached to the armorial bearings of the Canongate: alas! too many have found that if it was so, it was in anything but the sense originally intended by the words: it is to be hoped they did find Heaven, but it was Death that, lurking in the palace, opened the door. We have not here, however, to deal with the palace of Holyrood, but the ancient abbey of the same name, founded by David I., and under circumstances truly miraculous, if we may believe Hector Boëce, whose account we here abridge and modernize. David, who was crowned king of Scotland at Scone, in 1124, came to visit the Castle of Edinburgh three or four years after. At this time there was about the castle a great forest full of harts and hinds. "Now was the Rood-day coming, called the Exaltation of the Cross, and, because the same was a high solemn day, the king passed to his contemplation. After the masses were done with vast solemnity and reverence, appeared before him many young and insolent barons of Scotland, right desirous to have some pleasure and solace by chure of hounds in the said forest. At this time was with the king a man of singular and devout life, named Alkwine, canon of the order of St. Augustine, who was long time confessor afore to King David in England, the time that he was Earl of Huntingdon and Northumberland." Alkwine used many arguments to dissuade the king from going to the hunt. "Nevertheless, his dissuasion little availed, for the king was finally so provoked, by inopportune solicitation of his barons, that he passed, notwithstanding the solemnity of the day, to his hounds." As the king was coming through the vale that lay to the east from the castle, subsequently named the Canongate, the stag passed through the wood with such din of bugles and horses, and braying of dogs, that "all the beasts were raised from their dens. Now was the king coming to the foot of the crag, and all his nobles severed, here and there, from him, at their game and solace, when suddenly appeared to his sight the fairest hart that ever was seen before with living creature." There seems to have been something awful and mysterious about the appearance and movements of this hart, which frightened King David's horse past control, and it ran away over mire and moss, followed by the strange hart, "so fast that he threw both the king and his horse to the ground. Then the king cast back his hands between the horns of this hart, to have saved him from the stroke thereof," when a miraculous Holy Cross slid into the king's hands, and remained, while the hart fled away with great violence. This occurred "in the same place where now springs the Rood Well." The hunters, affrighted by the accident, gathered about the king from all parts of the wood, to comfort him, and fell on their knees, devoutly adoring the holy cross, which was not a common, but a heavenly piece of workmanship, "for there is no man can show of what matter it is of, metal or tree." Soon after the king returned to his castle, and, in the night following, he was admonished, by a vision in his sleep, to build an abbey of canons regular in the same place where he had been saved by the cross. Alkwine, his confessor, by no means "suspended his good mind," and the king sent his trusty servants to France and Flanders, who "brought right crafty masons to build this abbey," dedicated "in the honour of this holy cross." The cross remained for more than two centuries in the monastery; but when David II., son of Robert Bruce, set out on his expedition against the English, he took the cross with him; and when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, the cross shared the monarch's fate. It subsequently became an appendage of Durham Cathedral. The abbey to which the cross had belonged received still more direct injury at the hands of the English in later times. When the Earl of Hertford (afterwards Protector Somerset) was in Scotland in 1544, he gratified his fanaticism by the ruin of the stately abbey, leaving nothing of all its numerous and beautiful buildings but the body of the church, which became the parish church. This was subsequently made the Chapel Royal: and royally and elegantly it appears to have been fitted up, with its organ, and its stalls for the Knights of the Thistle; but the Presbyterians, scandalized not only at the organ, but at the mass that was performed in the chapel during the reign of the second James, once more destroyed it, at the Revolution. During the excitement the very graves were stripped of their contents; among the rest Darnley's remains were exposed and his skull purloined. His thigh-bones were of such gigantic size as to confirm the truth of the statements as to his stature, seven feet.

Of the monument in the belfry of Richard, Lord Belhaven, who died in 1699, Burnet relates the following anecdote in his 'History of his own Time':—Charles I., in the third year of his reign, sent the Earl of Nithsdale into Scotland with a power to take the surrender of all church lands, and to assure those who readily surrendered

that the king would take it kindly and use them well, but that he would proceed with all rigour against those who would not submit their rights to his disposal. "Upon his coming down," continues Burnet, "those who were most concerned in such grants met at Edinburgh, and agreed that when they were called together, if no other argument did prevail to make the Earl of Nithsdale desist, they would fall upon him and all his party in the old Scottish manner and knock them on the head. Primrose told me one of these lords, Belhaven, of the house of Douglas, who was blind, bid them set him by one of the party, and he would make sure of one. So he was set next to the Earl of Dumfries: he was all the while holding him fast; and when the other asked him what he meant by that, he said, ever since the blindness was come on him he was in such fear of falling, that he could not help holding fast to those who were next to him. He had all the while a poignard in his other hand, with which he had certainly stabbed Dumfries if any disorder had happened." Of the once magnificent abbey there now only remains the exquisitely-beautiful architectural relic shown in Fig. 732; those clustered columns and arches, and windows and walls, are now the only memorial of that wealthy and potential community, whom King David made the owners of so many priories, and churches, and lands, the enjoyers of privileges of market and borough, the lords of courts of regality, the dispensers of those curious modes of determining guilt or innocence—trial by duel, or by the fire and water ordeal. These ruins alone survive to remind us of the greater ruin of which they form the symbol.

One of the most important events recorded in our annals in connection with the privilege of Sanctuary, furnishes us incidentally with a very striking view of the nature of that privilege, and of the classes of the people who chiefly used or abused it; we refer to the residence of the queen of Edward IV., and her younger son, the Duke of York, in the Sanctuary of Westminster, of which the building shown in page 193 (Fig. 736) formed at once the church below and the place of residence for the sanctuary people above. This remained till 1775, and was then, with great labour and difficulty, on account of the strength of the walls, demolished. Edward died in 1483, and shortly after the queen received intelligence, a little before midnight, in the palace at Westminster, that her eldest son, now Edward V., was in the hands of his uncle Gloucester, and that although he was treated with all seeming reverence, his and her nearest relations and friends had been arrested and sent no man knew whither. In great alarm, the queen suddenly removed to the place where, in a time of former difficulty, when her husband was a fugitive on the seas, she had obtained shelter, and where her eldest son had been born—the neighbouring Sanctuary. The Lord Chancellor (the Archbishop of York) received, by a secret messenger the same night, similar information from Lord Hastings, with the assurance that "all should be well." "Be it as well as it will," observed the startled Chancellor, "it will never be as well as it hath been;" and therewith he called his armed retainers about him, and then taking the Great Seal, hurried with kindly promptitude to the queen. It was a woful picture—that which he beheld on reaching Westminster, the unhappy mother sitting alow on the rushes, all desolate, and dismayed, whilst around her crowds of servants were hurrying into the Sanctuary with chests and packages trussed on their backs, that they had brought from the palace, and in their haste breaking down the wall in one part to make a nearer way. Lord Hastings' message fell even more coldly on the queen's ear than on the archbishop's. "Ah! woe worth him," said she, "he is one of them that laboureth to destroy me and my blood." Having delivered the seal, with a warm protestation of his own fidelity, the archbishop departed to his home; but the first glance of the river at daybreak seems to have cooled his generous enthusiasm. As he looked from his chamber window he beheld the Thames full of the Duke of Gloucester's servants, watching that no man should go to sanctuary, nor any leave it unexamined. He began to think he had been somewhat rash, and so sent for the Seal back. He had gone enough, however, to make him a marked man. At the next meeting of the Privy Council, he was sharply reproved, and the Seal taken from him and given to the Bishop of Lincoln. And now arose the question, what was to be done concerning the queen, and her younger son, the Duke. Gloucester, of course, saw from the first that to attain the crown both the princes must be destroyed: one was in his hands, but the other in the most impregnable of strongholds, the Sanctuary. When the council met to discuss the matter, Gloucester opened the proceedings in a tone of injured innocence, complaining of the queen's malice against the crown, and of her son, in thus exposing them to the obloquy of the people,

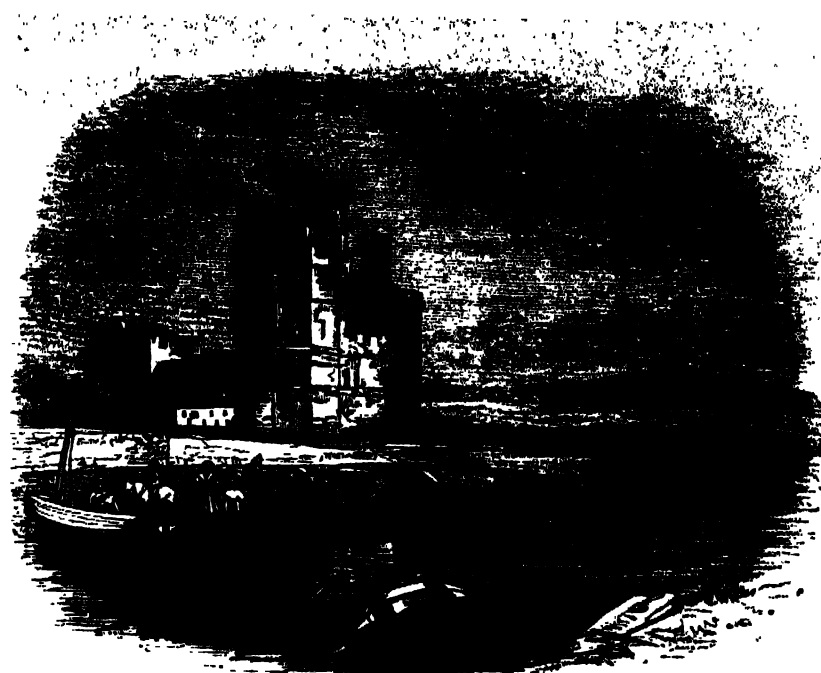
who would think they were not to be trusted with the guardianship of the king's brother. Then he referred to the lonely position of the king, who, naturally unsatisfied with the company of ancient persons, needed the familiar conversation of those of his own age: and then came the pertinent question,—with whom rather, than his own brother? The speaker continued by observing "that sometimes without little things greater cannot stand;" and in the end advised that a man of credit with all parties should be sent to the queen to remonstrate with her, and if that failed, then to take the child by force, when he should be so well cherished, that all the world should vindicate them and reproach her. The archbishop of York undertook the office of mediator, but spoke strongly and solemnly against the proposed breach of sanctuary, which, he said, had been so long kept, and which had been more than five hundred years before hallowed, at night, by St. Peter in his own person, and accompanied in spirit by great multitudes of angels; and as a proof, the archbishop referred to the Apostle's cope then preserved in the abbey. "And never," observed the archbishop, was there "so undevout a king as durst violate that sacred place, or so holy a bishop as durst presume to consecrate it. God forbid that any man should, for anything earthly, enterprise to break the immunity of that sacred Sanctuary, that hath been the safeguard of many a good man's life, and I trust, with God's grace, we shall not need it. But for what need soever, I would not we should do it. . . . There shall be of my endeavour no lack, if the mother's heart and womanish fear be not the let." The Duke of Buckingham's speech was fiery and bold, to suit Gloucester. Catching up the prelate's words, he exclaimed, "Womanish fear! nay—womanish frowardness! for I dare well take it upon my soul, she well knoweth there is no need of any fear for her son or for herself. For, as for her, there is no man that will be at war with a woman. Would God some of the men of her kin were women too; and then should all be soon in rest. Howbeit there is none of her kin the less loved for that they be of her kin, but for their own evil deserving. And nevertheless, if we love neither her nor her kin, yet there was no cause to think that we should hate the king's noble brother, to whose grace we ourselves be of kin; whose honour, if she as much desired as our dishonour, and as much regard took to his wealth as to her own will, she would be as loth to suffer him from the king as any of us be. For if she have wit (we would God she had as good will as she hath shrewd wit), she reckoneth herself no wiser than she thinketh some that be here, of whose faithful mind she nothing doubteth, but verily believeth and knoweth that she would be as sorry of his harm as herself, and yet would have him from her if she bide there." After some further remarks, the duke favoured the council with his views on the subject of sanctuaries generally, and the passage is one of high interest and value in an historical sense. "And yet will I break no sanctuary; therefore, verily, since the privileges of that place and other like have been of long continued, I am not he that will go about to break them; and in good faith, if they were now to begin, I would not be he that should be about to make them. Yet will I not say nay, but that it is a deed of pity, that such men as the sea or their evil debtors have brought in poverty, should have some place of liberty to keep their bodies out of the danger of their cruel creditors; and also if the crown happen (as it hath done) to come in question, while either part taketh other as traitors, I like well there be some place of refuge for both. But as for thieves, of which these places be full, and which never fall from the craft after they once fall thereunto, it is a pity the Sanctuary should screen them, and much more man-quellers, whom God bade to take from the altar and kill them, if their murder were wilful; and where it is otherwise, there need we not the sanctuaries that God appointed in the old law. For if either necessity, his own defence, or misfortune draweth him to that deed, a pardon serveth, which either the law granteth of course, or the king of pity may. Then look we now how few Sanctuary men there be whom any favourable necessity compel to go thither; and then see, on the other side, what a sort there be commonly therein of them whom wilful unthriftiness have brought to nought. What rabble of thieves, murderers, and malicious heinous traitors, and that in two places especially; the one the elbow of the city [that of Westminster] and the other [St. Martin's-le-Grand] in the very bowels. I dare well avow it, weigh the good that they do with the hurt that cometh of them, and ye shall find it much better to lack both than to have both; and this I say, although they were not abused as they now be, and so long have been, that I fear me ever they will be, while men be afraid to set their hands to amend them; as though God and St. Peter were the patrons of ungracious living. Now watchmen riot and run in debt upon the boldness of these places; and rich men run thither with poor men's goods, there

they build, there they spend, and bid their creditors go whistle. Men's wives run thither with their husbands' plate, and say they dare not abide with their husbands for beating. Thieves bring thither their stolen goods, and live thereon riotously; there they devise new robberies, and nightly they steal out, they rob and rive, kill, and come in again, as though those places gave them not only a safeguard for the harm they have done, but a licence also to do more." A remarkable conversation here ensued, in which it was agreed on all sides that the goods of a Sanctuary man should be delivered up for the benefit of creditors, as well as stolen goods to the owner; and that Sanctuary should only preserve to the debtor his personal liberty in order to get his living; a striking practical anticipation of the wise and benevolent measure at this very moment before Parliament. Circuitously as the wily speaker advanced towards his mark, he was all the while advancing: having thus prepared the minds of his listeners to listen to reasonable limitations of the privileges of sanctuary, he observed in the concluding part, "If nobody may be taken out of Sanctuary that saith he will bide there, then if a child will take Sanctuary because he feareth to go to school, his master must let it alone; and as simple as the sample is, yet is there less reason in our case than in that; for therein, though it be a childish fear, yet is there at the leastwise some fear, and herein is there none at all. And verily I have often heard of Sanctuary men, but I never heard erst of Sanctuary children." The effect of the speech was tolerably decisive; the Lord Cardinal went to see if he could obtain the child by fair means, though there seems to be no doubt but that, if he failed, the council generally were satisfied of the propriety of taking him by foul ones. The result is but too well known—the child was given up to his uncle, to perish with his brother in the Tower.

The warriors and feudal chiefs of the olden times have left stirring names behind them; we trace their exploits with breathless interest in many a chronicle and many a legend; their memories are a spell; but what has become of the names and the memories of the less noisy workers through the middle ages, the builders of our glorious Gothic cathedrals, the collectors of our libraries, the good Samaritans of the poor, the disseminators of morality and devotion, the healers of the sick, and the benefactors of the common people in a hundred common ways, that are so unobtrusive, they are apt to escape us altogether? Where, for instance, is the record of the monk who first conceived the bold design of throwing a bridge over the deep chasm of the mountain torrent Mynach? If the utility of a design be the best test of its excellence, and the difficulties that must be overcome the most signal evidences of the architect's skill, few men have been better entitled to remembrance; but history, busy with the doings of the illustrious great—which, Heaven knows, have been but too often little enough—had no time to waste on such matters or on such men. And we fear tradition can hardly be received as a satisfactory authority in the present case, since it assigns the enemy of souls as the author of the bridge. (Fig. 714.) The year 1187 has been supposed to be the date of the work, but all is conjecture; the only thing we can with tolerable safety state is, that we must look for its munificent and able builders in the Cistercian Abbey which has left its ruins in the neighbourhood. As a general rule, it should seem that in these early times bridges and roads for the general convenience were works about which few troubled themselves; the people had not been used to such luxuries, for one thing, and then the works involved much labour and little present fame, so they would have been left undone, but that, as usual, the monks, the civilizers, stepped in and did them themselves. The chasm in question was impassable until the bridge was built, which remained, for nearly six hundred years, the only means of communication between the opposite sides. About the middle of the last century there were discovered some symptoms of weakness and decay, when the county (Cardigan) built another bridge over it, leaving the original structure an honourable memorial of the skill and practical benevolence of Old England, and a picturesque addition to this most delightful picturesque of scenes. An interesting description of the falls, and of the romantic scenery around, appeared in the 'Penny Magazine' for 1834, to which we may refer our readers. The ruins of the Cistercian Abbey are still to be seen near Hafod, a place of high reputation for its beauty, and where Johnes, the translator of Froissart, so long resided. Two difficult paths lead down from each end of the bridge to the rocky sides of the chasm, but the direct descent is lower down, nearly under the comfortable inn called the Hafod Arms. From the back windows of this house we look upon the great falls of the Rhydal, situated at the head



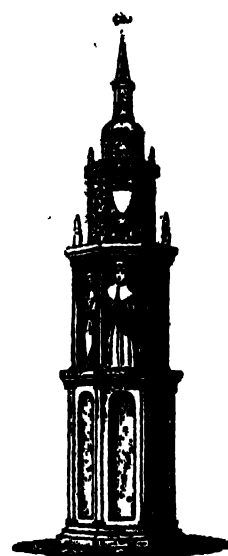
824.—Queen Eleanor.—From her Tomb in Westminster Abbey.



827.—Carmarvon Castle.



828.—Westminster Tower.



826.—Charing Cross.



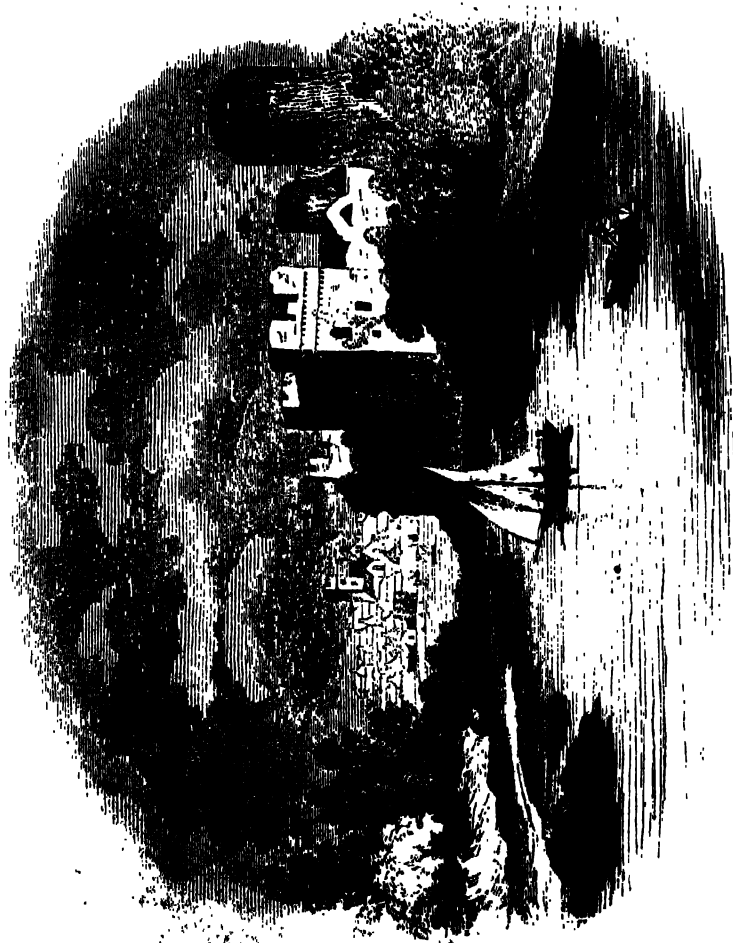
829.—Great Seal of Edward I.



829.—Curway Castle.



830.—Beaumaris Castle.



831.—Pembroke Castle.



832.—Harlech Castle.

of a rocky glen ; and we hear, but cannot see, the four falls of the Mynach.

A poet,* we regret to say no longer living to enjoy the honours of a reputation as universal as it was well earned, tells, in humorous verse, the story that has made the well of St. Keyne (Fig. 715) popular for many an age among all classes of the people, and which still invests its waters with a certain air of romance, finely harmonizing with their picturesque appearance and position in a little green nook some two miles and a half south of Liskeard.

A well there is in the west countrie,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west countrie
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
And pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cockerow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the waters so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat him down on the grassy bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the well to fill his pail,
By the wellside he rested it down
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he,
"Or if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For, and if she had, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

Robert Southey.

"I left a good woman who never was here,"

The stranger he made reply :

"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray thee answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well ;
And before the angel summon'd her
She laid on its waters a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

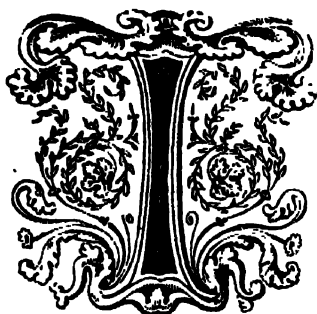
"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Alas for the husband then—"
The traveller stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne
And drank of its waters again.

"You drank of the waters, I warrant, botimes,"
He to the countryman said ;
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And left my good wife in the porch ;
But, faith! she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church."

The pious lady who gave these miraculous virtues to the well, and consequently her name, St. Keyne, appears to have been a virgin of the royal British blood ; her father was Braganus, Prince of Brecknockshire. About the year 490 she came to Mount St. Michael, Cornwall, on a pilgrimage, and there remained so long that her nephew, Cadoc, went to fetch her. The people, however, had grown no less attached to her than she to them, and refused her permission to depart, until, as the poet informs us, an angel summoned her, and of course all parties were bound to obey the mandate. The well of St. Keyne was then endowed with its marvellous properties, in memory of her, and perhaps by way of suggesting a piece of excellent domestic philosophy, —namely, that in the married state to live happily together there must be an acknowledged supremacy ; but whether that attaches to the man or woman, as superior wit and mental characteristics may determine. St. Keyne does not seem to have thought very material, and we are very much disposed to be of the same opinion.

CHAPTER III.—POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.



HE domestic features of the Anglo-Norman Period cannot be better commenced, perhaps, than by a glance at the most important, our shipping, which then first began to emerge from obscurity. The Saxon had nearly lost the naval arts which King Alfred had taken such pains to advance. The preparations for the Norman Invasion, that employed workmen of all classes in building (Fig. 795) and equipping ships, lasted, we are told, "from early

spring all through the summer months;" and when completed, the Normans, Flemings, Frenchmen, and Britaignes, who composed William's host, were conveyed to the English shores in about three thousand vessels, of which six or seven hundred were of considerable size, and the rest small craft or boats. We have an interesting description of the duke's own bark, which led the van, and "sailed faster than all the rest." It had been presented for the occasion by his wife Matilda, an instance of her affectionate zeal in a cause thought just and holy by great numbers, and sanctified by the Pope, whose consecrated banner floated from the vessel's top, with a cross upon it, as a rallying-point for all the religious as well as martial enthusiasm of his forces. Matilda's bark shone conspicuous by day for its splendid decorations, and in the darkness of the night for the brilliant light that burned at the mast-head. It was painted with the three lions of Normandy, its vanes were gilded, its sails of different bright colours, its figure-head—a child sculptured with a drawn bow, the arrow ready to fly against the hostile land. The duke's first care, after disembarking his troops, was to erect defences for the protection of his ships. But this armament was, as it were, got up for the occasion, and must have, in a great measure, disappeared with it,—the merchants no doubt requiring and obtaining the return of their vessels to the more legitimate demands of commerce. William did not live to possess a navy of his own, though he often felt the want of it, and took especial pains to obtain one. Among the wisest of his regulations for the defence of the kingdom, that he had mastered by his resistless energy, was the establishment of the Cinque Ports. Other towns on the coast were also bound to supply ships, and, on emergency, he and his successors scrupled not to seize the whole in the merchant service. The son of the Conqueror showed glimpses of the spirit that should animate a sovereign desiring naval success. On the occasion of news suddenly reaching him of an outbreak in Normandy, he hurried from the chase in the New Forest, and, deaf to the cautious remonstrances of his nobles, galloped to the nearest port, and embarked in the first vessel he found, although it was blowing a gale of wind, and the sailors entreated him to have patience till the storm should abate. "Weigh anchor, hoist sail, and begone!" cried Rufus, with all his great father's scorn of danger: "did you ever hear of a king that was drowned?" The sailors made no answer, put to sea, and landed their royal passenger at Barfleur on the following day. Most of the old historians are of opinion, that the drowning of the nephew of Rufus, Prince William, was a judgment for the presumption of the uncle. Barfleur, where Rufus had landed, was the ill-omened place of Prince William's embarkation, with his French bride, his sister and brother, and a host of gay young nobles. The melancholy shipwreck is well known; but we recur to it for a brief mention of the ill-fated ship and its captain, as characteristic of the manners and sea-life of the period. When all was ready for a short and pleasant expedition to England, which was to include the king, with his numerous retinue, Thomas FitzStephen, a mariner of some repute, presented himself to the king, and, tendering a golden mark, said, "Stephen, son of Evrard, my father, served yours all his life by sea, and he it was who steered the ship in which your father sailed for the conquest of England. Sire king, I beg you to grant me the same office in lieu: I have a vessel called the *Blanche-Nef*, well equipped, and manned with fifty skilful

mariners." The king could not accept FitzStephen's offer for himself, as he had selected his own vessel, but gave his permission that the "White Ship" and its gallant captain should take charge of the prince and his retinue, amounting, with the crew, to about three hundred persons. The captain had a sailor's pride in the speed of his craft and the qualities of his crew, and though hours passed away before he left the shore, he promised to overtake every ship that had sailed before him. There was feasting and dancing and drinking on deck at the prince's expense, and the men "drank out their wits and reason" before the White Ship started from her moorings, which was not till night. But what cared those joyous young hearts beating with love, and happiness, and pride, with the bright moonlight above them, the wind fair and gentle, and FitzStephen, proud of his charge, at the helm, while every sail was set, and the sturdy mariners plied the oar with the utmost vigour, cheered on by the boyish princes and their companions? The rest is well known. The fate of the fine spirited captain is worthy of the deepest pity. Swimming among the dying and the dead, he approached two drowning sufferers, and anxiously said—"The king's son, where is he?" "He is gone," was the reply; "neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor any of his company, has appeared above water." "Woe to me!" cried FitzStephen, and then plunged to the bottom. The honour of his art, so deeply concerned in the high trust that had been reposed in him, was more to him in that appalling moment than his own life. The loss of a depraved and heartless prince like William, who gave the worst possible promise for a future king, was of much less real consequence than that of a mariner like FitzStephen.

Henry II. paid great attention to maritime affairs. When he embarked for the conquest of Ireland, he had four hundred vessels with him; some that would be considered even now of large size, and one of the "chiefest and newest" capable of carrying four hundred persons. Some time before his death he began expressly to build vessels for the voyage to Palestine; and when his son, Richard I., succeeded, he found these preparations so far advanced, that he was soon able to launch or equip fifty galleys of three tiers of oars, and many other armed galleys, inferior in size to them, but superior to those generally in use. He had also selected transports from the shipping of all his ports; "and there is not much danger in assuming," observes Southey, "that, in size and strength of ships, this was the most formidable naval armament that had as yet appeared in modern Europe." Indeed, an English *royal* navy had begun at last decidedly to grow. Cœur-de-Lion drew up a singular scale of punishments for keeping order among his crews and forces: a murderer was to be lashed to the dead body of his victim, and thrown overboard; or if in port or on shore, buried alive with it. For lesser injuries the offender was to lose his hand, or if there was no bloodshed, suffer so many times ducking over head and ears. Bad language was fined; theft punished by tarring and feathering, of which species of punishment this is the earliest instance on record. When we next read of this custom in connection with the outposts of civilization in the United States it will be only just to remember where it originated. A severer punishment for theft, perhaps when the crime was of an aggravated kind, was to leave the offender on the first land the ship reached, and abandon him to his fate. Richard's fleet sailed from Dartmouth, and being all constructed both to row and to sail, they must have made a gallant show, glittering in every part with the Crusaders' arms, and covered with an endless variety of banners painted on silk. The general form of the galley, of course, must have varied a little through a period of a hundred and forty years. At first it seems to have been long, low, and slender, with two tiers of oars, and a spar or beam of wood, fortified with iron, projecting from the head, for piercing the sides of the enemy. The poop and prows are seen to be very high in Richard's fleet. He had some galleys, shorter and lighter than the rest, for throwing Greek fire, then a favourite mode of destruction both on land and sea. No English or, we may add, European fleet, had ever accomplished so



833.—Ruins of Roslin Castle.



834.—Conway Castle.



835.—Ruins of Roslin Castle and Chapel.



836.—Ruins of Kildrummie Castle.



837.—Dundrum Abbey, 1746; the Burial-place of Bruce.



838.—Ruins of Dundrum.



839.—Gate betwixt the upper and lower parts of Dumbarton Castle.



840.—Edinburgh Castle.



841.—Prudhoe Castle, Northumberland.

long and difficult a navigation as that attempted by Richard. But the mariners had good faith in St. Nicholas, the guardian of distressed seamen, and it has been said that the beatified Becket also had received special directions to watch over these crusading barks. The first dawning of a stupendous power like that of the present British navy must inspire deep interest, therefore we have particularly dwelt on such glimpses of its progress as the period affords. In the reign of John we find his forces embarked in five hundred vessels, opposed to a French fleet of three times their number, at Damme, then the port of Bruges. This was a memorable encounter, as not only did the French then put forth their first great fleet, but the engagement was the first of all those sanguinary encounters which have since taken place between the two nations. And a melancholy beginning it was for the French. Their navy was annihilated. This victory transported the English with joy, and, of course, was proportionably felt with bitterness by their neighbours. Indeed, the enmity between the two nations scarcely slumbered or slept afterwards. It is said that John, in consequence, had the presumption to claim for England the sovereignty of the seas, and to declare that all who would not strike to the British flag were lawful spoil;—a pretty feature in the man who made the kingdom, as far as he could, a mere fief of Rome.

Next in importance to the shipping come the building arts of the Normans. Many of their extraordinary castles have been already described in this work; they sprang up all over the kingdom to defend the Norman lords in their new territories. The religious edifices which they produced in unexampled profusion, taste, and splendour, lie also beyond our present purpose. But to their house and street architecture, embellishment, and decoration, we must devote a short space. The Norman style of building was a sudden expansion and gradual refinement of the Saxon, and a branch of the Romanesque. Its chief recognisable points are the round-headed arch, generally with ornaments of a plain but decided character; windows narrow and few, simple vaulting, massive arch-piers, few battlements and niches, and no pinnacles. It was, in the main, a stern and unelaborated style, for the evident reason that it had to be adapted to a society living in a state of civil warfare. But it was admirably adapted to this end: its perfect fitness to repel every engine of war then known is evident at a glance; and their construction was so perfect and massive, that they could only be destroyed by extreme violence or many centuries of neglect. It has been observed as rather singular, that among all the imitations, often paltry enough, of modern architects, they should have so seldom attempted the Norman, which contains much that, if duly weighed by some bold inventive genius, might open new paths. Contracted space was an unpleasant feature in Norman residences. Such were the smaller class of country-houses, those numerous dwellings, for instance, built in form of towers—peel-houses, as they were called in the border country between England and Scotland. Sometimes several hundred persons would be kennelled, rather than lodged, in one of these dark and narrow dens. The principal room solely accommodated the lord, who, after banqueting with an uncivilised crowd of martial retainers, and spending the evening listening to the lay of the minstrel, viewing the dancers and jugglers, and laughing at the buffooneries that were practised for his amusement, repaired to his rug bed in the same place, spread on straw on the floor, or on a bench. If a lady shared the rule of the tower, she had also one apartment, for all purposes; and as for the inferior members of the family, including servants and retainers, often a very great number, they spread themselves every night over the lower rooms on a quantity of straw. Such was Anglo-Norman life, with one extensive class. As skilful architects, the Norman builders of course adapted their buildings to the positions they occupied. The peel-houses lay much exposed, hence everything was sacrificed to security, and the light of day could scarcely penetrate the thick and solid walls, through the narrow slits that served for windows. But the dwellings of the nobility and wealthy classes that were more sheltered—as for instance under the protection of some larger fortress, or congregated in a town—were rather lighter less contracted, and more decorated. Specimens of this sort remain in good preservation at Lincoln, which might be designated a Norman city, for it is full of Norman remains, and was at the Norman period a most wealthy, strong, and magnificent place. That remarkable building the Jew's House (Fig. 812) presents a good example of enriched street-architecture of the period. The prevalent custom was to build domestic residences with timber, many remains of which, in immense beams intersecting each other, and of great durability, were within these few years visible in many places in the same ancient city. But the Jew's House, and a few others elsewhere, are of stone. There is another Norman house

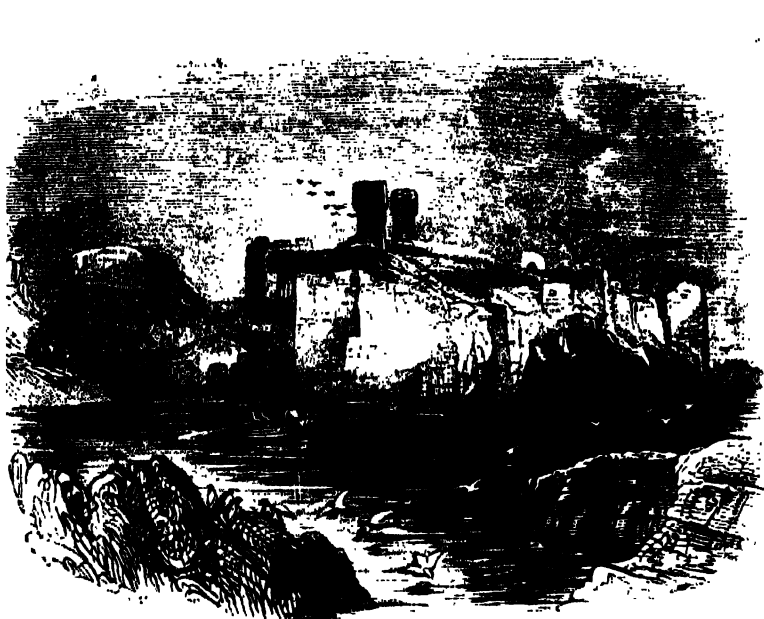
in Lincoln deserving especial mention, a mansion, vulgarly designated John of Gaunt's Stables, but it should rather be called his Palace, of which there seems little doubt it formed an important feature. In our day the very numerous rooms in this valuable relic have been turned into repositories for soot, but we can trace the whole arrangement of the interior. Fronting the street we have a round archway that immediately arrests attention, a very fine one of that period. The upper story is gone which contained the chief apartments; the lower is only lighted with loopholes, as usual. We pass under the archway, and, in its sullen shade, dungeon-like portals appear on each side. But the archway admits us to a quadrangle, or square court, round the sides of which are hidden, as it were, the stables, a sort of long, low, vaulted, and pillared hall, and the various offices—all of a gloomy, confined character—that belonged to such an establishment. It has been thought that the idea embodied in such specimens of Norman domestic architecture might be adapted and improved in some of our palaces—that of concealing all the miscellaneous rooms around enclosed court-yards, and placing the principal apartments connectedly on one grand story over the ground-floor; and thus the custom originally prompted by danger, might now be modified to promote that simple dignity and harmonious splendour which are so sadly deficient in many of our public buildings. Another feature of Norman residences was the moveable staircase on the outside of the Norman house (Fig. 811), whose utility, in case of a hostile attack, is obvious. The upper apartments generally had no communication with the lower. Of the Palatial style of the period, William Rufus's Hall at Westminster survives—a splendid monument—and will be noticed more particularly hereafter. The great halls generally were divided into three aisles of two rows of pillars. Previous to the Conquest, the Normans were distinguished by a taste for magnificent buildings, and however the necessities of defence restrained that taste, it broke forth at every possible opportunity. One antique sketch of this time (Fig. 809) shows the whole process of the erection of the important edifices that arose during the more tranquil part of the Anglo-Norman Period. There is the lordly principal, stating probably the dimensions, and giving the architect his own views of the outline and character of the building, while the latter listens, and explains his work, and artificers of different grades are busy at the various executive processes. The number of builders and artificers employed was greater than at any former period, and their skill was much superior. Invention was naturally stimulated under such circumstances. William of Sens, employed as an architect by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, constructed a machine for loading and unloading vessels, and for conveying weights by land. One of the most important works of the period, London Bridge (Fig. 808), first constructed of timber, and afterwards of stone, the production of an ecclesiastical architect, will be treated of at length in another place. The gateway to the buildings placed on the bridge (Fig. 807) exhibited a hideous spectacle of blackened and ghastly human heads bristling on spear points; a scene expressive of the worst spirit of war, and strangely at variance with the harmonizing influence of industry and the arts which the Normans cultivated. London at this period possessed neither grandeur nor conveniences, taken on the whole; the common people lived in very poor dwellings, intersected by narrow miry lanes, the whole enclosed by walls. The manor-house of the period presented in many respects a great contrast to one of the present day. Although chimneys, when introduced, resembled the modern (Fig. 810), the coarse habits which existed side by side with magnificent taste and talent, induced the preference of a hearth in the midst of the hall, whence the smoke of wood and turf (for coals were seldom used) ascended to blacken the roof. Fashion partially banished the tapestry from the best rooms, and painted wainscoting was preferred. Ornamental carved furniture (such as the chairs, Fig. 798) enriched the stern and sombre interior of this feudal home. The fabrication of armour gave a lively impulse to the metallic arts, for which the lord had workshops on his estate, and many beautiful articles were produced for church and household display. Candlesticks (Fig. 799) were furnished with a spike at top on which the candle was stuck, sockets being of later contrivance. The coins of this period are of great rarity. Royal mints continued in the chief towns and on the principal estates; and in the reign of Stephen every castle was said to have its mint. There was but one coin, the silver penny (at least no other has come down to us), and the penny was broken into halves and quarters, to form half-pence and farthings. In Fig. 796 we see an Anglo-Norman coiner at work. The dress and implements of many of the rural labourers employed on the different manors, often on the lands held by the monks, who were the greatest improvers of agriculture and gar-

dening, may be understood by a reference to our engravings, which are copied from manuscripts of that time. We have there the ordinary labourers of the soil (Fig. 782), reapers and gleaners (Fig. 801), thrashers (Fig. 806), millers (Fig. 797, 802); and besides these, there were shepherds, neatherds, goatherds, cowherds, swineherds, and keepers of bees. The fisheries (Fig. 785) were productive. In Kent, Sussex, Norfolk, and Suffolk were herring fisheries. Sandwich yielded annually forty thousand herrings to the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury; and in Cheshire and Devonshire there were salmon fisheries. In Cheshire, one fishery paid one thousand salmon annually as rent. The rent of marsh or fen land was generally paid in eels.

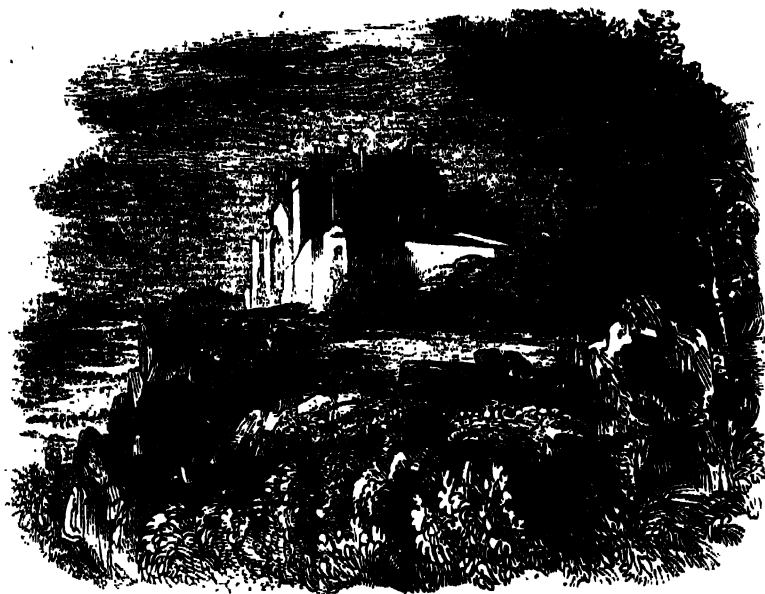
Our great woollen manufacture is to be dated from this period. The art of weaving cloth we owe to the Flemings. In 1197 laws were laid down regulating the fabrication and sale of cloth. Linen was also manufactured. The guilds, or incorporated trades, date their origin from this period. The weavers, fullers, and bakers, were the earliest; other trades followed: but the next period is the chief one when these important and peaceful associations were formed. Thus far, their object seemed mutual succour, but it was extended afterwards. Ladies of rank employed themselves in embroidering tunics and veils and girdles for themselves, robes and banners for their knightly husbands and sons, gorgeous vestments for their favourite clergy, storied tapestry for their chosen church. The native English at the Conquest were said to be a rude and illiterate people, but William and his successors loved and favoured learning, which had its chief source with the Arabs that had conquered Spain. This was the golden age of Universities. But attainment rested with the clergy. The common people we do not wonder to find untaught, for that has been generally their fate everywhere, but the nobility were scarcely better. There were two great classes, equally proud and eminent, dividing between them the mastery of the rest. These were the men of the sword and the men of the pen—in other words, the soldiers and the monks. Scholastic logic stood first in the rank of studies, and lorded it over all other. Abstruse learning was indeed followed with such intense zeal as to be fatal to polite literature. Poetry was cast out contemptuously to glee-singers and troubadours; and though rather more respect was paid to music, it was only such as was suited to the choir. The most elegant art practised in the monasteries was the emblazoning of initial letters (Fig. 805) in manuscript books. The scribe usually left blanks for these letters, which were afterwards filled up by artists, who exercised a rich invention in the pattern, and executed them with the aid of gold and silver. As the twelfth century advanced, these manuscript books were often made of prodigious size. The sports of the Norman lords were chiefly hunting and hawking; the English were forbade to use dogs or hawks, and had to resort to gins, snares, and nets (Fig. 791), when they durst follow these sports at all. It was some time before the

Conqueror or his successors permitted the tournament, which might have been dangerous before the two nations became amalgamated; but the noble students of chivalry practised military sports, of which the principal was the quintain, in which the young man tilted with his lance at a shield or Saracen elevated on a pole or spear, past which he rode at full career.

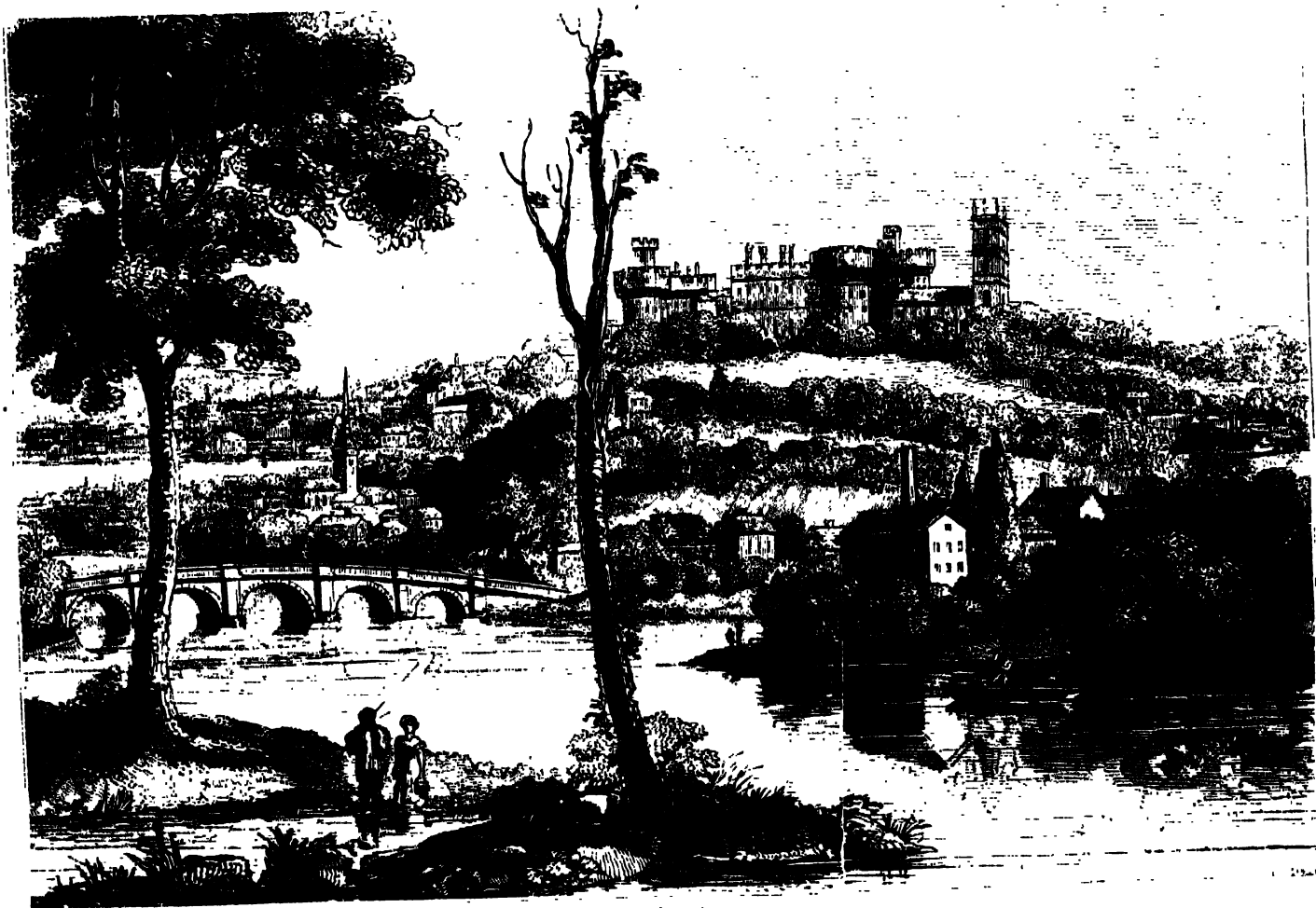
This exercise was imitated by the young men who were not blessed with noble birth; a sand-bag being in that case substituted for a shield or a Saracen, and a quarter-staff for a lance (Fig. 792). To this were added the water-quintain and the water-tournament (Fig. 789), rendered more exciting by the chance of immersion in the river in case of a failing blow. Such pastimes strengthened the muscles and the nerves, and inured a warlike race to take delight in overcoming difficulty, encountering peril, and enduring pain. But if these promoted the courage and agility required in war, others, even for children's enjoyment, stimulated a horrid love of cruelty and bloodshed. Excellent schoolmasters they must have been, whose pupils were in the regular habit of bringing a fighting-cock on the Tuesday of Shrovetide to school, which was turned into a pit for their amusement. And a suitable preparative this was for such manly sports as that of horse-baiting (Fig. 788). There might be less inhumanity, perhaps (though the process of teaching was barbarous enough, no doubt), in the curious feats animals were taught to perform, as that of bear-playing (Fig. 793), and horses beating a war point on a tabor (Figs. 784, 786). But, happily, we have traces that the Norman-English delighted sometimes in sports more innocent: we can fancy them sitting absorbed in the intellectual game of chess (Figs. 798, 800), or enjoying the fresh air, the green grass, the summer sun on the bowling-green (Fig. 794), or bursting with obstreperous laughter by the rustic fireside at the game of hob-apple (Fig. 787). The general time of retiring to rest was at sunset in summer, and eight or nine in winter, when the *couvre feu*, cover fire, or curfew-bell, was rung. The Conqueror, though he did not (as supposed) originate this custom, no doubt employed it as a means of repressing the spirit of the English. In some remote places the curfew still "tolls the knell of parting day," and from towers to which, like that of Barking (Fig. 813), it has lent its name. The dead among the common people were buried without coffins. The Conqueror was thus laid in a shallow grave lined with masonry. When stone coffins were used by the wealthy classes, they were let into the ground no lower than their depth. Gradually they came to be placed entirely above the ground, and then the sides were sculptured. The tomb in the engraving is of this kind (Fig. 804). The costume of the Normans of both sexes was chiefly Oriental, borrowed from the Crusades of this period (Figs. 783, 791). The most remarkable exception was the singular knotted sleeve of the ladies, as shown in Fig. 791.



842.—Ruins of the Castle of Dunbar.



843.—Stirling Castle.



844.—Lancaster.





817.—Dunluce Castle.



848.—North Gate, Athlone, Leinster.



849.—View of Stirling Castle.



850.—View of Penistone Castle, with the Bass Rock in the distance.

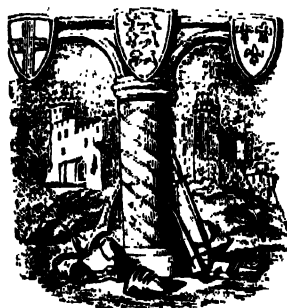
BOOK III.

THE PERIOD

FROM THE

ACCESSION OF HENRY III., TO THE END OF THE
REIGN OF RICHARD II., A.D. 1216—1399.

CHAPTER I.—REGAL AND BARONIAL ANTIQUITIES.



THE circumstances attending the coronation of Henry III. (Figs. 814, 815) in his boyhood might have taught him in his mature years a very different mode of rule from that he adopted, and which led to events almost without parallel for importance in our history: the establishment of something like an equal system of justice, and the rise of the Commons of England, are but two of the great events of the period of which we are now about to treat; both, strange but cheering to say, brought about by the endeavours of Henry III. and his ministers to govern unjustly and arbitrarily, but both, alas! purchased at the sacrifice of much of the best and purest blood of the nation, in all ranks of society. When John died, his son Henry was but in his tenth year. And what a state of confusion surrounded the helpless boy!—Louis the French Dauphin in the land with an army of French troops, and supported by the chief English barons, who had invited him over as their last refuge against John's tyranny. But a great and good man was then living—Pembroke, soon afterwards declared the Protector: who, collecting together at Gloucester the different branches of the royal family, as well as a host of the principal men of both political parties, suddenly appeared among them, and placing the young Henry, with all due honour and ceremony, before the assembled prelates and nobles, said, "Albeit the father of this prince, whom here you see before you, for his evil demeanours hath worthily undergone our persecution, yet this young child, as he is in years tender, so is he pure and innocent from those of his father's doings," and so called upon them to appoint him their king and governor, and drive the French from the land. The assembly received the speech with cordial greeting, and the coronation ceremony was immediately hurried on. The crown had been lost in the Wash, so a plain circlet of gold was used. Pembroke was appointed the royal guardian, and the governor of the kingdom. That appointment saved Henry his throne, and the people of England their nationality. Pembroke, who fully appreciated the motives of the disappointed barons, caused the Magna Carta to be revised and confirmed, with the view of satisfying them, and his character testified to all men that the act was done in good

faith. The result was soon perceptible in the breaking up of the moral strength of the dangerous and unnatural confederacy. Then came the battle, or "Fair," of Lincoln, in 1217, in which the French and English allies were completely overthrown; and when Pembroke, hurrying from the ancient city with its bloody streets the same evening to Stow, was able to assure the trembling boy-king for the first time that he was really lord of England. Pembroke dealt firmly but generously with the allies, and before long Louis had returned to La belle France, and the barons of England were once more united in support of their own monarch. Englishmen could again look on one another without rage or humiliation, again feel what the poet has so nobly expressed:—

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Here was matter for reflection for the longest life; a storehouse of facts from whence King Henry might have drawn without difficulty the practical philosophy of restraining his many expensive, and despotic, and nationally-degrading inclinations. Unfortunately, he, like so many of his royal brethren, had learnt nothing by misfortune. That his father failed and suffered in his contest with the people, seemed only a reason why the son should risk similar results. The period of Henry's marriage with Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence, seems to mark with tolerable accuracy the period of the commencement of the struggle between him and his subjects. His minister, the Poictevin Bishop, Des Roches, had given him a double course of practical instruction as to how he should rule, although the people and the barons so little appreciated their share in the example, that they compelled Henry, in 1234, to dismiss him, with a whole host of his countrymen, not only from power, but from the island. Henry comforted himself on his marriage by taking Gascons and Provençals into his favour, since they would not let him have Poictevins; and upon them he lavished all possible wealth and honours. The barons remonstrated, and the king, wanting money, promised to behave better. When he next asked for funds, he was told of broken promises, and an oath was exacted. That broken too, the barons became more and more

annoying and disrespectful; charged Henry with extravagance, and at last said in the most unmistakable English, they would trust him no longer, and therefore, if he wanted them to give him money, he must allow them to add to the gift a few public officers of their choice, such as the Chief Justiciary, Chancellor, and so on. The king thought he would much rather stretch his prerogative a little over those especially subject to it, in matters of fine, benevolence, and purveyance; rob the Jews, and beg from everybody else; and admirably he did all these things. Even this hardly sufficed, so in 1248 he again met his barons in parliament, to see what they would do for him, but soon left them in disgust; they would provide nothing but lectures upon his past conduct, and advice as to his future; except, indeed, on their own conditions. Some new manœuvres were then tried, which really do great honour to Henry's ingenuity, whatever they may prove as to his baseness and cupidity. The Holy Land had long been a fruitful theme, so a new expedition was talked of, and money obtained from the pious. Then the king began to "invite himself sometimes to this man, and sometimes to that, but nowhere contenting himself with his diet and hospitage, unless both he, his queen, and son Edward, yea, and chief favourites in court, were presented with great and costly gifts, which they took not as of courtesy, but as of due." (Speed.) Of course under such circumstances Henry could retrench his own household, which he did with a free hand. There was no harm, too, in selling the crown plate and jewels, when fresh ones were so attainable. "But who will buy them?" said he to his advisers. "The citizens of London," was the matter-of-course reply. Indeed, appears to have thought the king to himself. I must look after these wealthy Londoners; and he did so in good earnest. Among his other freaks, he established a new fair at Westminster, to last for fifteen days during the whole of which time he shut up all the citizens' shops: we need not add that he made a very profitable fair of it for himself. That there were men in England who neither could nor would endure such government was to be expected; but one's admiration is especially warmed to find there were English women who could tell the king plain truths in plain words. The young widowed Countess of Arundel having failed to obtain what she alleged to be hers in equity, thus addressed him before his court: "O, my lord king, why do you turn away from justice? We cannot now obtain that which is right in your court. You are placed as a mean between God and us, but you neither govern us nor yourself, neither dread you to vex the church diversely, as is not only felt in present, but hath been heretofore. Moreover, you doubt not manifoldly to afflict the nobles of the kingdom." Henry listened with a scornful and angry look, and then cried out in a loud voice, "O, my lady countess, what? have the lords of England, because you have tongue at will, made a charter, and hired you to be their orator and advocate?" But the lady had as much wit and presence of mind as courage, and answered, "Not so, my lord; for they have made to me no charter. But that charter which your father made, and yourself confirmed, swearing to keep the same inviolably and constantly, and often extorting money upon the promise that the liberties therein contained should be faithfully observed, you have not kept, but, without regard to conscience or honour, broken. Therefore are you found to be a manifest violator of your faith and oath. For where are the liberties of England, so often fairly engrossed in writing? so often granted? so often bought? I, therefore, though a woman, and all the natural loyal people of the land, appeal against you to the tribunal of the fearful judge," &c. The king was overawed, but of course remained unchanged; and the lady, as Matthew Paris tells us, lost her charges, hopes, and travail. When women thus speak, men must begin to act. A confederacy was soon formed, and the barons "determined to come strong to Oxford at Saint Barnabas-day." According to their agreement they appeared in an imposing body before the king, "exquisitely armed and appointed, that so the king and his aliens should be enforced, if they would not willingly assent." Of course their demand was the old demand—the Charter; but there was a new and very important addendum, that the country should be ruled, according to its provisions, by twenty-four men, to be then and there chosen by the assembly. There was no help for it. William de Valence, indeed, blustered and refused to give up any castle which had been given to him, when he was quietly told the barons would certainly have either his castle or his head. The Poitevins then present, seeing things look so serious, made no more scruple about what they should do, but decamped as fast as they could from Oxford, nor rested till the Channel was between them and the Britons. The leader of the confederated barons was the king's brother-in-law, Simon de Montfort, a Frenchman by the father's side, but in every other respect one of the truest of Englishmen. Before events had

shown Henry the lofty and commanding spirit that his oppressions had raised, he had a kind of prescience of the fact, which is somewhat remarkable. Being one day, in the month of June, in his barge on the Thames, there came on so heavy a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, that Henry impatiently caused himself to be set down at the nearest mansion, which happened to be Durham House, where the Earl of Leicester then was. De Montfort came forth to meet him, and seeing the king's alarm, observed, "Sir, why are you afraid? the tempest is now past." Henry, looking at the speaker with a troubled and lowering aspect, replied, "I fear thunder and lightning above measure; but, by the head of God, I do more fear thee than all the thunder and lightning of the world." The quiet dignity of the earl's reply was admirable:—"My liege, it is injurious and incredible that you should stand in fear of me, who have always been loyal both to you and your realm, whereas you ought to fear your enemies, such as destroy the realm and abuse you with bad counsels." The war, towards which all things had been long tending, at last broke out. In 1264 there met at Lewes two great armies, the one headed by the king, and his son Prince Edward, who had till recently supported the barons, the other by De Montfort, whose soldiers were directed to wear white crosses on their breasts and backs, to show they fought for justice. The result was a complete triumph for the popular party; the king was taken prisoner in the battle, and the prince yielded himself also to captivity the day after, as a hostage of peace. De Montfort's power was now supreme over England, and though there appears not the smallest proof that he ill-used it, some among his brother nobles grew jealous, especially the Earl of Gloucester. By his contrivance Prince Edward escaped; whose address and energy speedily raised once more a powerful royalist army. Seldom has a general been placed in a more difficult position. His own father was in De Montfort's hands—the feelings of the more enlightened of the people, those resident in the chief towns, were in favour of the "traitors" (a designation easily applied when no other as serviceable can be)—above all, the bravest of England's chivalry were the men who had to be overthrown. Through all Edward's subsequent career, so brilliant in a military sense, there is no event that does more credit to his skill than the strategy by which he succeeded in placing himself between two bodies of the enemy, preventing them from joining each other, or simultaneously attacking him; and then confronting the chief adversary thus shorn of a considerable portion of his strength. There appeared, it seems,

In that black night before this sad and dismal day
Two apparitions strange, as dread heaven would bewray
The horrors to ensue: Oh most amazing sight!
Two armies in the air discerned were to fight,
Which came so near to earth, that in the morn they found
The prints of horses' feet remaining on the ground;
Which came but as a show, the time to entertain,
Till the angry armies joined to act the bloody scene.

Such, according to the Warwickshire poet Drayton, and the old chroniclers, were the dire portents by which the great battle of Evesham was preceded. The scene of this sanguinary encounter has been thus described in 'William Shakspeare, a Biography,' from personal observation:—

"About two miles and a half from Evesham is an elevated point near the village of Twyford, where the Alcester Road is crossed by another track. The Avon is not more than a mile distant on either hand, for, flowing from Offenham to Evesham (Fig. 819), a distance of about three miles, it encircles that town, returning in nearly a parallel direction, about the same distance, to Charlbury. The great road, therefore, passing Alcester to Evesham, continues, after it passes Twyford, through a narrow tongue of land bounded by the Avon, having considerable variety of elevation. Immediately below Twyford is a hollow now called Battlewell, crossing which the road ascends to the elevated platform of Greenhill." It has been remarked by a careful observer that the Battlewell could not have been *in* the scene of action, though so near it. It is now a mere puddle at the bottom of an orchard. The declivity there was on the right wing of Prince Edward's army, and the troops may have used the well for filling their canteens previous to the action, but no part of the fight could have actually occurred on that spot, unless we suppose that Edward's van and centre had both given way, and they had fallen back on their reserve. But we have nothing to bear this out. Edward, early in the day on the 4th of August, 1265, appeared on the heights above Evesham; and it seems most probable that he was never driven from that vantage-ground so far as the hollow of Battlewell. And now, having seen the place of this great strife of armies, we will glance at these armies themselves



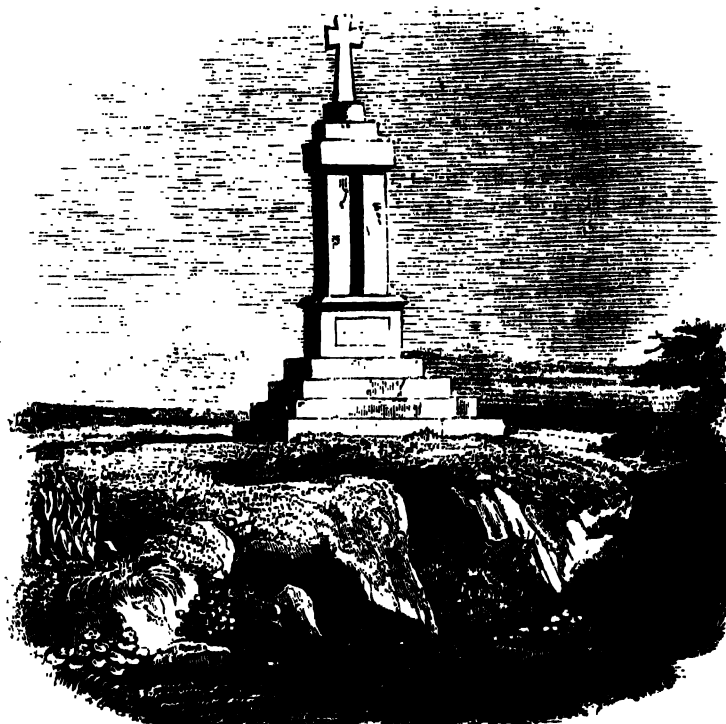
851.—Edward II. From the Tomb at Gloucester.



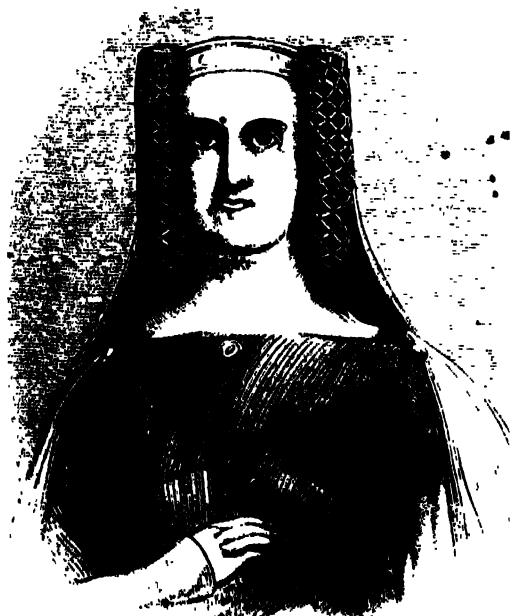
852.—Great Seal of Edward II.



853.—Berkeley Castle.



854.—Blacklow Hill, near Guy's Cliff.



855.—Philippa.—From the Tomb in Westminster Abbey.



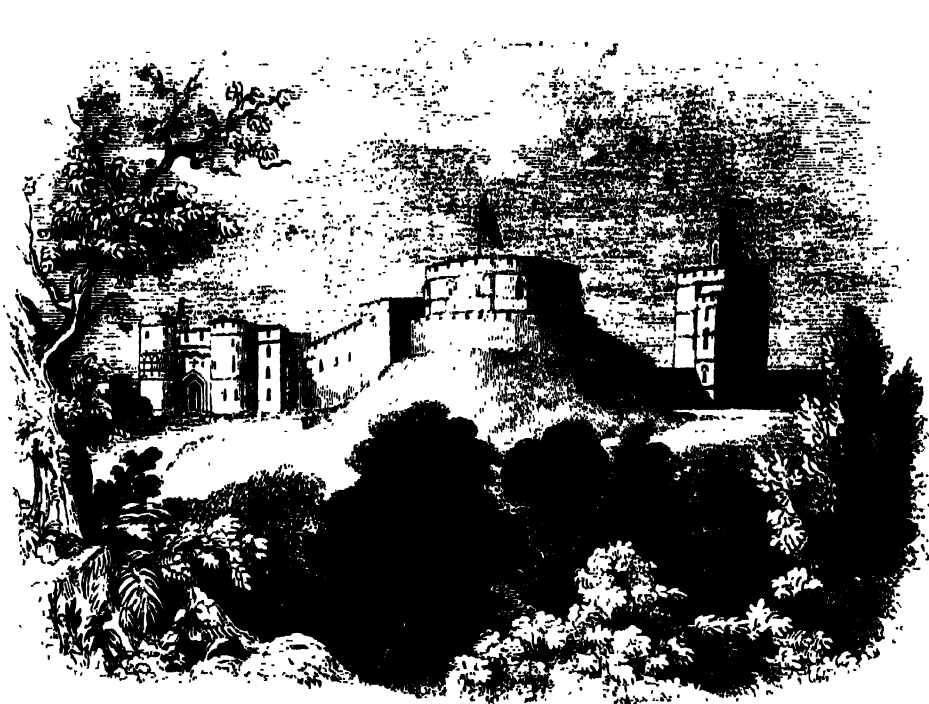
856.—Effigy of Edward II.
Gloucester Cathedral.



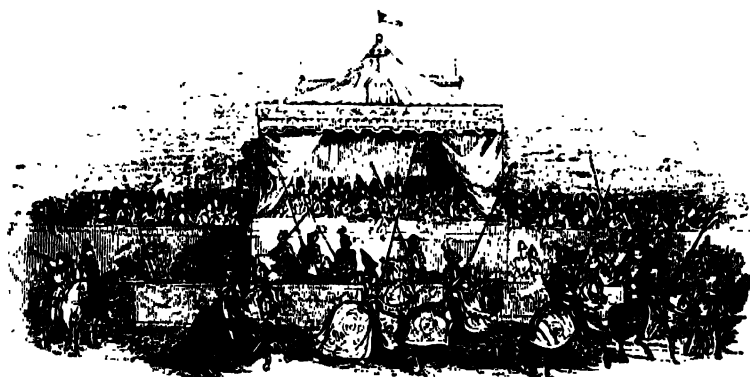
857.—Edward III. From the Tomb in W.



858.—Windsor Castle.



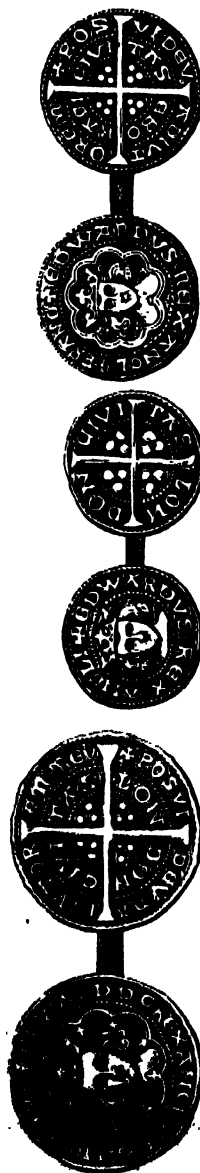
859.—Windsor Castle, temp. Edward III.



860.—Tournament. Knights entering the Lists.



861.—Great of Edward III.



864.—Half-groat of Edward III.

863.—Penny of Edward III.

862.—Great of Edward III.



86.—Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury.

on the morning of the eventful day. The young soldier at the head of the royalists, recently escaped from the custody of the veteran whom he is now to oppose, was the prince, burning to revenge his defeat and captivity, and to release his father the king. The great object of his manœuvres was to prevent a junction of the forces under Simon de Montfort and his eldest son. In order to effect this it was necessary to keep the old earl on the right bank of the Severn, with which view he destroyed all the bridges and boats on the river, and secured the fords. But the earl himself was not to be out-manœuvred by his clever young adversary—he managed to cross, and encamped at first near Worcester, hoping hourly that his son would join him. But Simon the younger, though he does not appear to have been deficient in patriotism or courage, was no match for genius in war like Edward. He was surprised near Kenilworth by night, lost his horses and his treasure, and most of his knights, and was compelled to take refuge, almost naked, in the castle there, which was the principal residence of the De Montfort family. This, though as yet he knew it not, was a death-blow to the earl, who, still hoping and expecting with impatience to meet his son, marched on to Evesham. There he waited, but waited in vain. The day before the fatal 4th, no shadow of the truth clouding the confidence he felt in his son, he had solemn masses performed in the Abbey Church, and expressed himself well assured that his son would join him presently, and that Heaven would uphold his cause against a perjured prince. “The next morning he sent his barber Nicholas to the top of the abbey tower to look for the succour that was coming over the hills from Kenilworth. The barber came down with eager gladness, for he saw, a few miles off, the banner of young Simon de Montfort in advance of a mighty host. And again the earl sent the barber to the top of the abbey tower, when the man hastily descended in fear and horror, for the banner of young De Montfort was nowhere to be seen, but, coming nearer and nearer, were seen the standards of Prince Edward, and of Mortimer, and of Gloucester.” (William Shakspeare.)

The devotion of the leaders of the popular party to the cause they had espoused, and to each other, now received a noble and touching proof. “While escape was still possible, a generous rivalry led each leader to persuade others to adopt that mode of safety which he rejected for himself. Hugh le Despenser and Ralph Basset, when urged to fly, refused to survive De Montfort, and the great leader himself, when his son Henry affectionately offered to bear the brunt of the battle alone, while his father should preserve his life by flight, steadily answered, ‘Far from me be the thought of such a course, my dear son! I have grown old in war, and my life hastens to an end; the noble parentage of my blood has been always notoriously eminent in this one point, never to fly or wish to fly from battle. Nay, my son, do you rather retire from the fearful contest, lest you perish in the flower of your youth; you are now about to succeed (so may God grant) to me, and our illustrious race, in the glories of war.’” (‘The Barons’ War,’ by W. H. Blaauw, Esq., M.A., 1844.)

The danger attending the junction of such powerful personages, the grief and disappointment at the evident discomfiture of his son—fifteen of whose standards were presently raised in exulting mockery in front of the Royalist forces on the Evesham heights, and apprehension for that son’s fate, must have altogether sorely tried the earl, who had the further bitterness of reflecting that Gloucester and his powerful father had been with him at the head of the barons, and had deserted him merely out of jealousy of his superior popularity. His greatest friend and counsellor was now armed to crush him. Under all these painful feelings, and seeing not only on the heights before him, but also on either side and in his rear, the heads of columns gradually blocking up every road—he exclaimed at once in despair and admiration, “They have learned from me the art of war.” And then, instantly comprehending all that must follow, he is said to have exclaimed, according to one writer, “God have our souls all, our days are all done;” and according to another writer, “Our souls God have, for our bodies be theirs.” But, as we have seen, had retreat been allowed him, he was not the man to avail himself of it. Having marshalled his men in the best manner, he spent a short time in prayer, and took the sacrament, as was his wont, before going into battle. Having failed in an attempt to force the road to Kenilworth, he marched out of Evesham at noon to meet the prince on the summit of the hill, having in the midst of his troops the old King Henry, his prisoner, encased in armour which concealed his features, and mounted on a war-horse. As the battle grew more and more desperate, the earl made his last stand in a solid circle on the summit of the hill, and several times repulsed the charges of his sons, whose numbers, as compared with his own, were overwhelming. Gradually the royalists closed

around him, attacking at all points. There was but little room, so the slaughter was confined to a small space, and it is fearful to picture to one’s self the slow but sure progress of the work of death during that long summer afternoon and evening. Every man, valiant as a lion, resolved neither to give nor take quarter. In one of the charges the imbecile Henry was dismounted and in danger of being slain; but he cried out, “Hold your hand! I am Harry of Winchester,” which reaching the ears of the prince, he fought his way to his rescue, and succeeded in carrying him out of the mêlée. At length the barons’ forces, wearied by the nature of the ground, which compelled them to be the assailants, and worn out by the determined resistance of the royalists, wavered in their attacks. At the going down of the sun, which they were never more to see setting in that western sky, Leicester himself with his son Henry, and a handful of friends and retainers, were struggling on foot against a host of foes, who were animated by the exhilarating consciousness that the victory was theirs. And now the scene began to close; the earl’s horse was killed under him, but De Montfort rose unhurt from the fall, and fought bravely on foot. Hope, however, there was none. It is said, that feeling for the brave youth who fought by his side, his son Henry, and for the few bravest and best of his friends that were left of all his followers, he stooped his great heart to ask the royalists if they gave quarter. “We have no quarter for traitors,” was the merciless answer, on which the doomed veteran again exclaimed, “God have mercy upon our souls, our bodies must perish!” and rushed amid his foes with resolute despair. But Mr. Blaauw describes him as answering to those who summoned him to surrender, “Never will I surrender to dogs and perjurers, but to God alone.” At last he saw his gallant son Henry fall, his noble adherents were then cut to pieces, and, finally, the veteran chief himself dropped, his sword still in his hand. The prophecy was verified which had been uttered twelve years before by the dying lips of the far-seeing Bishop of Lincoln, Robert Grosseteste, whose views of the national abuses were as strong as De Montfort’s, and who was one of the most popular reforming spirits of that age, though at his death matters were not so desperate as they grew afterwards. “Oh, my dear son!” cried the venerable old man, laying his hands on the head of De Montfort’s son Henry, “you and your father will die on one day, and by the same kind of death, but in the cause of truth and justice.” This contemporaneous testimony to the worth of the cause which De Montfort upheld to the last gasp is worth something, for all writers concur in praising Grosseteste’s clear and vigorous discernment and high rectitude. He was the last man to apply the words truth and justice to treasonable or selfish cabals.

The remnant of the defeated army was pursued to Offenham, a mile and a half from Evesham, where the slaughter was very great, the bridge having been, probably, cut away by the Prince’s troops to prevent their retreat. The reservoir now called Battlewell is supposed to have been so choked with dead bodies, as to have remained long useless to the neighbouring peasantry, but this seems questionable. The bloody contest lasted from two in the afternoon till nine at night. No prisoners were taken: of one hundred and eighty barons and knights of De Montfort’s party, there was not one knowingly left alive; although some ten or twelve of the knights, who were afterwards found to breathe when the dead were examined, were permitted to live if they could. A more savage, inhuman carnage never disgraced England; or one that inflicted more widely-diffused and permanent sentiments of distress and horror. These sentiments have found undying record in a ballad written at the time in the Anglo-Norman French, which has been thus translated by Mr. George Ellis:—

In song my grief shall find relief;
Sad is my verse and rude;
I sing in tears our gentle peers
Who fell for England’s good.
Our peace they sought, for us they fought,
For us they dared to die;
And where they sleep, a mangled heap,
Their wounds for vengeance cry.
On Evesham’s plain is Montfort slain,
Well skill’d he was to guide;
Where streams his gore shall all deplore:
Fair England’s flower and pride.

Ere Tuesday’s sun its course had run
Our noblest chiefs had bled:
While rush’d to fight each gallant knight
Their dastard vassals fled;

Still undismay'd, with trenchant blade
They hew'd their desperate way :
Not strength or skill to Edward's will,
But numbers give the day.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

Yet by the blow that laid thee low,
Brave Earl, one palm is given :
Not less at thine than Becket's shrine
Shall rise our vows to Heaven !
Our church and laws, your common cause :
'Twas his the church to save ;
Our rights restored, thou, generous lord,
Shalt triumph in thy grave.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

Despenser true, the good Sir Hugh,
Our justice and our friend,
Borne down with wrong, amidst the throng
Has met his wretched end.
Sir Henry's fate need I relate,
Or Leicester's gullant son,
Or many a score of barons more,
By Gloucester's hate undone ?
On Evesham's plain, &c.

Each righteous lord, who brav'd the sword,
And for our safety died,
With conscience pure shall eye endure
The martyr'd saint beside.
That martyr'd saint was never faint
To ease the poor man's cure :
With gracious will he shall fulfil
Our just and earnest prayer.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

On Montfort's breast a haircloth vest
His pious soul proclaim'd :
With ruffian hand the ruthless band
That sacred emblem stain'd :
And to assuage their impious rage
His lifeless corpse defaced,
Whose powerful arm long saved from harm
The realm his virtues graced.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

Now all draw near, companions dear,
'To Jesus let us pray
That Montfort's heir his grace may share,
And learn to Heaven the way.
No priest I name : none, none I blame,
Nor ought of ill surmise :
Yet for the love of Christ above
I pray, be churchmen wise.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

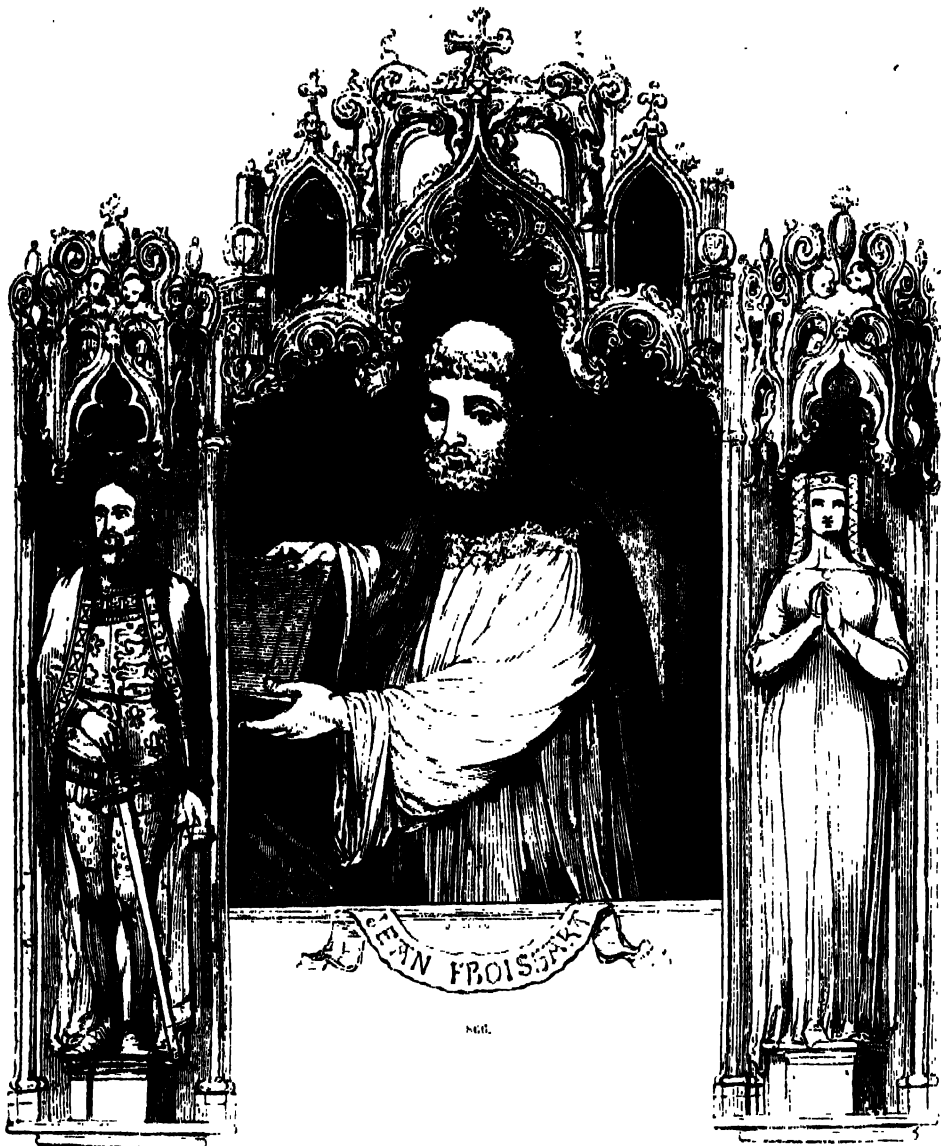
No good, I ween, of life is seen
By earl or baron done ;
Nor knight or squire to fame aspire,
Or dare disgrace to shun.
Faith, truth, are fled, and in their stead
Do vice and meanness rule ;
Even on the throne may soon be shown
A flatterer or a fool.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

Brave martyr'd chief ! no more our grief
For thee or thine shall flow ;
Among the blest in Heaven ye rest
From all your toils below.
But for the few, the gullant crew,
Who here in bonds remain,
Christ condescend their woes to end,
And break the tyrant's chain.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

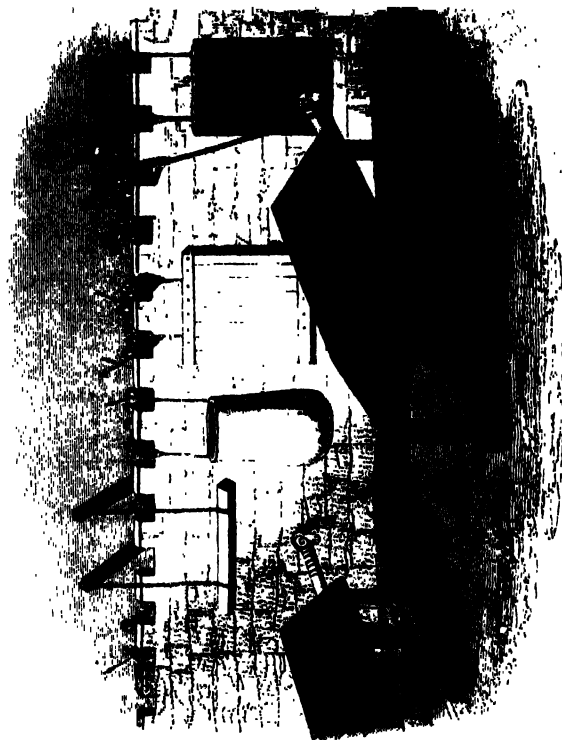
It was a striking evidence of the indestructibility of the principles for which De Montfort had fought and perished, that even in the hour of full success the king did not dare to revoke the Great Charter ; and when he and a parliament held at Winchester passed severe sentences against the family and adherents of De Montfort, he provoked a new resistance, which occupied Prince Edward two years to put down. Kenilworth Castle especially (Figs. 818, 822, 823) resisted all efforts of the besiegers ; and at last it became necessary to offer reasonable terms. The "Dictum de Kenilworth" was consequently enacted, and gradually all parties submitted. And thus ended the last armed struggle in England for Magna Charta ; which, extra-

* The few knights above mentioned who were found still alive among the bodies of the slain.

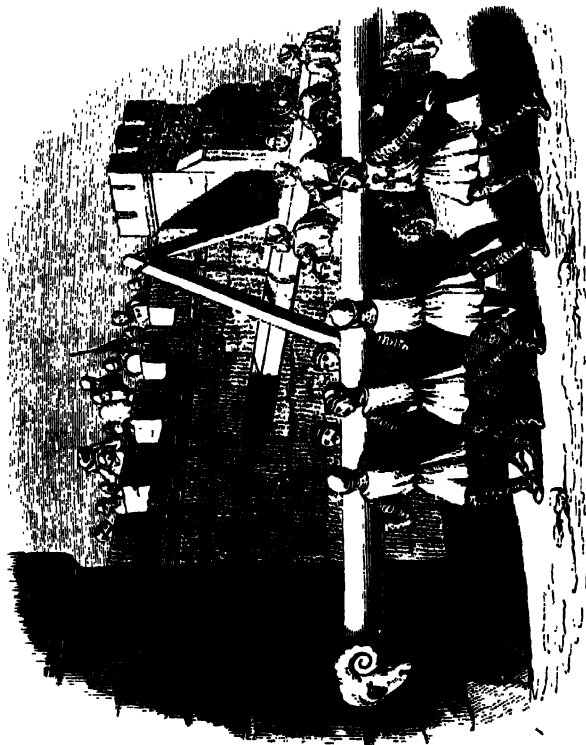
ordinary as it may seem, became now for the first time an instrument of the highest practical value ; in other words, the people, while appearing to lose everything by the overthrow of Evesham, in reality gained all they had so long struggled for ; and their benefactor was the very man who had been their ruthless scourge, King (before Prince) Edward. Henry died on the 15th of November, 1272, and was buried in the beautiful Abbey of Westminster, a portion of which he had recently erected ; and as Edward was then in the Holy Land, the Earl of Gloucester and other barons present put their bare hands upon the corpse, and swore fealty to the absent prince. In 1274 Edward returned to England and was crowned. (Figs. 821, 828.) And now, recalling for a moment the recollection of the power of the insurgents even after the battle of Evesham, and the comparatively favourable terms they were able to obtain, we shall understand the impelling motives to that course of legislation and government which Edward thought proper to pursue. We shall see that he had taken home to himself the lesson that had been thrown away upon his father ; and was inclined to hazard no more experiments in favour of bad government. The corrupt administration of justice had been perhaps of all others the evil the people most suffered from under the Norman dynasty, and had most desired to get rid of by the Charter. Here is one evidence that their object was at last achieved :—In 1290 Edward caused some of the chief officers of justice to be dismissed from their offices, and fined, after a complete and disgraceful exposure in parliament : the chief justice himself, Sir Thomas Weyland, was among them. All the other officers who were innocent or less guilty were at the same time compelled to swear that from thenceforth they would take no pension, fee, or gift of any man, except only a breakfast or the like present. This was indeed fulfilling Magna Charta. It was this for which in a great measure the barons had appeared in irresistible combination at Runnymede, had conquered at Tewes, had been slaughtered at Evesham. The old trick of state policy, but which unfortunately is, in a practical sense, as new and common as ever, was once more successfully practised,—if reformation could no longer be delayed, the reformers might be, and were, got rid of ; and thus did the government satisfy its pride—it no longer at least appeared to be coerced—whilst it could at the same time claim with some show of propriety the people's gratitude for the good it vouchsafed to them. Edward proceeded with the good work he began ; though not always without a little gentle pressure being exercised upon him. Thus in 1298, finding dissatisfaction growing, and that among the dissatisfied were such men as Humphry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England, he, among other concessions, again agreed to confirm the Great Charter, and the Charter of Forests, and also that there should be no subsidy nor taxation levied upon the people without the consent of the prelates, peers, and people. And how were the people, it may be asked, to give their consent ! The answer to that question involves the most important event that ever occurred in English history,—the rise of the system of borough representation, for which there is every reason to suppose we are indebted to the great man whom most historians have noticed but to misunderstand and calumniate, Simon de Montfort. It was between the two battles of Lewes and Evesham that that nobleman, in calling a parliament, issued the earliest known writs requiring each sheriff of a county to return, together with two knights of the shire, two citizens for each city, and two burgesses for each borough within its limits. In this matter, too, what does King Edward, in his 23rd year, but permanently confirm his antagonist's far-seeing and comprehensive act, so that when he consented that no taxation should be levied without the consent of the people, he used no specious words, there were the people sitting in parliament to give or refuse funds. As an evidence of the gigantic character of this innovation, we may notice the number of members respectively sent to the House during Edward's reign—seventy-six shire representatives, and two hundred and forty-six city and town representatives. Two other illustrations of Edward's conduct as a legislator in carrying out the principles for the maintenance of which he had slaughtered the advocates (we ought not ever to forget that), will not be out of place. In 1305 he sent out an extraordinary commission all over the country to inquire concerning malefactors, of whatever rank, and to administer severe punishments on the spot. There was no longer any trifling with corruption : the king was terribly in earnest. If to all that we have said we now add Sir Matthew Hale's remark by way of summing up, we shall at once do justice to Edward and to those who impelled him into the career, which, when in, he so nobly pursued. Sir Matthew says that more was done in the first thirteen years of his



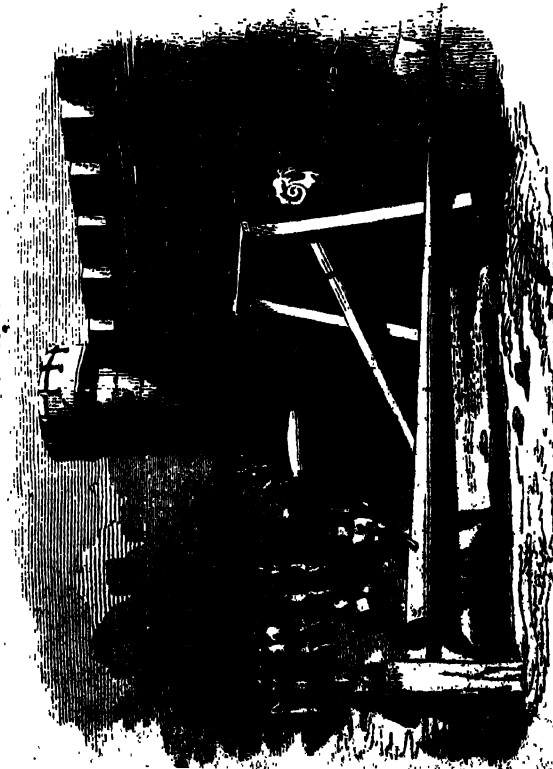
887.—The Siege of Calais.



888.—Machines used for the Defence of Stone Walls against the action of Battering Rams.



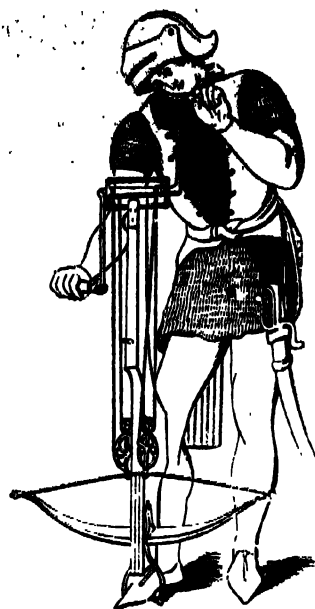
889.—Attack on the Walls of a besieged Town. The cut shows two forms of the Battering Ram in use for making breaches in the fortification.



890.—Machines used for boring holes in fortification walls, so much employed in the action of the Battering Ram.



871.—John of Eltham. From his Tomb in Westminster Abbey.



872.—Genoese Archer, winding up or bending his Cross-bow.



874.—Ancient Gate of Florentia, 174.



873.—The Battle of Cressy.



875.—St. George at Blore.



876.—Battle of Apollonia.

reign to settle and establish the distributive justice of the kingdom, than in all the next four centuries. Let us pass to another, less important, but even more interesting, phase of Edward's life—let us look at him in his domestic relations. It is recorded of him that when he received (in Calabria) intelligence of his father's death, and at a period not long after the loss of an infant son, he was so moved that some surprise was expressed that he should grieve more for the loss of his old father than for his own offspring. "The loss of my child," observed Edward, "is a loss which I may hope to repair; but the death of a father is a loss irreparable." The sentiment was at once touching and beautiful, and reveals the same spirit that afterwards bequeathed so sweet a recollection to the world in his conduct as a husband.

If it be true, as one of our poets remarks, that (we quote from memory)

"It is the heart which glorifies this life,"

then was there a glory shining about that of the king of Castile's daughter, Edward's wife Eleanor (Fig. 824), who with lips, as an old writer quaintly observes, "anointed with the virtue of lovely affection," drew the poison from the wound which her husband had received at Acre, in Palestine, from Azazim, a Saracen, of the murderous sect of Assassini: hence our word "assassin." Eleanor gained an immortal memory by this extraordinary example of conjugal affection; but that she did it not for fame, but love, is touchingly evident in the feelings of grief, admiration, and gratitude with which Edward cherished her memory after her death in 1201. She was married to him at Bures in Spain, crowned with him the day of his coronation, lived his wife, "in lovely participation of all his troubles and long voyages" thirty-six years, and died either at Grantham, or at Hardeby, near Grantham in Lincolnshire, as Edward was on his way to Scotland, when he first began to insinuate himself into the affairs of that kingdom. But Edward's passion for ruling and oppressing the Scots succumbed now to a holier feeling. His journey was stopped, he gave all his thoughts to his faithful and devoted partner's remains, which were embalmed, and the internal parts laid in Lincoln Cathedral, the body itself being conveyed to Westminster. A long and melancholy journey the mourning king made with it to the chapel of King Edward the Confessor; and the nation, to whom Eleanor had been a "loving mother," sincerely sympathized in his grief. The mournful procession rested in its progress at Lincoln, Stamford, Dunstable, St. Albans, and Charing, then a village, and some other places, about fifteen in all, at every one of which, when the beloved and noble-hearted woman had passed from mortal view, Edward, to perpetuate the memory of her virtues and his love, erected a beautiful Gothic building in the form denominated a cross. (A view of the Charing Cross is given in Fig. 826.) Of all these, three only now remain; namely, at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham—of which the last and most beautiful would probably by this time have been also lost, but for the good taste and liberality of the neighbouring gentry and others, who caused it to be restored. Its graceful form and elegant style may be best understood from the engraving (Fig. 825.) No one can look upon it without lamenting the loss of so many of its fellows, not only for their beauty, but for the sake of the events they so beautifully record. If, however, pinnacles and battlements and fretwork fail, there is no danger that the heroic self-sacrifice, the holy love and sorrow, which these crosses commemorate, will ever be forgotten. Would we could linger upon such recollections of the great Edward! for when we leave them it is to look upon the darker side of the monarch's character, as shown in his Welsh and Scottish wars.

Edward had not so completely established his military fame in the Crusades as to be content to settle down to peace. It was not enough that in Palestine and Italy and France he had lifted the national honour of England—as honour was then understood—from the depths to which it had sunk under his father's rule; it was not enough that all the talk among the delighted people was of Edward and his adventures;—he had a great scheme at heart, in comparison with which all he had yet done were trifles. He saw that before England could mount very high in the scale of nations, the whole of the island of Britain must be essentially one undivided power, instead of three. Leaving foreign conquest, therefore, to his successors, he fixed his powerful will on the accomplishment of this unity. The princes of Wales and Scotland were bound by some indefinable species of feudal vassalage to the English crown, and this he took for the foundation of his advances. A world of misery ensued to the brave people fighting for their independence; we cannot have too much sympathy for them;—nor, on the other hand, too high an appreciation of the essential idea which lay beneath all

Edward's barbarities, if we consider the value of that unity, when England, Scotland, and Wales are so happily and indissolubly bound together by the only fitting ties, common sympathies and common interests.

It is recorded that one day as Henry II. rode through some part of Wales, attended by a splendid retinue of his English chivalry, he looked with a contemptuous eye on the Welsh gentlemen riding on their rough ponies, and on the poorer sort who were clad in sheep's or goats' skins. A mountaineer approached the great king, and said, with a noble pride, "Thou seest this poor people—but, such as they are, thou shalt never subdue them;—that is reserved alone for God in his wrath." The mountaineers were, therefore, not likely to yield their mountain fastnesses an easy conquest. For some time a fearful struggle had been going on against certain great barons of England, who had erected regular chains of fortresses in South Wales; but at the critical moment when the fate of the whole country was at stake, the native princes and clans fell at variance amongst themselves. Rees ap-Meredith, Prince of South Wales, and David, brother of the ruler of the northern principality, Llewellyn, joined Edward with their vassals to fight against Llewellyn. Edward had been long intriguing with Llewellyn's subjects, corrupting the chiefs by bribes and promises, and encouraging the prince's enemies; and then, on pretence of Llewellyn's not obeying a summons, as a great vassal of the English crown, to his coronation and parliament at Westminster, though he denied him a safe-conduct thither, had seized as a prisoner Elinor de Montfort, daughter of the great earl who fell at Evesham, the contracted bride of Llewellyn, as she was on her voyage from France to Wales, with Emeric, her young brother. The fiery Welsh prince bitterly complained of these insults done to him in a time of peace, and retaliated by falling on the English on his borders, and demanded hostages, and the liberation of Elinor de Montfort before he would go to court. But Edward did not want him there now. He had procured from his parliament and the Pope sentences of forfeiture and excommunication against the prince, and at midsummer he crossed the Dee with a fine army, took the Castles of Flint and Rhuddlan, drove the prince to the mountains, and there girded him in by land and sea, so that no supplies could reach him. Llewellyn defied cold and hunger and distress for several months, but at last was reduced to accept the hard conditions offered him at Rhuddlan Castle;—that he should pay a fine of fifty thousand pounds, cede his principality as far as the river Conway, and do homage, deliver hostages, and pay annual tribute for the isle of Anglesey, which poor remnant of his possessions was to revert to the English crown if Llewellyn died without male issue. The fine being practically impossible in so poor a country, Edward afterwards remitted it, and Llewellyn was appeased for a time by receiving the hand of his bride in the presence of Edward and Queen Eleanor, and Alexander of Scotland. No heirs arose from this alliance, which circumstance working upon the mind of David, Llewellyn's brother, who had married an English earl's daughter, and some children rising around him, he cursed his own folly, which, besides bringing ruin on his country, had deprived them and himself of the succession of the principality. The bards and peers prophesied that the ancient race should recover their supremacy, and that the Prince of Wales should be crowned king in London. Alas! this prophecy was to be differently realized from what they expected. On the night of Palm Sunday, March 22, 1282, David surprised and took the strong castle of Hawardine, belonging to Roger Clifford—"a right worthy and famous knight," according to the English; "a cruel tyrant," according to the Welsh; and the lord, who was caught in his bed, was wounded and carried off prisoner. A general insurrection extended itself from the Snowdon heights throughout the whole of Wales, but the chief seat was the mountainous tract called Snowdon (the Saxon translation of the Welsh *Creigie'r Eira*, the Crags of the Eagles), which included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. Never did people make a more gallant stand for independence than the natives of these "craggs;" and it would have been impossible to dislodge them, had not their scientific enemy cut down their woods, and opened roads in previously inaccessible places by means of his "thousand" pioneers; and after driving them into the very remotest and wildest fastnesses among the rocks, employed Basques from the Pyrenees, whose method of fighting, and whose general habits and manners, differed little from those of the Welsh people, to hunt them down like blood-hounds. One after another, their entranced positions were forced, but never without the greatest difficulty and loss. David whose unnatural treason had been a great cause of the ruin of the

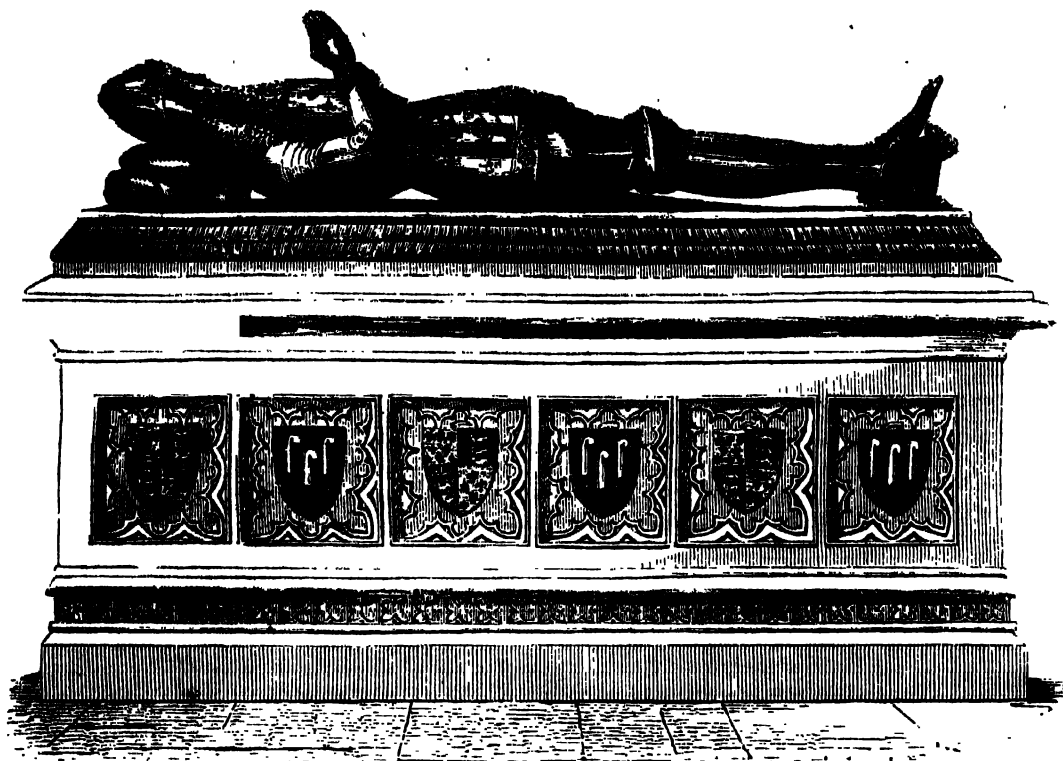
country, now joined Llewellyn, evidently with the strongest purpose to redeem his honour; and a fierce but most unequal struggle ensued, in which Edward was twice defeated, and on the last of these occasions obliged to fly for protection to one of his castles. The other mischance thus occurred. It appears that Llewellyn having no ships to oppose to Edward's fleet, the English easily enclosed the coast, and were enabled to take the island of Anglesey. On St. Leonard's day, while Edward was at Aberconway with some Gascon lords and Basques, his soldiers laid down a bridge of boats across the Menai Strait (where the Suspension Bridge now is), and in their impatience to encounter the Welsh on the mainland, crossed before it was finished, and waded through the water when the tide was out. They landed, and busied themselves in reconnoitring some entrenchments of the Welsh, until the tide rolled in, and made deep water between them and the unfinished bridge of boats. The armed Welsh people, who had been watching them stealthily, then rushed down upon them, and drove them into the sea, where, loaded with armour, many sank, and, between the waves and the sword, there perished thirteen knights, seventeen squires, and several hundred foot-soldiers. But what signified a few reverses to Edward? Reinforcements continually crossed the Dee, or came up from the coast, and as a crushing blow, he caused an army to march on the rear of the Welsh through South Wales. False friends, it seems most likely, advised Prince Llewellyn to leave the war in his own principality to the command of his brother David, and advance to meet the new invaders. At Bualth, in the valley of the Wye, the forces of the prince appear to have been suddenly and treacherously withdrawn from him, so that he was left with only a few followers, just as the savage Earl of Mortimer appeared with a body of English on the other side the river, and surprised him before he had time to put on his armour. The prince fell, murdered, as it has been said, rather than slain in battle. His head was sent to the Tower of London, where it was exhibited crowned with willow, in mockery of the Bardic prophecy. And then came a repetition of the policy that we have already commented upon; the Welsh prince got rid of—why, Edward could not do too much for the Welsh people. So he proceeded to institute a series of wise regulations to render them submissive, civilized, and contented, whilst he flattered their well-known pride by adroitly leading them to indulge the delusive hope that his infant son, born among them in Caernarvon Castle (Fig. 827), should have the separate government of their country. He strongly fortified the castle just named, as well as Conway Castle (Figs. 829 and 834) and many others,—Beumaris Castle (Fig. 830) was built later in the reign;—and, to finish his conquest, divided the lands at the foot of Snowdon among his great barons, who gave them to others in fief, when the territory soon became studded over with towers and strongholds for defence, and many a savage feud occurred afterwards between these petty feudal tyrants and the natives. The last of the old princely line, David, held out resolutely six months longer, and then perished, like his brother, by treachery. He and his wife and children were carried in chains to the Castle of Rhuddlan, and condemned, by a parliament at Shrewsbury, first, to be dragged by a horse to the place of execution, because he was a traitor to the king, who had made him a knight; secondly, there to be hanged, because he had murdered several knights in Hawardine Castle; thirdly, to have his hands burned, because he had done the deed on Palm Sunday; fourthly, to be quartered, and have his limbs hung up in different places, because he had conspired the king's death—an atrocious sentence, but fulfilled to the letter. Some years later, the patriots of the border fairly drove the English over the marches; and it cost Edward months of personal hardships and dangers, during a severe winter among the Crags of the Eagles, before his policy and arms united could bring their last champion, Madoc, to surrender. The sacred summits of Snowdon were again invaded, the country wasted with fire and sword, the principal Welsh chiefs consigned to dungeons for life, and the bards, who had contributed so greatly to keep alive the patriotic flame in the people's hearts, massacred—so at least tradition and poetry relate. How finely Gray pictures one of these inspired seers pouring out his vengeful predictions of misery to Edward's line, must be fresh in every one's recollection; yet the passage will bear repetition:—

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail;
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's coast, from Cambria's shores

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

On a rook whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes, the poet stood
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air,
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

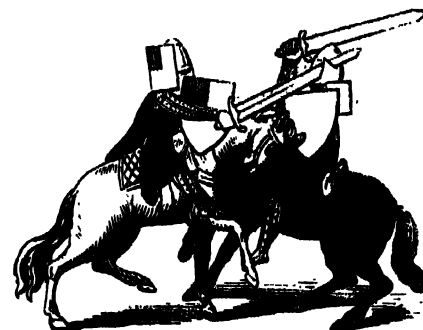
The one half of his great design accomplished, Edward, after four years' rest from war, addressed himself, with equally stern, foreseeing, and unprincipled policy, to the other. He took his ground, as with Prince Llewellyn, on the homage question. During his father's reign (in the year 1251) this point was mooted, when the young king of Scots, Alexander III., did homage to Henry for his English possessions, and homage was demanded of him also for the kingdom of Scotland. Alexander's reply was singularly intelligent, spirited, and firm for a boy of eleven years of age:—"He had been invited to York to marry the Princess of England, not to treat of affairs of state; and he could not take a step so important without the knowledge and approbation of his parliament." This noble boy two years before had sat at Stone on the "sacred stone of destiny," which stood before the cross at the eastern end of the church; and while there, after the bishop of St. Andrews had knighted and crowned him, a grey-headed Highland bard, stepping forth from the crowd, addressed to him a long genealogical recitation in the Gaelic tongue, beginning, "Hail, Alexander, King of Albion, son of Alexander, son of William, son of David," &c., and thus carried up the royal pedigree through all its generations to the legendary *Gothelus, who married Scots, the daughter of Pharaoh*, and who was therefore the contemporary of Moses. Alexander honoured his lengthy lineage. The daughter of Pharaoh might have been proud of her descendant; for his was the rare praise of making his subjects happy, at least so far as kings can make men so. He was universally beloved; and under his pious and judicious rule, the Scots enjoyed twenty years of quiet, within and without; wealth, arts, and social life progressed; and the designs of Edward on the Scottish independence had no room to expand. But in 1286, as Alexander was riding on a dark night between Kinghorn and Burnt Island, on the northern shore of the Frith of Forth, his horse, on which he had galloped forward from his attendants, stumbled with him over a high cliff, at a place now known as King's Wood End, and he was killed on the spot. This fatal event extinguished for a long period the prosperity of Scotland. Three promising children of Alexander had died before him. One had left a daughter, Margaret, who was now scarce four years old, under the charge of her father Eric, King of Norway. Margaret had been distinctly appointed by her grandfather, in 1284, to succeed him on the throne of Scotland failing other issue; but this settlement was new, and distasteful to warlike men, who would scarcely submit to a manly sovereign, much less to a feeble girl; but the difficulty and danger of the question, who was to succeed, if she did not, as well as respect to the niece of Alexander, might have kept the majority of the chiefs on her side, had she not fallen sick and died, as she was on her passage to England, where she was to have stayed until good order was re-established in Scotland. Edward and the estates of Scotland were both desirous to have married her to Edward's eldest son, which would have united the sceptres of England and Scotland peacefully and effectually, and so accomplished Edward's design without any of the miseries that followed the early death of the "maid of Norway." A fierce controversy commenced who should succeed to the throne, thus left vacant by the extinction of the line of William the Lion; which, though it had included ten related households, had been entirely swept away in a single century. The descendants of the brother of William the Lion, David, Earl of Huntingdon, were now the nearest heirs—John Baliol and Robert Bruce. In hopes, it seems, that Edward would act as a just umpire for the conflicting estates of Scotland in this weighty business, they met him at Norham, on the English side the Tweed, in May, 1291: when those who had not been previously prepared for the divulging of Edward's mind, were stricken aghast to find that, preparatory to proceeding with the conference, he must be recognised as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and fealty must be sworn to him. There was a dead silence—broken by one voice venturing to say that while the throne was vacant, no answer could be given. "By holy Edward! whose crown I wear," the king sternly exclaimed, "I



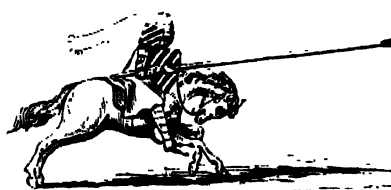
877.—Monument of Edward the Black Prince, in Canterbury Cathedral.



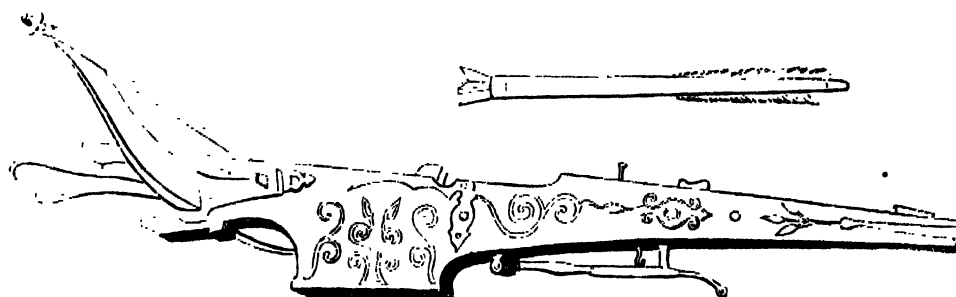
878.—Ordeal Combat or Duel. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



879.—Knights Combating. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



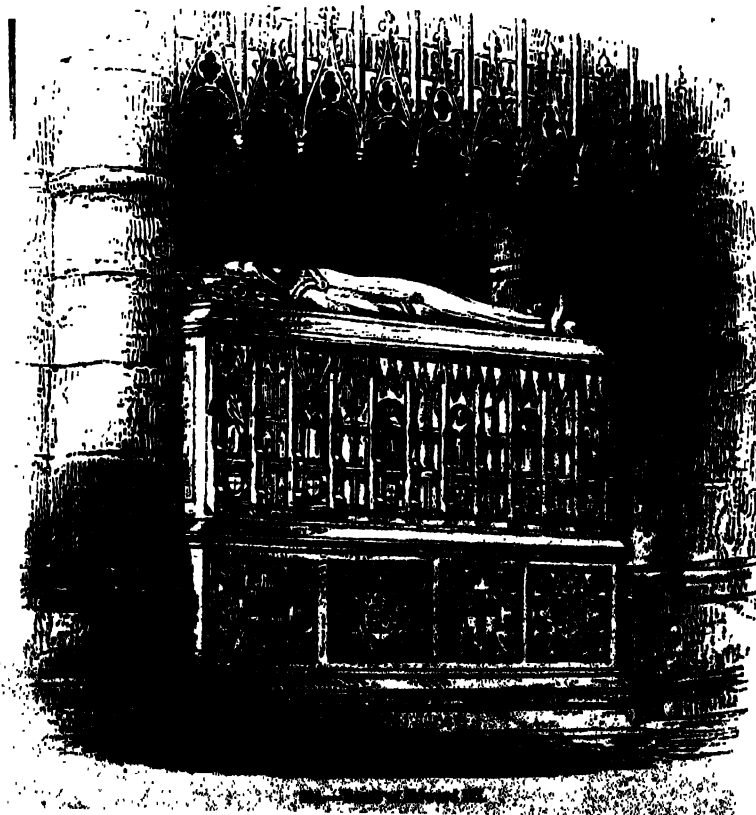
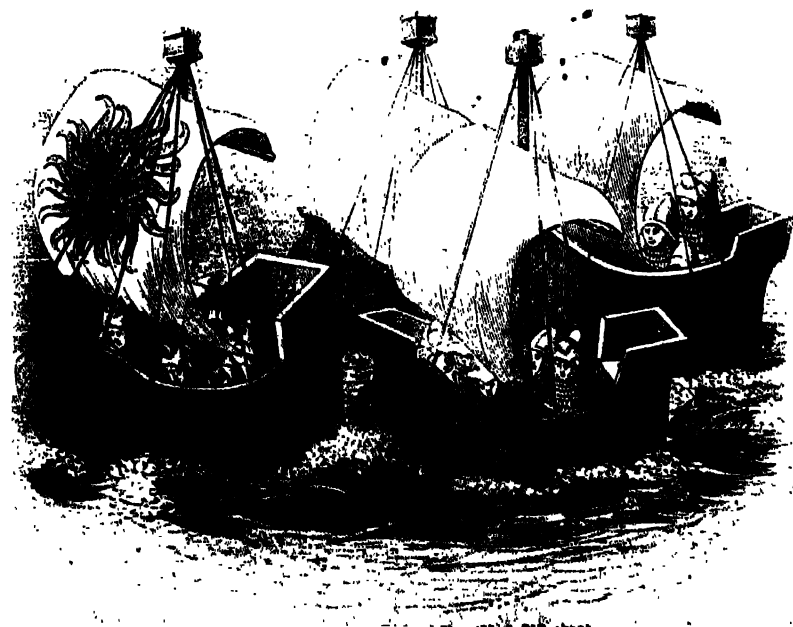
880.—Knights Jousting. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



882.—Cross-bow and Quarrel.



881.—St. Mary's Hall, Coventry; Court Front.





885.—Edmund of Langley.



886.—Richard II. (Portrait in the Jerusalem Chamber.)



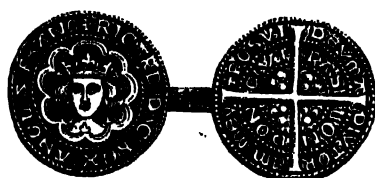
887.—John of Gaunt.



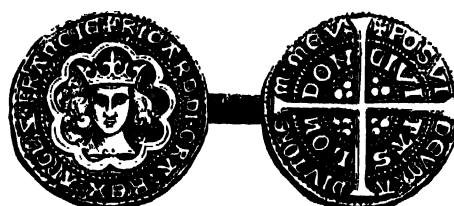
888.—Great Seal of Richard II.



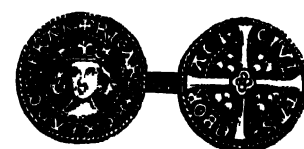
889.—Portrait of Richard II. (Illuminated in Metrical History.)



890.—Half-Groat of Richard II.



891.—Groat of Richard II.



892.—Penny of Richard II.



893.—Execution of Beaufort and Mowbray by Richard II.



894.—Richard II. and Gower.

will vindicate my just rights, or perish in the attempt." The chiefs craved time, and obtained it with difficulty. The king provided for opposition by issuing writs to his northern military tenants to assemble at Norham the day after that of the second conference, with "horses, arms, and all their powers." And there was no mincing the matter in any respect; Edward's chancellor, speaking in his name, clearly stated that he meant not to relinquish his right of property in the kingdom of Scotland hereafter. Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale (grandfather of the great Bruce), the proper heir of Scotland, was the first at the next meeting, at Holywell Hough, opposite Norham, to surrender Scotland's independence. Being peremptorily asked whether he acknowledged Edward as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and was willing to ask and receive judgment from him in that character, Bruce definitely, expressly, publicly, and openly declared his assent. Seven other competitors for the crown, at that time, and an eighth, with John Baliol, the next day, followed this odious and unpopular example. The rival princes having thus for selfish ends at once disgraced and ruined their country, a great deal of hypocritical pretence of deliberation by Edward on their claims took place, with the aid of a large body of commissioners, forty being chosen by Bruce, forty by Baliol, and twenty-four by the king, who, however, reserved the privilege of adding *as many more as he pleased*. The commission sat at Norham and Berwick, during many months, which the king employed in procuring a solemn surrender of the kingdom of Scotland by the regents into his own hands, and of all the castles of Scotland by their holders in trust; and it is surprising to note the confidence with which his word seems to have been taken that he would make full restitution in two months from the date of his award in the cause of the succession. One Scotsman alone acted, says Lord Hailes, "with integrity and spirit on this trial of national integrity and spirit."—Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl of Angus, who refused to deliver the castles of Dundee and Forfar, without an obligation to indemnify him from Edward and all the competitors. The next degradation was the swearing of fealty, performed voluntarily by Bruce and his son, by Baliol, and many chiefs, but by only one churchman, it is said. To make all ranks sign the rolls of homage as his vassals, from bishops and earls, down even to the burgesses, Edward made a progress through Scotland, and sent out his officers to receive the oaths, and whosoever refused were torn from their homes and imprisoned. The oppressor at length resumed his seat as umpire for the Scottish crown in the great hall of the Castle at Berwick, where at one meeting he declared "that Bruce should take nothing in the competition with Baliol," and at another, "that John Baliol should have seisin of the kingdom of Scotland," but that this judgment "should not impair his (Edward's) claim to the *property* of Scotland." Baliol was crowned at Scone, and a very tractable vassal he proved in all respects; he suffered with exemplary patience all Edward's rough usage, such as compelling him to appear in the English courts to answer as a defendant all sorts of causes, brought by his own subjects, until the indignities were pushed a little too far even for *him*, and on being compelled to appear as usual in an English parliament in 1293, to answer an appeal concerning lands in Fife, instead of making his defence in due form, he said, "I am King of Scotland. To the complaint of the appellant, or to aught else respecting my kingdom, I dare not make answer without the advice of my people." "What means this?" cried the tyrant. "You are *my* liege man; you have done homage to *me*; you are here in consequence of *my* summons." Baliol, remaining steady to what he had said, was adjudged guilty of contempt of court and open disobedience. The appellant had damages granted him, and the three principal towns and castles of Scotland, with their royal jurisdiction, were said to be forfeited to Edward. Baliol and Scotland had by this time a tolerable experience of what vassalage to Edward meant; so, in hope of relief, they turned to France, who was then at war with Edward, and were soon doomed to feel in consequence the vengeance of their English master. In the siege of the town of Berwick, he himself, mounted on his horse Bayard, was the first who leaped over the dike. The carnage that followed is one among the many ineffaceable blots on the memory of this great but unrelenting man; infancy, womanhood, old age, all were butchered that came within reach of the victors' swords. Thirty Flemings, posted in a building called the Red House, which the resident merchants of their nation held by the tenure of defending it at all times against the English, stood out gallantly, and refused to surrender; the building was then fired, and every man perished in the flames. Baliol, soon after this frightful scene, sent to Edward a bold ecclesiastic, the Abbot of Aberbrothock (or Arbroath) to deliver this solemn renunciation of his allegiance and fealty. "What a piece of madness in the foolish

traitor!" exclaimed Edward: "since he will not come to us, we will go to him."

The castle of Dunbar (Fig. 842) had been given up to the Scots by the Countess of March, whose husband was at the time serving Edward, and a fresh contest for it took place between the English, under Earl Warenne, and Baliol's army, in which ten thousand Scots perished. In about two months, Roxburgh, Dumbarton, Jedburgh, Edinburgh, Stirling, and all the other important fortresses, were in Edward's hands, and the conquest was complete. Baliol again crouched at Edward's feet, and, in the churchyard of Strathkathro, in Angus, stood, it is said, with a white rod in his hand, to detail his offences against his liege lord, committed through false counsel and his own simplicity, and concluding by resigning his kingdom and people to the English king. After this disgraceful exhibition, Edward exercised his usual wisdom, in settling the government of the conquered country on prudent, moderate, and popular principles. But the Scots could not be reconciled to a foreign yoke. Wallace arose, the second son of the Knight of Ellerslie, endowed with strength, stature, courage, decision, military genius, the talent for command, a stirring though rude eloquence, an enthusiastic patriotism, and a fierce and unextinguishable hatred of the English dominion. He first appeared as a kind of petty chief lurking in woods and wilds, with a small band of outlaws, infesting the English quarters. Sir William Douglas, who had commanded the castle of Berwick during the siege, was the first person of note who joined this outlaw chief, with his vassals, attracted by the reputation of his successful exploits. By a bold and brilliant attack they took Scone, and overran the neighbouring country. Other chiefs crowded to their banners, among them—most welcome of all—the young Bruce, grandson of Baliol's competitor, and eventually the restorer of the Scottish monarchy.

But when the greatest effort was to be made by the associated warriors, against Surrey, Percy, and Clifford, and their immense army, it was discovered that Wallace was a plebeian! It was impossible—quite impossible—that the proud blood of Scotland could submit to the guidance of a plebeian. So the hero was deserted by all but one noble-hearted as well as noble-blooded man, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell. The followers of the nobles, however, having none of their masters' objections, rallied in great numbers round Wallace, who soon found that the people generally of his native country were ready to devote their lives to the cause under his direction. And so they marched and countermarched—increasing in numbers at every step—and taking castle after castle, until they appeared forty thousand strong, in addition to some one hundred and eighty horse, before Stirling itself (Figs. 843, 846, 849), that almost impregnable stronghold, the possession of which both English and Scotch alike considered indispensable to success. It must have been in the main a rude and tumultuous host, though courage, enthusiasm, and numbers made ample amends for what was lacked in discipline. To oppose the Scotch appeared an English army of fifty thousand infantry and a thousand horse. Negotiation was spoken of to Wallace: "Return," he said, to those who came to him, "and tell your masters that we come not here to treat, but to assert our rights, and to set Scotland free. Let them advance; they will find us prepared."

The prudent commander of the English saw that to accept this defiance would involve his men in certain destruction; for while he had been marching on Stirling, Wallace, leaving the siege of the castle of Dundee to the citizens, had hurried his whole force to the banks of the Forth, and partially concealed them in the best position behind the neighbouring high grounds, before the English came up. Surrey remained a night without making any movement, but gave way at last to the forward zeal of his men, and the angry remonstrances of Cressingham, the Treasurer, who protested "against the waste of the king's money, in keeping up an army, if it was not to fight." This Cressingham had been Governor of Scotland for Edward, and made himself peculiarly odious to the Scottish people by imitating, on a limited scale, the oppressions of his royal master. Not many hours after, his blood was mingling with the waters of the Forth, and so intense was the hatred his cruelties had excited, that his skin was preserved by the Scots in small pieces, "not as relics, but for spite," and Wallace himself is said to have had a sword-belt made of it—such were the unchristian feelings of revenge cherished even by the best men of that age. The morning of the 11th of September, 1297, dawned on a fearful scene at the Bridge of the Forth, a narrow wooden structure, that Surrey's host could not have crossed in many hours, had they been totally unopposed; how great then was the folly of the experiment with a powerful and skilful foe on the other side! Half the rash and eager English had hardly reached the Stirling

bank—they had not had time to form—when down rushed the Scots from the heights, possessed themselves of the extremity of the bridge, and fell on that portion of the divided army which was thus placed in their power. Thrown into confusion, the English perished by thousands, as they advanced upon the Scottish swords, or were forced backward into the river, which presented a sickening sight, crimsoned with gore, and choked with human bodies. Only one of all that had crossed escaped, Sir Marmaduke Twenge, who spurred his horse back through the force that guarded the bridge, and cut his way to the opposite side. Surrey, seeing this man acquit himself so boldly, charged him with delightful naïveté, to occupy Stirling Castle with what troops he might be able to collect of the fragments of the army, since the whole had not been able conveniently to manage it, and then mounted his horse and never stopped till he reached Berwick. The loss of the Scots at Stirling Bridge is mentioned as trifling—it was great to Wallace, for the only man of note that fell was his most faithful friend, Sir Andrew Moray. This, the most important of a rapid and continuous series of triumphs, at once restored Wallace to the favour and countenance of the Scottish nobility, and the king of England, while engaged in Flanders, received the astounding tidings that this new man of the people—this leader of a little band of outlaws, this plebeian without family, influence, or wealth, supported by merit alone, had wrenched from the English every fortress in Scotland, from one end of the kingdom to the other. Edinburgh Castle (Fig. 840) was one of the first that surrendered. A letter has been recently discovered written to the authorities of Lübeck and Hamburg by Wallace at this period, informing them that their merchants should now have free access to all parts of the kingdom of Scotland, seeing that the said kingdom, by the favour of God, had been recovered by war from the power of the English. There was something almost superhuman in this sudden clearance, for though Edward's absence might have rendered it rather more easy, the spirit of Edward was largely infused into the English warriors who supported his conquest, and they had their own peculiar interests in the conquered country to nerve them, independent of national and military feelings of glory. Wallace's friend, the young Sir Andrew Moray, son of the veteran who fell at Stirling, we now find sharing with him the chief command of the Scottish army, in an invasion of England. They stayed in Cumberland some time, and wasted the country as far south as the walls of Newcastle. A famine in Scotland, most probably attributable to the devastation made by the English, seems to have chiefly impelled Wallace to push his triumphs thus far. He was now at the very pinnacle of power. At the Forest Kirk, in Selkirkshire, he received the supreme rule of the kingdom, under the title of "Guardian of Scotland;" and this with the consent and approbation of the nobility. Though thus himself virtually king, Wallace acted in the name of John Baliol, "King John," who lived as unlike a king as could be desired, by any party, at his own demesne of Bailleul in Normandy, whither he had been allowed to go on the king of England's releasing him from confinement at the intercession of the Pope. His holiness was less successful in the letters he granted the Scots to Edward, to induce him to desist in his endeavours against Scottish independence. Edward swore a terrible oath "that he would not desist," and to the Scots' threats he replied, with a disdainful smile, "Have you done homage to me (as to the chief lord of the kingdom of Scotland), and now suppose that I can be terrified with swelling lies, as if, like one that had no power to compel, I would let the right which I have over you to slip out of my hands? Let me hear no more of this: for if I do, I swear by the Lord I will consume all Scotland from sea to sea." The Scots replied as boldly, "They would shed their blood for defence of justice and their country's liberty." Arms again could alone decide the question. Edward caused his military tenants to assemble at York, on the Feast of Pentecost, and he led them in person to Roxburgh, and along the eastern coast of Scotland. His march lay through a country made desolate and deserted as he approached; his army found no provisions to subsist on, no spoil to animate their spirits, no enemy to wreak their vengeance upon for his inhospitality; and of their own ships, with the supplies, which had been sent forward to the Frith of Forth, they could hear no news. Hunger and disappointment were not the only difficulties Edward had to encounter. At Templeton, between Linlithgow and Edinburgh, where he stopped to wait for his fleet, he was told that thousands of his soldiers, Welshmen, rankling under the remembrance of their own country's wrongs, were on the point of going over to the Scots, with whom, we are sure, they must have sympathised deeply. "I care not," said Edward loftily; "let my enemies go to my enemies: I trust that in one day I shall chastise

them all." The famished army were about to retreat to Edinburgh, when the Earls Dunbar and Angus came privately at daybreak to the quarters of the soldier-bishop of Durham, with information that a Scottish army was near in the wood of Falkirk. When Edward heard of it, he cried in a rapture, "Thanks be to God, who hitherto hath delivered me from every danger: they shall not need to follow me; I will forthwith go and meet them." The army that night was lying in the fields; the king himself on the ground, his horse standing beside him. A terrible shout from the Scottish army is said to have startled the animal, as his royal master was putting his foot in the stirrup; it threw him to the earth, and, striking with the hinder heels, broke two of his ribs. In the confusion occasioned by the accident, a cry arose that the king was killed or seriously wounded, and the calamity was attributed to treachery. But Edward speedily restored confidence, by mounting the same horse which had injured him, and, regardless of the pain he suffered, marshalling his host, and giving orders to march on the foe. They passed Linlithgow, and then the advanced-guard of the enemy was seen on the ridge of a hill in front. Soon after the whole Scottish army was descried, forming, on a stony field, at the side of a small eminence in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. To explain the execrable desertion which Wallace experienced in the disastrous battle that ensued—the whole of his horse galloping away during the heat of the action, without striking a blow—we must refer to the envy and aristocratic pride of the Scottish nobility, who, Fordun relates, were in the habit of saying, "We will not have this man to rule over us." The archers and lancers on foot were only moved from the position in which Wallace planted them by repeated charges of Edward's cavalry, and through their being left unsupported; but the treachery or cowardice of the horsemen was fatal, they were borne down, and fifteen thousand perished; the rest fled with Wallace to Stirling. The English shortly came after him, but found him gone, and the town burned. After this defeat, Wallace gave up all such authority as the Commonwealth of Scotland had formerly granted unto him for the preservation of their freedoms; and the great rivals, Bruce and Comyn, and the Bishop of St. Andrews, shared the supreme rule. It is painful to trace the hero's subsequent career. Ingratitude drove him back to the wild life from which his resplendent talents and virtues had raised him. He was again a wandering guerilla-sort of chief, harassing the English on their marches, and in their camps and castles. Meanwhile it fared ill with his distracted country. The battle of Roslin (the Castle of Roslin is shown in our engravings, Figs. 833 and 835), won by Comyn and Bruce and the combined nobility, was speedily followed by the reappearance of Edward, who swept through Scotland almost unobstructed, marking every step by devastation and blood. One after another the places of strength quietly opened their gates to him. Brechin Castle is a memorable exception. Its commander, Sir John Maule, whilst the English were battering the walls, stood in defiance on the ramparts, coolly and contemptuously wiping off with a towel the dust and rubbish that fell on him. He was struck by a missile. As he was expiring, his men inquired if they might *now* surrender the castle, but he reproached them for cowards. The castle was given up the next day. Oaths of fealty were once more taken to Edward, who, at the close of this new conquest, wintered at Dunfermline. All that now remained in arms for Scotland, except the friends of Wallace, gathered at Stirling, under Comyn; but Edward and his cavalry routed these without difficulty, except such as took refuge in the castle. The spirit of the nobility of Scotland now completely yielded. Edward granted a general capitulation for all who had been in arms for Scotland, by which Comyn and many chiefs of rank, stigmatized as traitors, were suffered to live at freedom and retain their estates, subject only to fines at the king's pleasure. It was the glorious distinction of William Wallace that his name stood entirely alone as excluded from the capitulation, though he was told that he might, if he pleased, "render himself up to the will and mercy of Edward." What that will and mercy was, he had too soon to experience. At a parliament held at St. Andrews, he and Fraser, and the garrison of Stirling, being summoned, and not appearing, they were outlawed. Fraser eventually surrendered, but Wallace and the garrison held out. The rhyming chronicler Longtoft informs us (though the fact is perhaps to be doubted) that Wallace was hidden in the forest of Dunfermline, whence he sent some of his friends to Edward with a proposal to yield himself if his life and heritage were assured to him by a sealed writing of the king's. But Edward, "full grim," cursing Wallace and all his traitorous supporters, made the most decisive of replies by setting a price of three hundred marks upon his head. Wallace is then said to have "in mores and mairis with robbie him fedis."



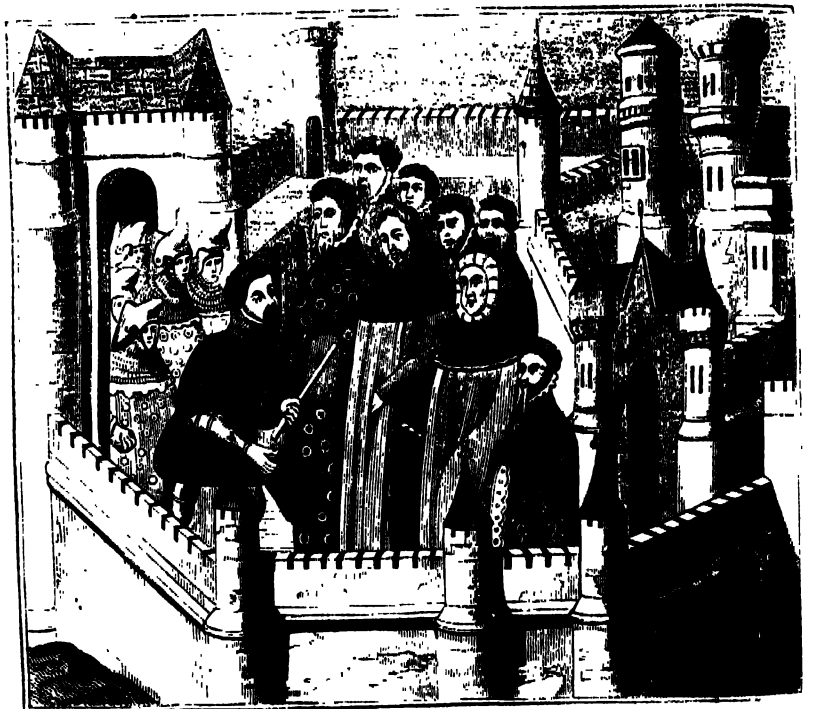
895.—Westminster Hall, with the ancient surrounding Buildings restored.



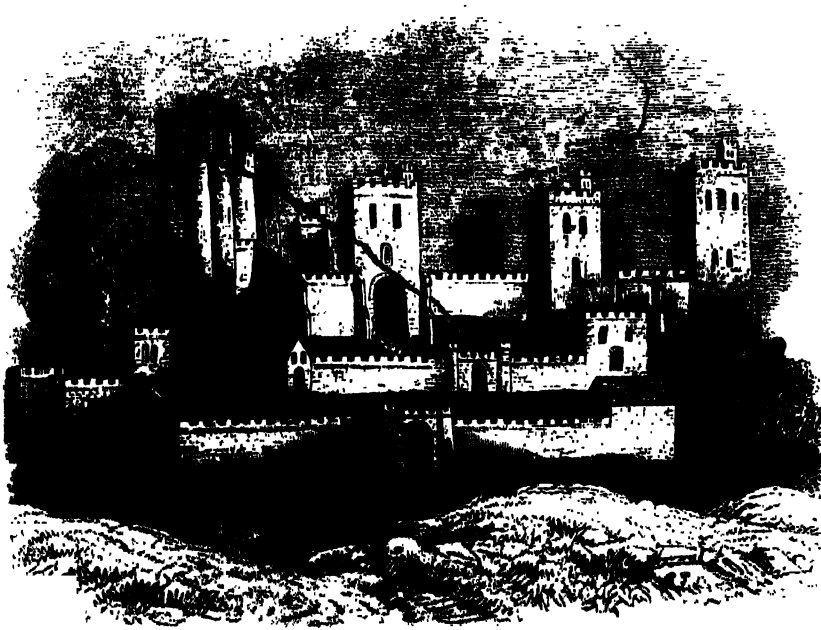
896.—Parliament assembled for the Deposition of Richard II.



897.—The Savoy.



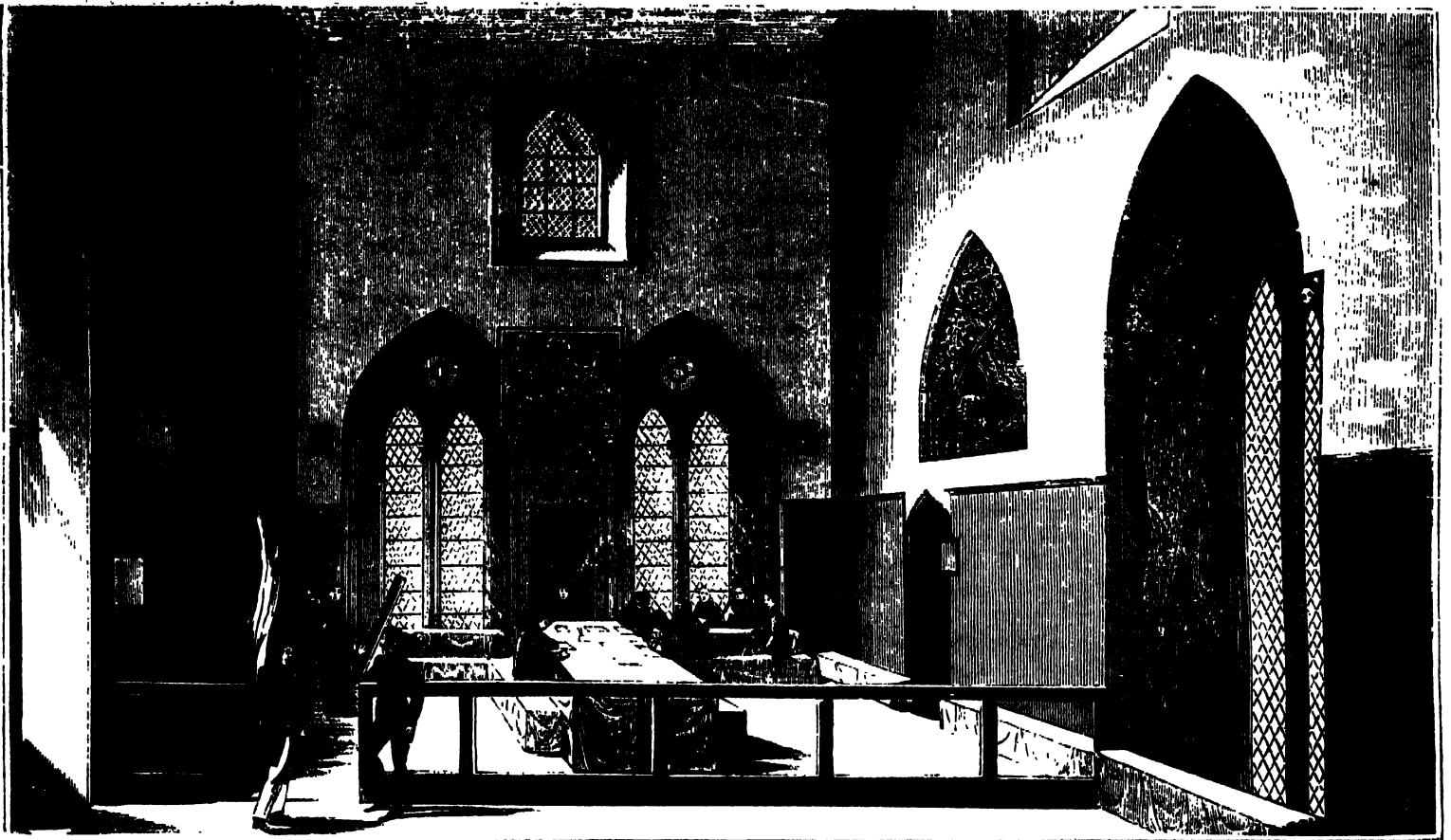
898.—Meeting of Richard II. and Bolingbroke.



899.—Pontefract Castle, where Charles II.



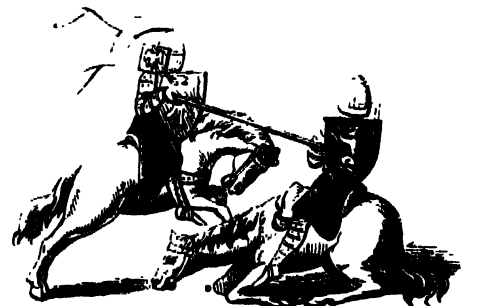
900.—Richard II. and Bolingbroke arrived at London.



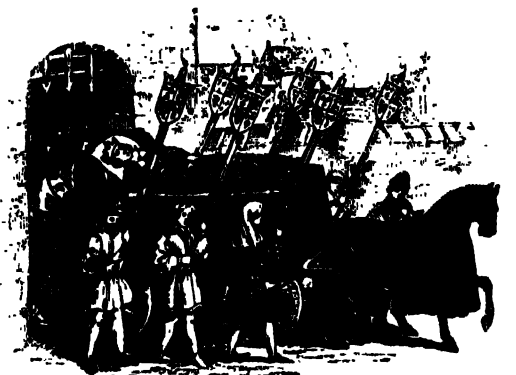
901.—The Painted Chamber.



902.—Minstrels' Pillar, Beverley.



904.—Knight Jousting. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



905.—Funeral of Richard II. (Illumination in Frobenart.)

that is, fed himself by robbery in moors and marshes, by which we may understand, that he continued to prey on the English whenever he could find an opportunity.

The garrison of Stirling now occupied Edward's attention. The castle was one, and the chief, of the four principal fortresses of the kingdom of Scotland (by the articles of the Union these four are still kept up), and, on account of its strength and its commanding the passage of the Forth, was highly important to both parties. Our views of the castle (Figs. 843, 846, 849) as seen from different parts, towering above the steep and precipitous slopes of the hill on which it is built, will enable the reader who is a stranger to this stronghold of the early Scottish kings and Scottish independence to comprehend the very serious difficulties to which Edward I. in his old age addressed himself, with the fire and daring of a youth who had his spurs to win. Not even the circumstance of his being struck by the stones and javelins from the castle, not even the arrow that lodged in his armour, could deter him from conspicuously exposing himself, as he directed in person every contrivance for battering down the walls and sending winged death among the brave defenders.

Sir John Oliphant, the commander, being required to surrender, requested time to go to France to the exiled Sir John Soulis, from whom he had his trust: "Am I to wait for *his* orders?" cried the old king. "Defend the castle, if you will." And defended it was, to the very last extremity, by a garrison of no more than a hundred and forty soldiers, during three months, against a mighty English force, and all Edward's military tactics. For the first month, so little impression was made by the thirteen tremendous battering-engines, the best in the kingdom, and the darts, armed with brass, cast from the springals, that the business must have grown tedious, for we find Edward writing to his sheriffs of London, Lincoln, and York, to buy up all the bows, quarrels, and other engines of war that were to be found in their districts, and to the Constable of the Tower to send a supply from the stores at his command. In our engravings (Fig. 882) the form of the cross-bow and quarrel may be seen, and in Figs. 868 to 870 is illustrated the whole process of battering the walls as carried on in the period under review. Slow, but sure, after that the work of destruction went on, till the strong fortress lay in ruins. Imagination shrinks to conceive the horrors experienced during these two last months by the stubborn garrison, and the thirteen noble ladies who shared the sufferings and dangers of their husbands, fathers, and brothers. And what a moment must that have been when the cry went forth amongst them, that the food which they had been anxiously eking out day after day was gone! Little wonder that, weak and worn as the strongest must have been, by the time Edward's troops had them at their mercy, that the twenty-five noble gentlemen who were among the garrison, had not spirit left to reject the only chance of life, but suffered themselves to be led forth in mournful procession to the feet of the conqueror, who was never either more magnanimous or more cruel than his stern purposes required. Excepting two ecclesiastics, all were stripped to their shirts and under garments, and all knelt with trembling and tears, acknowledging their guilt, and casting themselves on his mercy. Edward did not consider it quite necessary to destroy those who could be compelled to this degrading submission; they were permitted to breathe,—but in dungeons. A harsher doom was reserved for the unconquerable Wallace—the last hope of despairing Scotland. Among the prisoners there appears to have been one Ralph de Haliburton, who, tempted, it is said, by Edward's offers of liberty and reward, undertook to manage, in some way that is not clear to us, to betray the hero to the English. And he accomplished his undertaking: Wallace was conveyed as a prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, then held by "the false Menteith."

The gigantic rock of Dumbarton (Fig. 838), at the junction of the rivers Leven and Clyde, retains unchanged the gloomy grandeur that darkened around the hero as he was led up the guarded steep (Fig. 839), and the memory of his imprisonment by the English throws around it a romantic and imperishable interest, that receives some addition from the fact of his two-handed sword being reverently preserved within the walls of the fortress. The name of Menteith has since that age been coupled with many a malediction, as that of a false Scot, by whom Wallace was betrayed. But it appears Menteith was only false to Wallace in so far as he was false to Scotland. Dumbarton he held for Edward, and his unpopularity arose from his disgraceful task of receiving and confining the great champion of his nation, and sending him to England to suffer all that the malice and fears of his foes could suggest. Wallace was led in triumph through London, "all men and women wondering upon him." With what feelings could

these curious wonderers have gazed on that tall, majestic form, which had borne the brunt of so many battles, which we are sure had known no pampering in the forests, moors, and marshes, and which was glorious with a martyr's devotion to as holy a cause as ever soldier fought for? Were there no tears shed among the women of those eager crowds when they thought of his murdered wife, of his father and his brother, and his dearest friends, slain in the same cause for which he had now to pour out his own blood? Did no thinking minds there find the conclusion flash upon them that their king had taken a wrong path to reach his great designs? Perhaps lurking in the multitude was some true Scot, who, as his heart melted with grief, secretly cursed the proud factions who had been the cause of Wallace's overthrow: nay, we can imagine some repentant noble with bitter regrets exclaiming in the depths of his soul as the hero disappeared, strongly guarded, into the house of William Delect in Fenchurch Street, there to lodge until his trial the next day in Westminster Hall—

We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free.

WORDSWORTH.

Next day he is exhibited on horseback, passing from Fenchurch Street to Westminster: John Seagrave, and Geoffrey, knights, the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London, and many others, both on horseback and on foot, accompanying him. In the great hall at Westminster he is placed on the south bench, and submits to the paltry mockery of a crown of laurel, because it had been commonly reported that he had said he ought to wear a crown in that hall. Yet never were laurels worn with truer glory. Never does prisoner appear to have behaved to his unscrupulous judges with a more quiet, serene dignity. When Sir Peter Malorie, the king's justice, impeached him of treason, he replied, "He was never traitor to the king of England; but for other things whereof he was accused, he confessed them." And certainly Wallace never had acknowledged fealty to the English king, therefore could be no traitor to him. This fact is his great distinction above all the other Scottish patriots. His neck had *never* submitted to the degrading yoke. He was as true to the Scottish independence as if it had never been assailed. And as Edward must have despaired of ever bending such a man to his rule, and was never sure while Wallace lived that he would have any rule left to be submitted to, the patriot's death, to his eyes, was inevitable. Accordingly, on the 23rd of August, 1305, the hero of Scotland was executed in the same manner as the last Prince of Wales, being dragged at the tails of horses to the common place of execution, the Elms in West Smithfield, hanged on a high gallows, and, while he yet breathed, his bowels were taken out and burnt before his face. The head was then cut off, and set up on a pole on London Bridge, his right arm was sent for exhibition to Newcastle, his left to Berwick, the right foot and limb to Perth, the left to Aberdeen. The English king thus concluded an infamous act in the most infamous manner. Obeying the dictates of state policy (that phrase so fruitful in all ages of national crime and misery), Edward was determined to have Scotland at any cost: then how else, but by such exhibitions, was he to deter others from imitating Wallace's example? But the "politician" that, as Hamlet says, "would circumvent God," lives often to find he has only circumvented himself: so was it now with our great king. Only six months after Wallace's death appeared Bruce in arms, and asserting his own right to the throne. Edward had everything to undertake anew for the subjugation of Scotland. That Bruce should be the leader of the new movement was a fact that personally enhanced to Edward the irritating sense of his formidable claims. He had forgiven his coquetting, as it were, with his struggling countrymen, and permitted him, at his father's death, to take unmolested possession of all the family estates; he even held him in such favour, probably from the remembrances of his friendship with Bruce's father, who had fought by his side in the Holy Land, that he was accustomed to receive his opinions on Scottish matters with marked respect. Edward evidently concluded that Bruce had finally renounced all views on the throne of his native country; and great, no doubt, was the shock when he was undeceived. Intelligence suddenly reached him that Bruce and the influential Bishop of St. Andrews had bound themselves to support each other against all persons whatsoever, and neither to undertake any business of importance without the other. A third party was made acquainted with that

significant treaty—Comyn, who, through Baliol, might be considered to have a claim to the throne. To him Bruce said, "Support my title to the crown, and I will give you all my lands; or bestow on me your lands, and I will support your claim." Comyn resigned his own title; an agreement was written and sealed, and oaths of faithfulness and secrecy were pledged to each other. Comyn, regretting probably his decision, violated his oath to Bruce, and divulged what had passed to Edward. The king one evening, thrown off his guard by having drunk more wine than usual, told some lords who were with him of Bruce's treasonable schemes, and his own resolution to take vengeance on the offender. The Earl of Gloucester, Bruce's relation, desirous to save him without compromising himself, despatched to him a pair of spurs and a piece of money. Bruce, who was in London, set out immediately for Scotland, having, it is said, his horse's shoes reversed, that he might not be traced in the snow. He went straight to his castle of Lochmaben; and on the way the treachery of Comyn was made more clear to him by some letters that he intercepted, which a messenger was bearing from Comyn to Edward, urging Bruce's imprisonment or death. The bearer of these Bruce slew on the spot, and then sought Comyn at Dumfries. Their meeting took place in the convent of the Minorites, a place whose selection was dictated, apparently, by the conscious fears of Comyn. After a violent scene, in which Bruce reproached Comyn for his detestable breach of faith, Bruce stabbed his rival with his dagger, as they stood together by the high altar. Leaving the sanctuary in haste, he called "to horse," and his attendants, Alexander Lindsay and Roger Kirkpatrick, observing him pale and extremely agitated, inquired what had happened. "I doubt I have slain Comyn," said he. "You doubt?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick; "I'se mak sicker" (I'll make sure); and he darted into the church and finished the murder, killing Sir Robert Comyn also, who, hearing the scuffle, ran in to the defence of his nephew. The judges, sitting in a hall of the castle, hearing a confused alarm, barricaded the doors. But the followers whom Bruce had suddenly collected threatening to force an entrance by fire, they surrendered. Bruce had but few with him at first, and these mostly young; but the news of the revolt spread like wildfire, and his force increased, so that many of the English officers fled before him: but it does not seem that he was able to collect any considerable army for some time. On the 27th of March, 1306, Bruce was twice crowned at Scone, sitting under a banner wrought with the arms of Baliol, which the Bishop of Glasgow had kept concealed in his treasury. The regal coronet was first set on the young king's head by the Bishop of St. Andrews; but the Countess of Buchan, whose brother, Duncan, Earl of Fife, inherited an ancient privilege of crowning the Scottish kings, while he was absent from his domain *assisting the English*, hurried, "with all his great horse," to Scone, and with her own hands exercised her family right, by placing the symbolic circlet a second time on the brow of Robert Bruce. This anecdote will serve to illustrate the enthusiasm which was excited throughout Scotland for Bruce, who had at last stepped into his proper place, though he had not reached it by quite as straight a path as we, looking coolly upon that past time of difficulty and temptation, might desire.

Edward, now in his last sickness, prepared, nevertheless, to go out against Bruce in person, though aware that his death was near. At the knighting of his son, the Prince of Wales, he gave a magnificent feast, when two swans, covered with nets of gold, being set on the table by the minstrels, the aged monarch rose, and solemnly vowed to God and to the swans that he would take vengeance for Comyn's murder, and punish the Scottish rebels; then turning to his son, and addressing the splendid assembly, which included a great number of noble youths who had been knighted by the prince, he conjured them after his death not to inter his body until his successor should have performed this vow. The new-made knights, with the prince at their head, departed next morning for the borders, the infirm king following slowly in a litter. For some time Bruce's reign promised to be but a short and unhappy one. He passed from misfortune to misfortune; he lost nearly all his followers; his brothers were one after the other sent to the gallows; his wife, and other female relatives, made prisoners and taken into England; Nigel, the most accomplished and beloved of his five brothers, had been taken while gallantly, but unsuccessfully, defending Bruce's queen and daughter in his Castle of Kildrummie (Fig. 836). He began to be even pursued by bloodhounds, as though he were a mere wild beast. His adventures during this period read like a passage in a romance. At last his never-failing courage and address met their reward. Friends and adherents again flocked to his banner; he reduced various districts to his authority, and at last routed the English

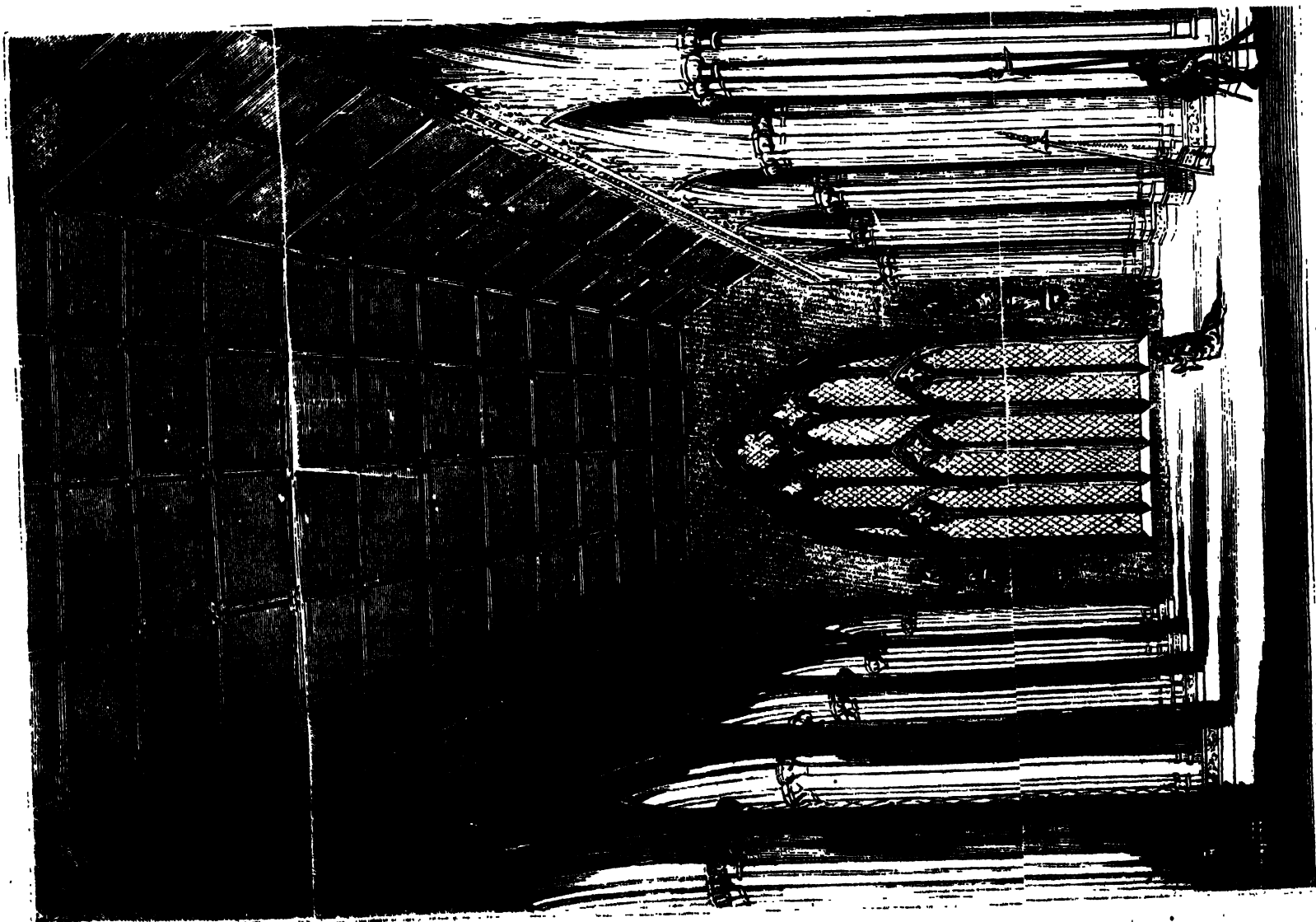
guardian of the kingdom, Pembroke, in a pitched battle. King Edward from his sick bed had directed all the recent operations that had thus unsuccessfully ended at last: there was nothing for him, but he must go on himself, dying as he was. So he went into the cathedral of Carlisle and offered up his litter, and then mounting his horse, the well-known voice was once more heard directing the march onwards to the border. The effort was too much for him. At Burgh on the Sands he was compelled to stop for the night, and there, the next morning, he died, immovable in purpose as ever; expending his last breath, according to Froissart, in making his son swear that he would boil his body in a cauldron, bury the flesh, and keep the bones to be carried at the head of an army against the Scots every time they should rebel.

It was little anticipated by the nation that the new king would so soon disobey the command of his dying father, by recalling Gaveston, who, for "abusing the tender years of the prince with wicked vanities," had been banished on two different occasions, especially as he thus incurred that father's solemn curse. But so it was; and to make matters worse, some of the most eminent men in the realm were persecuted because they had had the courage and public spirit to treat the prince's favourite as he deserved. Walter de Langton, Treasurer of England, was imprisoned, and had his goods confiscated, because, in the late king's days, he had dared to reprove the prince and complain of Piers Gaveston. The very different conduct of a later monarch, Henry V., towards the judge who had committed him, whilst Prince Henry, to prison, forms a striking contrast. This Gaveston, for some service rendered by his father, had been brought up with the young Edward, and thus was the friendship established between them, that led to such disastrous consequences to both, and to so much disgrace to the nation at large. Gaveston "had," says an old historian, "a sharp wit in a comely shape, and briefly was such an one as we used to call *very fine*." (Speed.) He possessed also great courage and skill in arms, as he had proved in the Scottish war, and in the tournaments, where he had overthrown the most distinguished of our baronial chivalry. On the other hand, he was luxurious to the last degree, proud as regards himself, insolent to others, and oppressive and capricious to those in any way subjected to his control. He was fond of nicknames. Thomas, Prince of Lancaster, the king's cousin, was "a great hog," and a "stage-player;" the Earl of Pembroke was "Joseph the Jew;" Guy, Earl of Warwick, the "black dog of Ardenne." These were dangerous men to jest with in this fashion; even if there had been nothing in the favourite's public conduct to lay hold of. But while they thus saw themselves treated with contempt, they also saw all the great enterprises neglected, upon which they, as devoted followers of Edward I., had set their hearts, more especially the Scotch wars. They saw the king's court given up to sensuality and riot. They knew also that the riches of the kingdom were being converted to Gaveston's private use; that Edward, besides conferring on him the Earldom of Cornwall, a dignity hitherto reserved for princes of the blood, and marrying him to his sister's daughter, gave him the funds collected for the Scottish war, and for the Crusades, as well as his ancestors' jewels and treasures, even to the crown worn by his father, which the barons not unnaturally looked upon as a symbol of the result that Edward possibly dreamed of, the declaration of Piers Gaveston as his successor.

The young queen added her voice to the general complaint. Through Gaveston, the king had been drawn on to injure her in the highest respects. Her appeal to her father, the French king, was followed by the Gascon knight's third banishment, in June, 1309, which, however, was merely to Ireland, and as governor. But he would not take warning; in October he returned, in defiance of a known decree, "that if at any time afterwards he were taken in England, he should suffer death." An angel from heaven could not have been more welcomed by Edward, who evidently would rather lose crown, kingdom, queen and all, than Piers Gaveston. The lords, with the "great hog," Thomas Earl of Lancaster, at their head, looking upon the return with very different eyes, met, and agreed to send respectfully to Edward, to desire that Gaveston should be delivered into their hands, or driven out of England. The king vacillated, knowing peace must be kept with the lords, yet unwilling to sacrifice his own foolish or worse than foolish desires. At last, losing patience, the lords took arms. Gaveston endeavoured to defend himself in Scarborough Castle (of which the crumbling ruins now only remain, Fig. 919), while the king went to York to seek an army for his relief. But before any force could be collected for such a purpose, Piers Gaveston, on the 19th of May, 1312, capitulated to the Earls Pembroke and Percy,



906.—Ruins of St. Stephen's Chapel.



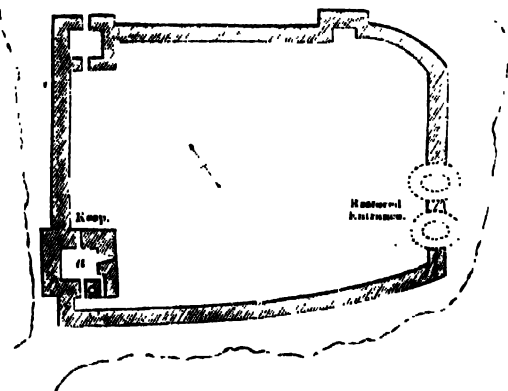
907.—Restoration of St. Stephen's Chapel.



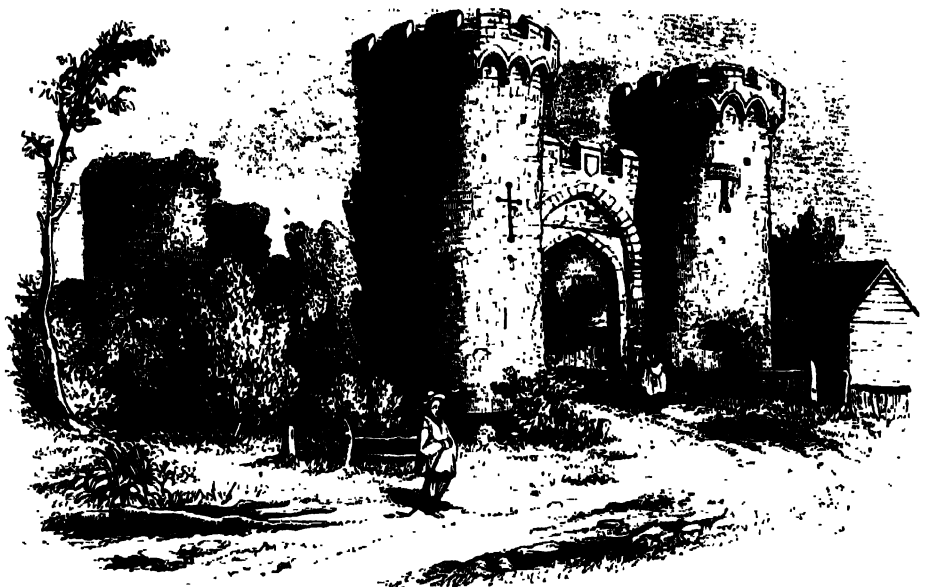
908.—Chapelton Castle



909.—Leaning Tower of Carphilly.



914.—Plan of Castleton Castle.



911.—Gateway to Cowling Castle.



913.—Representation of the Coln as found at Tisbury.



910.—View of Tisbury Castle, Ward.

who pledged their faith, it is said, that he should be kept unharmed in the castle of Wallingford. At Deddington, a village between Oxford and Warwick, the Earl of Pembroke, who escorted him, left him for a night under the pretext of visiting the Countess of Pembroke, who was in the neighbourhood. Gaveston seems to have remained full of confidence, as usual, until he was roused from his sleep by the startling order to "dress speedily." He obeyed, descended to the courtyard, and found himself in the presence of the "black dog of Ardenne." He must have repented then his wretched wit, for he knew the stern Warwick had sworn a terrible vow that he would make the minion feel "the black dog's teeth." A deeper darkness than that of the night must then have overshadowed the wretched Gaveston. No help was at hand. Amid the triumphant shouts of the large armed force that attended Warwick, he was set on a mule, and hurried thirty miles through the night to Warwick Castle (Figs. 415, 416, 417, and 917), where his entrance was announced by a crash of martial music. He stood trembling and dismayed before the dais, whereon sat in terrible array his self-constituted judges, the chief barons. During their hurried consultation, a proposal was made, or a hint offered, that no blood should be shed: but a voice rung through the hall—"You have caught the fox; if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again." Let Gaveston's deserts be what they might, the faith pledged at the capitulation at Scarborough ought to have been adhered to; but it was otherwise determined by the barons. He had been taken once more on English ground, and he must die. As Gaveston had been insolent in his prosperity, so now he lost all manly spirit under the fear of death. The "old hog" was now a "gentle lord," and the unhappy man knelt and prayed to him and the rest for mercy—but found none. There is a little knoll about two miles from the castle, on the edge of the road that leads from Warwick to Coventry, and on it yet exists a stone bearing the following ancient inscription: "P. Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, beheaded here, 1312." Within the present century, the cross shown in Fig. 851 has been erected by the possessor of the adjoining mansion, Guy's Cliff. The news of this event threw the king into an agony of tears, and he resolutely refused to declare Gaveston a traitor. While he lamented, and pined for revenge, the national councils were distracted, the national spirit and power declined. He now determined to renew the war in Scotland, which he had dropped almost immediately after his father's death. But the posture of affairs demanded the skill and indomitable energy of the first Edward; and as these qualities were as notoriously absent in his son, it was not difficult to foresee what must be the conclusion. Bruce had by this time so completely established his authority as king in Scotland, as to be able to make an inroad into the dominions of the English monarch, in order to take vengeance for the sufferings that the English governors had inflicted upon his country. Edward would have concluded a truce—as a preliminary, possibly, to peace; but Bruce, confident in his strength, declined. War then was inevitable. The final struggle took place at Bannockburn, for the defence of the castle of Stirling, the last of the castles held by the English, and where Edward concentrated all his forces for its defence. His defeat was as signal as it was in every way humiliating. His army, which greatly outnumbered that of the enemy, was cut to pieces; the slain, at the lowest computation, comprised one hundred and fifty-four lords and knights, seven hundred gentlemen, and ten thousand common soldiers: whilst the Scotch reckoned the entire loss at no less than fifty thousand persons. The king himself was pursued for sixty miles. By this battle Bruce achieved the final independence of the Scottish nation, and the permanent settlement of his own family on the throne, which he had so well and hardly earned. He lived to see peace concluded between the two nations, by the recognition of that independence in an English parliament, and died in 1329, after some two years of pious solitude, in a castle at Cardross, on the northern shore of the Frith of Clyde, and was buried in the magnificent abbey church of Dunfermline, founded by King Malcolm Canmore, and, after the celebrated Iona, the common burial-place of the kings of Scotland. About twenty-six years ago the skeleton of the royal warrior was disinterred, and found to measure above six feet: a cast was at the same time taken of the skull; a pleasant *bonne-bouche* for our phrenologists. The highly-picturesque ruins of the abbey are shown in Fig. 837.

Under these distressing circumstances, what was poor King Edward to do? where to find consolation? He found out at last what he would do—he would have another favourite. It is true that the kingdom was already miserable enough, without the addition of new feuds about new court minions. A striking evidence of the disorganized state of England at the time is brought

to our recollection by the view of Leeds Castle (Fig. 927), where the queen, whilst travelling in Kent, was actually denied shelter, and part of her escort killed. But it was the fate of the king to sink deeper into disgrace at every fresh step taken in his career; so he had his favourite, peculiarly inauspicious as the times were. Unhappy king! he was to pay dearly for these indulgences. The young Despenser, a dependent of the Earl of Lancaster, was the object of royal favour. Upon him Edward bestowed in marriage another daughter of his sister the Countess of Gloucester, and large possessions. Again the barons appeared in arms, and the favourite, with his father, was banished. Then they were recalled by Edward, and for a time the barons were foiled at their own weapons. The Earl of Lancaster fell into the hands of the royal party, and was beheaded, as we have already had occasion to notice, in the Castle at Pomfret. Many others of the leaders on the same side also perished; and altogether the triumph of the Despensers seemed complete. But now arose a new element of danger to Edward, in the person of his own queen, who, being sent by him to France to endeavour to treat with her brother, Charles IV., concerning the British territories in France, which he was fast taking possession of, instead of fulfilling her mission, at once gave vent to the feelings of disgust and hatred which her husband's conduct had excited in her mind, and plunged into the very midst of the party of English malcontents that she found at the French court, driven from their own country by the enmity of the favourite. By a trick she and her chief confederate, Mortimer, got possession of the person of the young Prince Edward, afterwards Edward III., who was then affianced to Philippa (Fig. 855), daughter of the Earl of Hainault, on condition that that nobleman should aid the confederation with troops and money. Thus prepared, she threw off the mask, and set sail for England with a force of three thousand men. On her disembarkation at Orwell, in Suffolk, all the chief men in the kingdom joined her, including even Edward's own brother, the Earl of Kent. The king thus saw at once combined against him his wife, his son, his brother, his cousins, and all the might of England. Round the banner of Edward of Caernarvon there rallied not one man. He had to fly out of London with none but the two Despensers, the Chancellor, and a few of their servants. It did not help his cause a jot offering a thousand pounds for Mortimer's head. Edward ceased now to be spoken of seriously as a king. The elder Despenser, whose capital offence was grasping at the honours and estates of others, first fell, his own garrison rising in mutiny against him in the castle of Bristol, and giving him up to his enemies, who exhausted a truly fiendish barbarity in the execution of this old man of ninety years. The favourite next suffered from the vengeance of the confederates, having been given up by the country-people, and he too was sent to the gallows: though not before the helpless and hopeless monarch, who had been now tossing on the tempestuous seas, now hiding among the Welsh mountains, had come forth and surrendered to his cousin, the brother of the Earl of Lancaster, whom he had put to death at Pontefract. Not a sword was drawn nor a bow bent for the wretched king in any part of his dominions.

In the presence-chamber of Kenilworth Castle, soon after, a deputation, that may be said to have been sent by the whole nation, stood before Edward of Caernarvon, who came forth from an inner room, "gowned in black;" when, understanding their errand, it "struck such a chillness into him, that he fell to the earth, lying stretched forth in a deadly swoon." When recovered, "he broke forth into sighs and tears," and was addressed in these words:—"I, William Trussel, in the name of all men of the land of England, and of all the parliament—procurator, resign to thee, Edward, the homage that was made to thee, sometime, and from this time forward now following *I defy thee*, and prive thee of all royal power; and I shall never be attendant to thee, as for king, after this time." (Specul.)

The Steward of the Household then broke his white wand of office, and declared that all persons were freed from Edward's service. This ceremony, usually performed at a king's death, completed the process of dethronement. We should be glad to be spared mention of the barbarous doings which followed. Edward it seems, was too tenderly treated by Lancaster; so a keeper was found, Maltravers, a man whose natural ferocity had been sharpened by the cruel wrongs he had suffered at the hands of Edward and his favourites. The poor prisoner was made to travel about by night a good deal, and to go from castle to castle, in order that his residence might not be certainly known. Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, was the last who gave him anything like humane treatment, but, falling sick, he was detained away, and then Edward, on one dark night in September, was given over to the tender mercies of "two

hell-hounds, that were capable of more villanous despite than becomes either knights or the lowliest varlets in the world," Thomas Gurney and William Oglo. What passed within the walls of Berkeley Castle (Fig. 853) may be but too truly guessed from the horrible screams and shrieks of anguish that were heard without, even so far as the town, "So that many, being awakened therewith from their sleep, as they themselves confessed, prayed heartily to God to receive his soul, for they understood by those cries what the matter meant." The body was publicly exposed with a pretence of innocence, as showing no outward marks of violence; but the horribly distorted countenance confirmed to the eye what the shrieks had told to the ear,—Edward II. had been murdered; some, at least, of his enemies by this very act showing themselves worse even than the monarch they had destroyed. Altogether it would be hardly possible to find any other period of our history so full of individual wickedness, and national misery and degradation, or one so unrelieved by any of the gentler or nobler influences. The personal appearance of the weak and wretched man, to whom these sad conclusions must be mainly attributed, is shown in the engravings (Figs. 851, 856), and on his great seal (Fig. 852).

Though the reign of Edward III. (see the portrait and insignia, Figs. 857 and 861), one of the most brilliant in English history, nominally commenced from the period of the death of his miserable father, it was not till the young monarch had delivered himself from the bondage of his father's murderers, who were no other than his mother and her favourite, Mortimer, that he was able to show himself as he was, and to make England what he thought England ought to be. In his eighteenth year Edward became a father, his queen Philippa then giving him a memorable son, the Black Prince of future history; and Edward thought it high time to take into his own hands the power which Mortimer exercised over the destinies of the country. But that nobleman was known to be as unscrupulous in maintaining as he had been from the first in possessing himself of power: the Earl of Kent, Edward's uncle, had already been sent to the gallows, on one of the most extraordinary charges perhaps ever recorded in our criminal annals, that he had designed to raise a dead man to the throne, his murdered brother Edward II., whom he had been led to think was still alive. Caution was then of high importance, or Edward III. might have shared the fate of his two distinguished relatives. Parliament about the time met at Nottingham, and Edward, his mother, and Mortimer, were all lodged in the castle. Edward's chief confidant in the enterprise meditated was Lord Montacute, who was seen one morning by one of Mortimer's people riding away into the country after a secret conference with Edward. The favourite took the alarm, and that very day charged the young king in council with confederating against him and the queen-mother. Edward denied the charge, but Mortimer was incredulous. Nottingham Castle was no place to be suddenly taken by assault, however skilfully or powerfully made; and Isabella, to prevent treachery, was accustomed to have the keys brought nightly to her bedside. So Mortimer appears to have felt safe. But that very night, Lord Montacute returned in the darkness with a strong party, the governor of the castle having privily agreed to open to them a secret subterranean passage which led into the castle, from a spot covered with brushwood and rubbish, on the outside of the base of the castle hill. These cavities in the earth, we may observe in passing, form a distinctive feature of Nottingham and the neighbourhood, and are supposed to have given name to the city and the shire—*Snotenza-ham*, the Saxon word, meaning, "the home of caverns." The engraving (Fig. 922) shows some of these caves, which are supposed to communicate with the castle. At midnight the party entered the cavern: at the foot of the main tower they were joined by Edward, and they all passed noiselessly on to a hall adjoining the queen-mother's chamber. Here they paused, hearing voices,—they were those of the Bishop of Lincoln and others sitting with Mortimer in council, to prevent probably the very tragedy now about to be consummated. Suddenly the door was hurst open, and two knights killed who sought to defend it. Isabella in an instant was among the armed crowd, imploring her "sweet son" to spare the "gentle Mortimer;" and he was spared for the moment, but taken out of the castle in safe custody. The next day Edward publicly proclaimed himself virtual as well as nominal king, and soon after Mortimer was hung at the "Elms," and the guilty queen-mother shut up for life in her manor-house at Risinga, where, however, Edward paid her regular and respectful visits. And now Edward was free to begin the course that he had so long yearned for.

There are few of our readers who will need to be told that the four-

teenth century was the golden age of chivalry in Europe; the period when all the conflicting qualities conjoined in that one word were carried to their extremest stages of development; or that Edward and his son the Black Prince were among the most perfect individual examples of what, according to the loftiest practical standard, the true knight should be, namely, pious but intolerant, romantic in love and licentious, brave and cruel in war, the gentlest of the gentle in peace; selfish and unprincipled in the pursuit of his own interests, yet occasionally capable of the most graceful and generous devotion to the feelings of those whom he had most deeply injured: and, lastly, ever a hero in the fulfilment of the especial duties enjoined by the knightly creed,—as in the redressing of wrongs, when he was not the wronger; the interposing his own body in battle to guard his liege lord from danger, when he did not happen to be fighting against him; the spreading the knowledge of the doctrines of peace by war, even though it were to make them detestable in the eyes of the learners, as they saw what they wrongly, but naturally, conceived to be their legitimate fruits in the conduct of the expounders. Whilst such the time, it was certainly an extraordinary coincidence that it should have such an historian as Froissart (Fig. 866), in whose pages the events that so thickly crowd them borrow a new lustre, and obtain a new interest, one, indeed, possibly more permanent than any of their own. It may be questioned whether there would now have been any popular recollection of a large portion of the doings of chivalry in the fourteenth century for their own sake; but Froissart recorded them, and there was no longer any question upon the matter. One could half wish, indeed, that the native deformity of warfare had not been veiled in such seductive colours. In the ensuing notice of the reign of Edward, we shall no longer follow the narrative form that we have thought advisable in connection with his more immediate predecessors, but select from different portions of his career a few of the leading incidents, as illustrative of the peculiarly chivalrous character of this sovereign and his age; and in so doing we shall, of course, generally follow the delightful records of the historian just named. And first we will look to Edward's life for an example of the chivalric love of the period, and which forms the subject of our engraving (Fig. 865).

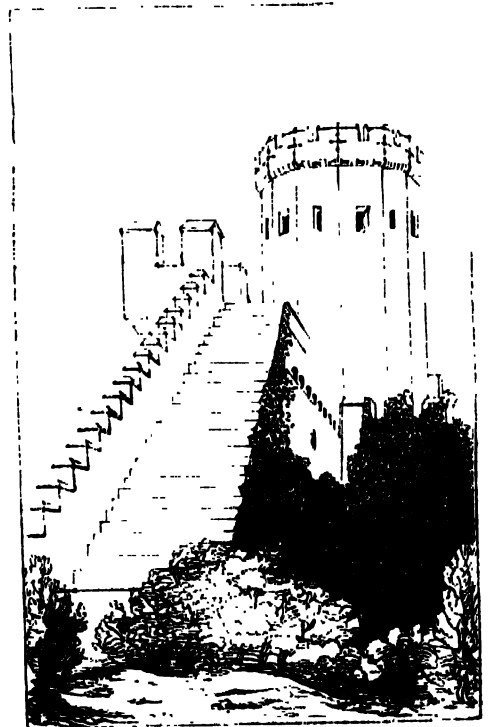
During the early part of their reigns, the kings of Scotland and England were constantly at war; and on one occasion the former, David, laid siege to the castle of Wark, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury, then a prisoner in Paris, but which was so bravely defended by his countess, that David could make no impression on it. At last, understanding that some of the garrison had succeeded in getting out and passing his army in safety, and were then on their way to seek succour from King Edward, who was at York, he raised the siege, after another unsuccessful assault, and departed. He had scarcely gone, when Edward appeared before the castle, he and his men sore travelled in consequence of the haste they had made, and no less "sore displeased" that the enemy had not waited to fight them. The rest we must give in Froissart's own inimitable style:—"And as soon as the king was unarmed, he took ten or twelve knights with him, and went to the castle to salute the Countess of Salisbury, and to see the manner of the assaults of the Scots, and the defences that were made against them. As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made. When she came to the king, she knelt down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle to make him cheer and honour, as she that could right well do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady: he was stricken therewith to the heart with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be beloved as she. Thus they entered into the castle hand in hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber nobly apparelled. The king regarded so the lady that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest him, and so fell in a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all desired and commanded, then she came to the king with a merry cheer, who was in a great study, and she said, 'Dear sir, who do ye study so for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.' Then the king said, 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth that since I entered into the castle there is a study come to my mind, so that I cannot cheer, but muse; nor



910.—Strand Gate, Winchester.



916.—Harford Castle.



917.—Guy's Tower, Warwick Castle.

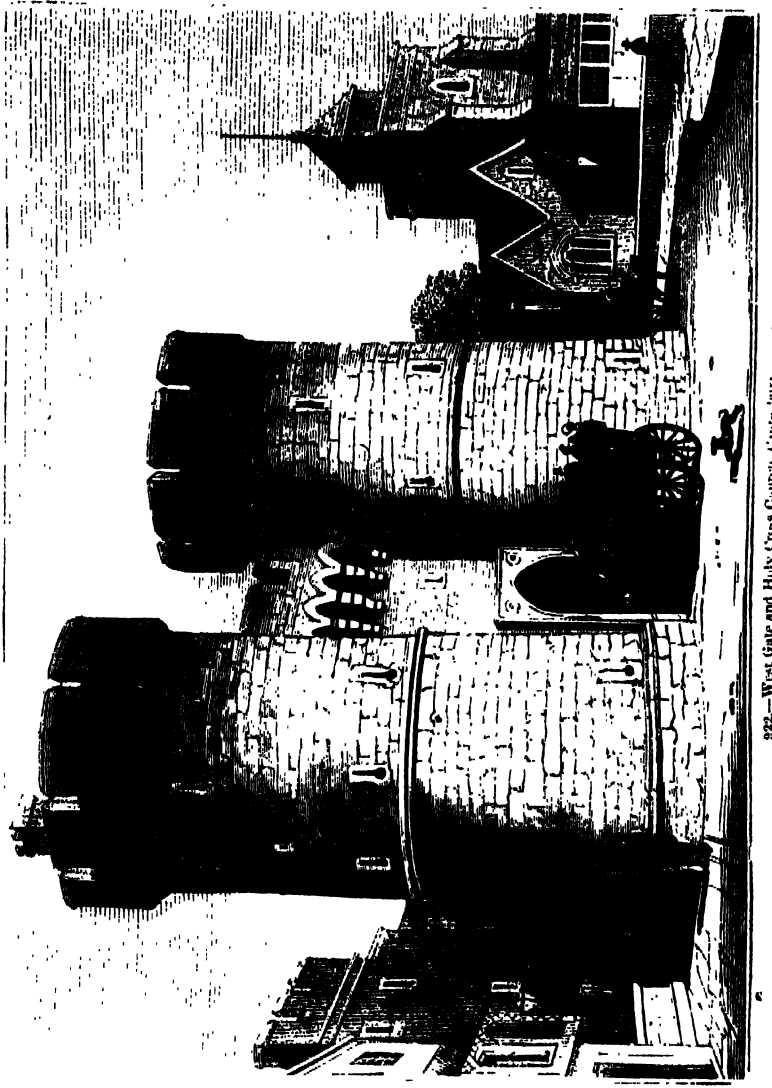




919.—Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire.



920.—Ruins of Southwark Castle.



922.—West Gate and Holy Cross Church, Canterbury.



921.—Ancient Caves near Neigham Castle.

I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot." "Ah, sir!" quoth the lady, "ye ought always to make good cheer, to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted [feared] and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the king of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done diverse times or [ere] this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready." "Ah, fair lady," quoth the king, "other things lieth at my heart, that ye know not of: but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead." Then the lady said, "Ah! right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, Sir, ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never as yet such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have, for no man living: if I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice to be dismembered." Herewith the lady departed from the king, and went into the hall to haste the dinner. Then she returned again to the king, and brought some of his knights with her, and said, "Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting." Then the king went into the hall and washed, and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate but little; he sat still musing, and as he durst he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the king tarried there, and wist not what to do: sometimes he imagined that honour and truth defended him to let his heart in such a case dishonour such a lady, and so true a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him: on the other part, love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated in himself all that day and all that night; in the morning he arose and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, "My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than you have said to me." "Noble prince," quoth the lady, "God, the father glorious, be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service, to your honour and to mine." Therewith the king departed all abashed." It speaks much for Edward's disposition that a few days after he made the release of the Earl of Salisbury the subject of an express item in a treaty with the French king, and was shortly "at London, making cheer to the Earl of Salisbury, who was now come out of prison." But Edward had not quite resolved to forget the enchantress. He gave a splendid feast in the city of London, to bring her once more within the sphere of his influence. She came, sore against her will, for she thought well enough wherefore it was; but she durst not discover the matter to her husband; she thought she would deal so as to bring the king from his opinion. . . . All ladies and damsels were freshly beseen, according to their degrees, except Alice, Countess of Salisbury, for she went as simply as she might, to the intent that the king should not set his regard on her, for she was fully determined to do no spanner of thing that should turn to her dishonour nor to her husband's. We cannot think she would have looked less lovely in Edward's eyes for the simplicity of her attire; but let us hope the high feelings that prompted its adoption gave a better tone to his own. It was this same model of conjugal fidelity of whom the well-known anecdote of the Garter is told, that gave rise to the illustrious order of Knights Companions, to which monarchs are in our own time proud to belong. "Evil be to him that evil thinks," said the king, to rebuke the smiles of his courtiers, when the fair countess accidentally dropped her garter. We can well appreciate his feelings, in determining to make that trivial incident the foundation of a lasting memorial of his admiration for a creature as far above most of her sex for the grace and purity of her soul, as for the exquisite beauty of her form.

Edward possessed an excitable temperament, which is some excuse for his errors. He was imaginative, and we can hardly ourselves escape being misled a little by the golden mist of romance in which most of his actions were enveloped. We have seen him

in love; let us now watch him at his sports at his great castle of Windsor. We see him there fired with the idea of rendering England the centre of the world of honourable arms, himself the foremost man of that world, and carrying on a fantastic rivalry of knightly pageants with Philip of Valois, king of France. The proud Order just referred to (which some literal-minded sages profess to doubt he founded) was placed under the patronage of a name which only the wildest enthusiasm could have made holy. St. George of Cappadocia, primate of Egypt in the fourth century, had been put to death by the pagans of Alexandria: ample was the provocation given; but, nevertheless, he had suffered from the detestable pagans, and that was enough, with a little legendary colouring, to make a martyr of him. Our early Crusaders had read of him in their calendars and martyrologies, and they found him installed among the Eastern Christians under the winning appellation of St. George the Victorious—a characteristic which the sculptor of St. George at Dijon (Fig. 875) had evidently in view. These circumstances, and their gratitude for the assistance they imagined the beatified St. George had rendered them at the siege of Antioch, led to their adopting him as patron of soldiers. His sainthood under Edward III. rose to a higher place, as patron of chivalry, and tutelary saint of England. A chapel in his honour was built or enlarged by Edward at Windsor, and although the present edifice is of later date, we cannot anywhere have a livelier idea of the impressive and imaginative splendours of knighthood than in this exquisite fabric, where the banners and escutcheons of the Knights Companions glitter above their carved stalls, within which we trace the armorial bearings of each knight of the Order from the time we are treating of. Another of Edward's fanciful acts was to build a round chamber at Windsor, two hundred feet in diameter, and call it the Round Table, for the accommodation of a brotherhood of knights, established during a splendid tournament, in the eighteenth year of his reign. For the original idea of this we must look to the popular romance of chivalry, in which King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table shone conspicuous. Their pageants, Froissart tells us, were held at Windsor in the sixth century; and the public mind, grown as fanciful as that of the king, no doubt, enjoyed amazingly the actual revival of King Arthur's institution before their eyes, with all possible splendour, on the very spot tradition associated with its original glories. But Philip of Valois would have a Round Table too, and even the imposing assemblies of the Knights of the Garter were in danger of being thrown into the shade by the attractive pageants of his brother king on the other side the Channel. It was about 1350 that Edward began the erection of the great castellated works which were to form the vast regal castle. In 1356 Edward made one of his chaplains, William of Wykeham, chief architect, on a salary of a shilling a day. Imagination had left political wisdom so far in the rear, that the pattern of "true manhood, courteousness, and gentleness," saw no error in impressing artificers to make his castle, whether they liked his wages or not, and took no hint from their frequently stealing away to other employments that offered better; nor could he find any better remedy than a prison for the deserters, and penalties for those who employed them. The castle was finished about 1374, and was in extent and general arrangement the same as we now see it. (Fig. 859.) But so much had notions of interior convenience changed by the last century, that a separate building had to be made for the royal family of George III. The noble pile underwent so much tasteless disguising, that at length there was "neither character nor grandeur to recommend it to the eye;" so an inventive writer signing Mela Britannicus, when a restoration of the old chivalric castle was under discussion in 1824, proposed to erase the whole pile, make one level of the site, and erect in its centre "*a compact Grecian edifice of moderate extent.*" This advice was declined by parliament, who granted three hundred thousand pounds to restate the castle, "as far as it consistently could be, in what was, or what might be supposed to have been, its original character." This object has not been very rigidly carried out, but the appearance of antiquity on the whole is obtained; and with all its faults, this castle is the only royal residence of any grandeur that we can boast. Here, then, at stately Windsor (Figs. 858, 859), the most dazzling spectacles of chivalry took place; here were not the "feasts of reason," but of fancy, that glow through our young dreams in such delightful hues. We listen with beating hearts to the king's heralds, clad in wondrous blazonry, proclaiming far and wide the coming tourney,—we follow with curious interest the successive arrivals of knights of heroic name from all parts of Christendom, who have Edward's letters of safe-conduct to pass and repass the realm,—we gaze with marvellous awe on their armies of retainers, their gleaming banners

and lances, and shining mail; and amongst that part of the dazzling congregation within the lists in Windsor Park, who

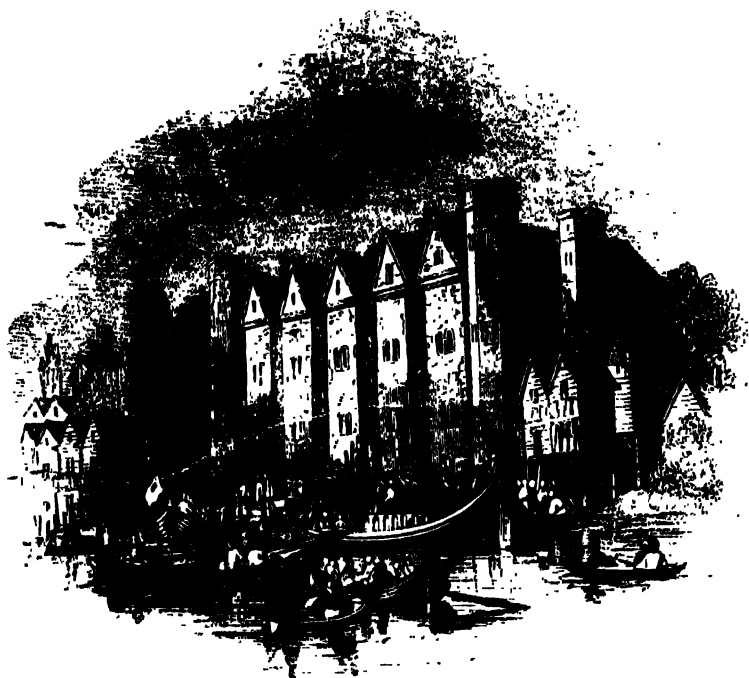
"Assume the port
Of stately valour."

our kindling eyes watch for the towering white ostrich plumes that distinguish our royal Edward, and that youthful prince of finest promise in the coal-black armour by his side. Well, the grand passage of arms (Fig. 860) is over. There may have been blood shed; but the true knight slays and dies with equal coolness, for, like Othello, nought does he in hate, but all in honour. Alas! poor imagination; such are its weak delusions. Hark! the minstrels' merry music summons to the banquet, where imagination is still the presiding deity. What a scene of gorgeous enjoyment! We have seen some thing like its form revived in modern days,—but the spirit cannot be revived; that has altogether evaporated, like the breath of its perfumes. The spirit of chivalry is dead. The impressive magnificence of the hall, the mixture of the warlike, the superb, and the picturesque in costume, the joy-inspiring wines of France and Spain, and Syria and Greece, the lays of Froissart, that lent to the scenes the charms of poetry and song (the poet is often forgotten in the historian), these and such-like circumstances were mere accessories to the peculiar enjoyments that arose out of the honours paid to the warriors for renown and ladies' love—the throbbing hopes of the young aspirants of chivalry, and the thrilling interest of the ladies in the perilous encounters, whose recollection and anticipation gave the chief zest to these happy hours of secure festivity.

From the chivalric preliminaries of and preparations for war, turn we now to war itself. We shall not, of course, enter into the oft-told story of the English claims upon the French throne, the armed assertion of which led to the memorable siege of Calais, and the battles of Cressy and Poitiers in the present reign. It will be sufficient to state, that war exemplifies most strikingly the inconsistencies of chivalry before alluded to. Whilst begun in injustice, and most ruthlessly carried on, seldom at the same time has a war exhibited so many touching and graceful examples of individual nobility of mind and kindness of heart upon the part of its originators. The battle of Cressy occurred during the retreat of the English towards Ponthieu, followed by the French King Philip, at the head of an immense army, who were flushed with the hope of an easy conquest, and only alarmed lest their prey should escape. They were destined to learn better what the English were. When Edward had found a place to his mind, he quickly prepared for the fight that he saw must take place. The night before Saturday, the 6th of August, 1346, Edward, says Froissart, "made a supper to all his chief lords of his host, and made them good cheer. And when they were all departed to take their rest, then the king entered into his oratory, and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve a journey to his honour. Then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the prince, his son, with him, and the most part of the company, were confessed and houseled. And after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed, and to draw to the field, to the same place before appointed. Then the king caused a park to be made by the wood side, behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry." We need hardly say the prince here mentioned was him whose deeds made the very colour of his armour among men a kind of symbol of all that was heroically brave and chivalrous; that it was the Black Prince, who in the battle of Cressy was to give the promise of the future conqueror of Poitiers. Edward arranged the English in three battalions, and then leaping "on a hobby with a white rod in his hand, one of his martials on the one hand, and the other on the other hand, he rode from rank to rank, desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honour: he spoke it so sweetly, and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles [battalions] it was then nine of the day: then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure; and afterwards they ordered again their battles. Then every man lay down on the earth, and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come." They were thus found by the French, who came on with cries of 'Down with them,' 'Let us slay them;' but as the English objected in their own peculiar way to both processes, the battle quickly commenced. The Genoese cross-bow men (see our engraving, Fig 872) were first ordered to advance, which they did 'unwillingly, as being

utterly fatigued with their march. However, they went with great cries, which the Englishmen taking no notice of, they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pass [pace], and let fly their arrows so wholly, and so thick, that it seemed snow." The Genoese were presently discomfited by the storm, and thrown into confusion: "Slay the rascals," then called out the sage king of the French, and the French men-at-arms ran in and killed a great number of them, while of course the Englishmen "shot wherever they saw the thickest press." The slaughter under such circumstances was terrible. As the fight thickened, the blind king of Bohemia called upon his people to lead him forward so that he might strike one stroke with his sword. They did so, and "to the intent that they might not lose him in the press, they tied all the reins of their bridles each to other, and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies." The whole party were found after the battle still united, but—in death. The king's crest appears to have been an eagle's pinion, from which the man by whose hands he fell plucked three feathers: the very mention of the words, "the Prince of Wales's feathers" will tell us who he was, and remind us of the mode in which the event of the blind hero's death has been made memorable. But this was not the only incident of the day in which the Black Prince's courage had been recorded. His "battalion at one period was very hard pressed; and they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who sat on a little windmill hill," then the knight said to the king, "'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and others, such as be about the prince, your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you, that you and your battle will come and aid them: for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado.' Then the king said, 'Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?' 'No, Sir,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid.' 'Well,' said the king, 'return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for an adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive; and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs, for, if God be pleased, I will this journey be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.'" No wonder these words "greatly encouraged the prince and his party, and made them only repine that they had sent to him at all. The battle was at last won, and the French when they were able to estimate the amount of their loss, found the appalling result to be—the death of the king of Bohemia, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Alençon, the Count of Flanders, and eight other counts, two archbishops, seven lesser nobles, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand of the soldiery. The miserable French monarch, Philip, was one of the latest to quit the field. As to the feelings of the prince and his father on meeting when all was over (see Mr. Harvey's design, Fig. 873), life could have hardly promised to have in store for either any other pleasure so exquisite as was then felt on that bloody but glorious field of Cressy; by the father, to have such a son—by the son, to have exhibited himself before such a father.

The siege of Calais was begun only five days later; and if the English anticipated an easy success, they were soon to find their error. Our military annals furnish few cases of more determined and noble resistance than that maintained for so many months by the burghers of Calais under the command of John de Vienne, a commander worthy of the command: it would be impossible to award him higher praise. Famine attacked them even more fiercely than Edward, and still they resisted; and it was only when, after almost incredible fortitude, they saw their last hope dashed to the ground, at the very moment they anticipated relief,—it was only when Philip came towards Calais, and then, not liking the aspect of the English defence, turned and went back again, that they allowed themselves to think of submission. But Philip's cruel desertion was a deathblow. They sent to Edward; who, however, would listen to no terms but unconditional submission. The noble Sir Walter Manny, however, spoke for them; and, at last, mercy was promised, to all but six of the chief burgesses, who were to come to him bareheaded, barefooted, with ropes about their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. Let those who would see what is true—as compared with what is but, after all, factitious—glory, look at the conduct of the burghers of Calais, and contrast it with the conduct of the best of the European chivalry. The people of Calais were summoned by the market-bell into the market-place, and there the conditions of mercy were made known. "Then all the people began to weep, and make much sorrow, that there was not so hard a heart, if they had seen them, but that would have had great pity of them: the captain [John de Vienne] himself wept piteously. At last a most rich burgess of all the town



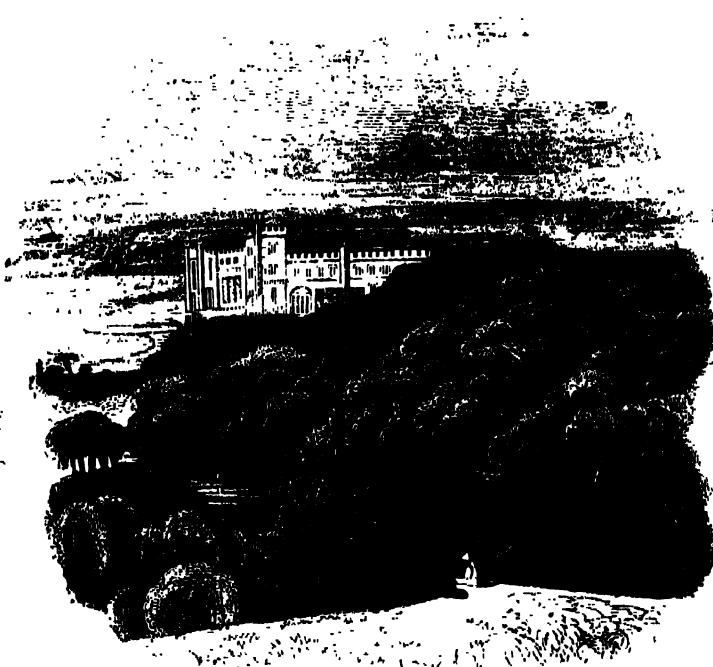
921.—Baynard's Castle.



921.—Ruins of the Savoy Palace, 1711.



925.—Bodiam Castle, Sussex.



926.—Arundel Castle.



927.—Leeds Castle.



928.—Beaulieu Abbey.



929.—North-West View of Salisbury Cathedral.



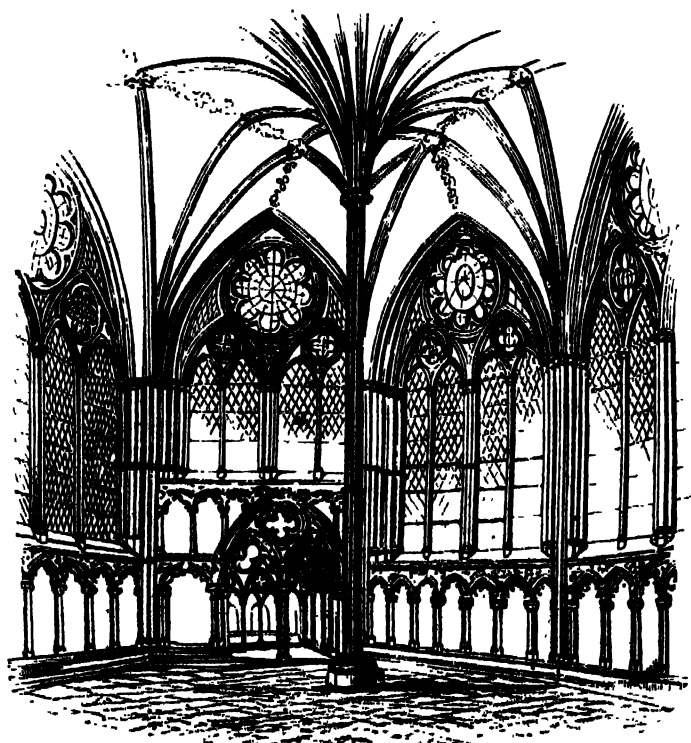
930.—Salisbury Choir.



933.—Early English Foliage Bracket.



934.—Gable Crosses.



931.—Chapter House, Salisbury.



932.—Salisbury.

called Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose up and said openly, 'Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be, to suffer to die such people as be in this town, either by famine or otherwise, when there is a means to save them. I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God, that might keep them from such mischief. As for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me; wherefore, to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy.' When he had thus said, every man worshipped him, and divers kneeled down at his feet, with sore weeping, and sore sighs. Then another honest burgesse rose and said, 'I will keep company with my gossip Eustace;' he was called Jehan d'Aire. Then rose up Jacques de Wisant, who was rich in goods and heritage; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins likewise; so did Peter of Wisant, his brother; and then rose two others; they said they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired. Then the captain went with them to the gate; there was great lamentation made of men, women, and children at their departing. Then the gate was opened, and he issued out with the six burgresses, and closed the gate again; so they were between the gate and the barriers." Then they were handed to Sir Walter Manny, with an earnest injunction on the part of John de Viemie, that he would interfere to save them; an injunction, however, that Sir Walter needed not. When they were presented to the king, "they kneeled down and held up their hands, and said, 'Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgresses of Calais, and great merchants; we have brought the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly unto your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us, through your high nobles.' Then all the earls and barons and others that were there wept for pity. The king looked *jelly* on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais, for the great damage and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off. Then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf. Then Sir Walter of Manny said, 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign noblesse; therefore now do not a thing that should blenish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainously; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company.' Then the king wryed away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, 'They of Calais had caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in likewise.' Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down (see Fig. 867), and sore weeping, said, 'Ah, gentle Sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you, in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgresses.' The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, 'Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you, wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them.' Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure, and then she gave each of them six nobles, and made them to be brought out of the host in safeguard, and set at their liberty." Froissart, unhappily, was deceived as to their being freed. Edward, if he could not make up his mind altogether to resist the entreaties of his friends not to do a deed which would have made him infamous for ever, was at the last ungracious enough to keep them prisoners: in the records of the Tower of London we read of the entrance of John de Viemie and the six burgresses.

The battle of Poitiers (Fig. 876) was fought and won by the Black Prince alone, and under circumstances of disproportion in the number of troops engaged on each side, quite as remarkable as those of Cressy, while the results were still more signal. Among the prisoners after the conflict was the French King John, son of Philip of Valois. His capture is one of the most interesting as well as most important incidents of the battle. Undeterred by their frightful losses at Cressy, so directly brought on by their mismanagement and conceit, the French directed their vast army at Poitiers with the same want of skill and prudence, and in consequence soon found the battle going as terribly against them. And as, when the mischief was done, Philip of Valois had distinguished himself by his personal courage in the former battle, so did his son now imitate his example in this, fighting on foot, battle-axe in hand; as though doing the duty of a man-at-arms could retrieve the consequences of the

neglect of duty as a commander. By his side was a boy of sixteen, who, whilst his elder brethren fled, exhibited a heroism as remarkable, considering his age, as anything in the history of the great English prince, whom the boy of sixteen stood in arms with his countrymen to oppose. Keeping his eyes constantly on his father, and neglecting all thoughts of himself, he cried out, as he saw any blow about to be struck at the king, "Father, guard yourself on the right; guard yourself on the left," &c. John was twice wounded, and once beaten to the ground, but he rose again, replying with fresh blows to every fresh requisition to surrender. A young French knight attached to the English army at last forced his way towards him "by strength of his body and arms;" in the hope of moving him: "Sir, yield you," he said as he drew near. "The king beheld the knight, and said, 'To whom shall I yield me? Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales? If I might see him, I would speak to him.' Denis answered and said, 'Sir, he is not here; but yield you to me, and I shall bring you to him.' 'Who be you?' quoth the king. 'Sir, I am Denis of Morbecque, a knight of Artois; but I serve the king of England, because I am banished the realm of France, and I have forfeited all I had there.' Then the king gave him his right gauntlet, saying, 'I yield me to you.'" It was with great difficulty, however, and not till especial assistance had been rendered, that John was brought in safety to the English quarters, the whole of the knights and others around struggling each to make him his particular conquest. The conduct of the Prince of Wales that night at supper towards his captive guest, and which was but the commencement of an unbroken series of kindly and graceful attentions, is well known. John was brought to England, and received with chivalrous courtesy by King Edward; then, after the lapse of two or three years, allowed to return to France, to see if the French people would consent to Edward's terms, which were, that on full and entire sovereignty being yielded to him over Guienne, Poitiers, and Ponthieu, he would renounce all other claims to France. The terms, however, being declined by John's subjects, he most honourably returned to his captivity, and died in the palace which had been assigned as his residence, the Savoy (Figs. 897, 924), the chief metropolitan residence of Edward's fourth son, the famous John of Gaunt. And what was the end of these brilliant displays of skill and courage? of all this outpouring of human blood? of all the cities, and towns, and villages of beautiful France burnt and wasted and pillaged? Why, that at the close of Edward's reign matters remained just as they were at the commencement: we were as far off as ever from the attainment of our object.

The Black Prince in the later period of his life appears to have been necessitated through illness to become something more of the citizen than must have altogether suited his taste. Coventry (Figs. 874 and 881) became his favourite place of residence; a circumstance the visitor will find recorded in the remarkable St. Mary's Hall, that richest and in every way completest of specimens of English architecture in the fifteenth century. Its foundation was connected with the growth of the guilds of Coventry, which, first established in the reign of Edward III., rapidly rose into prosperity, and required a suitable place to meet in. In the reign of Henry VI. nothing less than this St. Mary's Hall (Fig. 881) would content the taste and wealth of Coventry, and an honourable memorial, truly, it is of the founders. A tapestry in it, constructed in 1450, measures thirty feet by ten, contains eighty figures, and is a fine specimen of the artistical as well as of the mechanical skill of the time. The verses referring to the Black Prince, which we find in the Hall, tell us that

Edward, the flower of chivalry, whilom the Black Prince light,
Who prisoner took the French King John, in claim of Grandame's right;
And slew the King of Beame in field,—whereby the ostrich pen
He won and wore on crest here first; which posie bore *Ieh Dien*.
Amid these martial feats of arms, wherein he had no peer,
His bounty eke to shew, this sent he chose, and loved full dear:
The former state he got confirmed, and freedom did increase,
A president of knighthood rare, as well for war as peace.

The prince died in 1376, in his forty-sixth year. The beautiful monument in Canterbury Cathedral (Fig. 877) marks his last resting place. Just twelve months after, his father followed him; too late, unfortunately for his fame, for he turned driveller in his old age, and died without a single friend by his side; the very lady, Alice Perrers, whom he had so favoured, deserting him when there was nothing more to be gained by his smiles or lost by his frowns. He of course rests in the "Chapel of the King," the Choir of Westminster Abbey, and beneath the monument shown in our engraving (Fig. 884). An admirable summary of the domestic character of this reign has been given by Sir James Mackintosh:—"During a

reign of fifty years, Edward III. issued writs of summons, which are extant to this day, to assemble seventy parliaments, or great councils. He thus engaged the pride and passions of the parliament and the people so deeply in support of his projects of aggrandisement, that they became his zealous and enthusiastic followers. His ambition was caught by the nation, and men of the humblest station became proud of his brilliant victories. To form and keep up this state of public temper was the mainspring of his domestic administration, and satisfactorily explains the internal tranquillity of England during the forty years of his effective reign. It was the natural consequence of so long and watchful a pursuit of popularity, that most grievances were redressed as soon as felt, that parliamentary authority was yearly strengthened by exercise, and that the minds of the turbulent barons were exclusively turned towards a share of their sovereign's glory. "Quiet at home was partly the fruit of fame abroad." The great national assemblies were not fixed at Westminster before the latter part of this reign. We have a lively picture of their previous roving habits in the 'Westminster Review':—"The constitution of King, Lords, and Commons was accustomed to scamper, as fast as the state of the roads would admit, all over the kingdom, from Berwick-upon-Tweed to the Land's End. Within one year it would hold its parliamentary sitting at Carlisle and Westminster, in the following year at Exeter and Norwich, or at Lincoln and Worcester. . . . Not only were the early parliaments holden in different towns, but they frequently moved from place to place daily during the session." Our imperious senators and their insolent retainers often scattered the opposite of blessings among the common people, whom they honoured with the charge of entertaining them, and the country generally had cause to be gratified with the settlement at Westminster. The supreme judicial courts had been fixed here some time, and so have remained to this day. One of the good things secured in Magna Charta was an article to the effect that the court for finally deciding actions between man and man, the court of Common Pleas, should be settled in one place, instead of following the king's court hither and thither, by which many of the poorer orders were cut off from redress, because they could not afford time nor money for journeys. The courts of Exchequer and Chancery, and of King's Bench, so called from the monarch sitting on a bench raised above the seats of the judges, as well as the courts just mentioned, still sit in the venerable hall of the old palace of Westminster, as they have done more than five hundred years, though the palace itself was deserted by the court for Whitehall in the time of Henry VIII., in consequence of a fire that nearly consumed the ancient pile. Westminster Hall as it now stands (Figs. 895, 903) was rebuilt in the reign we are about to enter upon, in 1389. We cannot discover at what period the Hall was deserted by the peers for the "Old House of Lords," which adjoined the Painted Chamber on the south. The House of Lords recently destroyed was formed in 1800 out of the old Court of Requests, which had formed, it is believed the banqueting-hall of the old palace before Rufus built the grand hall used for parliaments. The Painted Chamber (Fig. 901) was used by Edward III. for holding a parliament in 1364. Why this apartment was so named was not ascertained until the beginning of this century, when the old tapestry being removed, paintings were disclosed containing a multitude of large figures, and representing battles. In the manuscript itinerary of Simon Simeon and Hugo the Illuminator, dated 1322, we find a remarkable mention of these ancient relics:—"To the same monastery (Westminster Abbey) is almost immediately joined that most famous palace of the king, in which is the well-known chamber on whose walls all the history of the wars of the whole Bible are exquisitely painted, with most complete and perfect inscriptions in French, to the great admiration of the beholders, and with the greatest regal magnificence."

A noticeable feature of Edward's reign was the separation of the Commons from the Lords in 1377, on the ground that they could not have a president of their own while the two assemblies sat together. Their meetings were not characterised by refinement, whatever honesty of purpose they may have had to boast. "Debates were carried on more by the eloquence of the fist than the tongue," and private broils seemed to occupy them quite as much as the duty to which the early Commons professed to confine themselves, that of studying the welfare, complaining of the grievances, and supplying the defects of the places they came to represent.

The want of éclat and glitter about them was, however, one cause why they were so disrespectfully regarded by the higher powers, for scenes quite as much at variance with the calmness of deliberative wisdom were frequently occurring among the Lords, as well as among the Commons. We have an amusing anecdote

of the abbot of Westminster and the Commons, while the latter sat in the chapter-house of the abbey, their first distinct place of meeting. On one occasion the Commons, forgetting the solemn purposes of their assembling, became so riotous, and created so great a turmoil, that the abbot waxed indignant at the profanation, and collecting a sufficiently strong party, turned the whole legislative wisdom out of his house, and swore lustily that the place "should not again be defiled with a like rabble." Nevertheless, the Commons continued in the chapter-house until the time of Edward VI., when St. Stephen's chapel was adapted for their use. The engraving of this chapel restored (Fig. 907) is designed to illustrate its supposed appearance prior to Edward VI. It was then an unique and superb little fabric, rebuilt by Edward III., about the time when he commenced the castle of Windsor. The adaptations to the Commons' use, made from time to time, completely hid its beauties. At the beginning of this century, the admission of the new Irish members rendered enlargement necessary; when, on the removal of the wainscoting, it was discovered that the old walls and roof had been entirely covered with painting, gilding, and rich ornamental work, in the very best style of the arts in the fourteenth century. As to the architecture, we need only refer to the engraving of the restoration already mentioned, and the engraving of the appearance of the chapel after the fire of the houses (Fig. 906), when, as was observed at the time, it was really wonderful to see the sharpness and beautiful finish of the mouldings, the crockets, the embossed ornaments, and other running workmanship in stone, notwithstanding the violence which the chapel had suffered from ancient destroyers and modern improvers, and notwithstanding that it had come out of the fiery furnace of so fierce a conflagration.

The reign of Richard of Bourdeaux, son of the Black Prince, begins in sunshine and splendour:—

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blow,
While, proudly rising o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the poop, and pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the weeping whilwind's spray,
That, hush'd in giddy pose, expects his evening prey."

GAY.

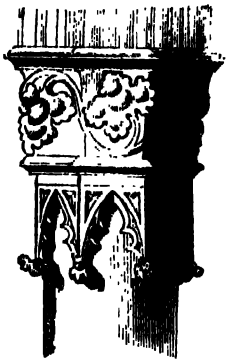
The portrait in royal robes (Fig. 886) brings before the mind the enthusiastic rejoicings that welcome the beautiful boy as he is brought from the Tower to be crowned at Westminster. There are around him a devoted multitude of nobles, knights, and esquires, that dazzle his eye with their costly adornments. The streets they pass through on their gorgeously-caparisoned coursers are hung with floating draperies, the windows are full of gazers. The air resounds with rapturous shouts, "God bless the royal boy! Long live King Richard!" In Cheapside golden angels lend to him from the towers of mimic castles, presenting crowns; and at other places he is met by beautiful virgins of his own age and stature, robed in white, who blow leaves and flowers of gold in his face, and, as he approaches nearer, they fill gold cups from the conduit flowing with wine, and hand to him. High and low delight to honour him for his father's sake. His plastic imagination is of course most highly wrought upon by the magnificent pageants, and by the unbounded adulation that he witnesses on all sides. They bewilder his reason, and make him fancy himself a god, long before he has learned to be a man.

Do we find nothing in the picture given us by Froissart of his prime (Fig. 889) that looks like a consequence of the injudicious treatment he received in boyhood? "There was none so great in England that dared speak against anything that the king did. He had a council suitable to his fancies, who exhorted him to do what he list: he kept in his wages ten thousand archers, who watched over him day and night." Do we wonder to find that he is buried in selfish luxury; that he only regards the misery of his people to add to it; or that he resorts to craft, injustice, and cruelty to protect his "precious crown" from those of his peers whom he calls his foes, because they have dared to whisper caution to the foolish dreamer?

There is one pleasant side certainly, to this part of his life. Like his illustrious grandfather, Richard was a poetically-minded man, and loved and promoted the arts. The engraving (Fig. 894) gives us a glimpse of him as a literary patron, while it interests us also as a glimpse of the manners of the times. The king's luxurious barge and the lowly boat of the poet Gower have met on the busy Thames. The king invites the poet into the barge, and there, calmly sailing, converses at large with him, while the fresh breeze plays in the silk-embroidered awning. This was the occasion when



935.—Capital.



937.—Canopy.



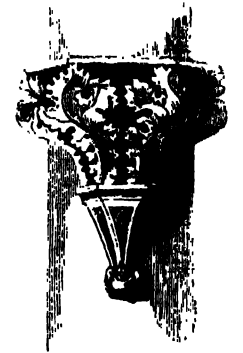
939.—Base.



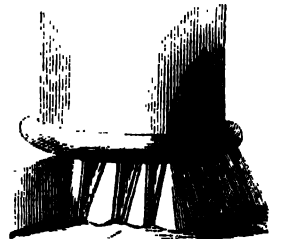
950.—West Front of York Minster



936.—Capital.



938.—Bracket.



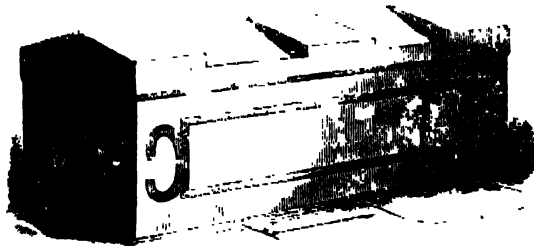
940.—Base.



941.—Boss.



947.—Decorated Foliage.



949.—Coped Tomb.



948.—Decorated Foliage.



942.—Boss.



943.—Boss.



944.—Boss.



945.—Finial.



946.—Finial.



951.—York, from the ancient Ramparts.



955.—Capital, Chapter-House.



60.—At 1.1.1.1.1.1.1.



961.—Pendant, Chapter-House.



956.—Sculpture over W.



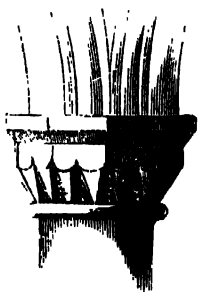
962.—Sculpture over West Door.



957.—Bracket.



663.—Bracket.



958.—Capital, Crypt.



964.—Capital, Crypt.



952.—Interior of the Choir of York Minster.



953.—York. General View.



954.—Choir, York.

Gower received command to pen a new book, which proved to be the 'Confessio Amantis.'

We are loth to turn from gentle scenes like this; scenes for which Richard was as peculiarly fitted as he was altogether unfit for the stern duties of the governor of a kingdom convulsed by storms of no ordinary kind. The important event shown in Fig. 893 occurred on the 16th of September, 1398. King Richard is there seen banishing Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and his own cousin, Henry of Derby, afterwards called Bolingbroke. Henry was the only son of the eldest of the two princes that survived Edward III.'s seven sons: these two were John of Gaunt (Fig. 887), Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund of Langley (Fig. 885), Duke of York. It appears that, shortly before, Bolingbroke, riding between Swindon and London, was overtaken by Mowbray, who said to him, "We are about to be ruined."

For what? asked Bolingbroke. "For the affair of Radcot Bridge," answered Mowbray. "How can that be, after his pardon and declaration in Parliament?" "He will annul that pardon," said Mowbray: "and our fate will be like that of others before us." And then he spoke of Richard's well-known duplicity and faithlessness, positively asserting that the king and his minions were at that very time planning to destroy other peers as well as themselves. "If such be the case, we can never trust them," observed Mowbray. "So it is," said Mowbray: "and though they may not be able to do it now, they will contrive to destroy us in our houses ten years hence." This conversation reached the king, and Bolingbroke declared it true in open parliament. Norfolk, having surrendered on proclamation, denied the story flatly, and accepted Hereford's gage of defiance. A court of chivalry was held, lists were set up at Coventry for a trial by combat, in accordance with the custom of the times (Figs. 878, 879). "Now I shall have peace from henceforward," said Richard to himself; but could he have looked into the future, how different would have been his exclamation! The combatants were ready, their lances in rest, their heavers closed, the trumpet had sounded, Bolingbroke had started six or seven paces forward, when the heralds cried, "Ho! Ho! the king has thrown his warler down." Their spears are taken from them, and two long hours of suspense conclude with an unequal and arbitrary sentence. Norfolk dies in his exile broken-hearted, but Bolingbroke has a younger and more buoyant spirit, and he is sustained by the ardent sympathies of hosts of friends, who feel his wrong their own. His humble and courteous manners—

"Off goes his bounty to an oyster-wench,"

says the poet—have won for him the love of all classes, and the proofs he has given of a cool, sagacious intellect and high energies lead them to look on him as the star of their hopes, which will one day shine brightly forth, although a cloud is now upon it.

Passing over ten months, the engraving of ships of the time of Richard II. (Fig. 883) brings us, with a trifling exercise of imagination, to an event little dreamed of by the deposed Richard—the return of Henry, now in his own person Duke of Lancaster, his father having died during his exile. He has stolen from France with a few friends and servants, taking advantage of Richard's absence from his kingdom to quell some tumults in the south of Ireland. He hovers about the coast at first, as if doubtful of a welcome; but his wrongs are fresh in the minds of his countrymen, especially that most inhuman one, Richard's seizure of his inheritance on his father's death, in one fell swoop,—gold, lands, and honours, even to the household furniture. Thousands of swords are ready to leap from their scabbards to compel the tyrant to make him restitution. With their aid he will have his dolenom, and dwell again in his native air, or find a speedy grave. With this resolution Henry lands in Ravenspur in Yorkshire, on the 4th of July, 1399, unfurls the standard of revolt, and finds, in a wonderful short space of time, that he may not only be duke but—*king*.

Can a few months have so completely changed the relative positions of the injurer and the injured, as we find in the first meeting of Richard and Bolingbroke, at Flint Castle (Fig. 898)? Alas, poor king! Bolingbroke has scattered all his splendour and power like a dream. The chief castles and towns, including London itself, have flung wide their gates to the banished man. All—*all* is Bolingbroke's. And around the fortress to which he has been entrapped by Northumberland are countless thousands of armed men, and these, too, are Bolingbroke's. In gentle words must the proud monarch speak to his "Fair cousin of Lancaster;" a welcome most foreign to his heart must he offer, standing before him with uncovered head. Henry is sincere enough in his part of the greeting, and every word stings like a serpent. "My lord, I am come somewhat before my time, but I will tell you the reason.

Your people complain that you have ruled them harshly for twenty-two years, but, if it please God, *I will help you to rule them better.*" What could Richard say to this unsolicited offer of assistance? "Fair cousin, if it pleaseth you it pleaseth me." The interview involves feelings too intense to be sustained long. No more is said between them; but, with a loud and stern voice, Bolingbroke commands the king's horses to be brought forth. The next of the three pictures we have copied (Figs. 896, 898, 900) from the interesting and remarkably beautiful series of illuminations in a metrical history of Richard's expedition to Ireland, and of the events immediately ensuing, written by a "Frenchman of mark" in his suite, shows us Richard's humiliating entry into London in the train of his cousin, serving as a sort of foil to set off his greatness. Passing by the immaterial circumstance that the illumination represents the personages on foot, apparently because about to enter the tower (Fig. 900), Shakspeare's matchless description of the sad spectacle will be a better explanation than any words of ours:—

"The duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know;
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spoke,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their devouring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery, had said, 'Welcome—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen;—
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-acted actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his pratfall to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But due it was thrown upon his soiled head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steered
The hearts of men, they must have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him."

Of course no time was lost in formally deposing the helpless king, an event that forms the subject of the next engraving (Fig. 896), where we see the nobles met for that purpose in the very hall of Westminster that Richard had rebuilt, and which remains to this day a magnificent memorial of his artistical tastes. Near the vacant throne sits Bolingbroke, while the resignation of Richard,—extorted by the fear of death, but *said* to have been made with a merry countenance,—is read and accepted by the parliament; then, shouts of joy from the concourse of people without, make sweet music in the duke's ears. He rises, amid a hush of expectation; and there has been nothing in his surprising conquest to prevent us from giving him credit, for feelings at this solemn moment more elevated and pure than those of mere selfish ambition. He deliberately approaches the throne, stops close to it, solemnly crosses himself, and makes his claim in these words:—"In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge this realm of England, because I am descended by right line of blood from the good lord King Henry III., and through that right, that God of his grace hath sent me, with help of my kin, and of my friends, to recover it; the which realm was in point to be undone, for default of government, and undoing of the good laws." The claim being responded to most joyfully and heartily, he kneels in prayer on the steps of the throne, and then mounts them, and takes his seat. Henry IV. is King of England.

For the last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, we turn to Pontefract Castle (Fig. 899), whither Richard, on the recommendation of the House of Peers, has been privately conveyed; and it is not without a shudder we quote Gray's fine lines, indicating the fate that, it is but too probable, here closed the career of the royal captive, within five months of his deposition:—

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Left of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
Close by the regal chair,
Fell thirst and famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."

We can hardly believe that Henry would sanction so detestable

a cruelty, for it appears that he was not without personal regard for his royal relative, and had refused to take his life when the Commons petitioned him to do so. The Percies, before the battle of Shrewsbury, distinctly charged Henry with having caused Richard to perish from hunger, thirst, and cold, after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard of among Christians; but their grounds for that dreadful charge do not appear, and the variety of rumours as to the mode of Richard's death, and the very fact of his having died at all being doubted by many people for a number of years, make the imputation against Henry a very doubtful one. In the beginning of March, 1400, Richard's body—or what was asserted to be such—was brought out of Pontefract Castle (Fig. 899), in funeral procession, and conveyed to London, to the new king, who paid to it all possible respect, and interred it with great state in Westminster Abbey.

There are many highly picturesque castellated remains of this period scattered over England, which we have been unable to introduce in our sketches of regal history; we shall therefore briefly review them in connection with the baronial.

In the reign of Henry III., Prince Edward, fighting for his father against the barons, took Tunbridge Castle (Fig. 918) from Gilbert Rufus, Earl of Clare, Gloucester, and Hertford. The first of this family who comes under our notice is the founder of Tunbridge Castle and town, Richard FitzGilbert, a follower of the Conqueror. Tunbridge was long a place of consequence, and its walls have echoed to the clangour of many a martial and many a festive scene, under the Badlesmeres and Cobhams, as well as the more legitimate owners. Chepstow Castle (Fig. 908), on the beautiful Wyre, rose into existence at the same time, and descended from the same family to the possession of the Plantagenets, Herberts and Somersets. And a noble ruin Chepstow forms, and finely harmonizes with one of the finest of scenes; nestling in foliage above the romantic cliff whose shadow slumbers on the stream. The Fitzwalters, a branch of the same family, possessed Old Baynard's Castle, London, founded by Baynard, one of the Conqueror's bold adherents, on the Thames, conspicuous among the martial residences of Old London until its destruction by fire in 1128. The Fitzwalters claimed to be Chatellans and chief standard-bearers of London. In 1214, Robert Fitzwalter held a conspicuous post of honour as general of "the army of God and the Holy Church;" by which the great charter, on which our national liberties were founded, was extorted from John. His daughter, "the fair maid of Essex," had attracted the notice of the licentious king, whose base passions led to his demolition of her father's castle, one of the causes which induced the citizens of London to think it time to arm for the protection of their households, as well as for national liberty. Gilbert Strongbow, son of Gilbert de Clare, was made Earl of Pembroke by King Stephen. Pembroke Castle (Fig. 838) was given to the family of De Valence by Henry III. We find Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, one of Edward I.'s most efficient generals against the Scottish king, Robert Bruce. The situation of the fortress is the extremity of a rocky promontory; its style, Norman mixed with early Gothic. The Norman family of Umfranville received from William the Conqueror the ancient Northumbrian castle of Prudhoe, deriving its appellation from the proud eminence it occupied, and keeping guard over a dangerous border district inhabited by a fierce and unsettled people. Many of the Umfranvilles seem to have distinguished themselves in opposing the incursions of the Scotch. Odonel in 1174 gallantly defended Prudhoe against the Scottish King William. He had the character of an oppressive lord to his poorer neighbours. Gilbert, who died in 1245, is called by Matthew Paris "a famous baron, the flower and keeper of the northern parts." But they were not always on the side of England. Three Umfranvilles were Earls of Angus. It was one of them who so honourably distinguished himself as a Scotchman by his integrity and spirit when Scotland succumbed the first time to the encroachments of the English on its independence. The last Umfranville of any note was Vice-Admiral of England in 1410; Robin Mend-Market he was facetiously styled, after bringing from a Scotch war large spoils of cloth and corn: he died at Bonjic in Anjou. The Tailboys, and then the Percies, have since succeeded to the possession of Prudhoe. Having alluded to the wars in Scotland and the border, we may next refer to the great Scottish family of Douglas, whose history blends itself with that of the majestic relic of Tantallon Castle, East Lothian (engraved in Fig. 850), until all traces of both are lost in the uncertain haze of the far past. The surges of the German Ocean beat in vain against that rock which stands out among them as if proud of its burden, though it is but a ruin; and the stormy blasts are weary with trying to overthrow

that range of solid wall, which has defied alike wars and the elements through unnumbered centuries, and still lifts its shattered front and mournful-looking tower to tell of the Douglas and his deeds. The might of the family was bound up in that of the castle, and its overthrow, according to the old Scottish proverb, was [read] as impossible a thing as "To ding down Tantallon and make a bridge to the Bass" (a celebrated rock, two miles distant from Tantallon, out at sea). Among the many famous Douglases, one was the firm supporter of Bruce in his worst adversities, and the commander of the centre of the Scottish van at Bannockburn; who died fighting with the Saracens as he was bearing the heart of his royal master to the Holy Land. He is called "the good Sir James," but that his goodness was after the fashion of other heroes of that age, and did not exclude ferocity and cruelty, we have a notable instance in the tradition of the Douglas border, still current in the vicinity of Douglas Castle, and mentioned by Scott in 'Castle Dangerous.' After recovering his castle from the English, Douglas mercilessly slew all his prisoners, and burned them on a heap of malt, corn, and wine-casks, and all else that he could find in the castle that he was not able to carry away. The rivalry of this great border family with the Percies, also Borderers, led to the remarkable contest called, in song, the Battle of Chevy Chase, fought on the 15th of August, 1388 (Fig. 845). Percy vowed he would take his pleasure in the border woods three days, and slay the Douglas deer. Earl Douglas heard of the rash vaunt: "Tell him," said he, "he will find *one* day more than enough." Percy's aim was the armed encounter thus promised. We see him at Chevy Chase with his greyhounds and fifteen hundred chosen archers. After taking his sport at the Douglases' expense, grazing on a hundred dead fallow-deer and harts, tasting wine and venison cooked under the greenwood tree, and saying the Douglas had not kept his word, when

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight,
All men of pleasant Tiviot-dale,
Fast by the river Tweed
"O cease your sport," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed."

Soon after this

The battle closed on every side,
No slackness there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

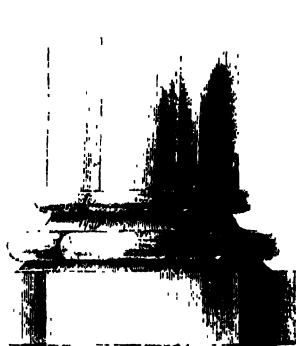
The mail-clad leaders combated hand to hand, until the blood dropped from them like rain. "Yield thee, Percy," cried Douglas, "I shall freely pay thy ransom, and thy advancement shall be high with our Scottish king."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I would not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

Almost immediately he dropped, struck to the heart by an arrow. "Fight on, my merry men," cried he with his dying breath. Percy took his hand: "Earl Douglas, I would give all my lands to save thee." These were his last words. He was slain; and with these true essences of chivalry, fell the flower of Border Knighthood, Scotch and English, and squires and groomes, as ardent to fight and as fearless to die as their renowned masters. There does not seem to have been a spark of hate or malice in a fight one of the most desperate and sanguinary ever recorded; it was only to decide which name—Percy or Douglas—should blaze the brightest in the rolls of chivalry, and to add another jewel to one or other of the glittering wreaths of martial victories that bound the brows of the rival nations. The result pleased the pride and touched the best feelings of both houses—both nations; and all the more, because, though the Scots had the best at the last, the struggle was in fact pretty equally balanced, for they had the superiority of numbers. The same intense and wide-spread love of war displayed at Chevy Chase animated other neighbours of England beside the Scotch, and prompted all to be forward, like Percy, at aggression, in order to stimulate to arms. Hence the fortifications whose remains meet our view in every old English town, and more especially those exposed to attacks from the sea, such as the Strand Gate, Winchelsea (Fig. 914), for which town Edward I. designed great things, as one of the Cinque Ports; but the sea proved stronger than the monarch, and as old Winchelsea had quietly submitted to be submerged, so Edward's Winchelsea yielded gradually to sand and water, amidst which it has long resigned all fluttering dreams of importance, and dwindled to little better



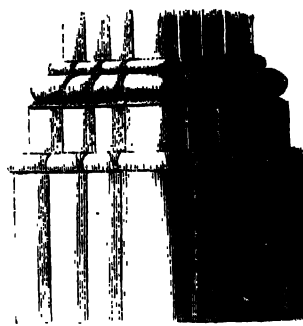
965.—Capital



967.—Base, North Transept.



968.—Capital, Chapter-House



969.—Base, Chapter-House.



970.—Bracket



971.—Dripstone Termination



971.—From the Door, Chapter-House.



972.—Western Doorway.



965.—Lichfield Cathedral. General View.



975.—Western Doorway.



973.—Dripstone Termination



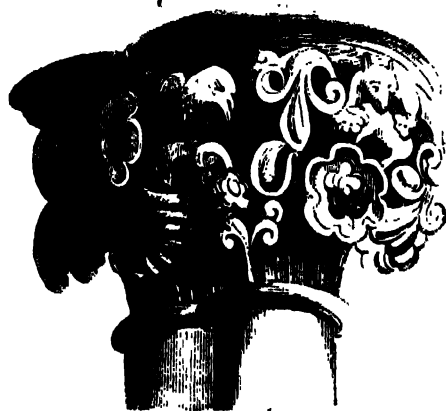
976.—Dripstone Termination.



977.—Bracket, Chapter-House. ?



978.—Finial.



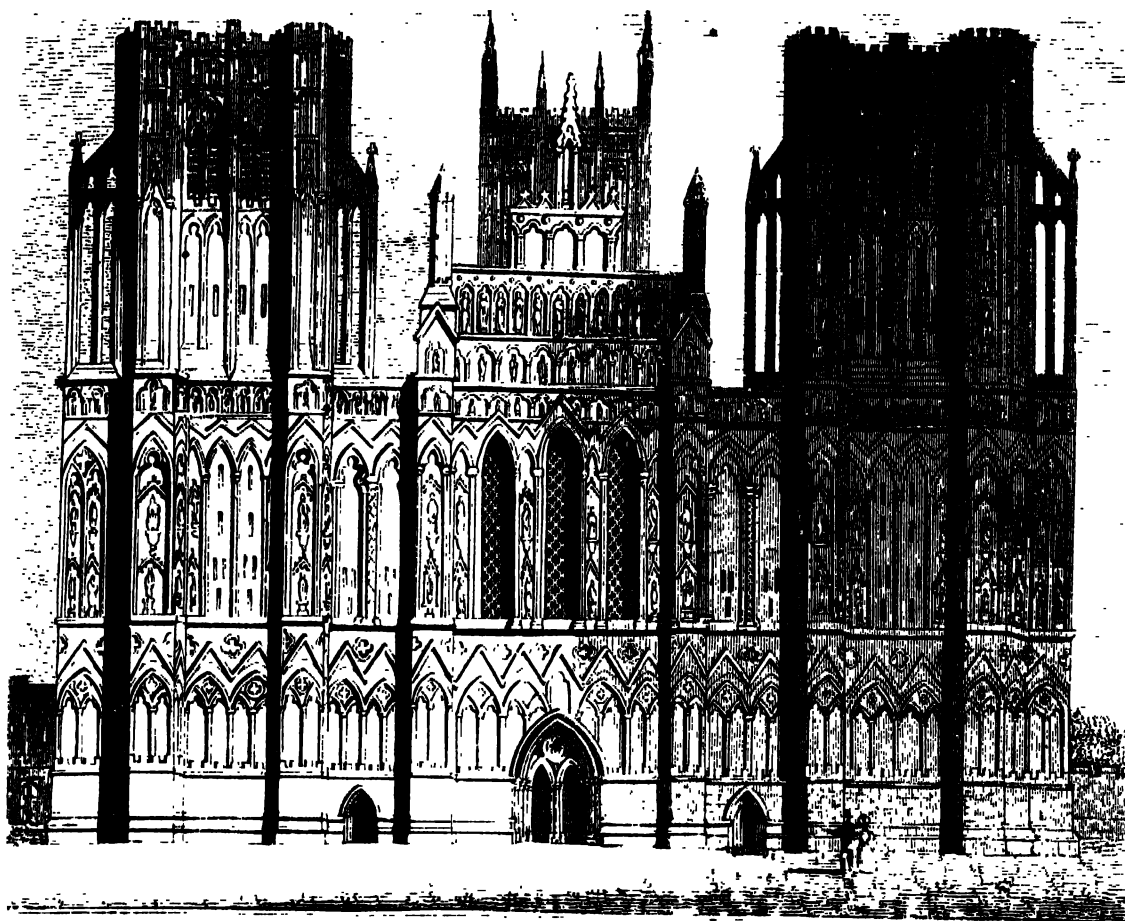
979.—Capital.



980.—Crochet.



981.—Bracket, Chapter-House.



992.—West Front of Wells Cathedral.



993.—Interior of Wells Cathedral.



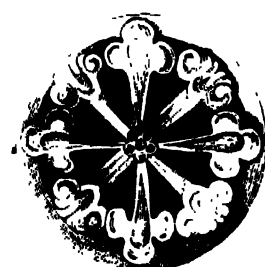
996.—Capital, Wells.



998.—Capital, Wells.



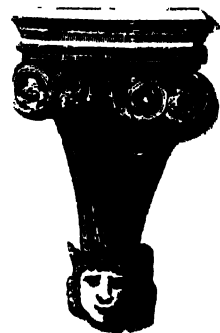
996.—Boss.



999.—Boss.



984.—West Front of Bath Abbey Church.



987.—Bracket.



990.—Bracket.

than a village, though the villagers now and then may be excused for dwelling on those days when two or four hundred ships, according to some doubtful records, rode at ease in the harbour. The invasions of the French caused Southampton to be fortified under Edward III. and Richard II. The two valiant lions on the large and fine gate (Fig. 918) anciently adorned a bridge which crossed a ditch before the gate, but ditch and gate are among the things that were. Athlone (Fig. 848), a town on what was almost the only high road from Dublin to the wild retreats of the Connaught province, from which independence was not finally wrested before 1590, was in consequence carefully fortified to interrupt fugitives, and serve as a guard over that dangerous district. Dunluce Castle (Fig. 847) is one of many ruins along the extensive coast of Antrim, in the province of Ulster, whose histories are almost wholly wrapped in oblivion. A powerful chief, under the Earl of Ulster, seems to have held it about the time of Edward Bruce's ambitious attempts at sovereignty in Ireland, when he was actually made king of Ulster. The Despensers, ruined by the fatal fondness of their weak king Edward II., possessed Cierphilly Castle, a place of very remote antiquity, whose ruins, situate in a deep valley, are among the most extensive and grand that Britain can boast. The Leaning Tower (Fig. 909) is but a fragment, held together entirely by the strength of the cement, being eleven and a half feet out of the perpendicular;—a singular appearance, explained by the tradition that the tower was blown up when the Despensers were besieged by the barons. The Welsh proverb, "It is gone to Cierphilly," signifying a direction something the reverse of good, does not speak much for the character of the lords of this place in the old days. To the family of our first religious martyr among the English nobility, Lord Cobham, Cowling Castle, in Kent, is to be ascribed. The bold and handsome gateway (where the groove of the portcullis is still distinct), and the ivy-clad tower, seen in Fig. 911, add picturesqueness to the tranquil farm, with its orchard and garden, that now occupy the demesne; they are nearly all that are left standing of John de Cobham's massive square edifice, raised in the reign of Richard II., with its moat and flanking towers, and on a part of which the following inscription was set up:—

Knoweth that both, and shall be
That I am mad in help of the contre,
For knowing of which thing
This is charlie and wythesing.

Arundel Castle (Fig. 926) has for many centuries enjoyed a privilege given to no other residence in the kingdom, that of conveying the title of Earl to its possessor without creation. From the Albinis and Fitzalans it passed by marriage to the Howards under Elizabeth. Some venerable walls of the ancient castle have been preserved, and the keep is converted to a singular use: it is a cage for owls, sent from North America to the possessor of the modern magnificent residence. Two Fitzalans perished by the axe; Edmund, at Hereford, for arming against Edward II. and the Despensers; and Richard Fitzalan, in King Richard II.'s actual presence, according to Froissart, for conspiring against him here, with many others of the high nobility. The people of England mourned for this last earl as a martyr, for he was one of the few nobles who stood out for *their* liberties. Arundel's death was one of the last and most odious of Richard's multiplied tyrannies. It is said the shade of the injured earl, covered with blood, and reproaching him for his injustice, often "revisited the glimpses of the moon" in Richard's dreams. Not many months after, the earl's brother, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, banished in the same cause, set the crown of Richard on Bolingbroke's head. Of course the Arundels found favour with the new king. We find the earl's second son, John Fitzalan, had leave from him to embattle his manor-house at Betchworth (Fig. 928): the present old mansion stands on the castle site. The Lancasters finish our sketch of the barons of the fourteenth century. A few fragments on a breezy

eminence are all that is left of their once regal Castle of Tutbury (Fig. 912). Here the second earl and his men made his memorable escape over the river Dove, while Edward II.'s troops were forcing their entrance at the gates. A vast sum of money, that he had been long amassing for the civil war, was secured in a chest intrusted to Leicester, and lost amid the hurry of that dismal night. Not till 1831 was the treasure discovered. The reader will find an account of this interesting event in No. 166 of the 'Penny Magazine.' Fig. 913 represents the singular manner in which the epins were found imbedded in the hardened soil, to which they almost seemed to have grown. The famous John of Gaunt held the earldom of Derby, of which Castleton Castle (Fig. 910), built by Peveril of the Peak, a natural son of the Conqueror, formed a part. This place has been already spoken of in a previous part of our work. Gaunt possessed also the Honor of Hertford, and at Hertford Castle (Fig. 916) he and the rest of the chivalric family of Edward III. paid many generous attentions to the French King John, their guest and prisoner. The London palace of Gaunt, the Savoy (Figs. 897, 924), was John's assigned residence. Here, we are told, every effort was made to make him forget that he was a captive, but this was impossible; when he was entreated to lay aside his melancholy, and derive consolation from cheerful thoughts, John smiled mournfully, and answered in the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "How shall we sing in a strange land?" The dukedom of Lancaster, as held by Gaunt, was a sort of petty kingdom, of which the town of Lancaster (Fig. 844) was the capital. This prince was extremely unpopular with the English Commons, who, under Wat Tyler, burned his palace of the Savoy, and would have taken his life could they have found him. To show that plunder was not their object, they proclaimed death to all who should take or secrete anything found in the palace. But among the destruction of so much plate, gold, and jewels, it was hardly wonderful one man's integrity should fail him. The theft of a silver cup did not pass unobserved, and the stern rebels, to vindicate the purity of their motives, flung the culprit with the cup into the flames, or, as some chroniclers say, into the Thames, saying, "We be zealous of truth and justice, and not thieves or robbers." In the last century the Savoy (Fig. 924) served in part "as lodgings for private people, for barracks, and a scandalous infectious prison for the soldiery and for transports." But all this has ceased some time. In the great insurrection just mentioned, perished, on Tower Hill, Simon de Sudbury, son of Nicholas Tibald, gentleman, of Sudbury, in Suffolk. He was eighteen years Bishop of London, and, on being elevated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, rebuilt the walls and west gate (Fig. 921). In Stow's Annals we have an appalling account of his death:—"Being compassed about with many thousands, and seeing swords about his head drawn in excessive number, threatening to him death, he said unto them thus: 'What is it, dear brethren, you purpose to do? What is mine offence committed against you, for which ye will kill me? You were best to take heed, that if I be killed, who am your pastor, there come not on you the indignation of the just Revenger, or at the least, for such a fact, all England be put under interdiction.' He could unfeignedly pronounce these words before they cried out with a horrible noise, that they neither feared the interdiction nor the Pope to be above them. The Archbishop, seeing death at hand, spake with comfortable words, as he was an eloquent man, and wise beyond all wise men of the realm; lastly, after forgiveness granted to the executioner that should behead him, he kneeling down offered his neck to him that should strike it off; being stricken in the neck, but not deadly, he, putting his hand to his neck, said thus: 'Aha! it is the hand of God.' He had not removed his hand from the place where the pain was, but that being suddenly stricken, his finger ends being cut off, and part of the arteries, he fell down; but yet he died not, till, being mangled with eight strokes in the neck and in the head, he fulfilled a most worthy martyrdom." His body lay unburied till the next afternoon, and then his head was set up on London Bridge.

CHAPTER II.—ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.



UR cathedrals will now again demand attention; and in resuming the series of the preceding period, we shall commence with that of SALISBURY, the records of which are unusually full and particular. The bishopric of Salisbury was created by the union of the sees of Wilton and Sherborne, which was done by order of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1075.

The seat of the bishop was fixed at Old Sarum (of which we have already spoken, p. 6), and there a cathedral was built. Old Sarum, however, was a fortified town, and the priests and the soldiers soon began to quarrel, and though for a while by the authority of their superiors kept in check, during the troublous times of Richard I. their enmity broke out into open contest. In the 'Chronicles' of Holinshed we have a piquant account of the matter. "In the time of the civil wars," he tells us, "the soldiers of the castle and canons of Old Sarum fell at odds, insomuch that after often brawls they fell at last to sa' blows. It happened, therefore, in a Rogation week, that the clergy going in a solemn procession, a controversy fell between them about certain walks and limits, which the one side claimed and the other denied. Such also was the hot entertainment on each part, that at last the castellans, espying their time, got between the clergy and the town, and so coiled them as they returned homeward, that they feared any more to gang about their bounds for the year." This occurred while Herbert Poore (or Pauper) was bishop; and he, anxious to avoid a recurrence of such unbecomely doings, and being, notwithstanding his name, a wealthy man, petitioned the king to be permitted to remove his see to a more convenient place. To this Richard readily assented; but the removal did not take place, the bishop prudently recalculating the expenses attending such a step, and determining, on second thoughts, that they were beyond his ability to bear.

Herbert died in 1217, and was succeeded by his brother Richard Poore, a man of lofty purpose and resolute character. His first care was to carry out the object his brother had failed to accomplish. Determined not to submit to military control, and to remove the scandal of the continued strife between the canons and castellans, he took such measures as soon caused all difficulties to melt as snow. He applied first to Gualo, the Legate of the Pope, then in England, and having obtained letters from him in support of his application, he despatched special messengers to Rome to obtain the sanction of the Pontiff to the removal of the cathedral and its officers. His holiness, Pope Honorius, having first made due inquiries into the propriety of such removal, acceded to it, and issued his Bull accordingly.

So far all was well, but all was not done yet. Our bishop had resolved on raising no common structure, and no ordinary sum was needed for the purpose. His first step was to call a chapter, and having explained his intentions, he induced each canon and vicar—himself setting the example—to bind himself to appropriate one-fourth of his income, for seven years successively, towards defraying the expenses of the new structure. A contract or obligation was accordingly drawn up in regular form for the bishop evidently knew his men—and signed and sealed by each in due order on "the day of Saints Processus and Martinianus," 1218. The next thing to be done was to fix on an eligible site; and here the bishop was, it is said, miraculously aided. He had long pondered where it should be, when, as he lay on his bed one night thinking of the matter, the Virgin appeared to him in a vision and told him to build it in Merry-field. Where this field was, however, he was not told, and none of his canons knew. But it happened that as he passed by some soldiers who were trying their bows, he overheard one of them wager that he could shoot his bolt into Merry-field. "And where may that be?" said our delighted prelate. Of course he was speedily informed, and in Merry-field he fixed his mark;

erecting immediately a temporary wooden chapel there. He now set about collecting money in all quarters, with a tact and success that could hardly be surpassed in our own day. He sent preachers and deputations everywhere, to collect from the religious part of the community, as we do now; and though he had not fancy-fairs or bazaars in which to sell pretty toys, he issued what found then more ready purchasers—pardons and indulgences for all who should contribute to the good work. And he found plentiful help. The king, Henry III., as we shall see, granted a charter, the nobles sent rich gifts, and the poor gave of their poverty—many of them giving also their labour freely.

All being thus ready, Richard proceeded to commence his cathedral. He has left us a record of every step of his progress; having commended his Dean, William de Wanda, to draw up a chronicle thereof. The ceremony of laying the foundation was a gorgeous one. The young king, and all the principal nobility and clergy of the realm, were invited, and everything that could add dignity or splendour to the solemnity was provided. Henry, indeed, was absent, being engaged negotiating a treaty with the Welsh at Shrewsbury; but there was a large assemblage of lords and prelates, and a huge multitude of people collected in Merry-field on the day of St. Vitalis the Martyr (April 28), 1220, to witness and aid in commencing a structure that they hoped should be not unworthy of Him whose presence filleth the earth. The bishop, first having performed divine service in the wooden building he had raised,—reverently put off his shoes, and, accompanied by all the clergy chanting the Litany, proceeded in procession to the place of foundation. He then consecrated the ground, solemnly dedicating it for ever to the service of the Holy-t. He next turned to the people, and addressed them in a suitable sermon. Then taking in his hands the necessary instruments, he proceeded to lay the first stone for Pope Honorius, the second for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the third for himself; William Longspee, Earl of Salisbury, who was present, then laid the fourth stone, and his wife, Eli de Vitri, Countess of Salisbury, laid the fifth. Certain noblemen added each a stone after her; and then the several officers of the cathedral did the same. The people shouting and weeping for joy, and all "contributing thereto their alms with a ready mind, according to the ability which God had given them." We have followed the account given by De Wanda, but there is a difference in that of Bishop Godwin, according to which Pandolph, the Pope's Legate, laid the five stones; the first for the Pope, the second for the king, the third for the Earl of Salisbury, the fourth for the countess, and the fifth for the bishop.

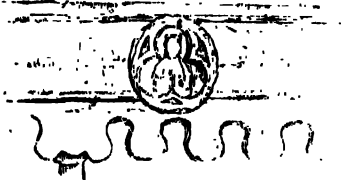
The bishop and his canons appear to have left Old Sarum soon after the foundation of the new cathedral was laid; and the people of the old town left with them. Indeed, there was little to bind them to the old place, for the wealthier sort had suffered like inconveniences and oppression from the military with the canons, and the poorer, says Harrison, feared to lose their "bellie-cheere" (for they were wont to have banketing at crierie station, a thing commonly practised by the religious of old, wherewith to link in the commons unto them, when any man may lead whether he will by the bellie; or, as Latimer said, with beefe, bread, and beere"). Richard, careful to provide for the people, or for the importance of his office, procured from the king a charter creating New Sarum a cathedral city, with all the privileges and immunities for the citizens that they possessed in the old city, and that belonged to other cathedral towns. Holinshed has thus recorded this removal in his 'Chronicle,' A. D. 1221, vol. ii. p. 202, ed. 1587:—

"This year the priests or canons that inhabited within the king's castle of Old Salisbury removed with the bishop's see unto New Salisbury, which by the king was made a city. The bishop Richard procured this removing through the king's help, who was very willing thereunto, as it seemed by his charters largely granted in that behalf."

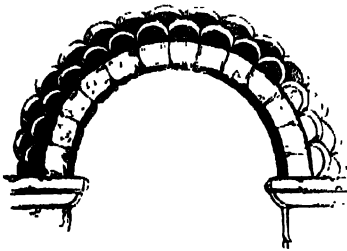
One who had proceeded thus far so vigorously in his work was not likely to stop short now everything was advancing so favour



992.—Shrine of Ethelbert, King of the East Saxons, formerly on the High Altar of Hereford Cathedral.



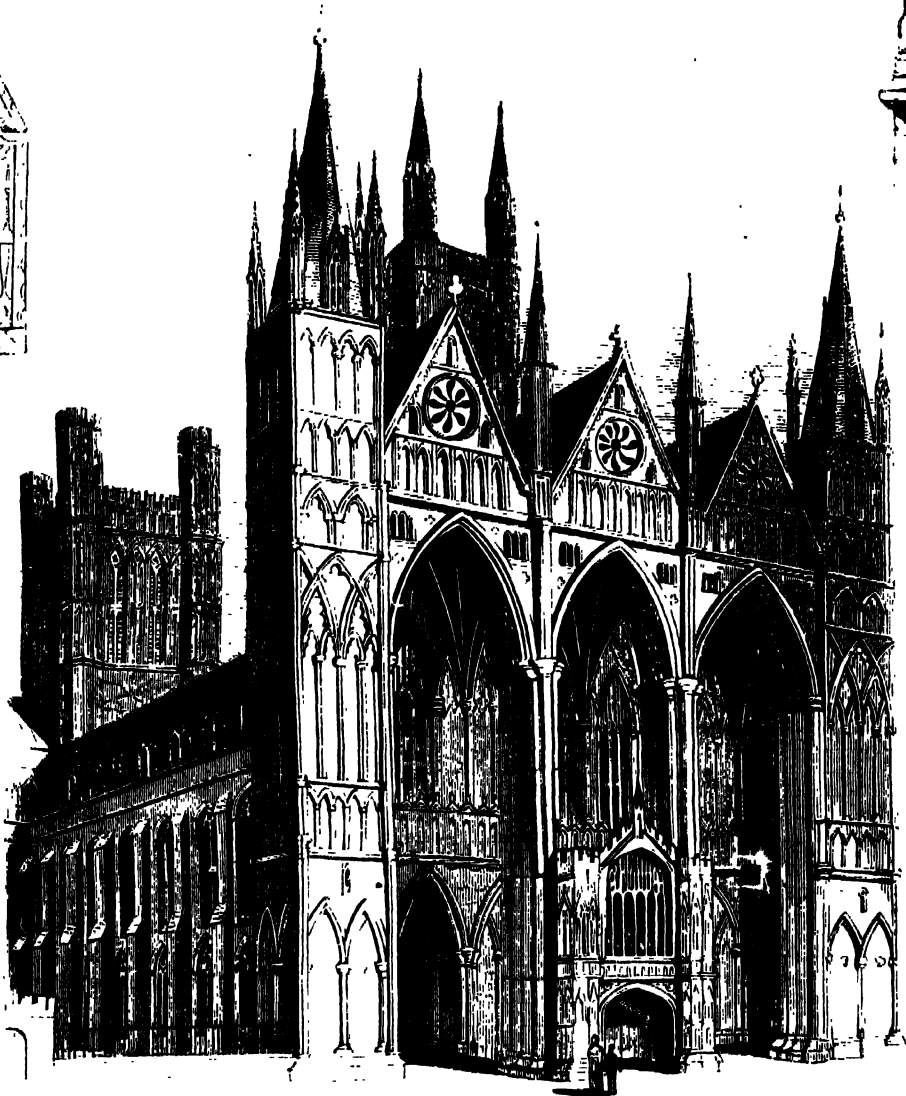
993.—Parapet, Peterborough.



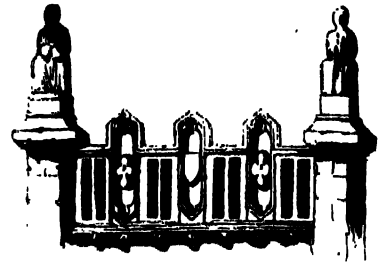
994.—Arch of the Cloisters, Peterborough.



995.—Recesses, Peterborough.



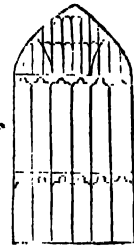
991.—Peterborough Cathedral.



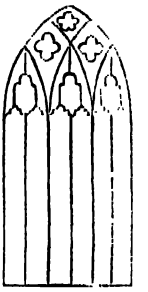
996.—Parapet, Peterborough.

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997.—Inscription on Ethelbert's Shrine.



998.

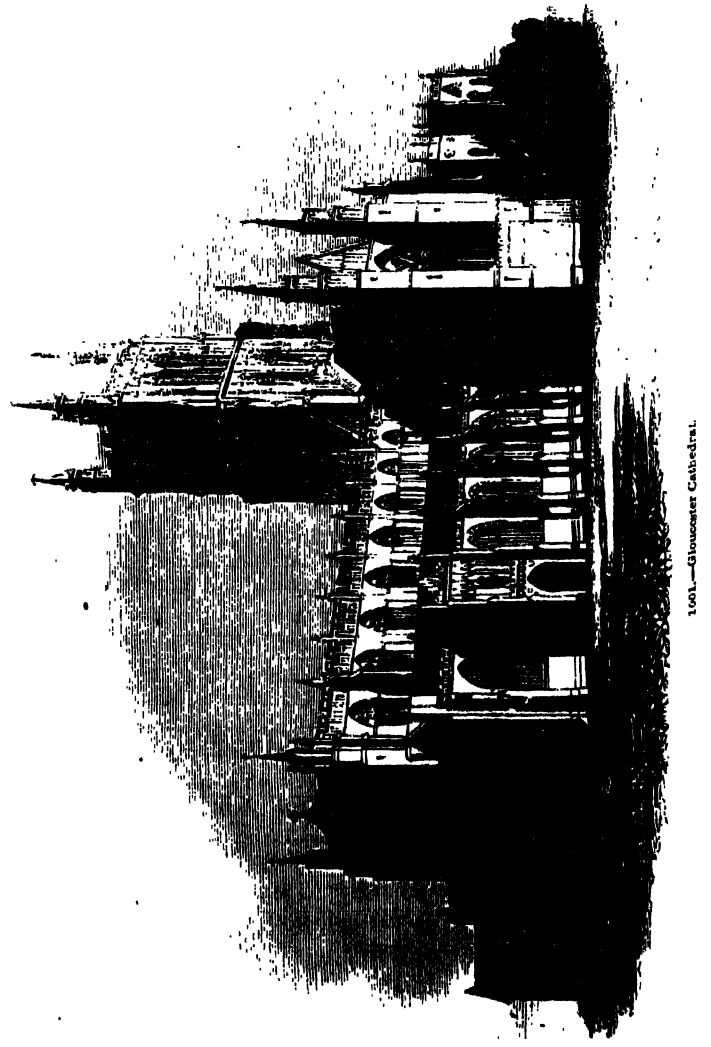


999.

998.—Ancient West Window of Hereford Cathedral.
999.—Modern ditto.



1000.—Bristol Cathedral.



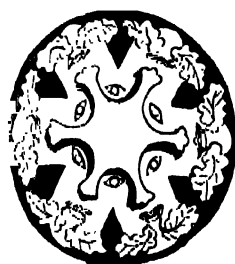
1001.—Gloucester Cathedral.



1002.—Hereford Cathedral.



1004.



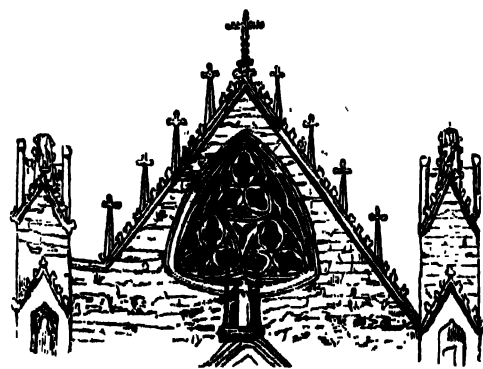
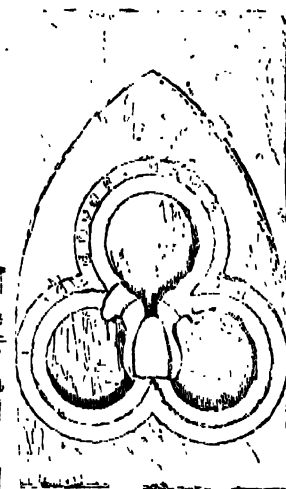
1005.



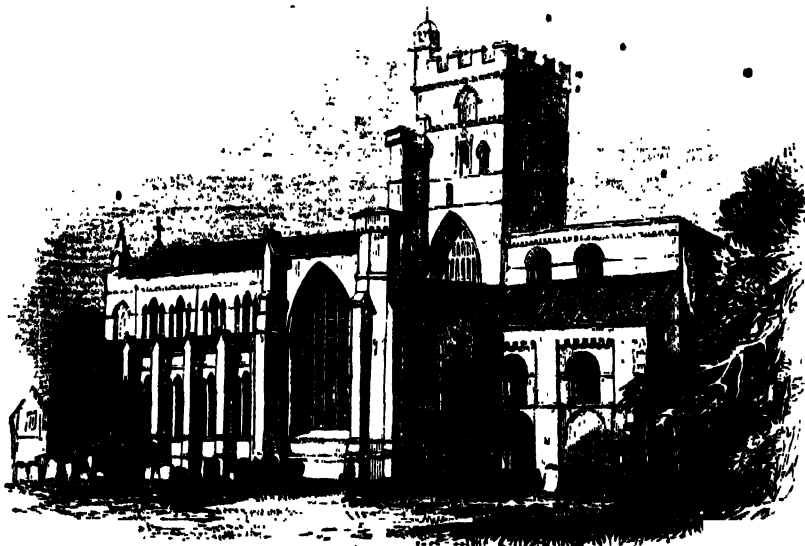
1004, 1005.—Rosettes on the Tomb of Bishop de la Wich.



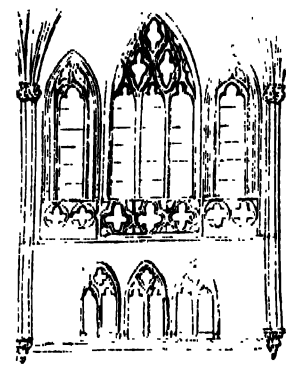
1003.—Chichester Cathedral.



1006.—Ornamental Gothic, Carlisle.



1007.—Carlisle Cathedral.



1008.—Part of Nave, Carlisle.

ably: We find him, accordingly, issuing decrees which made those canons who failed to contribute as they had agreed, liable to have their corn seized from their prebendal acres, and sold for the amount due. He set in motion also every contrivance his active mind could devise to hasten on the works, and so successfully, that in about five years the church was deemed sufficiently forward for the performance of divine service. His dean, De Wanda, he now joyfully directed to cite all the canons to be present on Michaelmas Day, 1225, when the cathedral would be solemnly opened. The noble heart of Richard Poore doubtless glowed with devout thankfulness, and perhaps something of honest pride, when he struck the first stone of the building; but how much more intensely must it now have beaten as he saw the pile, in all its beauty and completeness of proportions, stand thus far finished! We may be sure that it was with lofty feelings he gazed on this

Glorious work of fine intelligence,

and remembered that it was *his* work.

The solemnity at the opening of the cathedral was not less splendid than that at its foundation. The service commenced on the vigil of Michaelmas by the bishop, in the presence of the Archbishops of Canterbury and of Dublin, consecrating three altars in the Cathedral: one, situated in the east, to the Trinity and All Saints, for the continual performance of mass to the Blessed Virgin, who had showed him so great favours; another, in the north, to St. Peter; and the third, in the south, to St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, and the rest of the martyrs. On the following day, Otto, the Pope's Nuncio, the archbishops already named, many bishops, a large array of the nobility and magnates of the land, and a great multitude of people being assembled, Richard preached to them a sermon, and then advancing into the church, whither as many as could followed, he there solemnly celebrated divine service. On the Thursday following, the youthful monarch, attended by the famous Hubert de Burgh, his grand justiciary, went to the cathedral. The mass of the glorious Virgin was there heard by the king, who then offered at the altar ten marks of silver and one piece of silk; and granted to the church the privilege of a yearly fair of eight days' continuance. The justiciary then made a vow that he would give a golden Text (or Bible for the use of the altar) with precious stones, and the relics of divers saints, in honour of the B.V.M., and for the service of her church. Again, we are told, on the day of the Holy Innocents the sovereign and his justiciary visited Salisbury Cathedral and heard mass there. On this occasion "the king offered one gold ring with a precious stone, called a ruby, one piece of silk, and one gold cup, the weight of ten gold marks. When the mass was concluded, he told the dean that he would have the stone which he had offered, and the gold of the ring, applied to adorn the Text which the justiciary had given; but as to the cup he gave no particular directions. The justiciary caused the Text which he had before given to be brought, and offered it with great devotion on the altar. They then all repaired to the bishop's house, where they were honourably entertained." To complete all, we learn that "in the year 1226, on the Feast of Trinity, which was then on the 18th of the calends of July, the bodies of three bishops were translated from the castle of Sarum to the new fabric, viz., the body of the blessed Osmund, the body of Bishop Roger, and the body of Bishop Joceline."

We have dwelt at some length on the proceedings connected with the foundation and opening of Salisbury Cathedral, because it is not often that we can so minutely follow them in contemporary narrative as in this instance, and because it is interesting to be able to trace a series of ceremonies no doubt, much like those on similar occasions of which we have no authentic accounts. Our sketch is, however, but a slight and hasty one, compared with the elaborate picture from which we have drawn it. Our notice of the further progress of the building to its completion may be much more brief. Although thus opened for divine service, the building was not finished: Richard was in 1229 translated to the wealthier see of Durham, and the works which he had carried forward so zealously appear to have proceeded much more slowly under his successor, for at his death in 1246 the church was still unfinished. It was, however, continued by the next bishop, William de York, and completed by Giles de Bridport in 1258. On the 28th of September in that year it was accordingly "fully dedicated," in the presence of Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a large assemblage of prelates, peers, and people. Thus, then, the church was completed in thirty-eight years, at an expense of 40,000 marks, or 26,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling. But although the church was completed at that time, the upper part of the tower and the spire, with part of the chapter-house, were not erected till a somewhat later period.

They were supposed to have been added by De Wyville, Bishop of Salisbury, to whom there is in existence a grant by Edward III. of "all the stone walls of the former cathedral church of Old Sarum, and the houses which lately belonged to the bishop and canons of the said church, within our castle of Old Sarum, to have and to hold, as our gift for the improvement of the church of New Sarum, and the clove thereunto belonging."

The cathedral, whose creation we have thus somewhat closely followed, stands pre-eminent among English ecclesiastical edifices for the symmetry of its proportions, the harmonious adjustment of its various parts, the elaborate richness of its members, and the grandeur of the whole. (Fig. 932.) A building of more chastity of splendour, or more nearly approaching perfection, is scarcely within reach of the imagination. Fortunately, too, it is situated in an open space where the full effect of its stately dimensions may be readily seen. The north-west view (Fig. 929) exhibits it to great advantage; but to be fully appreciated it must be seen under every combination of light and shadow, and from every point of view. When illuminated by the splendour of a summer moon its appearance is remarkably solemn. The broad masses of shadow, the strange streaming light that flickers over the Gothic tracery, the lofty spire assuming then a loftier and more unearthly aspect, and the deep quiet around, impress the mind with a feeling almost of awe. Then would the tones of the midnight mass be felt as only accordant with the grave sentiments that have been aroused. But at whatever time it be seen, the visitor will be ready to exclaim with the poet --

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build.

Lest it should be thought that we too highly praise our cathedral, we will quote the opinion of one concerning it who seldom errs in warmth of expression, and whose judgment will be readily acknowledged. Rickman says, "This edifice has the advantage of being built in one style, the Early English, and from an uniform and well-arranged plan. . . . On the whole this cathedral presents an object for study hardly equalled by any in the kingdom; the purity of its style, and the various modes of adapting that style to the purposes required, deserve the most attentive consideration." But we must give a somewhat more particular account of the building. It consists "internally of a nave, with two lateral aisles; a large transept, with an eastern aisle branching off from the tower; a smaller transept with an aisle east of the former; a choir with lateral aisles; a space east of the choir, and a Lady-chapel at the east end. On the north side of the church is a large porch, with a room over it; and rising from the intersection of the transept with the nave is a lofty tower and spire. South of the church is a square cloister, with a library over half of the eastern side; a chapter-house; a consistory court; and an octangular apartment called the muniment-room." The preceding extract is from Britton's 'History of Salisbury Cathedral,' from which work we also take the following principal dimensions. *Extreme length* 474 feet; *interior* 450 feet. *Widths.* West front externally, 112 feet, and 217 more to the southern extremity of the cloister wall; great transept externally, 230 feet; interior of nave 34 feet, and with aisles 78 feet; great transept, N. to S. 206 feet; width of ditto with aisle, 57; small transept N. to S. 145 feet; width 44 feet; width of choir and aisles, 78 feet; of Lady-chapel, 37 feet. The *heights* of the vaulting of the nave, choir, and transepts, 81 feet; of the aisles and Lady-chapel, 40; externally, parapet 87 feet; point of roof 115 feet; parapet of tower 207 feet; and summit of spire 404 feet. The cloister forms a square of 181 feet within the walls, and is 18 feet wide between the side walls and windows; the height of the vaulting is 18 feet. The chapter-house is 58 feet in diameter, internally, and 52 feet high to the vaulting.

We have spoken of the general effect of the edifice: in looking at its parts we may remark, that while the west front has been objected to as having an air of stiffness—of which, however, we took no account when before it—the eastern end has been uniformly admired for its lightness and grace, and for the elegance of its arrangement. The whole of the exterior is singularly beautiful. The windows—of which there is a popular saying that they are as many as there are days in the year—are handsome specimens of the Early English or Pointed style; and the north porch is rich and picturesque. But the most striking feature is the spire. The architect is said to have been desirous to carry his spire higher than any other in England; and he did so. It is much taller than any in this country, though not so high as those of Strasburgh and Mecklin. It rises from a tower constructed, at least the two upper stories, as we have said, at a more recent period than the body of the church. He must have been a daring man who determined on

such a work! but he was a wise one too: he knew that it was not enough to dare greatly. He set about his work in the same spirit as he had conceived it. He laid down 387 feet of new foundation, strengthened the tower internally and externally by flying buttresses, and, as Price informs us, added to it 116 additional supports, exclusive of bands of iron. But with all his care it was seen, soon after the capstone was laid, that a slight settlement had taken place on the west side; this, however, has never increased. From the same authority we learn that its declination is as follows:—At the top of the parapet of the tower, the wall declines 9 inches to the S. and 3½ to the W., whilst at the capstone of the spire the declension is 24½ in. to the S. and 16½ to the W. Britton does not think the spire beautiful; but we take leave to differ from him. The chapter-house (Fig. 931) is an interesting building. Internally it is very beautiful and highly enriched; there are some finely-carved capitals and some sculpture above the arches; over the capitals is a series of seven curious bracket-heads, one of them appearing to be a representation of the Trinity; beneath the arches there were formerly circular paintings; it is lighted by eight windows of remarkably beautiful form, and once filled with stained glass; the floor is formed of glazed tiles, and no doubt the whole was originally highly embellished. A plinth and stone seat is carried round the interior wall, and this is elevated at one end of the room a step higher than elsewhere, and divided into seven compartments, which were originally intended for the bishop and his dignitaries: whilst the other niches, of which there are thirty, were intended for the canons; and one seat on each side the door was for the chancellor and treasurer. The cloister occupies a square area on the south side of the nave, and extends from the transept to the west end. It is separated from the church by an open space called the Plumbery, and consists of a continued arcade, with a wall on one side and a series of openings on the other. The interior of the cathedral is less ornate than that of some others; it is marked by simplicity and harmony of proportions, and is light and elegant in appearance. The effect is much injured by the organ, which, with its ungainly screen (a modern excrescence), effectually breaks the vista of lofty arches. The choir (Fig. 930) is grand and imposing. The nave, which is lofty and narrow, has ten arches on each side, supported by clustered columns; over these are two other series, the upper division, called the clerestory, having a succession of glazed windows of three lights each. The Lady-chapel is a beautiful room with a vaulted ceiling supported by slender pillars of Purbeck marble. In the north transept is a curious lavatory. There are a great many fine monuments, especially those of Bishops Bridport and Metford, and the elaborate chantry-chapel to Bishop Audley: there are other ancient monuments interesting for their costumes; with many modern ones by Rysbrack, Bacon, Flaxman, and Chantrey, with one to Sir Colt Hoare, Historian of Wiltshire, by Joseph—which, though not remarkable in any other respect, is said to be an admirable likeness. But there is one monument of quite a unique character—to a chorister, or boy-bishop. (Fig. 1026.) It was discovered in the prelaty of Bishop Duppa, under the seats near the pulpit, and is now placed in the nave. The Rev. J. Gregorie, a prebend of Salisbury at the time, wrote a dissertation on the subject of boy-bishops, from which it appears that it was the custom of the choristers to elect on the day of St. Nicholas one of their number to be bishop; and he was not only clothed in episcopal robes and put on a mitre, and carried a crozier, but performed all the functions of a bishop, from the day of his election, the 6th of December, till the 28th, being Innocent's day. The details he gives are very curious, but we have not space for them here; we merely add that this is supposed to be a monument raised to one who died during the possession of his brief authority. The organ-screen, as we mentioned, is modern; it was erected by Mr. Wyatt: the organ is the gift of George III. There are several stained windows, some modern; one is from a design by Sir Joshua Reynolds, another from one by Mortimer.

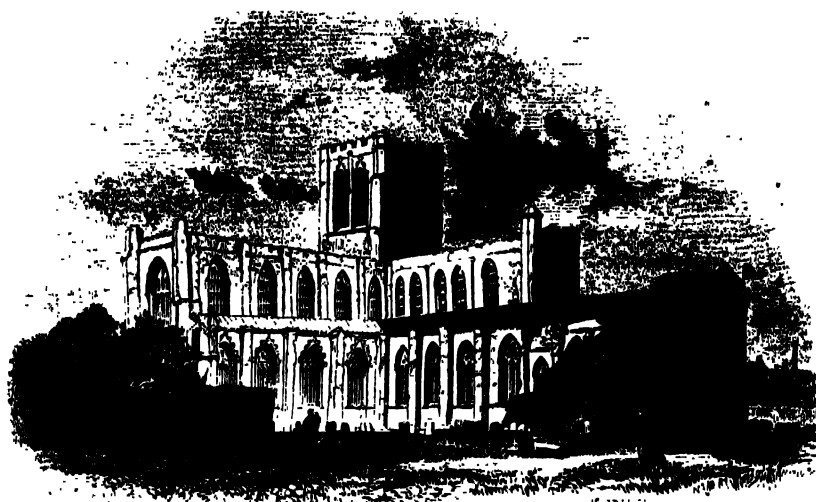
We have very little to add to the history of the cathedral. The Commonwealth soldiers were quartered in it, and, as in most other of our ecclesiastical edifices, committed great devastation. Seth Ward, who had expended twenty-five thousand pounds on the reparation of Exeter Cathedral, on his translation to the see of Salisbury immediately set about repairing its cathedral and palace at his own expense, and employed Sir Christopher Wren to survey the edifice. More recently it has been repaired under the direction of Mr. Wyatt, some of whose alterations are in very questionable taste. Among the eminent men who have held the bishopric we may name Cardinal Campeggio, the papal Legate, so well known for his connection with the trial of Catherine of Arragon. When Wolsey was disgraced, Campeggio was dispossessed of his see by the angry

monarch; Jewell, the Reformer; Duppa, the friend of Charles I.; Gilbert Burnet, whose amusing 'History of his Own Times' affords so much curious information respecting an important period in the history of our country; Hoadly, and Sherlock.

The origin of the see of York belongs to the earliest successful introduction of Christianity into our island. Among the forty companions of Augustine was one

of shoulders curved and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and negro cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence.

This monk, whom our ecclesiastical poet, closely following the prose of his venerable predecessor, thus describes in sonorous verse, was named Paulinus. As soon as his great leader had gained firm footing among the men of Kent, having succeeded in converting the king and his court, with a large number of the people, Paulinus, being full of zeal for the propagation of the faith, resolved to attempt the conversion of Edwin, the Saxon king of Northumbria, and *Bretwalda*, or leader of the Britons, who held his court at Eboracum, the York of these recent times. The fervour of Paulinus soon wrought on the heart of that monarch; but though he yielded a mental assent, he resolved to call a meeting of his councillors to deliberately consider the matter, before he openly declared himself a convert. The proceedings of the Council, which terminated in a resolution to adopt the Christian religion, are fully related by Bede, whose account of the breaking-up of the Council is worth quoting—the translation is Wordsworth's:—"Who, exclaimed the king, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the chief Priest, for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the king to grant him, what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser: which mounting, and furnished with a sword and a lance, he proceeded to destroy the idols. The crowd seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not; but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple with all its enclosures." Edwin was baptized, with his two sons, Coiffa the priest, and the chief of his nobles, in a little wooden oratory that had been hastily constructed. But soon the monarch, anxious to erect a building more suitable to His worship whom he now served, and stimulated, as some say, by the persuasions of Paulinus, laid the foundation of a noble church of stone, enclosing in it the wooden oratory in which he had been baptized—on the site of this building stands the present magnificent York Minster. Paulinus, after a while, received from Rome the title of Archbishop of York, and with it the pallium, that vestment which, after being consecrated by the sovereign pontiff, and applied to the tomb of St. Peter, is sent only to metropolitan bishops. Augustine had before received it as Archbishop of Canterbury. Edwin was slain before the edifice he had commenced was brought to a conclusion; it was finished by his successor Oswald. Those were troublous times, and Paulinus was compelled to fly into Kent, where he died. York was now left for thirty years without a bishop—Christianity was repressed, and the church fell into ruins. St. Wilfred, towards the close of the seventh century, restored it, but it was finally destroyed by fire in the year 741. About thirty years afterwards a new church, and, as is plain from contemporary memorials, a far more splendid one, was begun and completed by the Archbishop Albert. This edifice met with a similar fate to the one it had replaced, being destroyed in a conflagration that consumed a great part of the city, in the early part of the reign of William the Conqueror. A small portion of the crypt of this Saxon church, comprising also, as is thought, a part of the structure raised by Edwin, has been recently discovered beneath the choir of the present Minster, in the course of the excavations rendered necessary by the fire in 1829. Archbishop Thomas, who was appointed to the see in 1070, rebuilt the church from its foundation; but—with a singular infelicity of fortune—it was again destroyed by fire in the year 1137. It now lay for some time in ashes, although that Archbishop Thurston intended to rebuild it is clear from an Indulgence (always the prime instrument in such matters) issued by Joceline, Bishop of Salisbury, which states that "Whereas the Metropolitan Church of York was consumed by a new fire and almost subverted, destroyed, and miserably spoiled of its ornaments," he released all such as bountifully contributed towards its re-edification from forty



1011.—Closter.



1013.—Llandaff



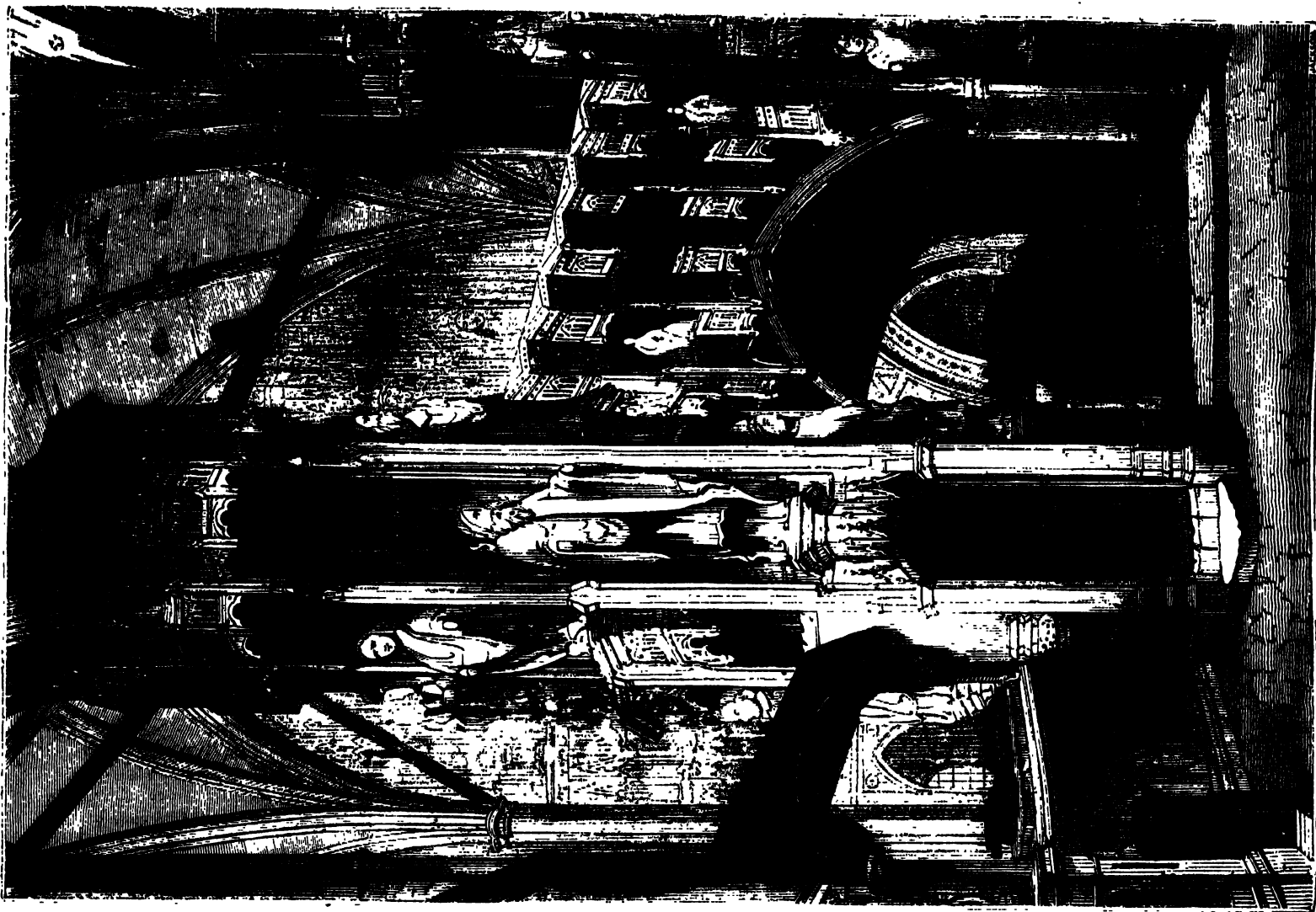
1012.—St. Asaph's.



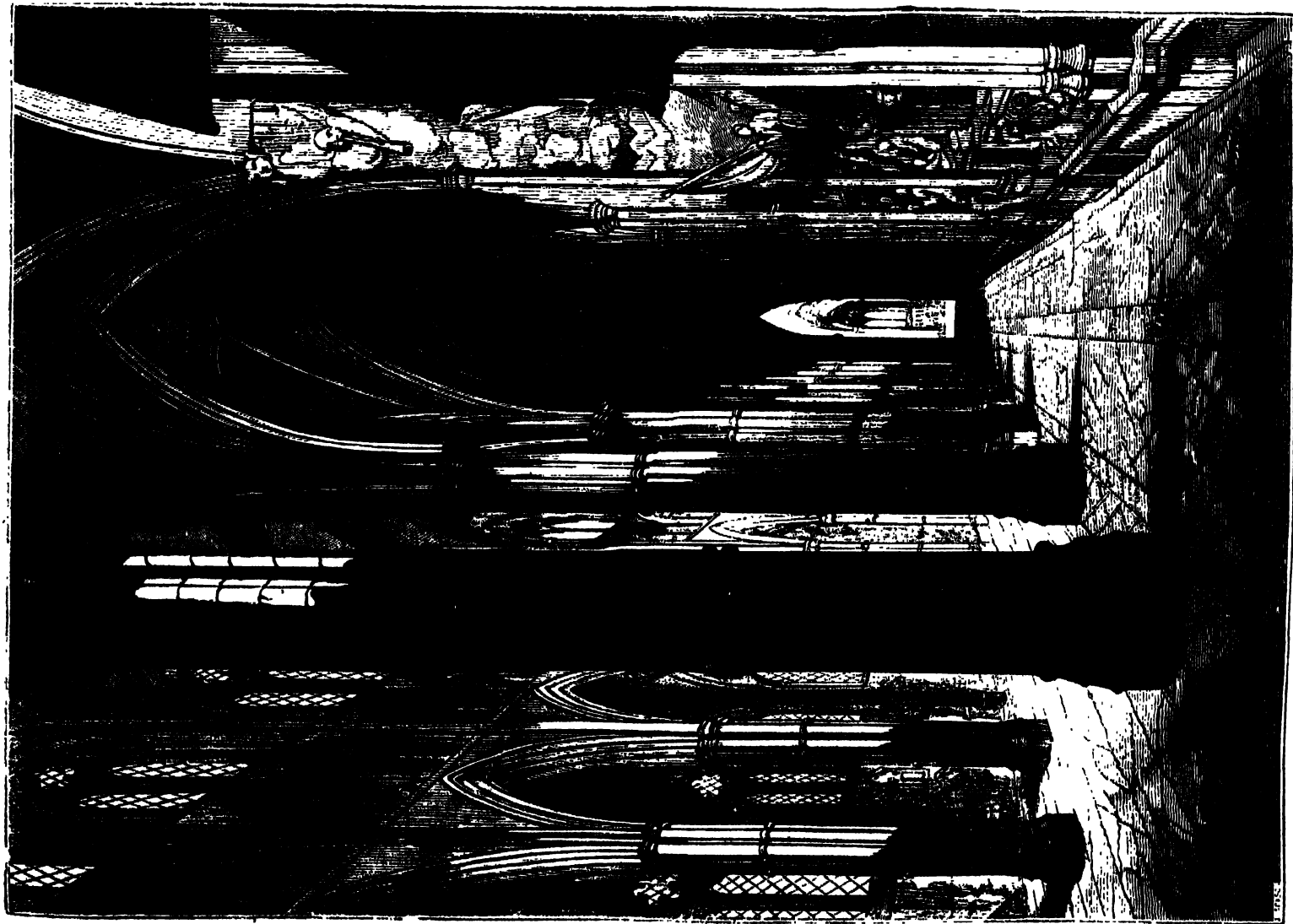
1014.—St. David's.



1010.—Bangor.



1018.—Shrine of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey.



1019.—Westminster Abbey. North Aisle, looking West.

days of penance enjoined. But it was reserved for Archbishop Roger, the sturdy opponent of Thomas à Becket, to effect its restoration. Soon after Walter Grey succeeded to the archbishopric, he commenced the present south transept, about the year 1200 or 1225. This is the oldest part of the existing edifice; from this time we are able to trace its gradual progress. The north transept is also believed to have been commenced by Walter Grey, but it was completed in the year 1260, by John le Romaine, treasurer of the church. His son, John le Romaine, who had been appointed Archbishop of York, laid the foundation of the nave in 1291, but he did not live to complete it. Archbishop Melton carried on the work with vigour, issuing indulgences to all who would aid, and, what required more self-denial, subscribing seven hundred pounds of his own money for the purpose. Other assistance was not lacking. The Lords Vavasour and Percy of Bolton contributed, the one stone from his quarries, and the other wood from his grounds; money was lent by some, and others gave their labour. It was not, however, till the year 1360 that the nave was finished by Archbishop Thoresby. This prelate was one of the most munificent contributors towards the erection of York Minster. Besides completing the nave, he removed the choir which Archbishop Roger had built, and laid the first stone of the present choir on the 29th of July, 1361, though it was many years before it was finished. Archbishop Thoresby contributed of his own money one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven pounds—a very large sum in those days—besides the materials of his mansion at Shireburn, towards building the choir. He was largely assisted by Pope Innocent VI., who “granted indulgences of two years and two quarters” to all who assisted in its erection. Urban V. also granted an indulgence of one year (1366), and Urban VI. gave to the Dean and Chapter the revenues of the Church of Misterton for ten years for the same purpose. The central tower was probably erected by John Skirraw, a prebendary of York, about the time of the completion of the choir: the towers at the west end of the cathedral were erected by John de Bermingham, about the year 1402: his name, with the figure of a bear, was to be seen cut in bold relief in the west face of the south tower till its destruction in the last fire. The chapter-house, the finest building of its kind in existence, is believed to have been commenced near the close of the thirteenth century, and finished about fifty years afterwards.

The building whose gradual rise we have thus traced, although wanting, of course, the uniformity of one constructed from a well-arranged plan, is a magnificent, almost a sublime structure. Even its irregularity is rather seen in the details than in the whole; its form being nearly regular, though its parts are somewhat discordant in style. It is not fortunate in its situation, which is low and confined, yet its mass and the grand scale on which every part is constructed, render it an imposing object from whatever point it is viewed. It is perhaps best seen as a whole from the Ramparts (Fig. 951), although with the disadvantage of looking down upon it—always the worst way of looking at an architectural object. The west front (Fig. 950) is very grand: the immensity of the structure here appears very striking.* The several parts, too, are singularly beautiful. The window is pronounced by an excellent judge to be “an unrivalled specimen of the leafy tracery that marks the style of the middle of the fourteenth century.” The lofty towers arising from the western aisles are uniform and very graceful; they are terminated by pinnacles and supported by buttresses, in every part highly enriched. Almost the whole of this front is adorned with a profusion of sculpture and tracery. Over the door is the figure of Archbishop Melton, with, on one side, a statue of Lord Percy (mentioned above) holding a piece of unhewn wood in his hand, and on the other a corresponding statue of Lord Vavasour holding in his hand a rough block of stone, to typify their benefactions to the church. The door is the only part that will perhaps bear an objection at this end, and it certainly appears too small as compared with the largeness of the other parts. The south transept is a noble piece of workmanship. Attached to it is a fine porch, over the entrance of which there used to be a clock of the time of Henry VII., with wooden figures to strike the hours, similar to those that formerly stood at St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, but they were removed with the clock some years back. The central tower is a very noticeable feature, and is very fine, but appears hardly high enough compared with those at the western end, being only one hundred and ninety-eight feet high, while they are two hundred and one feet to the top of the pinnacles: it has been supposed that it was intended to be crowned by a lofty spire. The interior of the edifice from the vastness of its

dimensions, and the internal length, is four hundred and eighty-three feet: the simplicity of its lines and the subdued splendour of the whole produces a powerful impression on the mind, lessened somewhat, it may be, by the recent appearance of so large a part of it—the roof of the nave and choir having been unfortunately destroyed by the fires that occurred within our own memory. The cathedral consists internally of a nave, choir, and Lady-chapel, each with its two aisles; north and south transepts, with two aisles, and a lantern in the centre; and a chapter-room, with a vestibule on the north side. The choir is shown in Figs. 952 and 954. The transepts at the north and south extremities are very dissimilar to each other. The elevation of that on the north side presents five tall and very beautiful windows, commonly known as “the five sisters;” above these are five other lancet windows of varied heights. The south transept is neither so regular nor so finished as the other, though rather richer in the details. The nave is remarkably beautiful, and the aisles are unequalled for grandeur in this kingdom; they are as lofty as those at Westminster, but not so narrow. The east window has an effect of surprising splendour as it is seen from the interior. Drake in his ‘*Eboracum*,’ says, “It may justly be called the wonder of the world both for masonry and glazing. It is very nearly the breadth and height of the middle choir.” By the scale affixed to his engraving of it, it is about seventy-eight feet high and thirty feet wide. It is divided into compartments, each containing the representation of an historical event; in all about two hundred subjects are represented. “It was begun to be glazed at the expense of the Dean and Chapter, anno 1405, who then contracted with John Thornton of Coventry, glazier, to execute it. He was to receive for his own work four shillings a week, and to finish the whole in three years. The indenture further witnesses that he should have one hundred shillings sterling every of the three years, and if he did his work truly and perfectly he was to receive ten pounds more for his care therein.” (‘*Ebor.*,’ 517.) There is a singular elaborate and very interesting screen that must just be noticed. It contains statues of the Kings of England from William I. to Henry V., and also that of James I., which was placed in a vacant niche when he visited the Minster. The chapter-house—which, as the Yorkists are accustomed to boast, is among houses what the rose is among flowers*—is a noble room of an octagonal form, its angular diameter being sixty feet, and height of the central base from the floor sixty-two feet. The roof is unsupported by any pillar. “Seven arched windows fill as many of its sides; the other is solid, with tracery on the walls to answer the pattern on the windows. The whole circumference, below the windows, except at the entrance, is occupied by fifty-four canopied stalls of stone, for the canons who composed the chapter. The canopies of these stalls afford early specimens of that beautiful tabernacle-work, as we are accustomed to call it, which soon afterwards was more elaborately ornamented. The columns of the stalls are of Petworth marble; the lines of their canopies are not very complex, but the sculpture is executed with great skill and spirit.” (Britton's *York Cathedral*.) The roof, which is simple and elegant, is of wood, and was not long since adorned with paintings and gilding. Over the door is a row of thirteen niches, formerly, it is thought, filled with statues of the Saviour and his Apostles.

The monuments are numerous, but not so fine as in some other cathedrals, while there is at least an equal number of absurd ones. Drake observed this more than a century back. “For instance, in our own church,” he says, “who can bear to read a long dull encomium on a child of six years old, where the author, some trencher scholar to the family no doubt, shamefully dresses it up in the garb and gravity of threescore? Or refrain from laughter if you can, when you are told by an old doating doctor of divinity, that his wife, who he says died of her twenty-fourth child, stood death like a soldier, and looked as lovely in her coffin as a young blooming virgin!” Some of the ancient monuments are, however, very beautiful. The most important is that of Archbishop Walter Grey, who built the south transept in which it is placed. It is a splendid relic of the thirteenth century. It consists of two tiers of trefoil arches, supported by eight slender columns, with capitals of luxuriant foliage, sustaining a canopy divided into eight niches, with angular pediments and elaborate finials. On a flat tomb under the canopy is an effigy of the archbishop in his pontifical robes. There is also a fine monument of Archbishop Bowet, of the early part of the reign of Henry VI.; and others to Archbishops Rotherham, Savage, &c. A very beautiful recumbent statue of the youthful Prince William de Hatfield, the second son of Edward III., should not be overlooked. It is engraved in C. Stothard's ‘*Monu-*

* The entire length of the church externally is five hundred and nineteen feet, the width of the west front above one hundred feet.

* Ut rosa flos florum,
Sic est domus ista domorum.

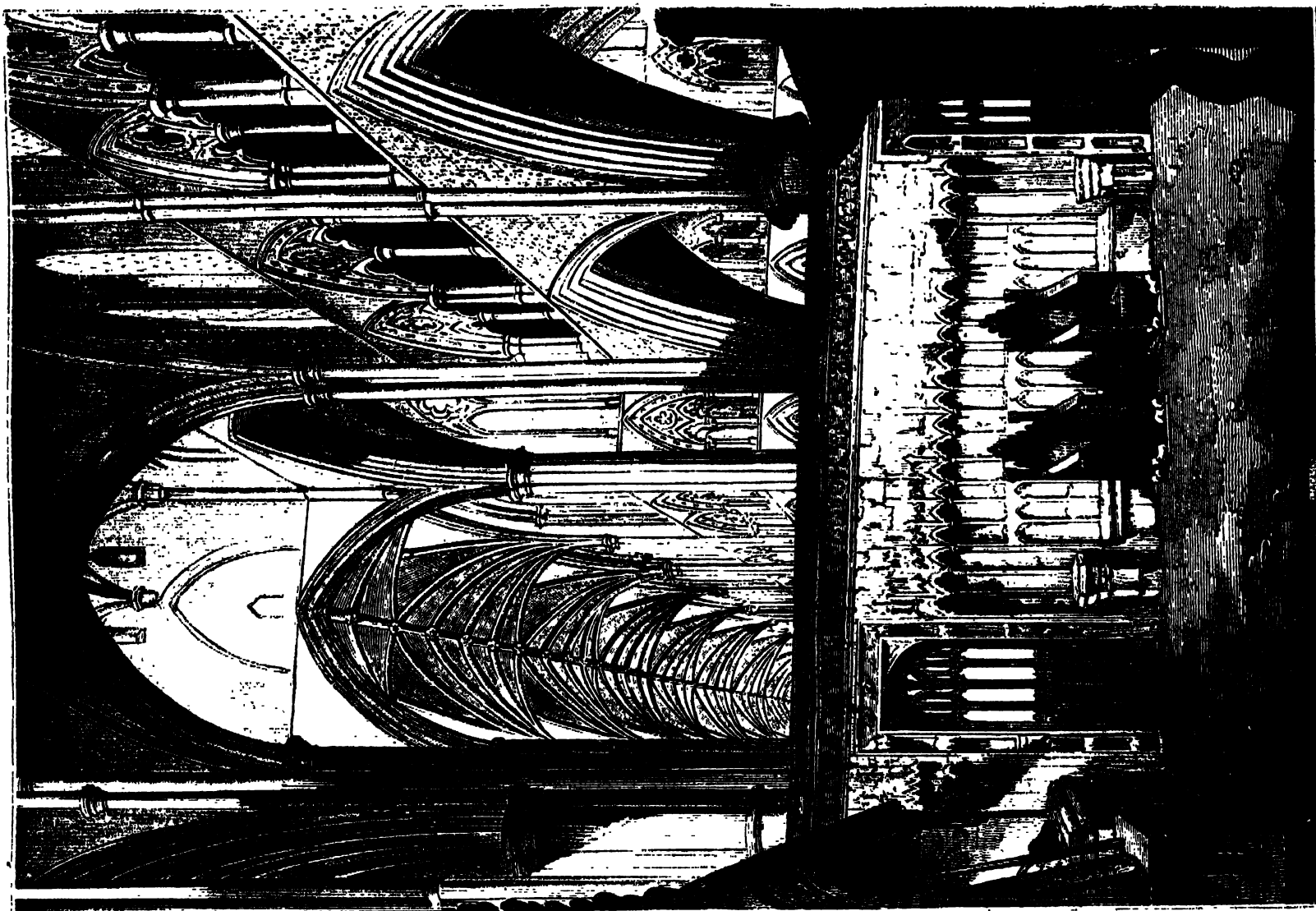
mental Effigies,' as are also some others that are curious for their costumes. Many of the old monuments were defaced by the soldiers of Cromwell; and of those that were left, some were much broken and others entirely destroyed in the late fires. Among the remarkable things contained in the cathedral—for, like Westminster, York can boast of its antiquities and its "curiosities"—is an ancient chair, in which it is said several Saxon kings were crowned; it is now used by the archbishops at ordinations and other solemnities. There is also a large ivory horn, which is mentioned by Camden, who has the following citation from "an ancient author," respecting the donation of which it serves as a token:—"Ulphus, the son of Toraldus, governed in the western part of Deira, and by reason of a difference like to happen betwixt his eldest son and his youngest, about his lordships when he was dead, he presently took the course to make them equal. Without delay he went to York, and taking the horn wherein he was wont to drink, he filled it with wine, and kneeling upon his knees before the altar, he bestowed upon God and the blessed St. Peter all his lands." By this horn the chapter holds estates of great value a little east of York, which are still "de Terra Ulphi." Another "curiosity" is a wooden head found in the tomb of Archbishop Rotherham when a new pavement was laid down. This prelate died of the plague, and it is supposed "that he was immediately and unceremoniously interred, and that an image was afterwards solemnly buried in the church in the insignia of the deceased prelate." Before the Reformation the cathedral possessed several indubitable relics, two or three of which we may name as a sample of the ware then most valued. There were some bones of St. Peter; two thorns from the crown of our Saviour; a tooth of St. Apollonia; part of the brain of St. Stephen; and not least perhaps were the relics of three Archbishops of York, namely, some hair of St. William, a cloth stained with the blood of Seroop, and an arm of St. Wilfrid, enclosed in an urn of silver. In our notice of Salisbury Cathedral we have spoken of boy-bishops; among the jewels formerly existing here, of which Dugdale gives a list, was "a small mitre set with stones for the bishop of the boys, or, as he was anciently called, the barne bishop, also a pastoral staff and ring for the same."

There are few prelates of celebrity who have held the see besides those we have already named. The St. William above mentioned was a nephew of King Stephen, and was in high repute during his life for his holiness; after his death many miracles were said to be worked by his remains, and about one hundred and fifty years afterwards he was canonized by Pope Nicholas: on this occasion his bones were taken up and reinterred with great solemnity in the nave, in presence of King Edward I., his queen, eleven bishops, and a large number of other important personages. A splendid shrine was erected over his remains, but it was destroyed at the Reformation. When the new pavement was laid down, his tomb was opened: this occurred in May, 1732, and Drake, the historian of York, was present. At a depth of about a yard a stone coffin was discovered, and inside it a leaden box, in which were the bones of the saint in tolerable preservation: he appeared to have been about five feet six inches in height—which is perhaps worth noticing, as it is not often there is an opportunity of taking the height of a real saint. The bones were carefully replaced. Another archbishop—by no means a saint—was Geoffrey, son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. He had held the see of Lincoln previously to that of York, but was compelled to give it up by the Pope, as he performed none of its duties, choosing rather to accompany his father in his wars against the Scots. He was the favourite son of Henry, whose last request was that Richard would appoint him to the Archbishopric of York. This Richard did, but made him pay exorbitantly for the office. The rest of his life was spent in quarrels, first with William de Longchamps, the Chancellor, then with John and the Pope, and to the end of his life with his own canons; he remained a bishop militant to the last. Shakspeare's "Seroop, Archbishop of York," will be remembered for the part he took against Henry IV., and for his tragical fate. Cardinal Wolsey also held the see, but he never visited his diocese.

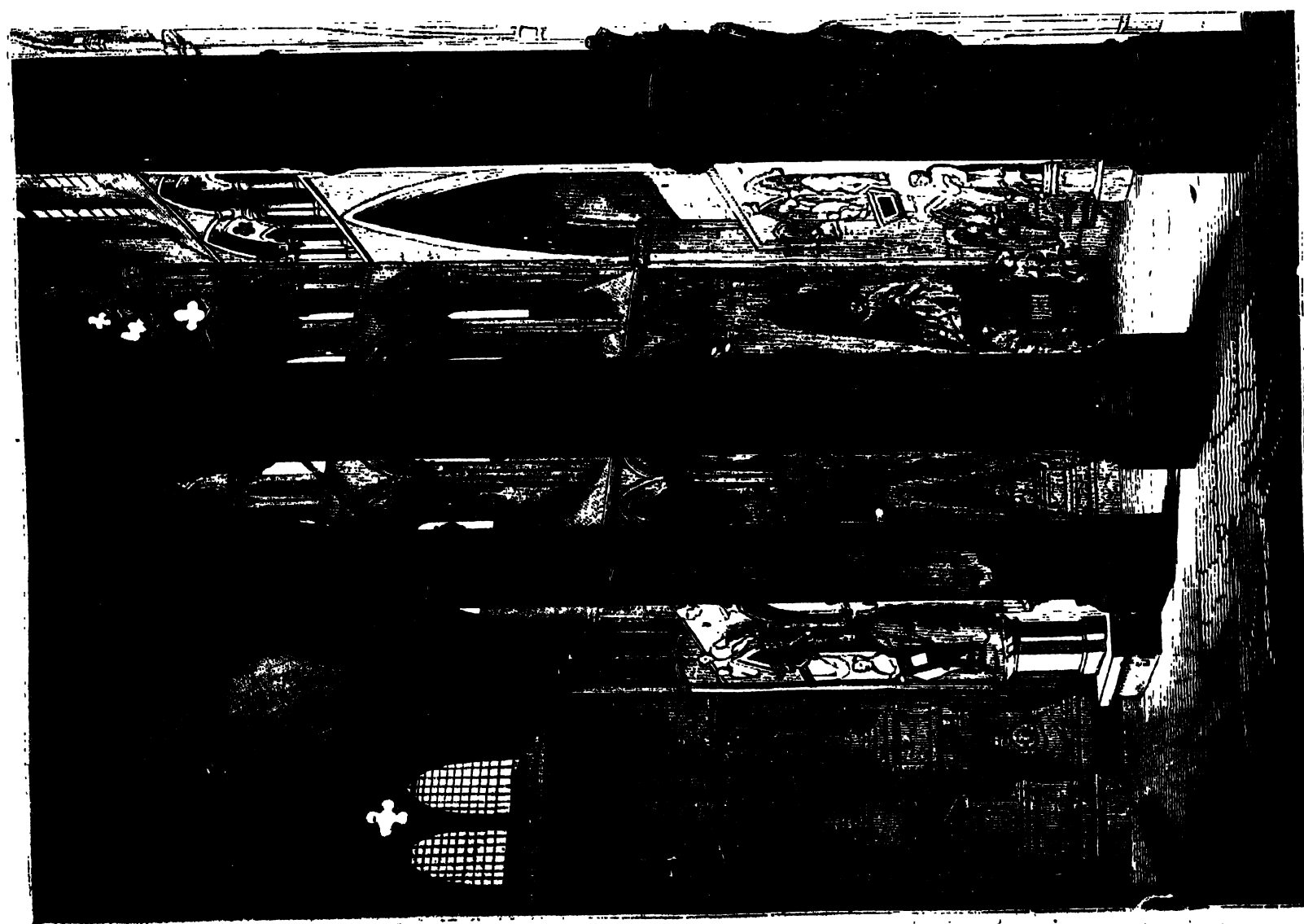
The earlier churches, as we have seen, were successively destroyed by fire; the present Minster has twice narrowly escaped a similar fate. The first time was on the 2nd of February, 1829. It was the work of a maniac, Jonathau Martin, who had concealed himself in the Minster the preceding day, Sunday, after prayers. His own account of his proceedings displays no little of that shrewdness so often observed in such persons. He hid himself, he said, in the belfry till the clock struck half-past one, singing hymns; he then got down into the body of the church; when he "got to the great door of the prayer-place," he said, "I found it locked. I then fastened the cord on one side (he had cut one of the bell-ropes

to assist him), and got to the top of the door, and let myself down in the inside. The first thing I did was that of getting all the books that I could, and cushions that were necessary, piled them up in two heaps, and set one pile on fire at the archbishop's throne, and the other at the right-hand side of the organ; but before I set it on fire, I scrambled up the pulpit side, and cut off the gold lace all round the pulpit, with my razor, and after that I cut off all the silk velvet I could get. When half-past two o'clock struck, I lighted my fires; that at the archbishop's throne burnt very fast, but the other burnt very slowly. I stayed half an hour in the place watching it. At three o'clock I started out on my journey." He was soon apprehended and tried, but acquitted on the ground of insanity. He was of course sent to a lunatic asylum, where he died, in October, 1838. Some fanatic notions seem to have been floating in his bewildered brain; his own statement of his reason for committing the act is as follows:—"I set fire to the Minster in consequence of two remarkable dreams. I dreamt that one stood by me, with a bow and a sheaf of arrows, and he shot one through the Minster door. I said I wanted to try to shoot, and he presented me the bow. I took an arrow from the sheaf and shot, but the arrow hit the flags and I lost it. I also dreamt that a large thick cloud came down over the Minster, and extended to my lodgings; from these things I thought that I was to set fire to the Minster." By this fire the whole of the roof of the choir, two hundred and twenty-two feet long, was destroyed, with the woodwork on each side; and the walls above the arches of the choir were so much damaged that it was found necessary to rebuild them; the organ was burnt, and the altar-screen so much injured as to render a new one necessary; the communion plate, too, was melted. No time was lost in repairing the parts injured; the restorations were scarcely completed when another fire occurred, hardly less destructive in its results. A workman, who had been employed to repair the clock, with most culpable negligence left his candle burning when he quitted his work. This was on the evening of May 20, 1840, and by nine o'clock the south tower, in which he had been employed, was discovered to be in flames. By twelve o'clock the south tower was destroyed, and the whole of the roof of the nave had fallen in. The progress of the flames was checked by the great tower, but the amount of damage sustained was very great—in an antiquarian view irreparable. Mr. Smirke, who had so successfully restored the choir, has since been employed in reconstructing the south tower and the nave. The works are now almost completed, and it is said with entire success. When we saw them some time back, they certainly appeared to us to be performed with great judgment; but it was difficult to decide as to the general effect from the place being so occupied by the scaffolding.

We cannot better commence our notice of LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL than with a short story. Penda was King of Mercia, the most extensive and powerful of the kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy. The princes whose dominions lay contiguous to his had been induced to cast aside their pagan idols, and assume the name of Christians. Penda was continually engaged in war with them, and obtained, some writers believe undeservedly, the character of a sanguinary persecutor. The Middle Angles, or English, who inhabited Leicestershire, were at the time governed by his eldest son, Peda, to whom the authority had been delegated. In 653 this young prince arrives on a visit at the court of Oswy, a converted King of Northumbria. Oswy has a daughter, Alchleda, for whom the pagan prince conceives a passion. Oswy consents to the marriage, on condition that the young idolater is baptized into the Christian faith. Love prevails, and Peda returns to his own province with his bride, and four priests, who are to teach his people the new religion. Troubles rapidly thicken around him. His wife proves unworthy of his attachment, his father and his father-in-law are involved in a cruel war, whilst he cannot consistently take part with either, for though he may suspect Oswy of having decoyed him into the recognition of Christianity, from secret motives of selfish ambition, yet he cannot help his father without aiding paganism, and violating his baptismal vows; nor, on the other hand, can his wishes to see Mercia a converted kingdom induce him to draw the sword for his father's inveterate enemy, who is seeking to enhance his own dominions by Penda's ruin. After two years' warfare the ambitious Northumbrian attains his object. Penda is defeated in battle, and slain, and Oswy adds King of Mercia to his other titles. Nor is this all; from 642 to 670 he is also Bretwalda, that is, Emperor of the whole Heptarchy. He seems to have been one of the most ferocious, vigorous, and ambitious spirits of his day. His unhappy son-in-law, Peda, was permitted for twelve months to share his triumphs (he ruled over the



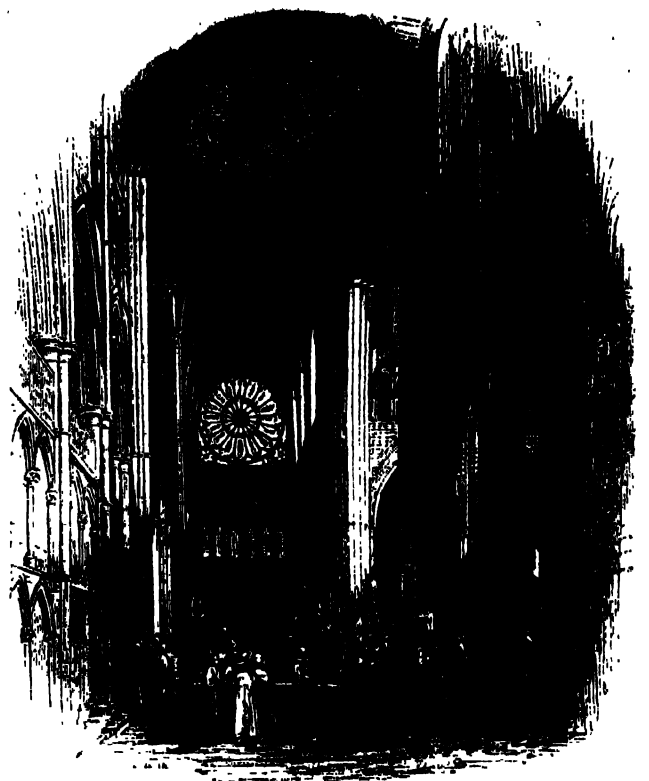
1013.—The Nave, Westminster Abbey, looking West from St. Edward's Chapel.



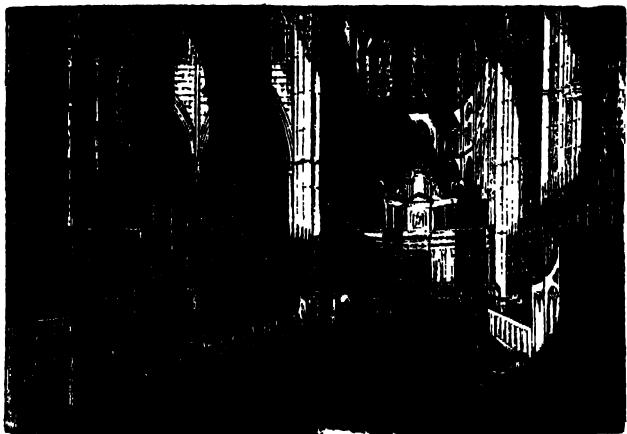
1014.—Reet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.



1019.—Front of the Northern Transept, Westminster Abbey



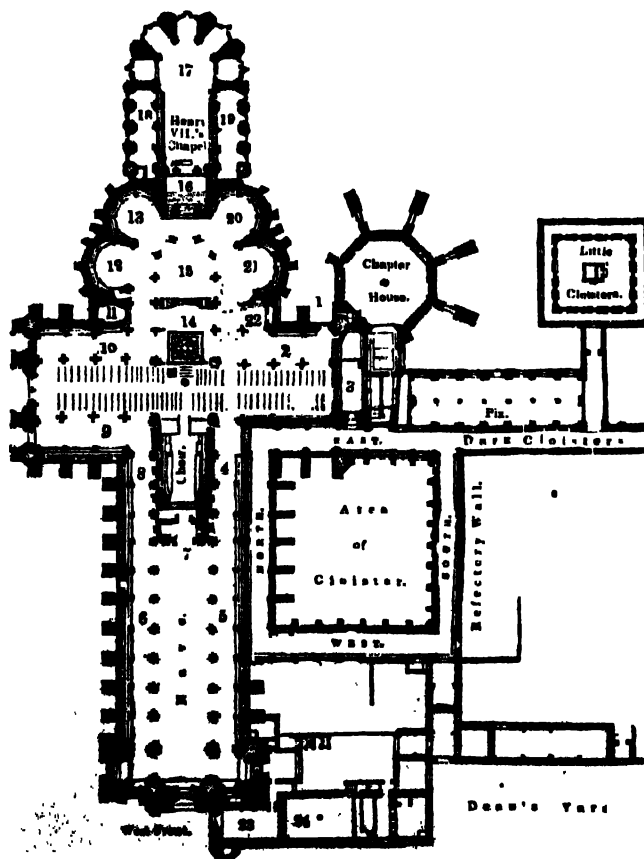
1020.—Funeral of Henry V.



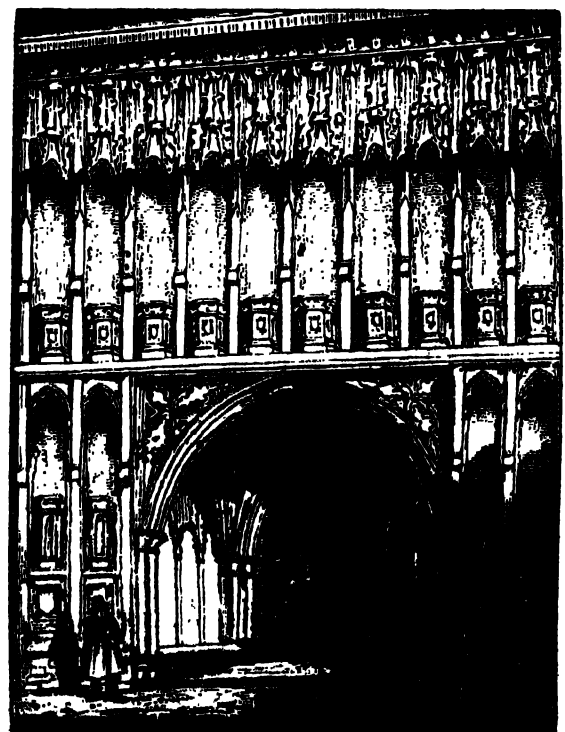
1021.—Choir West.



1022.—Westminster Abbey and Hall in the Seventeenth Century.



1023.—Plan of Westminster Abbey.



1024.—Westminster Abbey, Western Entrance.

Mercians south of the Trent, the chief part of his father's dominion), but was then basely murdered, and according to general belief, by his treacherous wife, at the instigation of her father. Oswy had now removed his enemy and the heir of his enemy, and was at the summit of his desires; but he was as incapable of moderation in the use of power as in attaining it, and was ultimately driven from Mercia by an insurrection, to give place to Wulfhere, a younger brother of Peda, but who was, like his father Penda, a determined pagan. This Oswy and his converted son-in-law Beda were the first founders of Lichfield church and monastery; and one of the four priests that we have mentioned as having been brought out of Northumbria by Peda to his own dominions was Diuma, the first bishop of the great see of Mercia, which included nearly half of England. The conversion of King Wulfhere was accomplished, we are told, by a most unique miracle, and the narration, as given by the monks of Peterborough, introduces us to a very illustrious personage in Catholic history,—St. Chad, the first bishop who established the see at Lichfield, and whose relics were worshipped here upwards of a thousand years after. At one time, probably when the pagan Wulfhere was persecuting the Christians of his kingdom, Ceadda, or Chad, or Chadd, for his name is spelled in various ways, lived as a hermit in a cell by the side of a spring, where his only nourishment was the milk of a doe. The two sons of Wulfhere, accidentally discovering his retreat, were induced by the eloquent instructions of the recluse not only to keep secret his place of abode, but to change their own faith. Wulfhere, having some reason to suspect what had occurred, watched his sons to the cell, whither they were in the habit of resorting to engage in devotional exercises with their teacher. In his fury, Wulfhere slew them in the sight of the venerable man, who fled in terror, to seek for himself another hiding-place. But Wulfhere was more a violent than a hard-hearted man. Remorse and grief led him to the feet of the hermit, of whom he sought forgiveness and consolation, and begged that he would intercede with heaven for him. Ceadda seized the favourable occasion to turn the yielding heart of the king to the faith he had persecuted; and as a proof of the power of that faith, which it would have been wonderful indeed if mortal man could have resisted, *hung Wulfhere's cloak on a sunbeam*. With or without the miracle, Wulfhere became one of the most ardent of converts, and the legend is valuable as giving an insight into the sufferings of the early English Christians, and the manner in which (apart from mysteries of the cloak-and-sunbeam sort, which were no doubt often gratuitously added afterwards) the faith of Jesus gradually superseded the Saxon idolatries. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the corruptions defiling that holy faith were fewer at that time than they became afterwards. The Anglo-Saxon bishops were less magnificent personages than those of subsequent ages. Their sees were fixed in retired villages, and they loved seclusion and simplicity, and spent a great part of their lives in prayer and meditation and Christian communion, approximating indeed near to the Apostolical standard. Thus, Ceadda, in the house he built for himself, near the monastery, in the humble village of Lichfield, was wont to read and pray with a few, that is, seven or eight, of the brethren, as often as he had any spare time from the labours and ministry of the word. That he was a pure and zealous minister of God there is not a doubt; and it is a pity that with the truth of his history so much adulteration should be blended: though one feels not unwilling to be credulous, when we read of the pleasant songs of angels with which his transit from this painful life to a happy immortality was announced and solemnized.

In the history of the see, the first event of moment is the splitting of the Mercian diocese into five separate bishoprics by Theodore of Canterbury, by whom Ceadda had been made bishop; a clear indication thus how the new faith had prospered in Mercia under Ceadda and his three predecessors since Diuma. The next event, about 786, is the elevation of Lichfield into an archbishopric, comprehending the kingdoms of Mercia and the East Angles: this was done by Pope Adrian, at the suit of Offa, a warlike king of Mercia, who, having conquered the kingdom of which Canterbury formed a part, and having a personal hatred to the archbishop, did not choose his prelates should be in subjection in any way to the humbled province, or to a man whom he regarded as his enemy. But the honour lasted only during the life of him who had obtained it "fraudulently and surreptitiously," as the Synod of 803 declared when deciding to resume the pall, and compel Lichfield to return to her ancient duty to the metropolitical see of Canterbury. Under the Norman regime the see of Lichfield was removed to Chester, thence subsequently to Coventry, and thence back again to Lichfield, but in connection with Coventry. The see of Lichfield and Coventry is the present designation.

The primitive church of Lichfield was rebuilt by Hæda, in 700, who brought St. Chad's bones to a shrine he had prepared, and dedicated the edifice to him. In the twelfth century Roger de Clinton "built it new" to the honour of St. Mary and St. Chad, and his church was the foundation of the present cathedral, which on the whole is of the style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries: Bishop Heyworth, in the fifteenth, is stated by Fuller to have completed it. If not one of our very noblest cathedrals, Lichfield is able to boast a harmony and elegance, and especially a picturesqueness, highly original and attractive. In length it is four hundred and ten feet, in width one hundred and fifty-three. The engraving will convey a better idea than any description of the three remarkable and elaborately wrought spires, the chief of which is two hundred and eighty feet high. (Fig. 965.) The west front abounds in "exquisite imagerie," now sadly mutilated by time and war. Walter Langton's Lady-Chapel, which enclosed St. Chad's miraculous shrine, is very beautiful, with its high and rich windows filled with stained glass brought from the nunnery of Herckenrode in Liege. We are permitted to have a free view of every part of the exterior of this cathedral by the fine open space around it, which is elevated above the rest of the city, and is entirely under the cathedral jurisdiction.

During the civil wars this close sustained no less than three sieges, alternately from Puritans and Cavaliers, in the course of which it is said that two thousand cannon-shot and fifteen hundred hand-grenades were discharged at the cathedral. In the first siege Lord Brook was shot by a gentleman of the Dyott family, who was on a battlement of one of the cathedral towers, and saw his lordship directing a battery on the east gate of the close, while partially sheltered under the porch of a small house. Lord Brook had vowed the destruction of this "hateful temple of episcopacy," and prayed for some especial token of God's favour during his enterprise. He had the token, said the royalists, but not as he had anticipated. As the event occurred on St. Chad's day, of course the saint had the credit of interposing for Lord Brook's punishment. The memory of these sanguinary times seems now little to accord with the aspect of the cathedral close, with its tranquil lawn-like verdure—its fine old trees—its quiet mansions—and its sheet of water, one of Lichfield's three ancient pools. Near the close was formerly a willow tree, the delight of Johnson's "early and waning life," and even still more so of Miss Seward's; it was the ornament of Stowe Valley, the subject of every writer, the gratification of every naturalist, and the admiration of every traveller. Dr. Johnson never visited this city but he proceeded to his favourite willow, a description of which was drawn up at his desire, by Dr. Jones, for the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1731. This willow, after having often been shattered by the high winds, was finally uprooted in the night of April 28th, 1829. ('Family Topographer,' vol. iv. p. 262.)

In the wars just mentioned the cathedral was so much injured as to be almost deemed beyond repair; but what cannot be accomplished by zeal? On the Restoration, and only the very morning after the arrival of Dr. Hacket, the bishop, that dignitary set his servants to remove the rubbish, and helped vigorously with his own hands. He made extraordinary exertions to get money contributed for the work, besides being profuse with his own means, until the melancholy ruin once more was restored to form and beauty; but not exactly as we now see it, for in 1788 it was found necessary to obtain the services of Mr. Wyatt, to institute a thorough repair, involving some important alterations, the expense being met by subscriptions.

The almost total absence of ancient tombs, monuments, and brasses is deeply to be regretted: we owe this, as well as the destruction of the cathedral records, to the two periods so fatal to our great ecclesiastical houses. Henry VIII. swept away, among other treasures of the church and see, every shrine, except St. Chad's, which he spared on the petition of Bishop Rowland Lee. The Puritans accomplished a greater destruction, when they stabled their horses in the nave, placed courts of guard in the cross aisles, and relieved their sterner duties (as party statements tell us) by tearing up the pavements, and hunting a cat with hounds through the sacred edifice to delight themselves with the echoes from the roof. Among the modern mementoes of the dead, there is one that will long be sought by the pilgrims of art with feelings only less reverential than actuated their religious predecessors: we allude to the far-famed piece of statuary of the Sleeping Children, by Chantrey, placed above the tomb of the two grand-daughters of Dean Woodhouse. When we can turn from this to lesser objects, we perceive a bust of the "great chain" of literature, Johnson, which reminds us of his long friendship with Garrick, that began

at Lichfield, where David was one of the three pupils of Johnson's school, and from whence both started off together to try their fortunes in London, and both to be most successful. Miss Seward's monument, with Scott's inscription, provokes a smile even here by the recollection of the vain lady and her works, and the ludicrous dilemma in which an unhappy passing expression of admiration placed him. Here too is a monument of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the firm-minded experimentalist of vaccination.

Pacing meditatively the "long-drawn aisles," the sweet and solemn chimes of the bells recall an anecdote of the enthusiastic churchman Hacket, the first of whose peal of six was hung when he was near death. He went from his chamber into the next room, where he could better catch the sound, seemed exceedingly gratified, and blessed God who had favoured him with life to hear it, at the same time observing it would be his passing-bell—and so it was, for he went back to his chamber and left it no more until he was borne to the grave. Among the curiosities of the library is a remarkable book with strange drawings, said to be a thousand years old, in Saxon characters, entitled the Gospels of St. Chad; also a Koran taken from the Moors; and a folio illuminating Chaucer.

It has been a cherished tradition in Lichfield, that the place was originally chosen for the bishop's seat in order to keep in honoured remembrance the martyrdom of a thousand Christians under Dioclesian and Maximilian, and a spot called Christian Field is pointed out as the scene of the slaughter. Dr. Johnson's opinion, and which he took care to put into his Dictionary, that Lichfield means "a field of the dead," is relied on in confirmation of the story. But the antiquarian doctors differ among themselves—so who shall decide? Dr. Stukely derived the name from the march about; Mr. Britton, curiously enough, believes, after all, that it means *Pleasant Field*. This interpretation of all events harmonizes most with modern Lichfield, that stands in a verdant valley (nearly in the centre of England), with gentle hills on every side.

There appears to have been at BATH a body of religious men from the very earliest ages of Christianity, who had their house near the springs, which according to tradition were first discovered by Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, who, being infected with the leprosy, was banished from the palace, and found an asylum with a swineherd, who employed him to watch his pigs. "Then," however, in the words of a humorous "Zomerzetshire" poet, who has somewhat richly treated a rich subject,

Bladud did the pigs infect, who grunting ran away,
And found whot waters presently, which made 'em yesh and gay.
Bladud was not so grote a vool, but seeing what pig did doe,
He beath'd, and wash'd, and rins'd, and beath'd, from noddle down to toe,
Bladud was now (Grammercy, pig!) a delicate vine boy,

and returned to his friends, and ultimately succeeded to the throne of Lud Hudibras, when he erected a city around the springs, to commemorate the circumstance of his own recovery, and blazon their fame abroad to aid in the recovery of others. And so Bath became, says tradition—not very trustworthy, we fear in this instance—the capital of the British monarchs. Bath was, in truth, a Roman city, chosen, like many other of their cities, solely on account of its hot springs.

This house of religious devotees appears to have undergone many changes of constitution, to have experienced many vicissitudes of fortune. Among its earliest benefactors were Osric, a Saxon king, Offa, king of Mercia, Athelstan, and Edgar. During the insurrection of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, in the reign of Rufus, the town and monastery were burnt and ruined. The circumstances of its restoration are not a little remarkable. A monk of Tours, one John de Villula, who, like many of his brethren, practised medicine, settled at Bath, and, says the historian Warner, though nothing more than an empiric, found means to accumulate a large fortune by his practice, which included the imposing upon the ignorance and credulity of the invalids who flocked to the healing waters of the city. Nothing less would content John de Villula's ambition than the purchase of Bath, which he managed by a payment to Rufus of five hundred marks, and its restoration to prosperity and splendour by the re-erection of its chief edifices, including the church and monastery. And all this he accomplished. Still unsatisfied, he next sought to remove to Bath the see of Wells, and again he was successful, through the professional process of anointing the king's hands, as Matthew Paris silyly observes, with "white ointment." The conclusion to the whole was, that Henry I. very fittingly and justly marked his sense of Villula's public spirit by confirming all the existing privileges of Bath, and conferring new; and that, in 1106, Villula, then *Bishop of Bath*, gave the whole, with a more than princely generosity, to the monastery, reserving to himself and successors the right of appointing the

prior, who was thenceforth to rule in the place of the abbot of former times. And now, looking at John de Villula's earlier life by the light of his later, may we not conclude that the modern historian has probably been a little too hasty in his judgment, when he brands such a man as an empiric and an impostor?

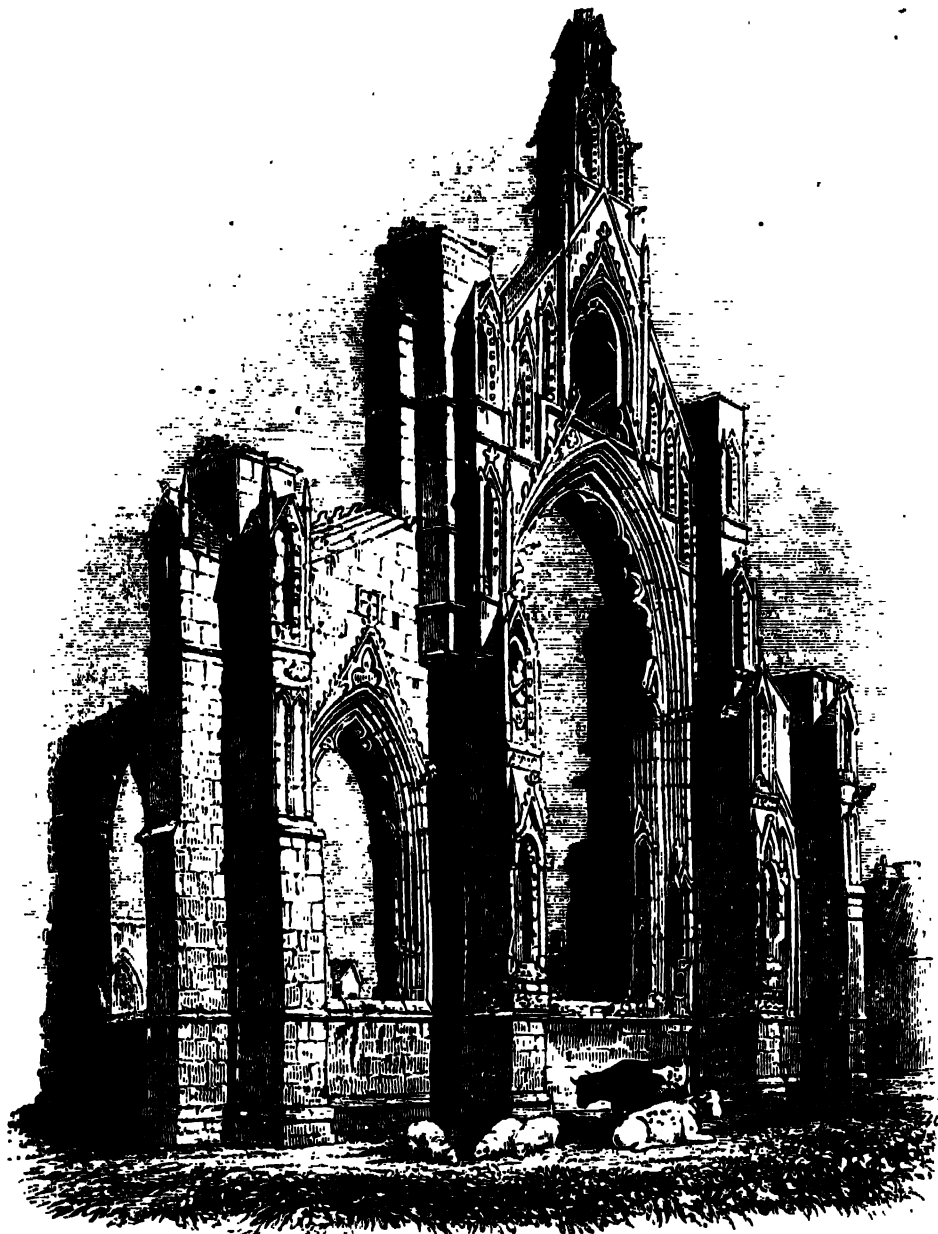
Bath Cathedral (Fig. 984) has one architectural feature which distinguishes it in an interesting manner from all other English buildings of the same class: it was the latest of the whole in the period of its erection, having been begun in the reign of Henry VII. and finished in the reign of the second James. Oliver King was the bishop to whom the commencement of this good work was owing; and the circumstances that made him determine to undertake such a mighty task in those degenerate days are not unworthy of narration. "Lying at Bath, and musing or meditating one night late, after his devotions and prayers for the prosperity of Henry VII. and his children (who were all in most part living), to which king he was principal secretary, and by him preferred to his bishopric—he saw, or supposed he saw, a vision of the Holy Trinity, with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, near to the foot of which there was a fair olive-tree, supporting a crown, and a voice that said, 'Let an Olive establish the crown, and let a King restore the church.' Of this 'dream or vision' he took exceeding great comfort, and told it divers of his friends, applying it to the king, his master, in part, and some part to himself. To his master, because the olive being the emblem or hieroglyphic of peace and plenty, seemed to him to allude to King Henry VII., who was worthily counted the wisest and most peaceable king in all Europe of that age. To himself (for the wisest will flatter themselves sometimes), because he was not only a chief counsellor to his king, and had been his ambassador to conclude the most honourable peace with Charles VIII., . . . but also, because he carried both the Olive and the King in his own name, and therefore thought he was specially designed for this church work, to the advancement of which he had an extraordinary inclination. Thus though (as St. Thomas of Aquina well noteth) all dreams, be they never so sensible, will be found to halt in some part of their coherence, and so perhaps may this; yet most certain it is, he was so transported with his dream, for the time, that he presently set in hand with the church (the ruins whereof I rue to behold even in writing these lines), and at the west end thereof he caused a representation to be graved of this his vision of the Trinity, the angels, and the ladder; and on the north side the olive and crown, with certain French words which I could not read, but in English is the verse taken out of the book of Judges, chap. ix.:

"Trees, going to choose their king,
Said—Be to us the Olive King, &c." *

The "French verses" here mentioned were most probably merely a later translation of the English one which is understood to have been inscribed on the part in question; and the window to which Harrington refers in the words "at the west end," is at the present time one of the glories of the cathedral, representing, by means of many figures, the dream we have described, and which led to the re-erection of the pile. The author from whom we have quoted the foregoing passage was the well-known poet, and the godson and favourite of Elizabeth; and to him we are indirectly indebted for the completion of the cathedral. Being left unfinished by Bishop King, and the Reformation coming to arrest all such architectural labours, the edifice fell into a very dilapidated state, although in the reign of Elizabeth certain benefactors stepped forward and did something. But in Harrington's time, according to his own words above transcribed, the church remained in ruins, and he then determined, if he could, to be instrumental in its restoration. And an opportunity soon occurred. Whilst Bishop Montague was at Bath, on his primary visitation, and walking in the grove, he was suddenly caught in a shower, which induced him, on the invitation of Sir John, to seek shelter in the church. The knight took him into the north aisle, then entirely roofless, which made the bishop remark that this situation did not shelter him from the rain. "Doth it not, my lord?" said the knight: "then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church; for if it keep not us safe from the waters above, how shall it ever save others from the fire beneath?" The appeal was successful; Bishop Montague set to work, and all but completed the cathedral.

And the edifice, when finished, though not large (the extreme length is two hundred and ten feet, extreme breadth one hundred and twenty-six), looked noble, with its superb central tower, and formed altogether a very pure and beautiful example of the latest period of Pointed architecture; but it has been reserved for the present time to show practically how little such work was appreciated, by

* Harrington's 'Nugæ Antiquæ.'



1025.—Howden Church.



1026.—Tomb of the Boy-Bishop, Salisbury.



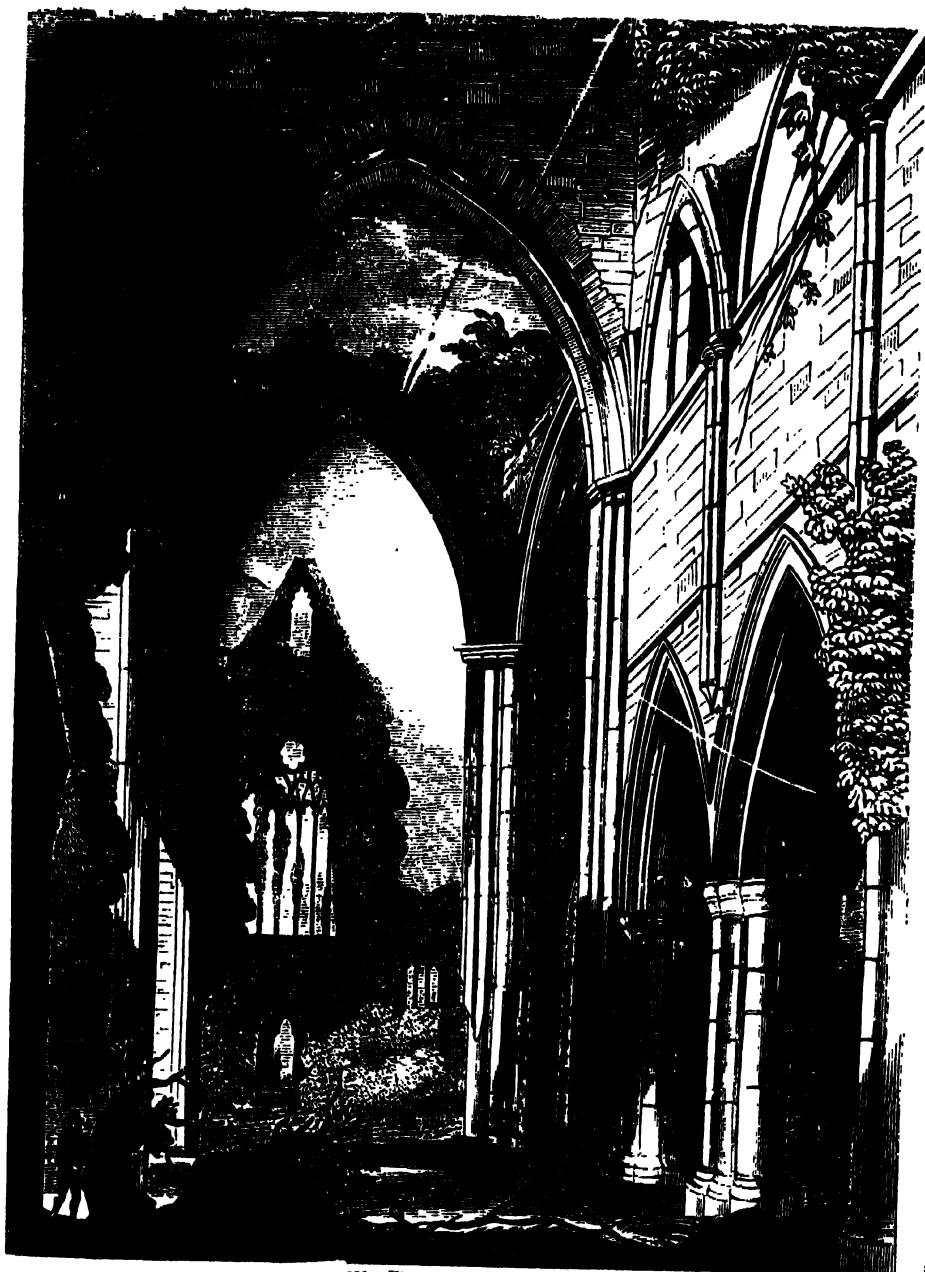
1027.—Ruins of Melton Abbey.



1028.—Francis, or Grey Friar.



1029.—Francis, or Black Friar.



1032.—View of Tintern Abbey.



1033.—Winchester College.



1034.—New Abbey, Kirkcudbrightshire. (From an Original Sketch.)



1035.—Lich-Gate at Beckenham.



making in it the most extensive and most injurious alterations. The remarkable square east window was supported by square towers; these the clever improvers of the nineteenth century have changed into octagonal pinnacles. The—but it is idle to particularise—for in short the whole character of the cathedral has been wantonly destroyed,—it *was* called, from its general lightness and elegance, the lantern of England; we may keep the title—but if so, let it be as we hang lights against dangerous places in our streets, to *warn* rather than to attract. We may add that the interior is crowded with monuments of all shapes, sizes, and materials, a heterogeneous assemblage, which may excuse the somewhat irreverent tone of the lines—

These walls, adorned with monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.

The first religious oratory in Britain is said, by monastic writers to have been built of "wreathed twigs" at Glastonbury, by Joseph of Arimathea and eleven other disciples of St. Philip; and that hence arose the conversion to Christianity of the native Britons of the district in which Wells and Glastonbury are situated. If the legend be true, the doctrines thus taught were soon effaced, for when the West Saxons possessed the country, the Italian missionary Birinus, observing how deeply all were sunk in idolatry, paused in his progress, as he was journeying to parts beyond the dominion of the English, where he had intended to sow the seed of the Holy Faith, and addressed himself to the difficult task of enlightening the hearts of the pagans he saw around him, wisely concluding that the need of knowledge could nowhere be greater. It was a work of time to uproot the deeply-seated pagan superstitions; and the West Saxons had so far relapsed into their old infirmities, as greatly to incense Pope Formosus, who issued a thundering missive; fulminating eternal damnation against their king, Edward the Elder (the son and successor of Alfred), and all his subjects, if they should invalidate this decree, namely, that among other changes, in consequence of the West Saxons having been left seven years without a pastor, three new bishoprics should be forthwith instituted among them. One of these three was WELLS. Doubts have been cast on the genuineness of the Pope's missive; but, at all events, the see was certainly formed about this period—the beginning of the tenth century. It seems generally believed that the first church was built at Wells two centuries earlier, in 704, by King Ina, and that it was a religious seminary, dedicated to St. Andrew, because placed near a medicinal and miraculous spring revered as St. Andrew's well, and sometimes called the Bottomless Well; and this account is based both on tradition and probability, although there is no evidence in contemporary documents to stamp certainty upon it. The connection of a common and honoured origin was not forgotten by the houses of Glastonbury and Wells. A distinguished monk or abbot of Glastonbury was often elected to be bishop of Wells; and in the reign of Richard I. the abbey of Glastonbury was annexed to this see, in exchange for Bath. The means by which this was accomplished are most remarkable. Savaric, bishop of Wells, had earnestly coveted the abbey, on account, it would seem, of its great wealth; and being a kinsman of the Emperor of Germany, he employed his secret influence with that monarch to seize Coeur-de-Lion on his return from the Holy Land, in order to make one of the conditions of the king's release his surrendering the abbey of Glastonbury to Savaric. For the proof of this story we have a record of Henry III., mentioned by Stow; and Coeur-de-Lion afterwards declared "that the abbey had been extorted from him by force and terror." Savaric, however, kept his prize, and removed his see thither.

The undaunted founder of the present cathedral (Figs. 982, 983) was Joceline de Welles, who "built it new from the very foundation," in the year 1239. "No one," says the Canon of Wells, in 'Anglia Sacra,' "had ever been like this man, and we have never seen a successor equal to him." The body of the church, from the west end to the middle of the choir, is visibly of or about the time of this prelate. The style is pointed, but bears strongly upon it the impress of the Norman architecture out of which it had just arisen, being much more ponderous and sombre than the Eastern parts of the fabric, built in later times. The quadrangular main tower, resting on four broad arches, is particularly massive, even to a fault.

Mr. Britton observes, that in passing through the choir toward the eastern end, lightness and richness and elegance grow on us until we arrive at the part about the altar, which is exceedingly florid and beautiful. Even this, however, is far surpassed by the exquisite Lady-Chapel—that perfect gem of ecclesiastical architecture, which, placed amid so much that is glorious beside, seems to us like a sweet fanciful episode to a noble poem. As the Lady-

Chapel is the most superb, so is the west front the grandest portion of the edifice. The mere account of the sculpture upon it is truly astonishing, comprising an assemblage of one hundred and fifty statues of life size, and above three hundred smaller ones. The niches are beautifully decorated, and the canopies rest on slight and elegant pillars of finely-polished marble. The quadrangle of the cloisters measure on each side from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty feet. The two western towers, erected toward the end of the fourteenth century, and the chapter-house, a handsome octangular building fifty-two feet in diameter, sustained on one central pillar, are, among the other portions of the edifice, peculiarly deserving notice. The dimensions of the pile are as follows:—371 feet in length from east to west; 135 feet the transept or extreme breadth; 160 feet the height of the main tower; and 126 feet the height of the west tower. The whole cathedral, both within and without, forms one of the grandest of our national architectural effects. A more majestic object can hardly be conceived than it presents as seen from all the great roads leading to the ancient city, to which it imparts an aspect of great dignity. Nature, too, has favoured the spot. The Mendip Hills on the north, in form like an amphitheatre, and the rich and green meadows on the south, present lofty and beautiful combinations, finely harmonizing with the stately work of human intelligence before them. We may here observe that several of the bishops of Wells of the middle ages were wont to pursue the unclerical sports of hunting and hawking,—nay, we are told that Ralph de Salopia (the builder of that lofty and embattled wall, with its broad moat, that gives such a fortress-like character to the episcopal palace of Wells, and also the founder of the Vicar's Close) actually destroyed by hunting *all the wild beasts* of Mendip forest; and Reginald Fitz-Joceline, a bishop of most rare geniality of temperament, was not only passionately fond of the field-sports of his time, but took pains that his successors might enjoy them also, for he obtained from Richard I. liberty for the bishops of Wells to keep dogs for hunting throughout all Somersetshire. But if it could not be said of Joceline that cure of souls was his chief aim, neither could it be said that he was oppressive or ambitious, inasmuch as he relieved the city burgesses from feudal offices of a servile nature, and when offered the dignity of archbishop, replied with tears, that "so far was he from having any ambitious desire of that place, that it was a great grief unto him to be chosen, and that he would be very glad if they would take some other in his room: howbeit (quoth he), if they will needs stand to their election, though with grief and heart's sorrow, I must and will accept of the same." There was often a little affectation of humility in such cases; and probably those who were so bent on forcing Fitz-Joceline to the archiepiscopal throne, had little doubt that his reluctance would soon wear away: it did not, however; for though he submitted, he was taken suddenly ill, put on a monk's cowl, and so died. This sporting taste in the episcopals of Wells seems to be commemorated in the monument of Salopia in the cathedral, which presents two dogs, collared, at the feet of the bishop's effigy. The other sepulchral memorials of Wells are chiefly of antique date.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL (Fig. 991) is another of the ecclesiastical foundations which we owe to Peda or Penda, the son of the pagan monarch Penda, converted, through the instrumentality of human love, to divine worship. He it was who founded the Benedictine Abbey of Medeshamstead, which in course of time became one of the most magnificent in England, and of which, under the name of Peterborough, we possess a noble remain in the church. In our account of Penda and his son, in the notice of Lichfield Cathedral, we have spoken of the conversion of the brother of the latter Wulfhere; the records of Medeshamstead furnish us an interesting glimpse of the subsequent conduct of this prince. That valuable but in general brief record of ancient events, the Saxon Chronicle, for once in its notices is tolerably diffuse. It states that "In Wulfhere's time Medhamstead waxed very rich. He loved it much, for the sake of his brother Peda, and for the love of his wed-brother Oswy, and for the love of Saxulf the abbot. He said, therefore, that he would dignify and honour it by the counsel of his brothers, Ethelred and Merwall; and by the counsel of his sisters, Kyneburga and Kyneswitha; and by the counsel of the archbishop, who was called Deus-dedit; and by the counsel of all his peers, learned and lewd [unlearned], that in his kingdom were. And so he did. Then sent the king after the abbot, that he should immediately come to him. And he so did. Then said the king to the abbot, 'Beloved Saxulf, I have sent after thee for the good of my soul, and I will plainly tell thee for why: my brother Peda and my beloved friend Oswy began a Minster, for the love of Christ and

St. Peter. But my brother, as Christ willed, is departed from this life; I will, therefore, entreat thee, beloved friend, that they earnestly proceed on their work; and I will find thee, thereto, gold and silver, land and possessions, and all that thereto behoveth! Then went the abbot home and began to work. So he sped as Christ permitted him: so that in a few years that Minster was ready." The Chronicle goes on to describe the interesting circumstances attending the opening and dedication, when the charter of its estates and privileges was granted in the presence of all the chief nobility of the kingdom. It may serve as an example of the spirit of these Saxon princes, and show how impossible they thought it was to render too much to God in return for all he had given them, to state that the lands then conferred extended nearly twenty miles east and west, and that in the erection of the buildings the foundation-stones were of such dimensions that eight yoke of oxen could with difficulty draw one of them.

The known wealth of the abbey of course made it a mark for the assaults of the Danes, during the period they harassed England with their piratical attacks. About 870 they came hither, after the destruction of the neighbouring monastery of Croyland, and, on finding the gates closed against them, besieged the abbey. For some time the monks appear to have successfully resisted, notwithstanding that the walls were battered by some species of warlike engine. Talba, the brother of the Danish leader Hubba, was slain by a stone from the walls, and that casualty led to the destruction of the entire body of inmates. An entrance was forced by the vindictive Hubba, who then slew—it is said with his own hand, but this can hardly be true—every one of the monks, eighty-four in number, including the Superior. Whatever was valuable, and that could be removed, was then taken away, and the monastery burnt: for fifteen days the fire continued.

From the state of desolation into which this horrible event plunged the establishment, Edgar raised it about 970, who, not content with a mere restoration, appears to have made it even more splendid and wealthy than before. The "golden burgh" or golden city was the name fittingly applied to it by some; but Peter-burgh from the name of the patron saint, gradually superseded both that and the earlier designations.

The same kind of sweeping destruction, followed by the same kind of persevering and Christian liberality in restoration, has twice since the Danish attack been experienced by Peterborough; namely, during the insurrection under Hereward le Wake, in the wars against the Conqueror, and during an accidental fire in the year 1116. But the result was, that, down even to the very dissolution of monasteries, Peterborough was one of the most magnificent and powerful of English abbeys. Some rude old rhymes descriptive of the characteristics of several monasteries of the neighbourhood, seem to imply that it was not a little puffed up by its distinctions. They run thus:—

Ramsay, the rich of gold and fee;
Thorney, the flower of many fair tree;
Croyland, the courteous of their meat and their drink;
Spalding, the gluttons, as all men do think;
Peterborough the proud;
Sautrey by the way—that old abbey—
Gave more alms in one day than all they.

The cathedral was begun immediately after the fire of 1116, by Abbot John de Sais, a Norman, and finished, in all its greater parts at least, before the close of the century. The style, therefore, is Anglo-Norman, and remarkable for its solidity of construction and aspect. The more noticeable architectural features may be briefly summed in—the low central tower which forms a lantern, the double transepts with a tower at the extremity of the north-western only, the semicircular eastern end, the lofty and richly-decorated portico, in three compartments, that forms the western front, the wooden roofs of the nave, transepts, and choir, and the very beautiful fittings and decorations of that choir, entirely completed in the style of Edward III. The dimensions of the cathedral are—length 476 feet, breadth at the great transept 203 feet, length of the western front 156 feet, height of central tower 184 feet. The devastations of the civil war have left but few specimens of monumental sculpture. Two burials of no ordinary interest have taken place here—Mary Queen of Scots, whose body was afterwards removed by her son King James to Westminster Abbey, and Catherine of Arragon, the noble and suffering wife of that ignoblest and most brutal of husbands, Henry VIII. However, if a credit it be that he did not altogether disregard her dying injunctions, let him have the benefit of it. Heaven knows, they were simple and easy enough. "When I am dead," she says, according to the words of her most faithful chronicler, the great poet,

Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

Poor and yet rich Catherine, thou hast been "used with honour!" The flowers wet with tears, have been, and will continue to be, in spirit at least, dropped over thee, in lands the very name of which thou never heardest of, and to ages more distant than any of us may venture to compute.

To Lichfield and Peterborough we have now to add GLOUCESTER, in enumerating the services of the family of Penda in the cause of the new faith they had embraced under such peculiar and interesting circumstances. Wulfhere, who had assisted to finish at Peterborough what his brother Peda had begun, appears to have thought it necessary to mark in a more independent manner his sympathy with his brother's views, his gratitude to the class of men who were so active in extending the knowledge of Christianity, and, above all, his piety towards the God who had been so newly declared unto him: hence the establishment at Gloucester. Of course there are no remains of a building so early as the seventh century: whether time would have permitted any parts of Wulfhere's structure to descend to us we know not, for fire, that agent of destruction which sooner or later, either through design or by accident, invariably attacks all such mighty memorials of the past, has been busy at Gloucester. The most ancient portions of the cathedral are the crypt, the chapels that surround the choir, and the lower part of the nave—all erected, it is supposed, by Bishop Aldred in the latter half of the eleventh century, and all forming a portion of his "New Minster." This was burnt with the monastery about 1087, and it is supposed by the same fire that destroyed a great portion of the city; the incendiaries were the adherents of that Robert, the son of the Conqueror, who now lies in the cathedral, with his effigy "carved to the life in heart of oak." Here too is laid, beneath a very remarkable bracket monument, Abbot Serle, who after the fire rebuilt the edifice, with the exception of the parts above named. To this excellent abbot William of Malmesbury pays the high compliment of adducing him as an example that England was not then destitute of virtue; and another writer, a monk of the same monastery, shows that Serle had even achieved the difficult task of becoming a prophet in his own immediate sphere. Godfrey, the prior, says—

The Church's bulwark fell when Serle died,
Virtue's sharp sword, and Justice's fond pride:
Speaker of truth, no vain discourse he lov'd,
And pleas'd the very princes he reprov'd.
A hasty judgment, or disordered state
Of life or morals, were his utter hate.
The third of March was the auspicious day
When Serle wing'd through death to life his way.

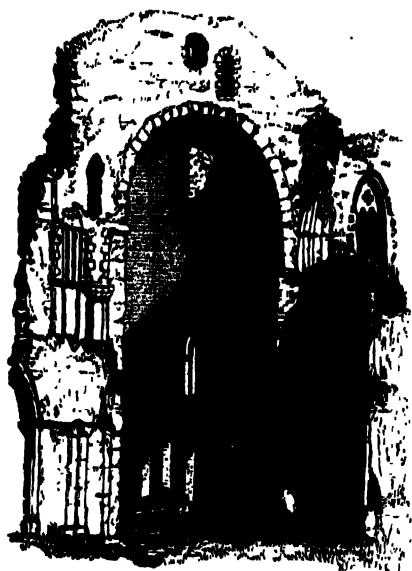
He died in 1104. Whether any portion of his edifice remains appears doubtful: so many circumstances, of injury and reparation and improvement are recorded, that it is most probable that the cathedral has been entirely rebuilt since his time, with the exception of those older portions which existed before him; for we find distinct notices of the raising of the south aisle and transept between 1310 and 1330; of the commencement of the choir soon after this period; of the erection of the cloisters between 1351 and 1390; and of the chapel of Our Lady toward the close of the fifteenth century; and lastly, of the noble tower, with its four beautiful and delicate pinnacles, which was completed in the beginning of the sixteenth. (Fig. 1001.) One of the abbots who was concerned in these rebuildings, Abbot Thokey, deserves especial mention, not so much for what he did in that way himself, as for what he was the means of enabling his successors to do. About 1319 Edward II. paid the abbey a visit, and was received with great honour. As he sat in the hall, he noticed on the walls the portraits of his kingly predecessors, and jocosely asked if his own were among them. The abbot, desiring apparently to pay some great compliment, answered, that he hoped to have him in some more honourable place. The words were unmeaning enough then, but proved to be prophetic ones. Edward was murdered at Berkeley Castle, and three several monasteries refused to receive the corpse, dreading the anger of the ruling powers. Abbot Thokey, however, stepped forward, brought it in honourable procession to his monastery, and there interred it near the great altar. That event gave the monastery an incalculable increase of wealth, popularity, and influence; for the young Edward speedily overthrew his father's murderers, and then—why then, every one was glad, were it but for the son's sake, to come and pay



1036.—Malmesbury Abbey.



1038.—Porch of Malmesbury Abbey.



1037.—Arch in Transept of Malmesbury Abbey.



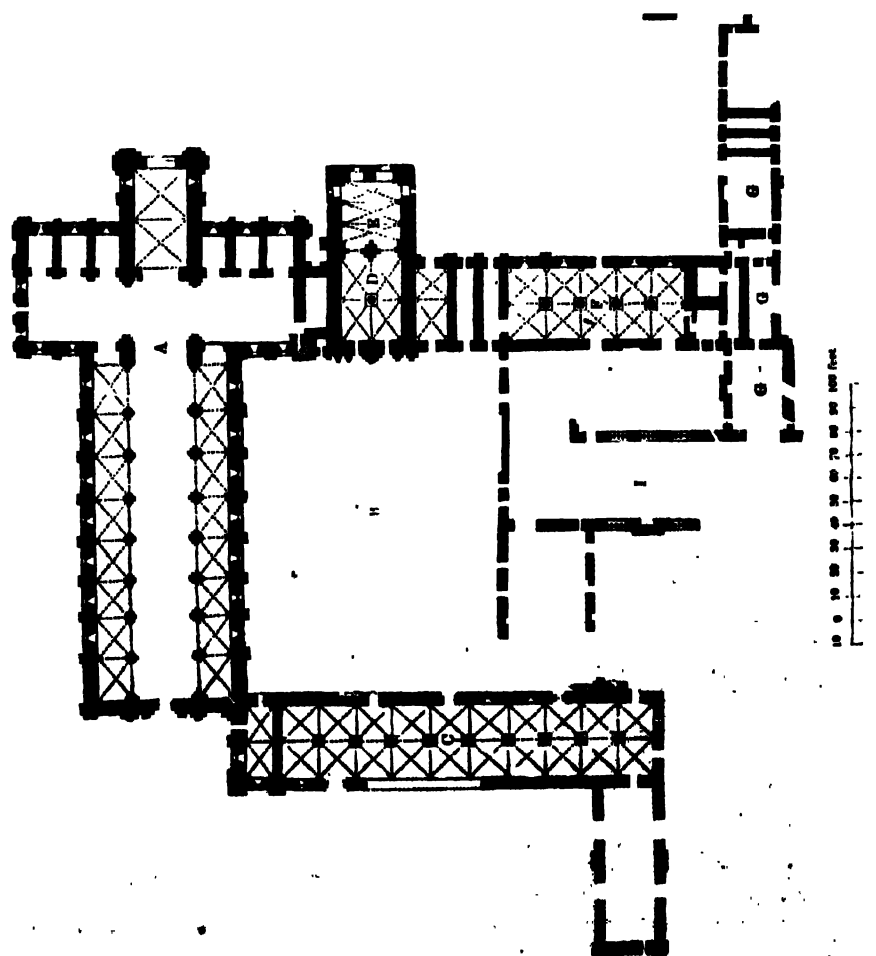
1037^a.—Arms of Malmesbury.



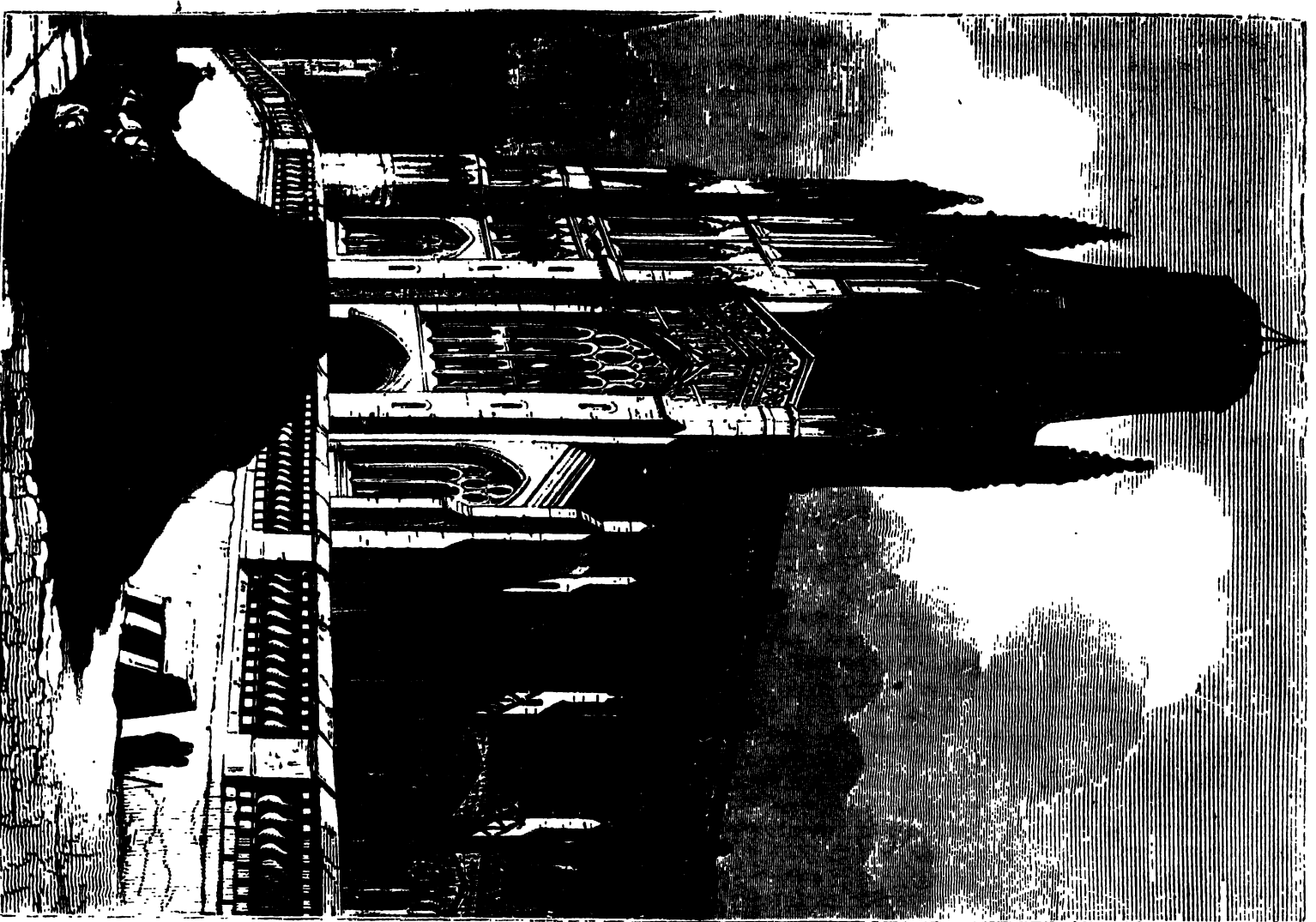
1039.—Tomb in Malmesbury Abbey.



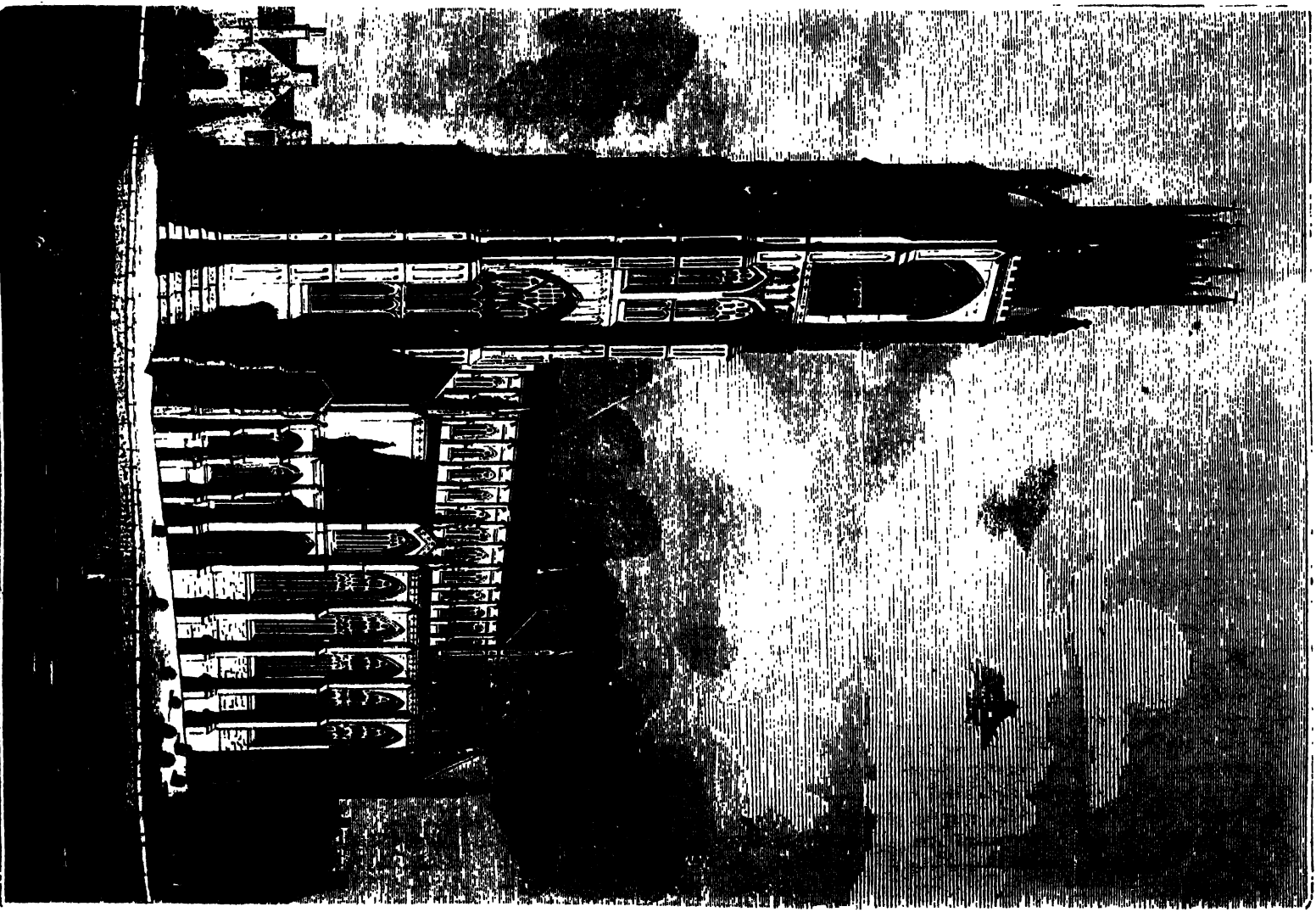
1040.—Kilkenny Abbey.



1041.—Plan of Kilkenny Abbey.



103.—Redcliffe Church, Bristol.



104.—Boston Church.

their respects to the dead father's shrine. Offerings flowed in a continually glittering stream. The monks at one time were obliged—painful obligation!—to sell some hundred pieces of silk interwoven with gold, their treasury became so very crowded. That Edward and his family should pay special attention to the shrine was only to be expected. We find the former, at a certain period, when he was in danger of shipwreck, vowing a golden ship if he escaped; and he performed the vow, but subsequently redeemed the ship for one hundred pounds. Among the family offerings may be mentioned a heart and urn of gold, by Queen Philippa, and a gold cross, given by the Black Prince.

During the abbacy of Horton—a name never mentioned by ancient monk of Gloucester without a blessing, for he provided that the anniversary of his death should be celebrated by a mass, the priests wearing vestments of blue velvet, interwoven with little moons and stars—probably of silver, and by a distribution of wine, wassail, and pittance, or money;—during this abbacy Richard II. held a parliament at Gloucester, and kept his own court in the monastery, where, it appears, the laws of arms were regulated in the refectory, the House of Lords sat in the common hall, and the Commons in the chapter-house. The abbey was so crowded, as to look more like a fair than a house of religion, and the green plat in the cloisters was so trampled down by the wrestlers and ball-players, that not a vestige of green grass was to be seen. Does not this little passage in the history of Gloucester monastery give us curious glimpses of the public business and private sports of an English king in the fourteenth century, when the court regulating the laws of arms seems to have been a kind of third estate, and when the court precincts formed an arena for the display of gymnastic sports? How the pious and sedate monks must have been puzzled at the whole affair! how whimsically out of place they must have felt themselves, wandering about amidst such gay and reckless and turbulent throngs!

We need not add much to the particulars of the cathedral incidentally given in the previous pages. The choir is the portion which more especially attracts admiration; a writer in the 'Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries' observes of it, that "the great elevation of the vault, the richness of the design, the elaborate tracery which covers the walls, and the vast expanse of the eastern window, render it an almost unrivalled specimen of the florid style of architecture." The whispering-gallery has been mentioned by Lord Bacon. We allude to it for the sake of the verse inscribed on the wall:—

Doubt not but God, who sits on high,
Thy secret prayers can hear,
When a dead wall thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear.

In its extreme length the cathedral measures 423 feet, the nave 171, the choir 140, the Lady-Chapel 92; the north and south transepts each 66 feet; the height of the tower is 225 feet. The alabaster tomb of Edward II. is the most interesting among the monuments. Here, too, is a statue to that truly good and great man who, while the civilized world was ringing with his fame, and waiting to shower wealth and honours upon him if he would but come to receive them, stayed quietly in his native village, content with the fulfilment of his ordinary duties, and happy in the knowledge that they left him ample leisure to promote by unceasing labour the discovery that has immortalized the name of—Edward Jenner.

The history of HEREFORD CATHEDRAL introduces to us a love-story of a very different character and termination to that related in our notice of Lichfield, though, like that, tending powerfully to promote the progress of Christianity, in times when such progress must have seemed, to all but its enthusiastic promoters and guides, a very uncertain and hazardous business. Offa, king of Mercia, had a daughter, beloved by Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, who in consequence sought her hand. Offa, receiving his advances in a friendly spirit, invited him to his palace at Sutton, some three miles from Hereford, and on his arrival treated him with great kindness, and professed, perhaps sincerely, his desire for an alliance. Offa's queen, however—a person of the most unscrupulous and ambitious character—thinking the occasion a fitting one for enabling her husband to add Ethelbert's dominions to his own, induced Offa to forget alike what was due to Ethelbert as a king, a man, and as her guest, and to give consent to the horrible crime proposed—Ethelbert's murder. The unfortunate king was speedily beheaded; or, as some writers state, precipitated into a hollow space beneath her bed-chamber, and there stifled by the queen's agents. And now miracles occurred, if we are to believe the monkish annalists. "On the night of his burial, a column of light, brighter than the sun,

arose towards heaven;" and three nights after, the figure of the wounded king appeared to Brithfrid, a nobleman, and commanded him to carry the body to a place called *Stratus Waye*, and to inter it near the monastery there. Brithfrid, with the aid of another column of light, proceeded on his journey, bearing the head and body in a carriage. On the way, the head accidentally fell, but was found by a blind man, who picked it up and restored it to the driver, receiving as a reward his sight. On their arrival at the place now known as Hereford, they interred the body. *Ælmer*, Alfred's biographer, says, that so numerous and considerable were the miracles then and there performed, that Offa sent two bishops to Hereford to inquire into the matter; they beheld the cure of a Welsh nobleman afflicted with palsy; and at once believed. Offa, on receiving their report, did the same, and conferred a tenth of all his possessions on the saint, that is to say, on the church where he was buried. He also built a magnificent tomb over Ethelbert's remains. Nor was that all: he actually set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, by way of penance, and whilst there, consented to subject his kingdom to the payment of Peter's pence;—which, by the way, was making his subjects, who were innocent, do penance too. To these circumstances we owe the origin of Hereford Cathedral; for although there was a church on the site before the period of the occurrences in question, it was through them only that the religious establishment obtained fame, wealth, and ecclesiastical rank. One of the first results, apart from Offa's munificence, was that Milfrid, governor of the province under King Egbert, built a new church, a stone structure, which, having become decayed by the beginning of the eleventh century, was rebuilt by Bishop Athelstan. That building, again destroyed by the Welsh in an incursion about 1055, it was reserved for one of the admirable Norman prelates whom (to his honour be it said) the Conqueror appointed, Robert de Lozing, or Lozinga, to raise the proud fabric once more from ruins. To his labours, then, we owe the commencement of the existing cathedral (Fig. 1002). Of this ecclesiastic's death an interesting and not at all improbable story is told; for although an able priest, mathematician, and architect, he is known to have been so superstitious as to decline attending the dedication of the cathedral of Lincoln, when invited by Remigius, on the ground that he had consulted the stars and found them unpropitious. It appears that during the illness of Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, Lozing, being then at court, beheld the form of his friend in a dream, who said to him, "If you wish to see me before I die, hasten to Worcester." Hurrying to the king, Lozing obtained leave to depart, and travelling night and day, he reached Cricklade, where, overcome by fatigue, he slept. His friend there again appeared, saying, "Thou hast done what fervent love could dictate, but art too late. I am now dead; and thou wilt not long survive me: but lest thou shouldst consider this only a fantastic dream, know that after my body has been committed to the earth a gift shall be given to thee, which thou shalt recognise as having belonged to me." Lozing proceeded to Worcester on the following morning, where, truly enough, the good old bishop, the last of the Saxon ecclesiastics, lay dead. Lozing performed the obsequies, and was preparing to depart, when the priest said to him, "Receive as a testimony of our departed lord's love his lambskin cap which he wore." No wonder the words caused Lozing's "blood to run cold;" or that the coincidence wrought out its own greatest marvel in Lozing's death. Wulstan died in January; Lozing, in June of the same year, 1094.

At Hereford, as at Bath, the restorers have been at work in the true spirit of the restorations of the last century; that is, to add and to take away, to beautify and make comfortable, and to make neat, without the smallest reference to the original design of the edifice, or indeed to any design whatever. That a distinguished name, Wyatt's, is connected with such unworthy proceedings in relation to a building that all architects should look on with reverence and wonder, makes the matter only the more painful. Our space will not permit us to pause over any descriptive details: we can therefore only observe, the cathedral stands near the banks of the beautiful Wye; that the chief external characteristic of its appearance is the broad, low, but highly enriched square tower; that the original west front is lost, having been destroyed by the fall of its tower, and that we have one by Mr. Wyatt in its place as contemptible as that was noble; and, lastly, that the interior presents many architectural objects of high interest, in addition to some very old and very highly decorated monuments. In its extreme length the cathedral measures 325 feet; the extent of the great transept is 100 feet; the height of the body of the church 91 feet. There were two exceedingly beautiful appendages of Hereford Cathedral, the chapter-house and a genuine Saxon chapel; for the destruction of both, the dignitaries of the cathedral during the last century

must enjoy all the merit or disgrace. For ourselves we should say it was a merit, if the alternative was, as is most probable, that the building should be pulled down, or what they would call *restored*.

In the aisles of **CARLISLE CATHEDRAL** (Fig. 1007) there is a very remarkable series of ancient legendary paintings from the histories of St. Anthony, St. Cuthbert, and St. Augustine, or St. Austin, the founder of the order of Austin Canons. Over each subject is a distich, in uncouth rhyme. The series relating to St. Austin commences with a picture beneath which we read an explanation of its subject—

Her [here] fader and modr of Sanct Austyne
Fyrst put him her to learn doctrine ;

and then proceeds to show us, with extraordinary minuteness and correctness, all the different phases of the saint's career, from the time that his parents thus early bent his mind to study, up to the period of his burial at Pavia. At one period, we see he has become a distinguished scholar, but proud in his tastes and immoral in his conduct, and a defender of the early heresies, until the sermons of St. Ambrose and the tears of his mother Monica bring him back to the purity and truth of the Gospel—not, it appears from these rhymes, without miraculous interposition :—

Her wepyng and walyng, as he lay,
Sodounly a voice thus herd he say,
"Tolle lege, Tolle lege."

Bishop Tanner remarks of Carlisle, "This is the only episcopal chapter in England of the order of St. Austin;" and, we may add, that while Carlisle Cathedral was of this order, all the rest of the English religious houses connected with our cathedral churches were Benedictines. As this, then, was the peculiarly distinctive feature of the establishment, it was a happy thought that of placing on the walls a complete pictorial narrative of the life, fame, and teachings of the founder of the Austin rule. In respect to St. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarn, Egfrid, king of Northumberland, gave the town of Carlisle, walled and rebuilt, to him; and in 686 the saint "was carried by the townspeople," says Bede, "to see their walls." Carlisle continued an appendage of the see of Lindisfarn until 1133, when Henry I. made it a separate see, and also founded the priory and built the cathedral. A religious institution had previously been founded at Carlisle by St. Cuthbert, or about his time (the seventh century), which Walter, a priest and follower of the Conqueror, had attempted to revive. As some parts of the present fabric are as old as the Saxon times, Henry I. must have remodified and enlarged an older structure. The nave and south aisles were built by William Rufus, and the choir—the finest part of the church—between 1363 and 1397, when indulgences and remissions of penance were granted to such of the laity as contributed money, materials, or labour to the holy work. The priory, to which the cathedral was attached, "wanted not for relics of saints, for Waldeive, the son of Cospatrick, Earl of Dunbar, brought from Jerusalem and Constantinople a bone of St. Paul and another of St. John the Baptist, two stones of Christ's sepulchre, and part of the Holy Cross, which he gave to the priory, together with a mansion near St. Cuthbert's church where at that time stood an ancient building called Arthur's Chamber, taken to be part of the mansion house of King Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon, of memorable note for his worthiness in the time of ancient kings." (Denton's MSS.) In the civil wars of the Commonwealth, Carlisle Cathedral was sadly curtailed of its fair proportions; what was left of the nave is now converted into a separate parish church, the cathedral service being performed in the choir. The chapter-house and cloisters disappeared in these wars, and the ancient refectory has been used for the modern chapter-house. Dr. Paley was Archdeacon of Carlisle, and has a monument here. There are some ancient sepulchral remains; but it seems scarcely to be known for whom any of them were originally intended. A small chapel of St. Catherine's, adjoining the transept in the south aisle, was separately founded and endowed by John de Capella, a citizen of Carlisle, previous to 1366, at which time an attempt was made to deprive it of some of its revenues; but Bishop Appleby interrupted this process in a peculiarly decisive way, ordering public notice to be given that he should excommunicate the parties by *bell, book, and candle*, unless restitution were made before the expiration of ten days: no doubt the threat was successful, for it was an awful one in that day. In a chamber of the deanery is a curious painted ceiling, and on the sides of the cross-beams several couplets, and this inscription :—

Symon Senas, Prior, sette yis rooffe and scallopes here,
To the intent wythin thys place they shall have prayers every daye in the year.
Lofe God and thy pryncce, and you neydis not dreid thy enemye.

As the cathedral appears at present, it seems to be of various styles, and the material of which it is composed, a coarse reddish freestone, is unfavourable to architectural beauty; but nevertheless, at a distance it is still imposing, an effect greatly to be attributed to the elevation of the city on an eminence of a lozenge shape formed by the swelling banks of three rivers, the Eden, Caldew, and Peteril, and to the flat plain that extends all around this picturesque capital of one of the most picturesque of counties, until it terminates in mountain, cloud, and mist. "Bonny Carlisle," as it is called in old Border Song, was once a strong border town; and the ancient garrison-fortress still seems to stand as a guard near the cathedral, conspicuous at the distance of many miles. It used also to be sung,

The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;

but though the sun still shines fair as ever on Carlisle, very little of those celebrated walls or their bulwarks now meet its rays, and, happily, there is no longer any necessity for them.

There is little in the architecture of **CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL** (Fig. 1003), and not much in its history, that will need a lengthened notice. The original cathedral was founded and the building completed towards the close of the eleventh century. In the year 1114 it was greatly injured by fire, and, though soon restored, it was entirely destroyed by a second fire in the year 1186. Bishop Seffrid, who had been appointed to the see about this time, immediately commenced the renovation of the cathedral. According to some of the historians, he built the church from its foundations; while others say that he "engrafted upon the remaining walls a new work, adapting it to the style and architectural ornaments peculiar to the age in which he lived." Be that as it may, it is agreed that his building is the nucleus of the existing cathedral: it consisted of the "present nave with its single aisles, the centre arcade with its low tower and transept, and of the choir." It was consecrated by Seffrid on the 13th of September, 1199; but he had not quite completed it at his death in the year 1214. There is little remarkable about it, except that it presents one of the earliest specimens of a stone groined roof: the cathedral having been twice burnt already owing chiefly to its wooden roof, Seffrid resolved in his church to prevent, if he could, a similar disaster. Great additions and alterations were made to Seffrid's structure during the three next centuries, and its architecture consequently shows the marks of many periods. The lateral towers belong, at least up to the second tier, to the original church; that facing the south exhibits four elegant examples of early Norman arches; the arches in the third tier are of the tall lancet shape. The central tower was begun by Bishop Neville in the year 1222; the spire was raised about the year 1337—it is nearly three hundred feet high, and bears a considerable resemblance to that of Salisbury Cathedral, though much less graceful. (Fig. 1003.) In the interior of the cathedral may be seen some of the earliest applications of the Sussex, or Petworth marble, so much used in our ecclesiastical edifices of the "Early English" period. We cannot say much for the appearance of Chichester Cathedral; it is indisputably the least handsome of our cathedrals. The outside is unadorned; and there is nothing in the general form to redeem the inelegance of the details. During the great Revolution it suffered much from the Commonwealth soldiers; and part of its present uncomely appearance may be laid to the charge of their fanaticism and the want of taste displayed in the subsequent restorations. The northern tower, for instance, was so much injured in the siege of 1642, that it fell a few years afterwards, and the present unsightly tower was substituted for it in the year 1791. The ugly western window too is modern, Cromwell's soldiers having entirely destroyed the old one. Nor is the cathedral fortunate in its site, which is low, and it is surrounded by houses. The entire length of the cathedral is four hundred and seven feet; of the transepts, one hundred and fifty feet; the nave and aisles are seventy-eight feet wide. The interior is plain. At a short distance from the north-west angle of the cathedral stands a campanile, or bell-tower, one hundred and twenty feet high. It has four detached turrets at its summit, exactly similar to those at the base of the spire, whence it is thought that it was built at the same time, to receive the bells from the old tower.

The only noticeable circumstance in the history of Chichester Cathedral is its treatment by the parliamentary soldiers, to which we have just alluded. When the city was taken by Waller, in 1642, some of the troops were quartered in the church, and the devastation they committed was terrible. They threw down the organ and destroyed the screen, stripped the tombs of their brasses and defaced the sculpture, broke down the pulpits, pews, and taber



1045.—Stone Church.



1046.—South Door of Stone Church.



1047.—Stone Church Nave and Chancel.



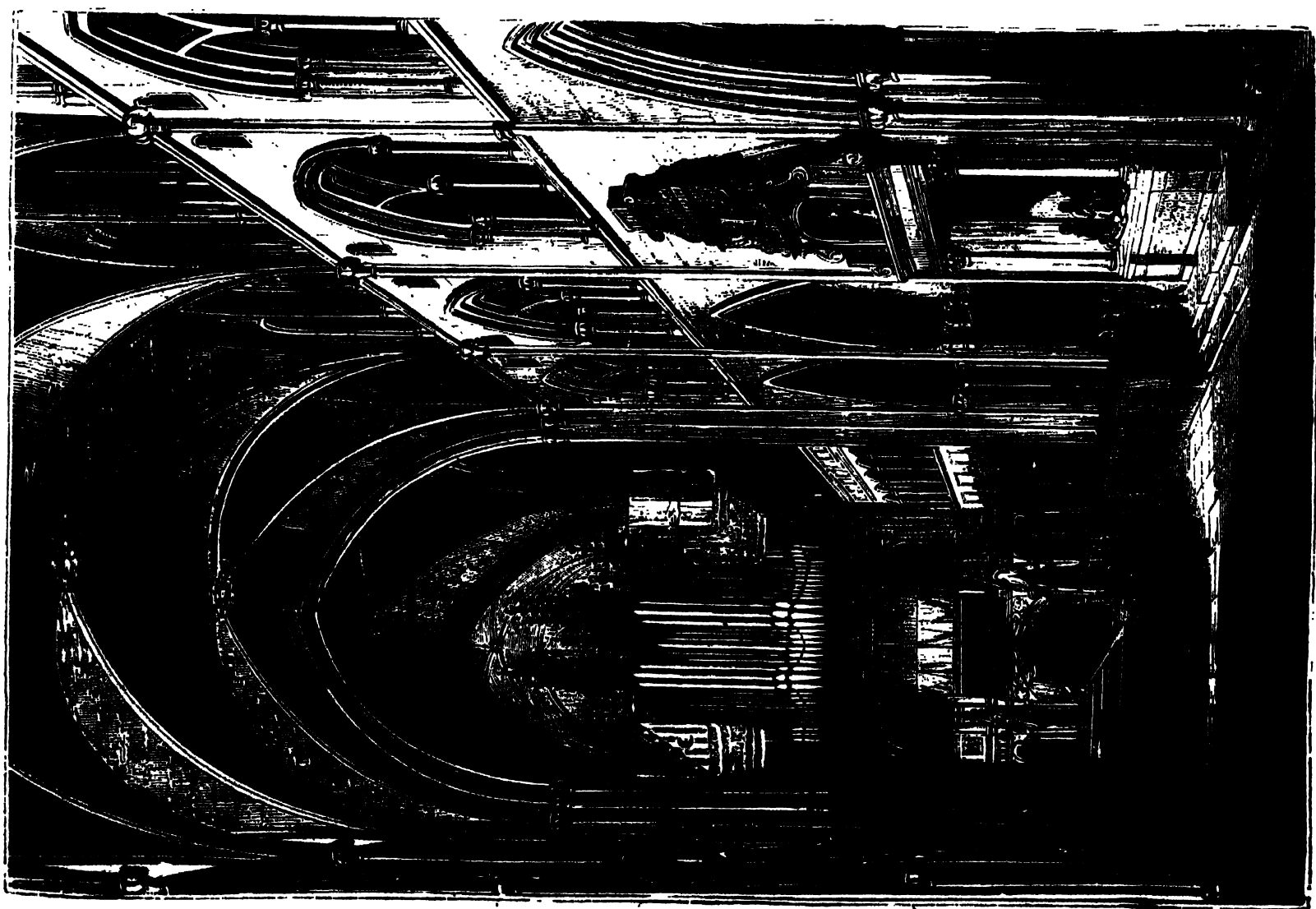
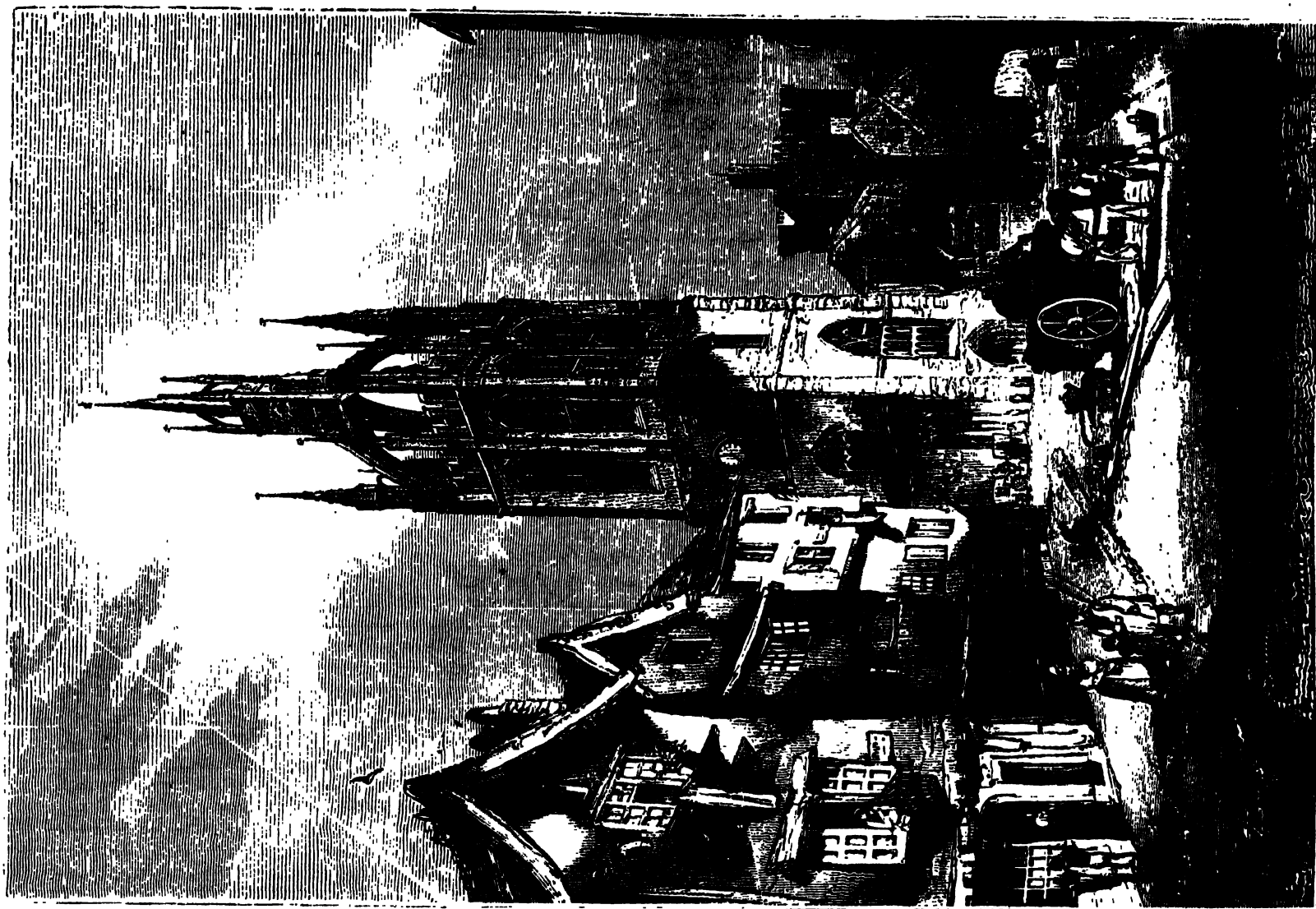
1048.—Hadley Church Tower and Beacon.



1049.—Lutterworth Church. Wyville's Beacon.



1050.—Clifton Church.



1081.—Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

nacle-work, and tore into fragments the Bibles and service-books, scattering their leaves over the church; in addition to which they defaced the carvings both of the interior and exterior of the church, and broke the stained windows. Yet a few years afterwards another party was sent, under the command of Sir Arthur Haslerig, to finish the work of destruction, which it was alleged had been left incomplete; and they did finish it. As we have said, the restorations subsequently made were without the least regard to propriety; but in 1829 the interior was restored to much of its original character. When we were at Chichester a few years back, there was some talk of bringing the exterior to something more of consistency, but we believe nothing has been done yet to that end.

On the walls of the south transept are some remains of two singular pictures painted about the year 1519, for Bishop Sherburne, by Theodore Bernardi, an artist he had invited from Italy for the purpose. They were designed to represent two "principal epochs" in the history of the cathedral of Chichester—the foundation of the see of Selsey by Caedwalla, and the establishment of his own four prebends—rather unequal epochs, it should seem. These pictures were defaced after the siege, and repaired without much skill after the Restoration: there is little artistic merit in them; whatever value they may possess is antiquarian. There is another by the same hand, which contains a series of portraits of the Bishops of Chichester, and of the kings of England from the Conqueror to Henry VII. These have been since brought down to George III. When the interior was repaired some years back, four stone coffins, supposed to be those of bishops, were discovered, in one of which was the skeleton, it is thought, of Stigand (1070), with episcopal robes and insignia, and a large and curious thumb-ring, an agate set in gold. One was the black marble coffin of Bishop Ralph, having his name engraved on it—being one of the oldest with a name existing in England. There are some interesting monuments in the cathedral. Among others the splendid chantry of St. Richard; the tomb of William Chillingworth, the learned and able defender of Protestantism; Flaxman's monument to the poet Collins, &c. The Lady-Chapel is appropriated to the monuments of the family of the Duke of Richmond: a large vault was constructed under it in the year 1750. Over the entrance to this vault is a stone with the inscription "DOMUS ULTIMA," on which Dr. Clarke, one of the Residentiaries, wrote an epigram that has been classed among the first in our language. It has so much point that, though often printed, we may quote it as a little relief to our dull details:—

Did he who thus inscribed this wall
Not read, or not believe, Saint Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not built with hands:
Or may we gather from these words,
That house is not a—House of Lords?

Early in the times of the Saxons, there was a religious house dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul at CHESTER, which was then an important fortified place on the English frontier next Wales, and had rendered itself remarkable as one of the very last of the strong positions wrenched from the native British. In 875 the event occurred to which Chester chiefly owed its celebrity in later times. We have made frequent mention of Wulfhere, in connection with the kingdom and diocese of Mercia, and the five sees taken out of it, one of which was Chester. That remarkable convert from Paganism had, it seems, a daughter, scarcely less remarkable than himself, who became a nun or abbess of Chester (William of Malmesbury), and after her death her relics were placed in an honoured sepulchre at Heanburgh, where they remained for two centuries; until fear of the Danes led to their being removed to Chester for safety. A new community of secular canons, in honour of this sainted lady and St. Oswald, was now formed at this place, under King Athelstan, and grew rapidly into notice; but at the Norman Conquest it was deprived of much of its lands, and the great Norman Earl of Chester, Hugh Lupus, swept it aside altogether, to make room for a Benedictine colony from Bec, in Normandy. "The earl," says Pennant, "possibly did not care to trust his salvation to the prayers of the Saxon religious," at a time when sickness and a troubled conscience made him feel that there was particular need of effectual intercession for him with the offended majesty of Heaven. He richly endowed the new Benedictine brotherhood, and his countless Ermentruda and his numerous tenants followed his example; so that the abbey was inundated with the good things of this life in all shapes—lands, manors, chapels, churches, woods, plains, and tithes, together with privileges of fishing with one vessel and ten nets, and all the profits

of the profitable feast of St. Werburgh. Before the great abbey-gate, at this feast, were ranged the booths for the merchants, who brought wares of all kinds from various lands, and disposed them beneath coverings of reeds, which the monks were especially chartered to gather from Stanlaw Marsh. Here, too, was erected the moveable theatre for the performance of the Chester Mysteries, attributed by some writers to the inventive brain of a monk of this abbey, Randle or Ralph Highden, and by Mr. Markland to one of the earlier brethren, or to several of them unitedly. Two or three of the manuscripts of these Chester interludes have come down to us; there are twenty-four mysteries in each, and their subjects are the most striking incidents of the Scriptures, both old and new. There was a strange privilege (and one on which many reflections might be offered, were they not irrelevant to our present purpose) afforded to malefactors coming to the great fair—they were not to be arrested, however heinous their crimes might be, unless they committed some *new* offence. The concourse of loose people which such a regulation insured we might have fancied rather detrimental than otherwise to the interests of Chester. There was an occasion however, when it proved of signal service, if not to the town, to its earl, Randle the Third, who being surrounded in the castle of Rhudland by a Welsh army, and in imminent danger, despatched a messenger to Robert de Lacy, his general or constable, for assistance. Lacy was attending the fair, when immediately he and his son-in-law, Ralph Dutton, collected a numerous body of minstrels, musicians, and various idle persons, and led them to the relief of his lord. The Welsh, desiring from a distance the approach of this extraordinary army, and of course unaware of the materials of which it was composed (for Lacy had done the best he could to place them in battle array), broke up the siege, and the earl was saved. The grateful lord bestowed some remarkable privileges on Lacy for his prompt and very original services—he had "full power over all the instruments of the earl's preservation." Every anniversary of the event was also to be distinguished by a gathering of the county musicians and minstrels, who "were to play before him and his heirs for ever, in a procession to the church of St. John; and, after divine service, to the place where he kept his court. The minstrels were then to be examined concerning their lives and conversation, and whether any of them played without annual licence from their lord, or whether they had heard any words among their fellows tending to his dishonour." (Pennant.) The annual procession of the Chester minstrels was not discontinued before the middle of the last century. The privileges enjoyed by Lacy and his heirs descended to the Dutton family, whose steward presided over the courts for the examination of the minstrels, from whom they claimed at the feast four bottles of wine, a lance, and a fee of fourpence-halfpenny. The jurisdiction of the Duttons over the minstrels has been recognised by parliaments, as late as George II., and clauses "saving their rights" have found their way into modern Vagrant Acts.

We have other curious glimpses afforded us of the manners and pastimes of the Benedictines of St. Werburgh. The hospitality of the abbey appears to have been of the most splendid character; its dependants resembled those of the great barons in number and importance. A curious document shows us that at a period when the number of the actual monks was by no means considerable (supposed about twenty-eight), the abbey cook was allied to families of importance; that his office was honorary—a feudal tenure by which he held several manors; and that he had kitchen perquisites worth a regular recovery in the Portmote Court. Among the remains of the abbey may be mentioned the great abbey-gate, and the cloisters which form a quadrangle one hundred and ten feet square, in the style of the fifteenth century. The south walk is gone, but on that side six semicircular arches on short pillars indicate the places of sepulchre of the Norman abbots. We need hardly say that the refectory, or dining-hall of the abbot and his brethren, was a noble apartment: where good living was so highly appreciated there was not likely to be a want of ample and handsome accommodation: the style is of the thirteenth century. The Bishopric of Chester dates from the reign of Henry VIII., who founded within the site of the Abbey of Werburgh a new episcopal see and a cathedral church, which foundation Elizabeth confirmed, and added to its endowments, in order "that the Holy Gospel of Christ may be preached constantly and purely, that the youth of the kingdom may be instructed there in good learning, that hospitality may be exercised by the dean and prebends aforesaid, and the poor be there continually relieved." The cathedral thus instituted is an irregular, spacious, heavy building, of the red stone of the county, and chiefly of the times of Henry VI., VII., and VIII. (Fig. 1011.) The space occupied by the conventual buildings is very great, and we scarcely need any other evidence of the grandeur of the ancient establishment. The

sculptured stone-case of the city of Chester's tutelar saint, Werburgh, is used as the bishop's throne. The chapter-house of the cathedral is interesting, not only for the great beauty of the architecture, but on account of the burial in it of Hugh Lupus, by his nephew, the builder of the chapter-house, Randle the First. In 1724, the remains of the great earl were there discovered in a stone coffin, on which was sculptured a wolf's head, in allusion to the name. There was originally, it seems, a rhyming inscription annexed, commencing—

Although my corpse it lies in grave,
And that my flesh consumed be,
My picture here now that you have,
An earl sometime of this city,
Hugh Lupo by name, &c.

The sword of Hugh, we may observe, is preserved in the British Museum

"On the first establishment of Christianity in Britain," says the Rev. J. Evans ('Beauties of England and Wales'), "the particular assemblies of people for the purpose of divine worship were designated by the appellation *côr*, a circle, society, or class. These *côr*-an afterwards received the name of their respective evangelical instructors, as *côr-Bybi*, *côr-Ilud*, *côr-Deiniol*, &c. When any one of these was invested with paramount authority over certain others, it assumed the distinctive name of *Ban-côr*, or the supreme society." Hence the present BANGOR. The cathedral (Fig. 1010) stands in a narrow fertile vale, at the base of a steep rock; the city, founded by Maelgyn Gwynedd, a sovereign of North Wales, as early as the sixth century (Cressy), forms but one narrow crooked street, of a mile in length, with openings to the water-side. This Maelgyn had rendered himself notorious by his guilty life, and, anxious to make his peace with God and his offended people, he left his throne and government, and became a penitent recluse in the monastery that had a few years before (in 525) been founded by Deiniol or Daniel, son of the Abbot of Bangor Iscoed, as a cell to his father's house; but which afterwards became so much more famous than its parent, as to be distinguished from it by the appellation *rawr*, or great. But the first novelty of this change over, Maelgyn soon grew disgusted with a life so opposed to all his previous habits, and once more went back to his old excesses, and persevered in them to the last. To appease, probably, his own conscience, silence his murmuring subjects, and at the same time soothe Deiniol, he caused him, as the founder of the monastery, to be made a bishop; the convent church, then a cathedral, to be flatteringly dedicated to him; and bequeathed some few lands with certain franchises to the chapter. Such was the origin of the diocese of Bangor, its constitution, and revenues (never very great). In 1118 Archbishop Baldwin and Giraldus de Barri, the preachers of the Crusades, came to Bangor, through a serpentine ravine that fatigued them excessively; the archbishop sat down on an oak torn up by the violence of the winds, and began to be very amiable and pleasant with the Crusaders who accompanied him, when the sweet notes of a bird in a wood adjoining led to a discussion as to what bird it was. "The nightingale was never heard in this country," it was observed; the archbishop, significantly smiling, replied, "The nightingale followed wise counsel, and never came into Wales; but we *unwise* counsel, who have penetrated and gone through it." After being rested and refreshed in Bangor by Guy Ruffys, the bishop, Archbishop Baldwin celebrated mass in the cathedral, and, "more importunate than persuasive," compelled him to take the cross, amid the general lamentation of his people, who seemed broken-hearted at the prospect of his departure from them. (Hoare's 'Giraldus.') In the cathedral, built in 1102 (the previous one was destroyed at the Conquest), that characteristic scene occurred, in which King John, irritated by opposition to his rapacity, displayed his violent and tyrannic disposition by seizing the Welsh bishop as he was officiating at the altar. A handsome ransom procured the bishop's release, for money was John's prime object, especially as the discovery had been forced on him, in the course of several visits to Wales, that it was far easier in his rage to vow the extermination of the whole Welsh race, than to fulfil that vow when it was made. In the revolt of Owen Glendwr, 1402, Bangor Cathedral was once more reduced to a wreck, and so remained during nearly a century. The choir was then rebuilt by Bishop Dean, and the tower and nave by his successor, Bishop Skeffington, in 1532. The next bishop, Bulkeley, alienated much of the church property, and, says Godwin, "having sacrilegiously sold away five bells out of the steeple of his cathedral, and going to see them shipped off, he was on his return homewards struck with blindness, insomuch that he never saw afterwards."

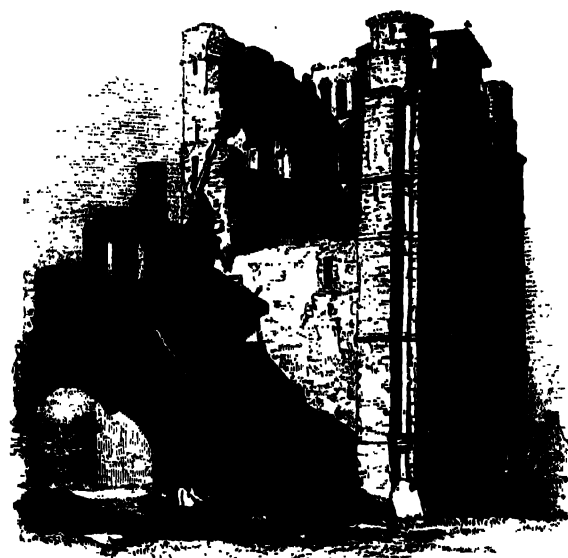
This can hardly be true, or the bishop must have possessed extraordinary faculties, for there are many writings of his in existence, dated during the years of his supposed deprivation of sight. The present excellent condition of the cathedral is attributable to Dr. Warren, its liberal improver at the beginning of the present century. Several ancient Welsh princes, besides many bishops and ecclesiastics, have been buried here. The most interesting sepulchral relic is a tomb of Prince Owen Gryffydd, in an arched recess.

At the same time that Maelgyn Gwynedd, as we have just seen, governed North Wales, his uncle Cadwallon seems to have been in possession of that little province of the principedom which now forms the county of Flint; and to him fled from persecution Kentigern, or, as the Scottish historians call him, St. Mungo, Bishop of Glasgow, and was received with generous hospitality. Cadwallon assigned him a pleasant spot on the banks of the turbulent stream Elwy, which a little below falls into the river Clywd, where he built, about 560, the church called Llan Elwy, and founded a monastery for religious instruction and devotion. Kentigern allowed his monks (at one time said to have been nearly a thousand in number) no indolent careless life, for his regulations provided that one-half should labour whilst the rest prayed, and that the twofold duty should be reciprocally performed. Recalled to his own see in his native country, he left this flourishing institution to the care of Asa, or Asaph, a pious scholar. Whether Kentigern had been a bishop here we know not; but Asaph is certainly styled in ancient writings *episcopus Asaphensis*. And thus was founded the see-cathedral of ST. ASAPH. The cathedral, an unpretending structure, situated on the summit of a small hill (Fig. 1012), has a square embattled tower in the centre, ninety-three feet in height, whence a delightful prospect is obtained of the rich and extensive Vale of Clwyd. The nave and transept contain some fine parts of decorated English style, and the window at the east end of the choir is especially observable for its painting, copied from a picture of Albano; but as to the choir itself, rebuilt under Bishop Shipley, that is of no style or character whatever: we are told that the Perpendicular has been aimed at; this may be, but the architect has shot strangely wide of his mark. The monuments are neither numerous nor very important; the principal one is that of Bishop David Owen, who died 1512. St. Asaph being a frontier town, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that its cathedral would be in frequent peril during the fierce wars that so often broke out between the high-spirited Cambrians and their encroaching and powerful neighbours. To these wars we trace the loss of the church records, and the destruction by the English, in 1282, of the first stone cathedral, that had superseded St. Kentigern's timber structure. The present building may be dated from 1284; for though it was afterwards burnt by Owen Glendwr in 1402, its walls were left standing, and these—after eighty years of desolation and neglect—were incorporated with the gradually-renewed cathedral of St. Asaph. The sees of Bangor and St. Asaph were united a few years ago.

We have before had occasion to speak, in terms not very complimentary, of those who have been concerned in the restorations of some of our great ecclesiastical edifices; persons who, whatever their intentions or abilities, have injured the buildings it was their especial duty to guard from injury; who have degraded art, and made the country itself contemptible by showing it as unable to appreciate the value of those heirlooms which form no inconsiderable portion of its truest wealth. But none of the cases to which we refer are to be compared for a moment with that of LLANDAFF (Fig. 1013), where the ecclesiastical and architectural Vandals of the last century, finding the old western front out of repair, actually erected a new one across the nave nearer the centre of the pile, leaving the original arcade to decay; and what, think you, gentle reader, was the character of the said new front? Why, *Grecian*! After that we can hardly be surprised at anything—not even at the erection of a Grecian portico around the altar, which was also done at Llandaff. That, however, has been removed; how long, may we ask, will it be before the other piece of barbarism will share the same fate? The condemned west front is just what might be expected from the proceedings we have mentioned,—one of the most interesting and valuable portions of the cathedral, with numerous delicately-executed lancet windows, of different sizes, and a fine tower at the northern angle. The other tower was thrown down by a great storm in 1703. The entire length of the church is three hundred feet, the breadth eighty. The Lady-Chapel and the chapter-house, both in the decorated English style, are among the more interesting appendages of the edifice. The episcopal palace, close by, a ruin, was destroyed, it is said, by Owen Glendwr.



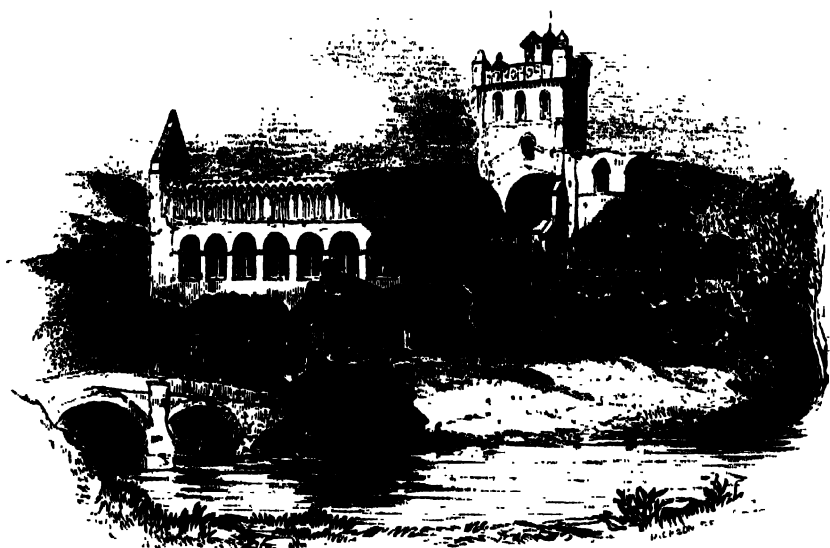
1083.—Glasgow Cathedral.



1084.—Kelso.



1085.—St. Magnus Kirkwall.



1086.—Jedburgh.



1087.—South-east View of Melrose Abbey.



1088.—Melrose Abbey.



1059.—Cathedral of Elgin.



1060.—Cathedral of Kildare.

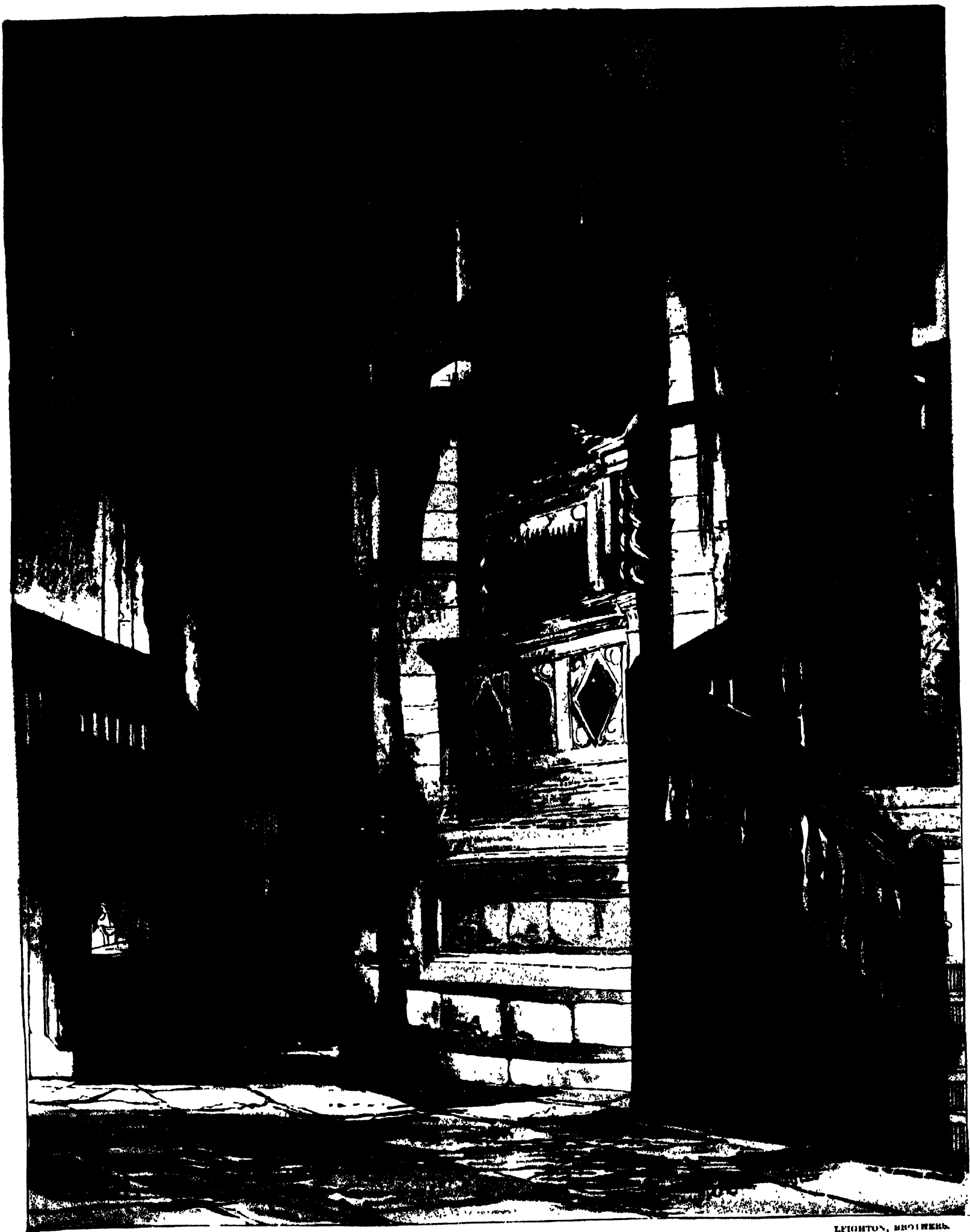
The cathedral of ST. DAVID (Fig. 1014), we hardly need say, derives its name from the tutelary saint of Wales and Welshmen; but that is the least part of its connection with the holy man, as we shall see by a brief notice of his life. He was the son of a Prince of Cardigan (whose name we need not transcribe, considering that it requires some seven words—and those Welsh ones—to do so), and was born about the middle of the fifth century. After a long period of study, first of general knowledge and literature, and secondly of divinity, he settled in a secluded place called the Valley of Roses, established a religious house, and brought around him a considerable number of scholars. The discipline he caused to be observed was unusually strict and severe. All were bound to labour with their own hands for the common welfare, all gifts or possessions offered by unjust men were to be refused, and a hatred of wealth was to be cherished. "They never conversed together by talking but when necessity required, but each performed the labour enjoined him, joining thereto prayer or holy meditations on divine things; and having finished their country work, they returned to their monastery, where they spent the remainder of the day till the evening in reading or writing. In the evening, at the sounding of a bell, they all left their work, and immediately repaired to the church, where they remained till the stars appeared, and then went all together to their refection, eating sparingly and not to satiety. Their food was bread with roots or herbs seasoned with salt, and their thirst they quenched with a mixture of water and milk. Supper being ended, they continued about three hours in watching, prayers, and genuflections. As long as they were in the church it was not permitted to any to slumber, or sneeze, &c. After this they went to rest, and at cockcrowing they rose, and continued at prayer till day appeared. All their inward sensations and thoughts they discovered to their superior, and from him they demanded permission in all things. . . . Their clothing was skins of beasts." (*Acta Sanctorum Martyrum.*) Rapidly did the place, and still more so its founder, rise into repute. When the Pelagian heresy, as it was called, reappeared in Wales, a synod was called, about 519, to endeavour to check its progress. Moved by repeated entreaties, David at last consented to repair thither and personally engage in the undertaking; and, says Giraldus, "When all the fathers assembled enjoined St. David to preach, he commanded a child which attended him, and had lately been restored to life by him, to spread a napkin under his feet; and, standing upon it, he began to expound the Gospel and the law to the auditory. All the while that his oration continued, a snow-white dove, descending from heaven, sat upon his shoulders; and, moreover, the earth on which he stood raised itself under him till it became a hill, from whence his voice, like a trumpet, was clearly heard and understood by all, both near and far off." If any doubt the truth of these somewhat marvellous statements let them go to the spot, and there to this day they will assuredly find a little hill, and a church (*Llanddewi-Brefi*) built upon it in commemoration of the event above mentioned. To return, however, to St. David: it appears the assembly were so delighted with his eloquence and zeal in opposing the obnoxious doctrines, that they unanimously called upon him to accept the archbishopric of Caerleon, one of the three archiepiscopal seats (York and London being the others) into which England was then divided. David accepted the honours and duties, but on the condition of removing the see to Menevia, the establishment he had founded in the Valley of Roses. The period of these interesting events was the reign of that most interesting of sovereigns—King Arthur. Five-and-twenty archbishops in succession filled the archiepiscopal seat, and then the last of the number withdrew with all his clergy to Brittany, and after the lapse of some time the see became subject to Canterbury. Such was the origin and history of the present bishopric of St. David's.

The cathedral stands near the seashore, amidst the wreck of various religious edifices, and in a city which itself is but a wreck of what it was, when pilgrims thronged from all parts of Britain to pay their respects to St. David's shrine, which is still preserved in the cathedral, and exhibits four recesses for the receipt of offerings. Pope Calixtus ordained that two pilgrimages to this place should be reckoned as equivalent to one to Rome. Among the monarchs who are known to have come hither may be mentioned the Conqueror, Henry II., and Edward I. and Eleanor. Giraldus relates a pleasant anecdote in connection with the visit of the second Henry. Across the river Alan, which runs through the cathedral precincts, there was in very ancient times a beautiful marble bridge consisting of a single slab, measuring ten feet in length, by six in breadth and one in depth. "Henry II., on his return from Ireland, is said to have passed over this stone before he entered the church. Proceeding towards the shrine of Saint David, habited like a pilgrim

and leaning on a staff, he met at the White Gate a procession of the canons, coming forth to receive him with due honour and reverence. As the procession moved along, a Welsh woman threw herself at the king's feet, and made a complaint against the bishop of the place, which was explained to the king by an interpreter; the woman, immediate attention not being paid to her petition, with violent gesticulations, and a loud and importunate voice, exclaimed repeatedly, "Vindicate in this day, Lechlavan! Revenge us and the nation in this man!" Alluding to a vulgar fiction and proverb of Merlin, that a king of England and conqueror of Ireland should be wounded in that country by a man with a red hand, and die upon Lechlavan on his return through Menevia. The king, who had heard the prophecy, approaching the stone, stopped for a short time at the foot of it, and, looking earnestly at it, boldly passed over; then turning round and looking towards the stone, thus indignantly inveighed against the prophet: "Who will hereafter give credit to the lying Merlin?" One of the bystanders then called out in a loud voice, "Thou art not that king by whom Ireland is to be conquered, or of whom Merlin prophesied!"

The cathedral, which was erected by Peter, the forty-ninth bishop, is partly in the Norman, partly in the Pointed style, three hundred and seven feet long, with a lofty square tower at the west end, and a lofty choir. The bishop's throne is of exquisite workmanship, and the rood-loft-screen and roof are greatly admired. Giraldus Cambrensis, from whose writings we have borrowed the preceding anecdotes, lies buried here, obtaining in death that position among the bishops of the see which he failed to obtain in his lifetime; but to which his virtues and the twice-recorded suffrages of the Chapter of St. David's so well entitled him.

It is not unamusing or uninteresting to mark how, in the record of our great ecclesiastical establishments, as we ascend step by step towards the contemplation of the greatest, the importance of the alleged miracles that shed such a halo round the foundation, as well as the position of the alleged founder, grow in a like proportion, till nothing less than the presence and exertions of St. Paul himself will suffice to explain the first erection in London of the famous church that bears his name; whilst, to do honour to the ceremony of the consecration of its great rival at Westminster, a St. Peter must not only be directly concerned, but the apostle must be brought down from heaven, centuries after his death, to share in the very pleasant business of self-dedication. When Sebert, king of the East Saxons, overthrew, in the beginning of the seventh century, the temple of Apollo, which, according to Flete, a monk of Westminster, had previously occupied that "terrible place," so overrun with thorns as to have obtained the name of Thorney Island, he built on the site a Christian temple, and thus, if other ancient authorities speak truly, restored the worship which that most perplexing of monarchs, King Lucius, first established there, on his conversion to Christianity, about the year 184. Mellitus, Bishop of London, encouraged Sebert in the good work, which was at last fully completed, and about to be opened with great splendour by the bishop. St. Peter, however, anticipated him. One evening, as a fisherman was busy in his vocation on the banks of the Thames, just opposite to Thorney Island, a figure suddenly appeared to him, and requested to be taken across the river. On reaching the other side, the fisherman was desired to wait awhile; and the figure presently disappeared into the new church. All this seemed very strange to the fisherman, but as he gazed on the church it suddenly became lighted up with a most unearthly-looking blaze of light, and then choral hymns were heard as from innumerable hosts of angels. The trembling fisherman knew then it must be St. Peter he had rowed across the river, and that the new church was then being dedicated by a heavenly priesthood. St. Peter himself soon reappeared, confirmed what the fisherman had supposed, and bade him go at daybreak to Mellitus to inform him of what had passed, observing, at the same time, that the bishop would find, in corroboration of the statement, marks of consecration on the walls of the edifice. The apostle concluded by bidding the fisherman cast his nets into the river, and take one of the fish he should catch to Mellitus; the fisherman did so, and a truly miraculous draught of the finest salmon (which was undoubtedly a Thames fish in those days) rewarded his services, and assured him of the truth of all these marvellous occurrences when the apostle had vanished. Mellitus, on hearing the fisherman's tale, hurried to the church, and there truly enough he found marks of extinguished tapers and of the chrism; so, instead of rededicating the pile, he contented himself with the celebration of mass. Now it is a remarkable feature of this story, that one of the rights of the abbey of Westminster, that of claiming a tenth of all the fish caught in the Thames within



LEIGHTON, BROTHERS.

ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

certain limits, which existed for many centuries, was avowedly asserted and admitted on the ground that St. Peter told the fisherman that neither he nor his brethren should ever want fish so long as they gave a tenth to the church he had just dedicated.

Sebert's church had many benefactors in the course of the next three centuries; but up to the time of the Confessor, the building and revenues were on a scale far from commensurate with the spiritual rank to which it had been elevated by St. Peter. The monastery also, it may be observed, had suffered greatly from the Danes. Whilst King Edward, however, was in exile during the Danish invasion, he vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, if God should please to restore him to his throne. He was restored, and Edward prepared to fulfil his vow; but his nobles persuaded him to send an embassy instead, and the Pope granted absolution of the vow on condition that the sums of money that were to have been spent in the journey, should be bestowed on some religious house dedicated to St. Peter. Just at the very critical time, it happened that a monk of St. Peter's at Westminster, a man of great sanctity and simplicity of manners, it is said, had a dream, which showed that the apostle himself condescended to point out the establishment that should be the fortunate recipient of the king's treasures. Wulsine, the monk in question, was asleep one day, when St. Peter appeared to him, and thus spake: "There is a place of mine in the west part of London, which I chose, and love, and which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles. The name of the place is Thorney; which having, for the sins of the people, been given to the power of the barbarians, from rich is become poor, from stately, low, and from honourable is made despicable. This let the king, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks, stately build, and amply endow: it shall be no less than the house of God, and the gates of Heaven." Edward implicitly believed the dream to be a special interposition to decide all his doubts, and at once set to work in such a spirit that a new pile soon appeared, which was, indeed, for the times, stately built, and as amply endowed as a tenth part of all the king's property, and an extensive set of relics of the most inestimable character, could make it. It was a sad grief to Edward that he could not witness its consecration; the day, the Feast of the Innocents, was appointed, the chief nobility and clergy throughout England were summoned, all was ready, when he fell ill, and his queen, Editha, was obliged to preside in his absence; however, he had lived to see the whole completed; to learn the particulars even of the last concluding ceremony, and that was much: he died almost immediately after, and was of course buried in the edifice he had erected. Of the Confessor's building there are still some very interesting remnants preserved, as the Pix Office, and the parts adjoining against the east cloister and the south transept, all evidencing the simple grandeur of the original structure, which, says Matthew Paris, was built *novo compositionis genere*;—an evidence, it seems to us, that the Norman style of architecture was then new in England. Admired, and deservedly, as that style was at the period in question, men could have little supposed that in less than two centuries after, another king, Henry III., should find it necessary to pull down the greater part of the Confessor's building, in order to raise it anew, more in harmony with the architectural tastes of his day; still less could they have supposed that such presumption—as it must have seemed to them—would be excused by the fact, that the rebuilding would really be an improvement on their own noble church. That it was so, we need only walk into the existing Westminster Abbey, to satisfy us, for the present edifice is, in a great degree, the pile so rebuilt by Henry. He it was who erected the chapel of the Confessor, which forms the rounded end of the choir, or the apsis of the building, the four chapels in the ambulatory, that extend around the choir, a considerable portion of the choir itself, a small portion of the nave, the transepts, and probably the chapter-house. We may complete the necessarily brief notice that our space compels us to give of the erection of the abbey, by observing that the nave thus begun was carried further in the reign of Edward I., and gradually finished, with the other portions of the edifice, in the course of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and that the grand close to the whole works took place in the reign of Henry VII. by the erection of the chapel, not unhappily named the world's wonder. The great central tower and the western towers, however, were still unbuilt, and so to this time the former remains; the latter have been added by the architect of St. Paul's, in a style that makes us regret he did not confine himself to St. Paul's and works of a kindred character; most assuredly he was profoundly ignorant of the character and merits of the productions to which he presumptuously applied the epithet of "Gothic crinkle-crankle."

In walking round the exterior of the Abbey, the parts that more especially attract the eye are the wonderfully rich and elaborate chapel of Henry VII., forming the rounded eastern extremity of the pile—the north transept, formerly called, on account of its extreme beauty, Solomon's Porch (Fig. 1019)—the western or chief front, with the towers which Wren raised to the present proportions—and the doorway shown in our engraving (Fig. 1024) beneath, which, when the niches were filled with their proper statues, must have formed a glorious specimen of the sculpture of the middle ages. Scarcely less interesting than these great features of the exterior of the abbey itself are its numerous adjuncts. It was to the Jerusalem Chamber, which rests against the northern corner of the base of the west front, that Henry IV., on falling ill in the Abbey, desired to be carried, saying,

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land;
But bear me to that church and there I'll lie.
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Then, again, there are close by the various domestic buildings still remaining of the old monastery, as the cloisters and the college dining-hall, the last a most perfect specimen of an old refectory, and still used for its original purpose, though the monks are changed into the boys of the Grammar-School of Westminster, who were connected with the cathedral foundation by Henry VIII. after the dissolution of the monastery. In the cloisters stood formerly a little chapel dedicated to St. Katherine, which was used for the meeting of synods. Hollinshed has recorded some rather amusing circumstances respecting one of these assemblies, held in 1176, before the Pope's legate:—"When the legate was set, and the archbishop on his right hand, as primate of the realm, the Archbishop of York coming in, and disdaining to sit on the left, where he might seem to give pre-eminence unto the Archbishop of Canterbury (unmanly enough, indeed), swash'd him down, meaning to thrust himself in betwixt the legate and the Archbishop of Canterbury. And where, belike the said Archbishop of Canterbury was loth to remove, he sat himself in his lap; but he scarcely touched the archbishop's skirt, when the bishop and other chaplains, with their servants, stooped to him, pulled him away, and threw him to the ground; and beginning to lay on him with bats and fists, the Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding good for evil, sought to save him from their hands. . . . The Archbishop of York, with his rent rochet, got up, and away he went to the king, with a great complaint against the Archbishop of Canterbury; but when, upon examination of the matter, the truth was known, he was well laughed at for his labours, and that was all the remedy he got. As he departed so be-buffed forth of the Convocation-house towards the king, they cried upon him, 'Go, traitor, thou that diddest betray that holy man Thomas (à-Becket); go, get thee hence, thy hands yet stink of blood!' " But of all these architectural offsets the chapter-house is that which demands our warmest admiration. Nothing can be imagined more exquisitely beautiful than must have been the entrance in the east cloister, or than the building to which that entrance leads—nay, we might almost say, than they still are, in spite of decay, mutilation, and the most disgraceful neglect on the part of the dignitaries of the abbey. Here exist many important traces of painting on the walls, and the floor has still large portions of the original pavement, most beautifully tessellated. The chapter-house is now used for a Record-office, and is therefore a closed place to the public; the same may be said of the adjoining Pix-office, which, as before stated, forms the chief remains of the Confessor's pile.

Whatever the beauty or intrinsic value of the architecture of Westminster Abbey—and it is impossible to estimate either too highly—there are few who can yield to that architecture the attention it deserves; for the very first glimpse of the building conjures up a host of associations of a more absorbing and stimulating character. This is the church, we say to ourselves, in which so many kings have been crowned, or buried; in which so many of England's greatest men sleep their last sleep, statesmen and warriors, poets, philosophers and philanthropists, actors, artists, musicians—the illustrious by their genius or virtues—and with no inconsiderable sprinkling of the illustrious merely by rank or courtesy. It would be difficult to find a parallel in any age or country to the wealth stored up in the vaults of this one building—this truly national mausoleum—this fine old Abbey of Westminster. Through century after century England has poured into it a large proportion of those whose memory the world would not willingly let die, till every part of the pile, nave, choir, transepts, and ambulatory, have been filled to



1061.—Upper Chapel of St. Thomas, London Bridge.



1064.—Lambeth Palace, before the recent alterations.



1062.—Lower Chapel, or Crypt of St. Thomas.



1066.—Archbishop reading a Papal Bull. (Harl. MS. 1310)



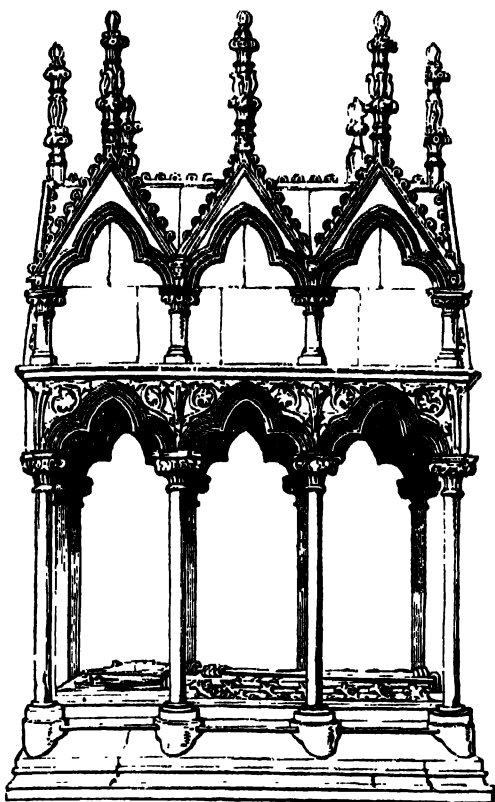
1068.—Doorway in Lollard's Tower.



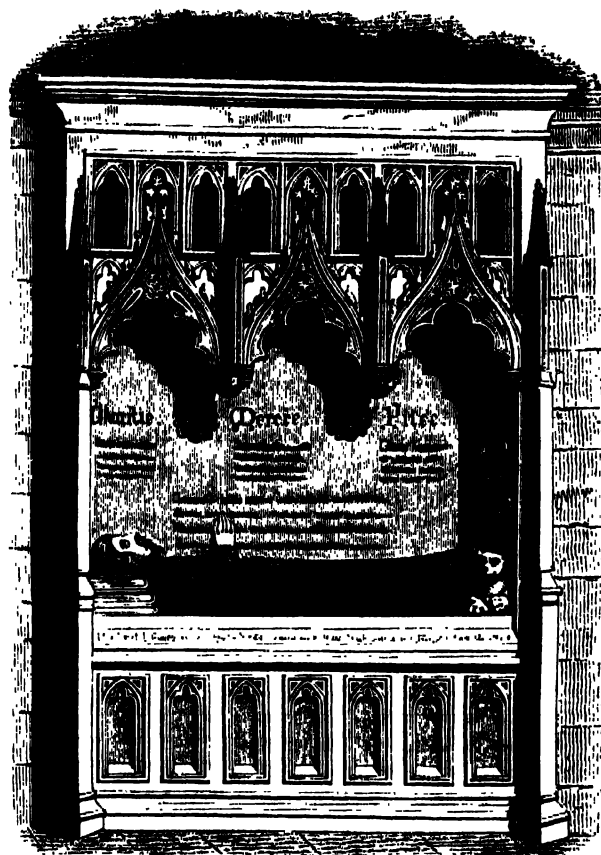
þe byrnyng was þe word & þe word was
at god & god was þe word & is in þe byr-
nyng at god alle þingis þerem mæd hþm.
and wipoten hþm was mæd noþing þat þis
þat was mæd in hþm. þas hþm and þe hþm was
þe lft of men and lft schynen in dæmellis and
dæmellis comþendæn not it



1069.—The Chapel of St. Thomas converted into a House and Warehouse.



1068.—Tomb of Archbishop Grey, York Cathedral.



1069.—Gower's Monument, St. Saviour's Church, Southwark.



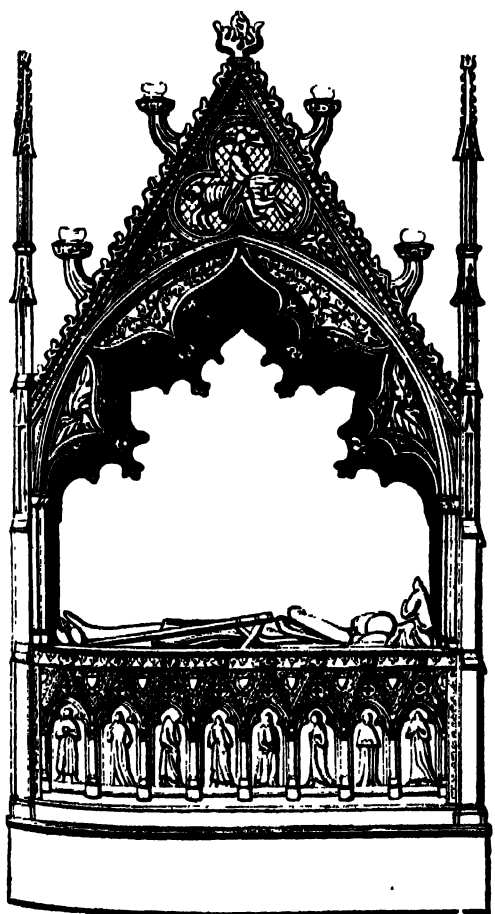
1070.—Tomb of William of Windsor and Blanche de la Tour, Westminster Abbey.



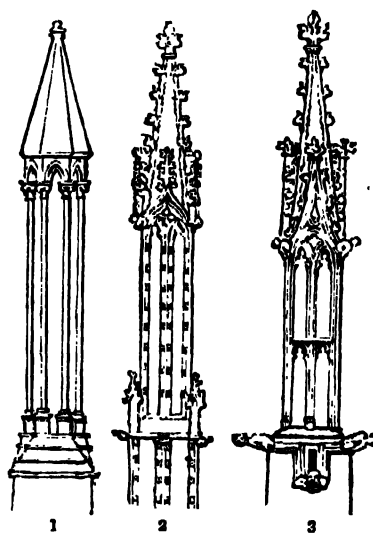
1071.—Early English Capitals, York Cathedral.



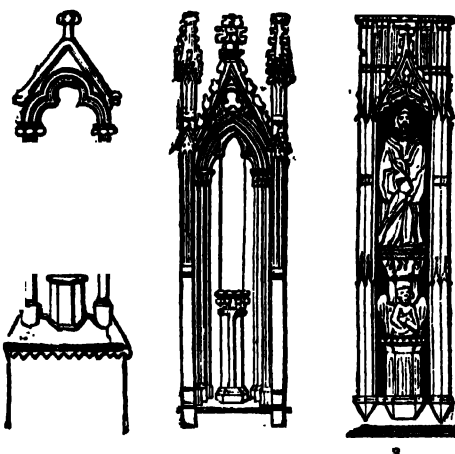
1072.—Decorated English Capitals, York Cathedral.



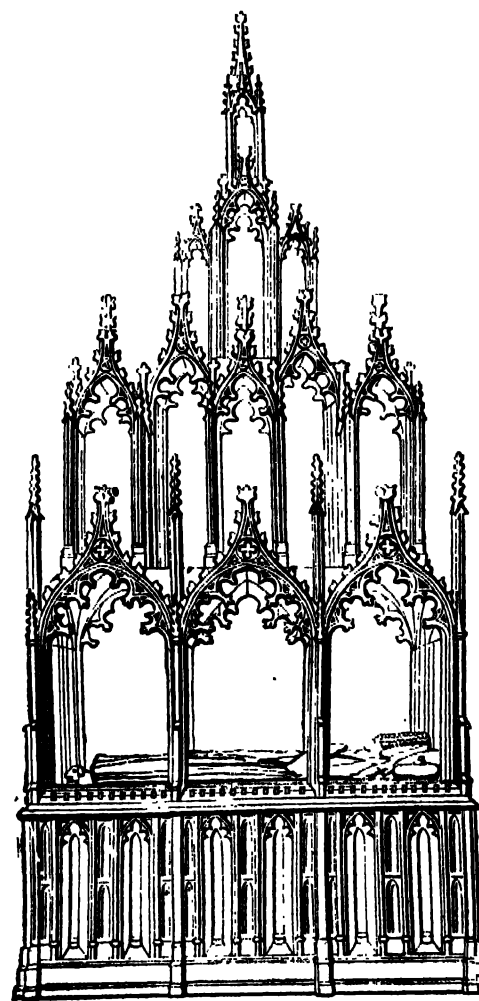
1073.—Tomb of Aymer de Valence, Westminster Abbey.



1075.—Pinnacles: 1, Early English, from Wells Cathedral; 2, Decorated English, from St. Mary's, Oxford; 3, Decorated English, from York Cathedral.



1076.—Niches: 1, Early English, from Salisbury Cathedral; 2 and 3, Decorated English, from York Cathedral.



1074.—Monument of Hugh La Despenser, Earl of Gloucester, and his Countess, Tewkesbury Cathedral.

overflowing, and the stream has found vent only in the cloisters surrounding. Let us begin in them our hasty observations. There lie in strange juxtaposition with some of the earliest abbots of the monastery, a host of actors and actresses, as Barry, Betterton, Foote, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Cibber, and Mr. Yates—several musicians, among whom we may mention Lawes, Milton's friend, and the composer of the original music to 'Comus,' Sir John Hawkins, the musical historian, and Benjamin Cooke, with the appropriate musical score of the Canon by twofold-augmentation engraven on his monument. The great engraver, Vertue, also lies in the cloister.

We will now enter, in fancy at least, by the great western door; the only mode, let us observe, in which the authorities permit the public to use that approach; in ignorance, probably, that the builders, when erecting that grand entrance, saw no grander purpose to which it could be put than to allow a people to draw nearer to their God, and so planned all things in accordance for due architectural effect; or, if not in ignorance, is it, then, that the authorities shut up their chief doors, simply because money-taking—a very pleasant, but not peculiarly Christian or even reputable-looking process, under the circumstances—would look too bad at that part of the church, and so the affair is smuggled up into a corner? Well, we enter, in fancy at all events, by the western door, and at once the full and vast magnificence of the nave—one of the most elegant, and, without exception, the highest in England—is before us, extending far away its glorious columnar ranks and airy sweeps of arches. As we wander along towards the choir, and then turn, the gorgeous western window breaks upon us with its Jewish patriarchs wrapped, as it were, in all the coloured glories of one of the most glorious of sunsets. What beds of purple and amber! what streams of golden light! But we have no time to pause, with this endless array of monuments, busts, and statues before us. A few preliminary words as to the route we propose to take, and we must hurry along as fast—ay, almost as fast as one of the abbey guides himself could wish, even though he were reckoning up at the time how many more sets of visitors might be driven through the abbey before closing-time. If the reader will look at the plan of the abbey (Fig. 1023),* he will be able readily to follow us as we advance along the right side, or southern aisle of the nave, then back again, and along the left side, towards the north transept: from thence into the ambulatory, as far as Henry VII.'s Chapel, and then round by the other half of the ambulatory, to the south transept, or Poets' Corner, on the other side of the choir; and so, lastly, into the choir itself. Among the many memorials on the walls of the south aisle of the nave that more peculiarly attract the eye or interest the mind, are those to Craggs, the Secretary of State, who was so deeply concerned in the nefarious South Sea Scheme as to sink under the exposure, and who was yet the satirist's *beau idéal* of a man

Who broke no promise, served no private end;
Poor.

and Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, whose vanity was lashed, possibly with not much better reason, by the same poet in the lines—

Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke):
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead!
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.

Then we have Congreve, in his full-bottomed wig; and several of a military character, including one of the most *outré* description, Admiral Tyrrell's; and one that has drawn tears down many a fair cheek, as it suggested the melancholy particulars of its owner's fate—unfortunate, brave, noble André, whose very chivalric generosity of disposition seems to have led him into a position that he must have abhorred in the abstract more than most other men, and so brought upon him a spy's death. Well, we can sympathize with him, with-

- * 1. General Entranco
- 2. Poets' Corner.
- 3. St. Blaise's Chapel.
- 4. South Aisle of Choir.
- 5. South Aisle of Nave.
- 6. North ditto.
- 7. New Screen.
- 8. North Aisle of Choir.
- 9. West Aisle of North Transept.
- 10. East Aisle of North Transept.
- 11. Islop's Chapel.
- 12. St. John the Baptist's.
- 13. St. Paul's.

- 14. Abbot Ware's Mosaic Pavement.
- 15. Edward the Confessor's Chapel and Shrine.
- 16. Porch to Henry VII.'s Chapel.
- 17. Henry VII.'s Tomb.
- 18. North Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel.
- 19. South ditto.
- 20. St. Nicholas's Chapel.
- 21. St. Edmund's.
- 22. St. Benedict's.
- 23. Jerusalem Chamber.
- 24. Collego (formerly Abbey) Dining-Hall.

out questioning the justice or the expediency, in a military sense, of Washington's severity towards him, which was exercised under circumstances of no ordinary nature: it was not simply that André had put off the British uniform for secret objects, but to arrange the particulars of an act of the most diabolical treachery towards the American cause, then meditated by the unsuccessful but ever-infamous Arnold. This monument has suffered frequent mutilation; and Charles Lamb, with malicious sportiveness, made the circumstance an instrument of attack on his friend Southey's change of political opinion. Designating the injury as the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired, perhaps, with some notion of transatlantic freedom, he observed to Southey, "The mischief was done about the time that *you* were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" Remembering Roubiliac's monument to Newton at Cambridge, it is but an act of charity to pass Kent's quietly by, which stands on one side of the entrance into the choir. Of the memorials along the northern aisle of the nave, we may first mention that of the sublime coxcomb Kneller, who was, says Pope, in the inscription,

By Heaven, and not a master, taught;
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures thought.

Major Rennell, Tierney, Spencer Perceval, so strangely assassinated by Bellingham, with Freind, Woodward, and Mead, the memorable trio of physicians, are among the names that are read upon the walls, as we pass on towards the part where the projecting choir narrows the space. Here the "spoils of time" become rich indeed in one particular class of eminent men, who in this abbey excite even more than usual interest, on account of their living as well as their dead connection with it; we find here one of the finest of the great ecclesiastical English musicians, Dr. Croft, who was organist of the abbey; Blow, another admirable musician; Dr. Burney, the historian of music; Samuel Arnold, also organist to the abbey; and, lastly, Henry Purcell, who might almost be called the Shakespeare of the art, on account of the height and variety of his powers, and of whom some one—Dryden, it is supposed—has finely said in the inscription, he has "gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

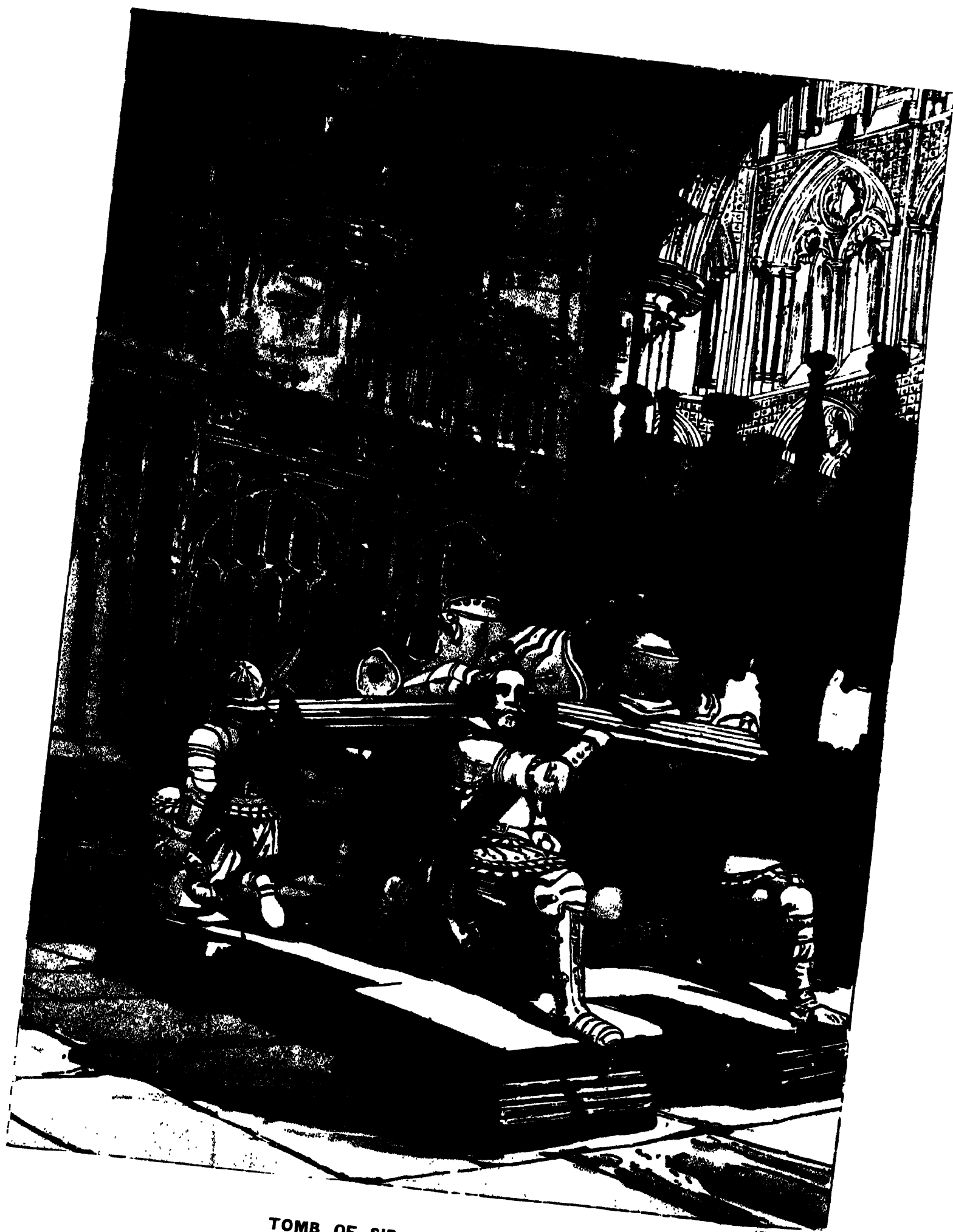
The north transept is the wealthiest part of the abbey for memorials of a miscellaneous kind, but especially statesmen. Here lie, within a short distance of each other, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, Wilberforce, and Grattan,—all their party contests over—

A few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
That rushes all!

Then again, as specimens of art, there are, among numerous others, Flaxman's monument of Judge Mansfield, one of the noblest, perhaps the noblest of the specimens of modern sculpture; Chantrey's statue of Canning; Westmacott's memorial of Fox, and the same artist's exquisite group of a mother and child. Lastly, as examples of what epitaphs may become when dictated by true sentiment or poetic feeling, let us commend to all readers the inscription on the Newcastle monument, in which the Duchess says of herself, "Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous;"—and this, placed upon a plain tablet to Grace Scot, 1645:—

He that will give my Grace but what is hers,
Must say her death hath not
Made only her dear Scot,
But virtue, worth, and sweetness widowers.

In a part of the transept, now divided from it by a wall of monuments, is that most picturesque of monumental works, Sir Francis Vere's, where the knight lies in effigy on the bottom, whilst four knights at the corner, all full length, but kneeling figures, support a table or canopy above, on which rest the warrior's arms, his helmet, breastplate, and other accoutrements. Roubiliac was seen one day gazing upon one of these figures, with his arms folded, and evidently quite absorbed in its contemplation. "Hush!" said he to one who approached, pointing at the same time to the figure: "He will speak soon." We need not go far to inquire into the value of this praise; Roubiliac's own and most distinguished work, the Nightingale monument, is close by, almost exceeding the legitimate bounds of art by the powerful fidelity of its representation. The king of terrors is seen suddenly arising from the depths below, and about to cast his fatal dart at the victim, a female; who is supported by her husband with one hand, whilst with the other he endeavours in frantic agony, to avert the threatened blow.



TOMB OF SIR FRANCIS VERE.
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ARMSTRONG, LONDON.

Scarcely less attractive are the funeral memorials in the ambulatory, though we cannot even mention the names of most of them. Here, or in the chapels that we find on our left, are the colossal statues of Telford and Watt, the last most absurdly placed in the *petite* and exceedingly beautiful chapel of St. Paul,—how it got there is a mystery to us; General Wolfe's monument; various works of the character of Lord Hunsdon's, that is to say, stately and magnificent, but most intolerably cumbrous and heavy; and lastly, tombs of some of the early abbots of Westminster, and of a bishop, Ruthall, who died, it is supposed, from mortification at an unlucky mistake he made:—having drawn up a book on state affairs, he sent it, as he thought, to the king; but, unfortunately, the book really sent turned out to be an inventory of his treasure;—an awkward accident to have occurred at any period of English history; what then must it have been when the king so favoured was—Henry VIII.? We might here, too, stop to mention the beautiful tomb of the standard-bearer of Henry V. at Agincourt; but the monument of that sovereign himself is before us, and draws us onward by its superior attractions.

The engraving of the shrine of Henry V. (Fig. 1016) shows us the headless effigy of the hero-king on his tomb, shadowed by an arch deep and solemn, through which the spectator, as he stands with his back toward the choir, may obtain his first view of the dim porch and radiant chapel of Henry VII. This chantry is "adorned with upwards of fifty statues: on the north face is the coronation of Henry V., with his nobles attending, represented in lines of figures on each side; on the south face of the arch the central object is the king on horseback, armed cap-à-pie, riding at full speed, attended by the companions of his expedition. The sculpture is bold and characteristic; the equestrian group is curious and warlike; the standing figures have a natural sentiment in their actions, and simple grandeur in their draperies, such as we admire in the paintings of Raphael and Masaccio" (Flaxman). In the very flower of his youth, in the flush of victory, enjoying such fortune and happiness as kings are rarely blessed with, Henry V. died. His had been a brief reign, but he had had his

One crowded hour of glorious life,

and had left a name to be remembered by his countrymen with unfading admiration and delight. He was a second Black Prince to them, the model of all chivalric virtue. They placed him by that hero's side in their gallery of great ideals; and he gained by the contrast. He was a man, says the historian Walsingham, "sparing of words, resolute in deeds, provident in council, prudent in judgment, modest in countenance, magnanimous in action, constant in undertaking, a great almsgiver, devout to Godward, a renowned soldier, fortunate in field, whence he never returned without victory." He died in France in 1422, and was carried to Paris, to the church of Notre Dame, where high funeral obsequies were performed, in the presence of a concourse of lords of England, France, Normandy, and Picardy. Thence he was borne to Rouen, to remain there until all was prepared for a progress to England worthy of his rank and deeds. Paris and Rouen, it is said, offered large sums of gold to have his remains interred among them; but England would almost as soon have sold her independence. There was but one place of sepulchre for Harry the Fifth, St. Peter's Abbey. And if the mourners could not gaze on his actual form, they at least saw him with the eyes of fancy, in the effigy that Speed tells us was artificially moulded and "painted according to life; upon whose head an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones was set, the body clothed with a purple robe furred with ermine; in his right hand it held a sceptre royal, and in the left a ball of gold: in which manner it was carried in a chariot of state, covered with red velvet, embroidered with gold, and over it a rich canopy, borne by men of great place."

The king of Scotland, and many princes, lords, and knights of England and France, went with the procession out of Rouen: "the chariot all the way compassed about with men, all in white gowns bearing burning torches in their hands; next unto whom followed his household servants, all in black; and after them the princes, lords, and estates, in vestures of mourning adorned; then two miles distant from the corpse, followed the still-lamenting queen, attended with princely mourners, her tender and pierced heart more inly mourning than her outward-sad weeds could in any sort express. . . . And thus, by sea and land, the dead king was brought unto London, where through the streets the chariot was drawn with four horses, whose caparisons were richly embroidered, and embossed with the royal arms, the first with England's arms alone, the second with the arms of France and England in a field quartered, the third bore the arms of France alone, and the fourth

three crowns, or, in a field azure, the ancient arms of King Arthur—now well-becoming him who had victoriously united three kingdoms (France, England, and Ireland) in one."

The clergy chanted the service for the dead as the bier was borne with slow steps to St. Paul's, where the parliament of the nation were assembled to witness the celebration of the grand obsequies. The procession then moved to Westminster Abbey (Fig. 1020), and the body, after its long pilgrimage, rested at last. This superb chantry rose to grace the spot: and thrice a day mass was sung in it for the repose of the hero's soul. And if now we could conjure up the living presence of the valiant Henry, we have but to gaze on that shield and war-saddle fastened on the columns, and on that battered casque which he wore at Agincourt, and which is now set up on the wooden bar, conspicuous between the entrance towers: compared with these relics, sculpture, tomb, and effigy are, to our feelings, as regards him, but cold abstractions. The mutilations of the effigy happened at the suppression of the abbey by Henry VIII., when that monarch, who was generally so very fond of taking off heads because he did not like them, took off this, from an opposite principle—he loved it, like Othello, "not wisely, but too well"—it was of solid silver. The body and tomb he also stripped of their silver and gilded ornaments. Queen Katharine of Valois, who had first placed that costly effigy on her husband's tomb (Speed), and who most probably erected the whole chantry, suffered a worse because a more directly personal desecration after her death. "She was buried in Our Lady's Chapel," says Speed, "within Saint Peter's Church, at Westminster; whose corpse was taken up in the reign of King Henry VII., her grandchild, when he laid the foundation of that admirable structure (the chapel of Henry VII.), and her coffin placed by King Henry in her husband's tomb, hath ever since so remained, and never reburied: where it standeth, the cover being loose, and to be seen and handled of any that will." It was reported that the body was left thus strangely exposed by Katharine's own appointment, "in regard of her disobedience to King Henry, for being delivered of her son at the place he forbade."

Pepys says of one of his visits to the abbey: "Here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katharine of Valois, and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old that I did kiss a queen." In 1776 the remains were at last restored to the seclusion of the grave in St. Nicholas' Chapel. That Henry, her grandson by a second marriage, in building his "world's wonder," should not have had grace enough to treat with ordinary decency the corpse of his ancestress, is, we presume, only to be accounted for by the fact that he was in such continued anxiety about his own soul, that neither the souls nor bodies of any one else, however nearly related to him, could receive much attention. For the welfare of that soul he erected this sumptuous edifice, into which we now enter, and in which, to use Washington Irving's words, stone seems, by the "sunning labours of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." For the good of his soul, Henry did cause to be carefully erected, in his own lifetime, the most sumptuous of monuments for his soul's mortal tenement; a monument which lends new grace and splendour to the surpassing loveliness of the chapel in which it stands. Lastly, it was for the especial good of his soul, that he directed three masses to be performed daily before his tomb *while the world should last*. It is but justice to state, that another of the great artistical treasures of the chapel, the tomb of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, executed by the same masterly sculptor, Torregiano, shows that Henry did, upon some occasion, or other, find time to cast one pious and filial thought towards the memory of his mother and her soul. This mother seems to have had in her composition all the warlike aspirations that her son, however personally brave, lacked, or was too politic to give scope to. Camden says of her, that she was accustomed to remark that, "on the condition that the princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would most willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp." Such enthusiasm was thrown away upon her royal son; had there been opportunity for outwitting the Mohammedans, he might have been induced to try his skill, but fighting them was quite another matter. Among the many other interesting monuments in the chapel, we may especially particularize those two superb ones, which cover respectively the remains of Mary Queen of Scots, and her cousin and persecutor Elizabeth; the monument of the young princes murdered in the Tower, Kings James and Charles II., Monk, Duke of Albemarle, King William and Queen Mary, George II.



1077.—Piscina, Gloucester Cathedral.



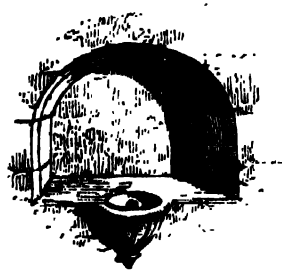
1078.—Piscina, Great Gidding, Northamptonshire.



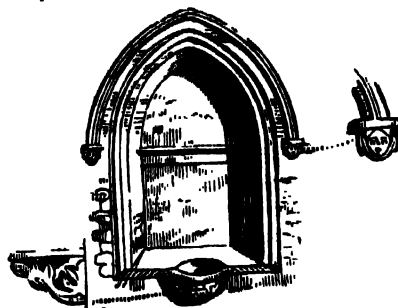
1079.—Piscina, Romsey, Hampshire.



1080.—Piscina, Hexham, Northumberland.



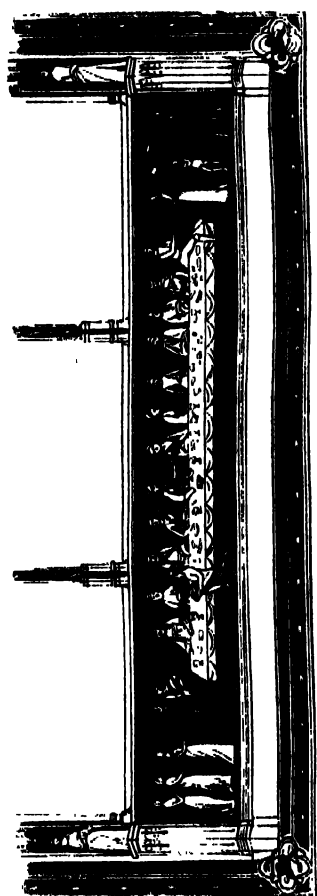
1081.—Piscina, Hexham, Northumberland.



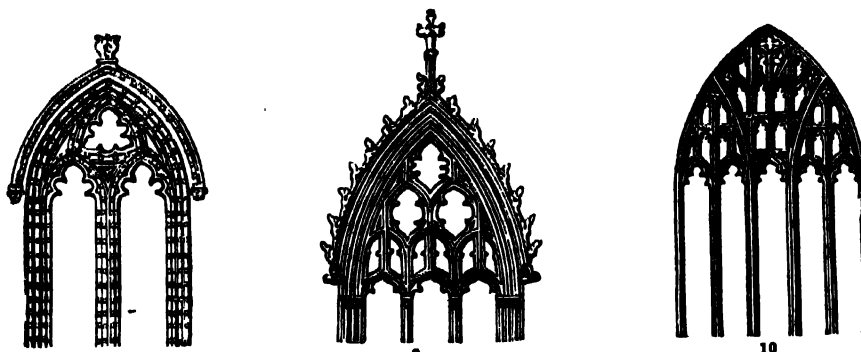
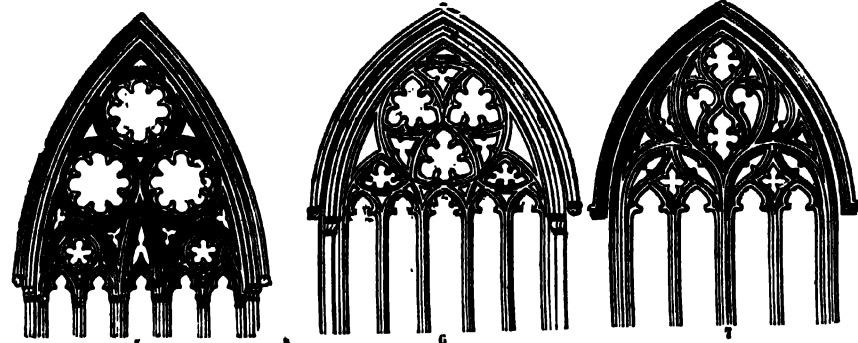
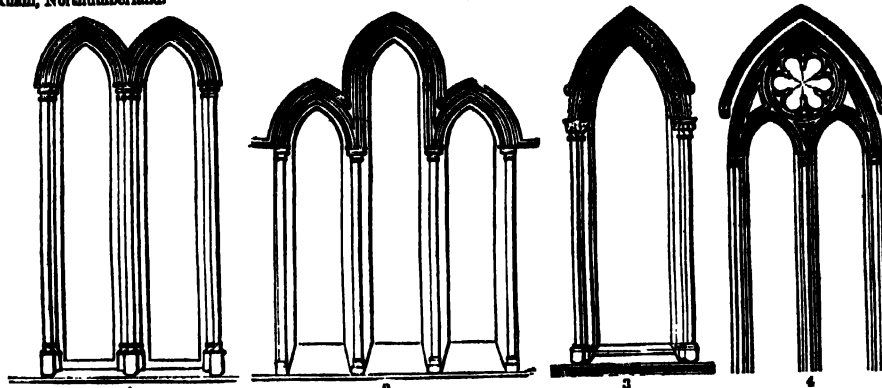
1082.—Piscina, Burford, Oxfordshire.



1086.—Early Brass (inlaid in stone).

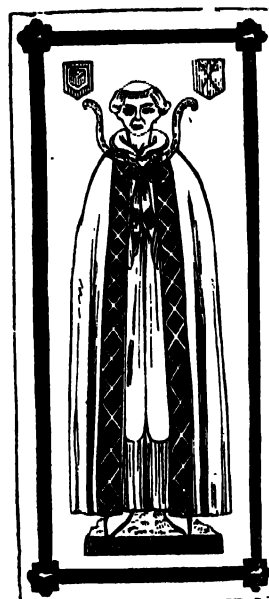


1088.—Lower Compartment of the East of the West of the Peacock.



1089.—Progressive Examples of Windows in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries.

I. Early English. 1. From the Lady-Chapel, Winchester; 2. York; 3. North Transept, York; 4. Westminster Abbey; 5. Chapter-House, York, transition to . . . II. Decorated English: 6. Exeter, Geometrical Tracery; 7. Kilton Church, Lincolnshire, Flowing Tracery; 8. Badgeworth Church, Gloucestershire, Example of the Ball-Flower Decoration; 9, 10. Choir, York, transition to the Perpendicular.



1087.—Brass of Bishop Compton.



1084.—Piscina, Bapchild, Kent.



1084.—Piscina, Bapchild, Kent.



1085.—Piscina in Norman Arch, Bapchild, Kent.



1091.—Froissart reading to the Count of Fohz after supper.



1090.—Froissart and Sir Expanding de Lyon.



1092.—Long-bow Archers. (From an original Drawing.)



1092.—Bertrand du Guesclin at the head of a Free Company.

and the "butcher" of Culloden, Addison, and his patron and friend Lord Halifax; and, lastly, the exquisitely-beautiful recumbent statue by Westmacott, of the Duke de Montpensier. We must not quit the chapel without a glance at the banners of the Knights of the Bath, that, hung on high along the chapel walls, remind us of the superb ceremony of installation that takes place in this chapel on the creation of a new knight.

We pass on now towards Poets' Corner (Fig. 1017), casting a mere passing glance into the chapels that lie by our side on the left. One of the most poetical of prose writers has given us his impressions of this, the more peculiarly attractive part of the whole abbey, and we cannot do better than transcribe the passage, for such writers enhance, by the personal sentiments they excite in connection with themselves and their visits, the sentiments they may have occasion to express with regard to what they felt and saw. "The monuments," observes Washington Irving, "are generally simple, for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakspeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these, as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate: he has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself out from the delights of social life, that he might the more immediately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language."

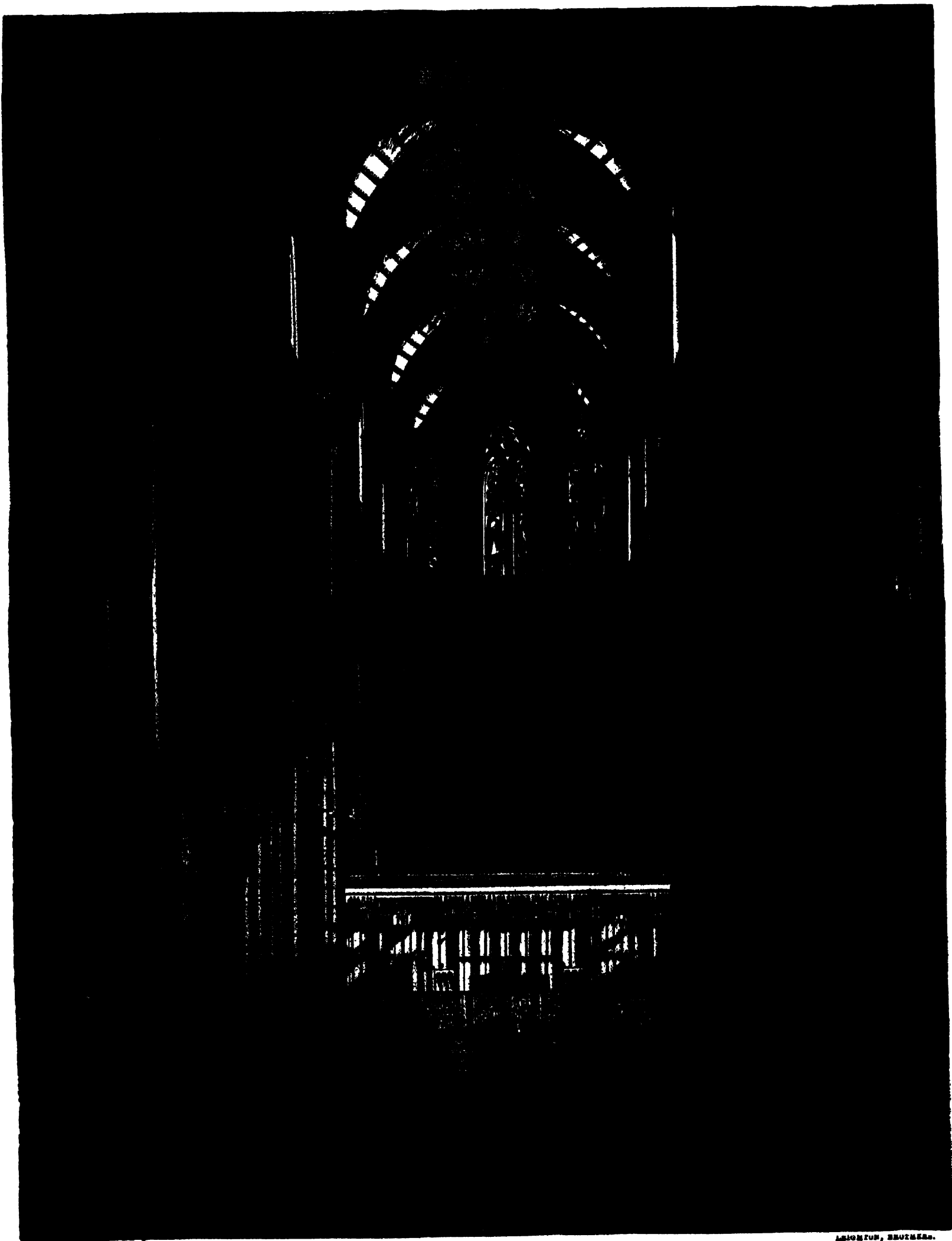
It is hardly necessary to enumerate the separate stars of this poetical Milky-way; but there is a distinction of some importance to be observed: some of our poets have simply monuments here—such are Shakspeare, Milton, Butler, Gray, Thomson, and Goldsmith; whilst others were really interred in Poets' Corner. As we wander about this little spot—surely the most precious any age or country can boast of—we have beneath or around us the ashes of Chaucer (fit name to commence the custom of burying poets in the abbey, worthy leader of the illustrious host that were to follow), Spenser, prince of poets, Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Dryden, Rowe, Prior, Gay, Denham, Macpherson, the author or discoverer of Ossian, Samuel-Johnson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the poet who has just put off his mortality to put on immortality, Thomas Campbell. The words "O rare Ben Jonson!" inscribed on the wall near the door, remind us that Ben Jonson, though not buried in the corner, lies in the abbey, in the north aisle of the nave; and a curious story is told as to the grave. The Dean of Westminster rallied the poet one day about his burial in the abbey vaults. "I am too poor for that," said Jonson; "and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir, six feet long by two wide is too much for me: two feet by two will do for what I want." "You shall have it," replied the Dean; and so the conversation ended. On the poet's death, continues the story, a demand was made for the space promised, and a hole made in 'it eight feet deep, and the coffin deposited therein *upright*. Many other eminent men enjoy the honourable companionship of the poets,—such are the musician Handel, the actors Garrick and Henderson, the men of learning Casaubon and Camden, the divine South, the architect Chambers, &c.

And now, in the choir (Figs. 1018, 1021), do we reach what may be called the holiest spot of the pile, not only in a religious, but in an artistic sense. Here, in the chapel of the kings, at the back of the choir, from which it is divided only by a screen, rests the monarch who may be considered the original founder of the pile, Edward the Confessor, beneath a monument that speaks, if ever stone did speak, of the primeval simplicity and comparatively rude magnificence of the Anglo-Saxon times, to which it belongs, and to which it at first sight carries back our thoughts. And what a circle of dead monarchs surround him!—Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., Richard II., and Henry V.; with Queens Eleanor (a monument so beautiful, that it may be questioned whether, in the whole

world of art, there is aught else that can surpass it), Philippa, and Anne of Bohemia, the spouse of the unfortunate Richard. Then against the screen are the two coronation-chairs, one of them with the stone of destiny beneath, whose real history (see Fig. 1018 of our work) goes back so far, and through such marvellous details, that a little faith may carry us even to end in the fabulous; and we may believe that it was the very stone that Jacob laid his head upon during the night of his memorable dream. And what a history is suggested by these chairs of the ceremonies that have taken place in this abbey from the days of Harold, the successor of the Confessor, down to our own times, on the accession of every new sovereign! What thoughts are not forced upon the mind as we turn from these types of the glory attending the rise of the kingly sun to those that speak of its setting;—sometimes still more gloriously—sometimes, alas! as in poor Richard's case, in tempest and deepest gloom. "It would be hardly possible," we have had occasion to observe elsewhere, "to present a more impressive lesson on the mutability of earthly glory than is afforded by the contrast between the two grand ceremonials which connect the history of our sovereigns for so many centuries with that of Westminster Abbey. The few steps upward to the throne, and the few downward into the grave; the airy sweep of the beautiful pointed arches, tier above tier, and the low and narrow vault; the spirit-stirring splendours of one pageant, and the sombre and dread magnificence of the other; the new-born hopes, which, binding king and people for the time in a common sympathy, make the past appear as nothing, the future all—and, alas! the melancholy comment provoked when all is over, as to the necessity for the repetition of the process:—these are but the regular and almost unchanging phenomena of the momentous ebbing and flowing of regal life which meet us in the memories of the abbey. It were a curious question to inquire whether those who have been the chief actors in such different ceremonials, have ever, during the one, thought of the other; whether, among all the monarchs who have passed along in their gorgeous robes, and beneath the silken canopy which the proudest nobles have been most proud to bear, there has been one to whom the secret monitor has whispered, in the words of a writer (Dart) better known as the historian than as the poet of the cathedral,—

While thus in state on buried kings you tread,
And swelling robes sweep spreading o'er the dead;
While, like a god, you cast your eyes around,
Think, then, oh! think, you walk on treacherous ground;
Though firm the chequered pavement seems to be,
'Twill surely open, and give way to thee.

Never, probably, has there been a time of greater misery or humiliation for England than during the sovereignty of Ethelred the Unready, when the kingdom was about to pass from the family of the glorious Alfred to the Northern Pirates, by whom it had been so long harassed. Ethelred inherited no spark of the genius of his ancestor; and that dreaded consummation he made no decisive effort to avert, except by bribing the adventurers of the "Raven's" standard with his subjects' gold. To get this, he instituted the regular tax of the Dane-Geld, or Gold for the Danes, which he levied with such cruel rigour that he grew as odious to his people as even the terrible Northmen. The religious houses, having settled endowments, were a ready prey; and the monastery of Peterborough is recorded as one of those which, having failed to pay its Dane-geld, suffered loss of land and estate. Thus it was that the manor and collegiate establishment of St. Peter at Howden (or Hovedon) passed from the Peterborough monks to the crown. We know scarcely anything of its after history, except that it was dissolved by Edward VI., and that, excepting a portion which is now the parish church, all was left to decay. And yet the place has been a considerable one, for the ruins (Fig. 1025) are extensive and of beautiful Gothic architecture. The chapter-house is one continuous specimen of rich and delicate ornament in stone. Here are thirty seats with ribbed canopies and carved rose-work, seven windows full of light and elegant tracery, and niches for statues garnished with tabernacle-work. Some antiquarians go so far as to say that this, though small, is the most beautiful chapter-house in England. There is a high and shapely tower overtopping the ruins of Howden church, that was built by Walter Skirlaw, Bishop of Durham, about the end of the fourteenth century, at the same time with part of the church, and the palace of the Durham bishops, also a ruin. The Book of Durham, quoted by Camden, gives Howden tower an origin similar to the tower of Babel, on the plain of Shinar—that is to say, it was to save the people of this district in the event of the rivers Ouse and Derwent flooding the



ABINGTON, BRITAIN.

THE CHOIR—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

land. The population must have been very scanty, judging by the accommodation provided for them in the interior of this tower. With all deference to Camden, however, the story is not deserving of credit.

To the desecrators of the fine old relics of England we commend the story told of a builder of Southampton, in connection with NETLEY ABBEY (Fig. 1027). Soon after the beginning of the last century, Mr. Walter Taylor purchased this abbey, intending to pull the whole fabric to pieces, and with the materials erect a town-house at Newport, and dwelling-houses at other places. After the contract had been made, some of Mr. Taylor's friends appear to have been conversing with him on the unworthiness of it, and uttered the forcible remark, that "*they* would never be concerned in the demolition of holy and consecrated places." Mr. Taylor then began to feel less satisfied with his undertaking; and his family have since stated that he related to the father of Dr. Isaac Watts a dream that he had, in which, whilst taking down the abbey, the keystone of the arch over the east window fell from its place, and killed him. Dreams were held in more respect a century ago than they are at present; but Mr. Watts's advice went no further than recommending that the builder should not *personally* be concerned in the destruction of the abbey. His advice, such as it was, was not followed. Mr. Taylor superintended the operations of his workmen at their melancholy task; and, singularly enough, while he was removing some boards within the east window, to admit air, a stone fell upon his head and fractured his skull. The injury was not at first deemed mortal; but the decree had gone forth—the spoiler of the holy edifice was doomed—he died under the operation of extracting a splinter. It might certainly be said that the accident of the surgeon's instrument slipping aside and piercing the brain was the immediate cause of death, and not the stone; but we can think only of the moral bearing of the incident, nor will a little superstition on this point be amiss, if it induce certain people to lay more reverent hands on time-honoured remains like Netley Abbey. In fact, the feelings of awe and fear produced by this occurrence *have* been useful in preserving what we now see from more attempts of the same sort: and we rejoice at it. The wise law-giver of Israel has said, "Cursed is he that removeth the ancient landmarks;" and here is a landmark not only ancient, but also otherwise sacred. "*Materials*," indeed! When will it be remembered that the value of such fragments is not in stones, or brick, or mortar—hardly even in the artistical fashioning of them—but in their associations! An enlightened German tourist thus speaks of Netley:—"One principal cause of the beauty of English ruins is the dampness of the climate, which covers them so immediately with a mantle of verdure. At Netley Abbey the court-yards, chapels, halls, and chambers, are all filled with trees, the edges of the walls covered with plants, and the ivy has hung its rich garlands round every elegant column and window-frame. In the centre of the largest space within the ruins, some speculator has established a table where the traveller may obtain ginger-bread and ginger-beer, soda-water and biscuits, and the vender of these dainties has set up his tent in the cell of one of the monks. The trees and bushes seem here as if they were representing the scenes in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. A thorn, covered with its red berries, seems to be looking out of one of the windows at the Southampton Water, as once the young daughters of the Earl of Hereford, or some among the 103 descendants of the Marquis of Winchester, may have done. Instead of porters and tall lacqueys, two tall trees keep watch at the gate; and, instead of horses, we find in the stables fine specimens of the stately ash. For the aged croues who may once have tenanted its chimney corners, we find there knotted and gnarled trunks; and the church is filled with plants and shrubs, which seem like a metamorphosed congregation of devout worshippers. Beyond the abbey the ground rises a little, and thence I had the view of the sea through its arched windows." (Köhl's 'England,' 1844.)

It is said that Netley Abbey tower, of which we see the fragments of a spiral staircase, was once a mark for seamen. Our forefathers designated the scene amid which the ruins are situated, Letley, or, Pleasant Place, the most beautiful features of which are the fine bay called Southampton Water, the gentle slopes of rich green verdure, and the woods that screen the abbey from the busy world. Grandly the wintry blast sounds in these woods, as it sweeps through crypt and chapter-house and refectory, and seems to raise in the chapel (whose rich roof lies broken on the ground, and whose interior is exposed to the gaze of all the host of heaven) echoes of long-departed strains of prayer and praise. The monks of Letley came from the neighbouring Cistercian monastery of Beaulieu, and their abbey was founded about 1239. It was dissolved in the first

year of Edward VI., and passed to the possession of the eminent Sir William Paulet, who retained his office of High Treasurer of England, through the perilous changes of the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, owing his safety to his partaking more of the nature of the willow than the oak. The Earls of Hereford next held Netley Abbey, and inhabited part of it, until it grew too dilapidated. But without calling up remote particulars of history, we have here abundant materials for interest and suggestive thought.

Fallen pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;—
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once might proudly, in their prime,
Have stood with giant port; till, by time
Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
They might have sunk, like thee; though thus forlorn
They lift their heads with venable hairs
Besprout, majestic yet, and as in scorn
Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares;
E'en so doth thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
Smile at the tempest, and time's sweeping sway.

BOWLES.

Of the large world of monachism, just previous to the rise of the mendicant orders, we might truly exclaim, in the words of Hamlet,—

Fye on't! O fye! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

A few illustrations of its overseers and guides, the leading clergy, about the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, will be proof enough of the general degeneracy. They (the monks and clergy together) held nearly half the lands of England, yet were still unsatisfied. At one time, in the twelfth century, we hear it said of a great prelate, Roger, Bishop of Sarum, or Salisbury, that "was there anything adjacent to his possessions which he desired, he would obtain it either by treaty or purchase, and if that failed, by force." At another time, we see an archbishop of Canterbury, Boniface, in the thirteenth century, sweeping down among his pastoral flocks to strip them of all he can by mean and tyrannic devices, putting the revenues at his control into his own private purse, and quartering himself and his retainers wherever he can find entertainment; and all the while fully prepared with bell, book, and candle for whoever may be disposed to question the holiness of his proceedings. How the riches of these spiritual leaders were spent we are at no loss to comprehend; for it is said of one bishop that he "wasted his wealth on hawks and hounds;" of others, that they were courtiers, politicians, men of pleasure, men of the world, who thought far more of a fine dinner than a fine sermon, of a good cook than a good preacher, of a purse of gold than all the souls that were to be saved in their dioceses. All were men of magnificence, or at least with very rare exceptions. It was said of that consummate churchman, Becket, "that he wished to be greater than the saints, and better than St. Paul;" and many others assumed, like him, the port of superhuman beings moving about in this sublunary world, to which they only appeared to have deigned to belong. And the spiritual power and influences they possessed were backed, whenever necessary, by force of a more temporal nature, such as bands of armed retainers and strongly-fortified castles. As for the rules of the respective orders, they had ceased to be regarded both by great and small clergy. A simple Archbishop of Rouen once gave it as his opinion that certain bishops ought to live as their orders enjoined, humbly and quietly, without meddling with military affairs, or building castles or places of war; he found few to agree with him. Of the spirit of these Christian pastors we have a striking instance in the little incident that gave rise to this novel doctrine. At Oxford, when a court was held there, the numerous and disorderly retainers of the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, and Sarum—the last the same Roger before mentioned—happening to quarrel with the Earl of Brittany's retainers, drew their swords, and killed a knight in the fray. The sovereign was not sorry for that "di graceful blood-shedding," because he was able to imprison these three holy fathers, and make them ransom themselves with some of their *fortresses* and treasures. At the Conquest, and often afterwards, the high clergy were mounted on war-steeds, clad in full panoply, and directed the siege or headed the attack; not forgetting afterwards to draw their lots with the rest for their share of the booty. In every civil commotion they were prominent, turning their palaces into fortresses, calling up their knightly vassals, and performing with them (to say the truth) as splendid achievements in war as the more legi-



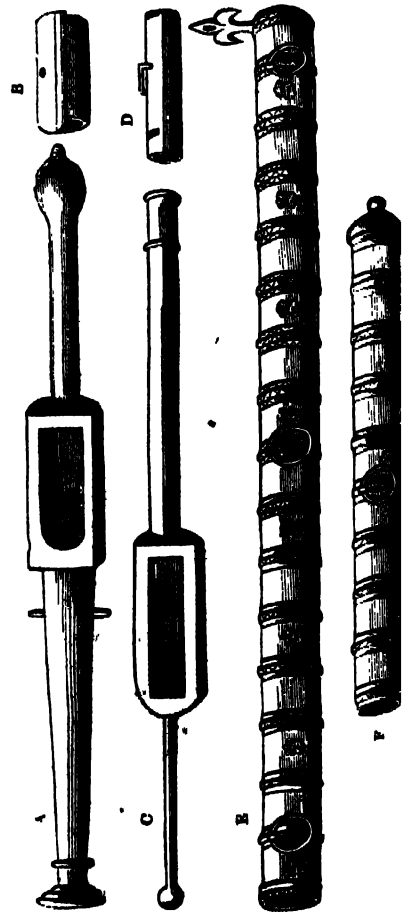
1894.—The Black Prince presenting his Banner to Sir John Channon.

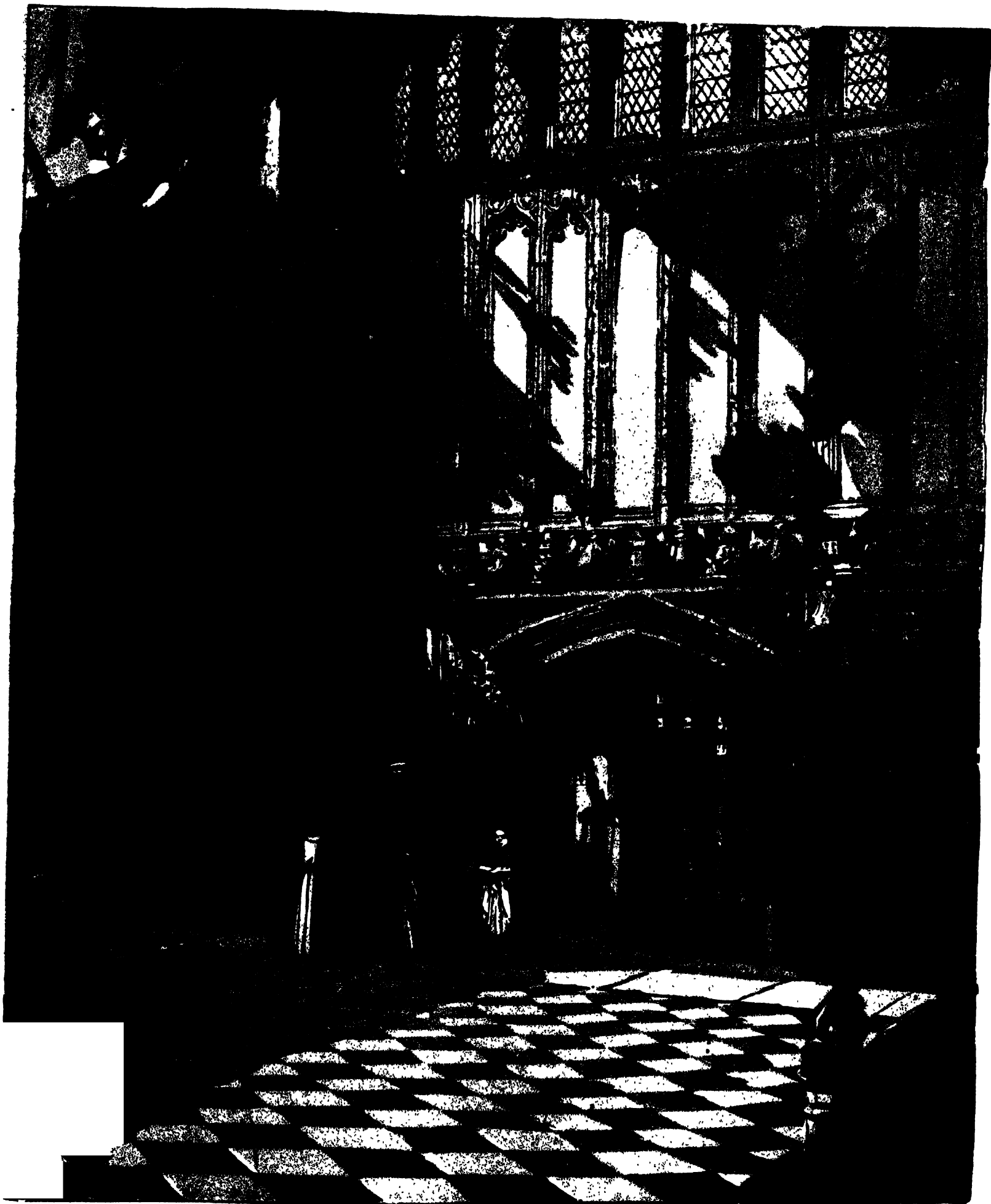


1695.—Death of "The Squire."



1497.—Mauling of a Cannon. (From Trevisart.)





LEIGHTON, BR 34

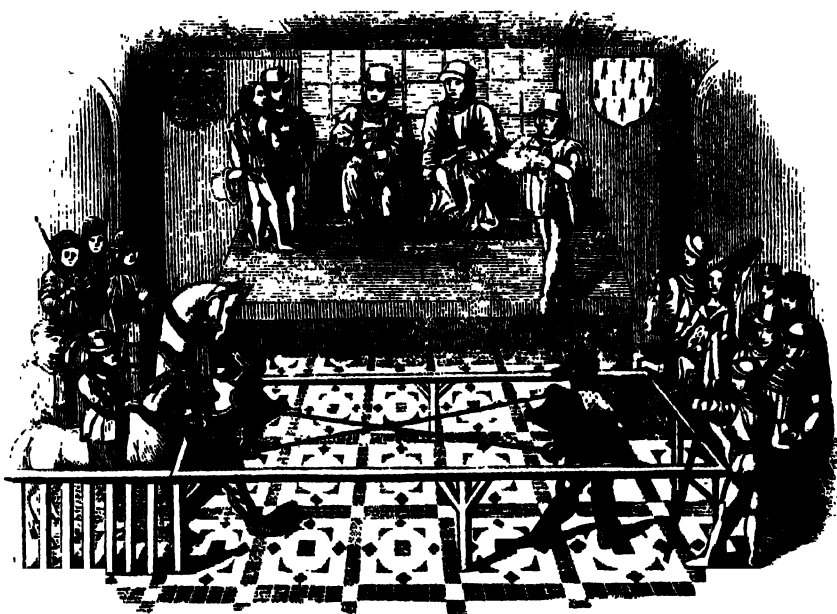
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.



1099.—Portrait of Bertrand du Guesclin.



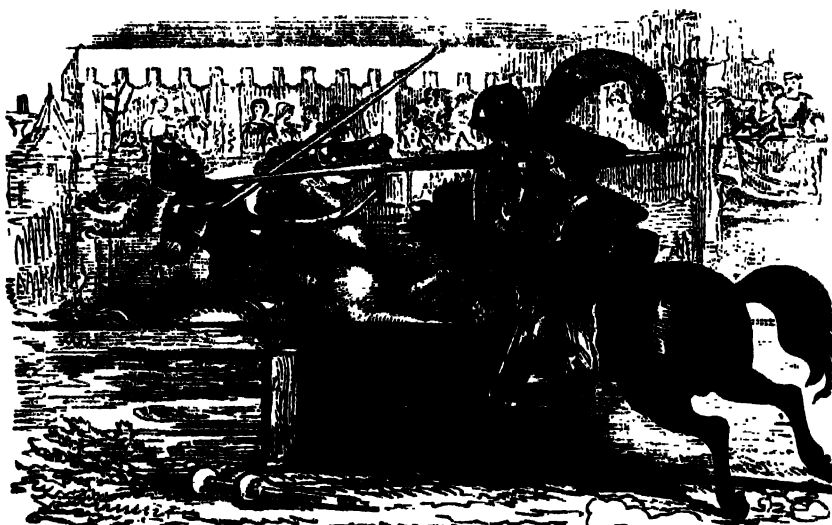
1100.—Bertrand du Guesclin fully armed.



1102.—Tilting-match between Rich. Clifford and J. Boucmail. (From Froissart.)



1101.—Accepting the Challenge.



1103.—Young Bertrand du Guesclin at the Tournament.



1104.—A Herald reading his Despatches.

timate martialists. A few lights, and but a few, shone through the murky atmosphere; for human goodness cannot be wholly quenched. The famous Grotestate was one of the purest and noblest of bishops, who lived through the most miserable times of church profligacy under King John and Henry III., and whose successful struggles for the cleansing of the Augean stables furnish us with a most dismal picture of the state of our English monasteries, and of the utter impossibility of reforming them so long as there lived a priest at Rome ready to listen to every appeal to him that came strengthened by a bribe, and sufficiently powerful to shelter all the vices of Christendom. The good Fulk Bassett, Bishop of London, and others, might also be mentioned, but these only made the darkness of the times more visible, until suddenly, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, day seemed to brighten around, and was joyfully hailed by the friends of mankind, in the institution of religious orders adopting the habits of life and teaching once practised by the Saviour and his Apostles.

At Assisi, in Umbria, in 1182, was born Francis, son of Peter de Bernardino, a wealthy merchant: he was at first christened John by his mother Pica, but his father, returning after an absence, changed that name to the one which was afterwards destined to become illustrious. Francis early acquired French, intending to adopt his father's profession; but, about 1206, the whole current of his mind underwent a singular change; a fit of sickness opened to him new worlds of thought—at once and for ever he abandoned the dissolute life he had been some time leading, and gave himself to prayer, to poverty, and to solitude. The good folks of Assisi deemed him mad; but his father was more disposed to blame his will than his infirmity, and, in the hope of coercing him to return to common duties, shut him up in a prison. This proving ineffectual, another plan was tried for reclaiming Francis, by taking him before the Bishop of Assisi, and requiring him to renounce his right in the paternal property. Francis was prepared and willing to make even this sacrifice for his principles. He surrendered *all*, even to the last article of his clothing, and from that time a coarse habit of grey cloth, tied with a common cord round his waist, and reaching to his ankles, superseded the handsome habiliments of the rich merchant's son. His feet were bare, only protected from the earth by rude sandals, and his head was shaded by a grey cowl. Such, with the addition of an occasional cloak, was the garb uniformly adopted by his followers, the Grey Friars (Fig. 1028). In 1210 and 1215, the rule of St. Francis was approved by the Pope and the Council of Lateran. In 1211 he had his first church near Assisi; and no later than 1219, when Francis was but thirty-seven, he enjoyed the title of "Seraphic Father," and held a chapter of some five thousand friars. He was no longer thought *mad*. His death took place at Assisi, in 1226, and he was canonized four years after. In a great measure, men are created by their times. Powerful and new minds were just then loudly called for, and they sprang up at the call. There was a contemporary of St. Francis, born in another land, and with whom it does not appear he had any communication, yet they seem to have been inspired with perceptions, zeal, and talents nearly identical, were canonized within five years of each other, and were the founders of orders so nearly alike, that the chief difference we can discover was, that the habits of the followers of Dominic de Guzman were black, with a white rochet (Fig. 1029), and those of Francis grey. The Dominicans first entered England. Thirteen Spanish friars and a superior came, with high testimonials and recommendations from the Pope and other leading men of the holy see; they came on foot, being forbidden to mount on horseback by the humility of their rule; they came teaching the poor and ignorant, who had almost ceased to hear the voice of a preacher, and they came with so little of the cumbersome formality of ecclesiastical worship, that their portable pulpits and altars were set up in the streets and highways. Great was the sensation these zealous strangers excited. They asked no revenues or lands, they sought no glorification of themselves; they only desired permission to teach and pray, and to subsist on the alms of the pious. These poor preaching-friars became ere long the ornament and support of our greatest university at Oxford, where they grew eminent for all the learning of the time. Their second house was the noted Black Friars at London, near the present Blackfriars Bridge. The Franciscans very soon followed the Dominicans, and were generously entertained by the latter. Their first English house was at Canterbury; their second, the Grey Friars of London, where part of the buildings of the magnificent monastery that rose on the site still remains in the famous Blue-Coat School of Christ Church. In the course of time this church, built and endowed by royalty and nobility, came to be a place of sepulchre for four queens and nearly seven hundred persons of quality; whilst the Black Friars' Church in

the same metropolis was equally gorgeous and equally fashionable, it being generally believed that to be interred there, in the habit of that order, preserved the dead from the Great Enemy. No wonder other men endeavoured to imitate St. Francis and St. Dominic in founding mendicant orders, or in bringing previous orders near to their standard. A very modest fraternity arrived in 1244; they only asked from the opulent a house to live in, and exemption "from being reproached by any one;" meekly promising excommunication to those who failed to comply with the latter demand. Two London citizens accommodated these Crossed or Crutched Friars, who were distinguished by carrying an iron cross in their hands (changed to silver afterwards), and by wearing a cross of cloth on their garments, at first of grey, then red, and lastly blue. Gerard, prior of St. Mary de Morillo, at Bologna, in 1169, first instituted this order of friars, whose houses were dedicated to the holy cross. The Carmelites, or White Friars, "originated from the hermits of Mount Carmel, who inhabited the mountain which Elias and Eliseas, Elija and Elisha, inhabited" (Pennant). Another order was "for such married people as were desirous of repentance," as a sign of which they wore sackcloth. They were taken under the special protection of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., under the designation of Friars Penitents, or Friars of the Sac. There were also Trinitarians, or Maturines, Austin Friars, Bethlehemites, Friars of St. Anthony of Vienna, Friars de Pica, Bonhommes, or good men, introduced in 1283, by the Earl of Cornwall, and many others. Prosperity proved soon fatal to the moral elevation of all these different friars, or *freres* (brothren), precisely as it had done to the monkish orders and their clergy before. "The barefooted friar" came to be ludicrously associated with a pampered, indolent, sensual life; and the proverb, "It is not the cowl that makes the friar," expresses how woefully they too (like their predecessors the monks) had degenerated from their early professions. New men were again demanded to create a new state of things: and one was found in the memorable rectory of Lutterworth (Fig. 1049). Wickliffe arose, the morning star of the Reformation, and began the noble movement that was to make glorious his name by unsealing the Book of Books, and enabling the people to gather for themselves, without the interposition of monk, friar, or priest, the saving truths of the Gospel, in a popular version of the Scriptures. Our engraving (Fig. 1067) is a specimen of Wickliffe's translation.

To our notice of the friars of the thirteenth century, we name two bishops worthy of better times. Others might have been mentioned had space permitted. The century following had its lights also. Monastic and clerical morality in England had little improved, when a poor boy was placed in the "great Grammar School of WINCHESTER" by a generous lord of the manor of Wykeham. The boy did not turn out one of those prodigies of musty lore of which the monastic ages were so fond; but he had rare talents for architecture, and that was an equally sure passport to preferment in the middle ages. A mightier patron than the Lord of Wykeham—Edward III.—fostered the genius and rewarded the exertions of the rising man, until William of Wykeham was presented with a rich mitre. He proved a great builder in other than architectural respects. His diocese of Winchester underwent at his hands a thorough purification and renovation; but his crowning work, and which he lived to see complete and flourishing, was the bestowment of his wealth for the good of posterity in provision for a liberal and exalted education for those who had not the means to pay for it—and the erection for this purpose of two extensive buildings. Now College, Oxford, and its preparatory College of Winchester. The latter opened with its full establishment in 1393, on the site of the old grammar-school, chosen no doubt by Wykeham from grateful remembrance of the kindness and instruction which he had received there. The Winchester foundation has withstood successfully the innovations of time, that has changed all things about it. We have still the seventy poor Wykehamite Scholars of Winchester, forming with the two masters the holy number of seventy-two, that of the early disciples; the warden and ten fellows (who have appointments for life) still stand for the eleven apostles, and the sixteen choristers still represent the four great and twelve lesser prophets. We have even still the Gothic style, and the antique arrangement of the various erections in and about the college, similar to those of Eton and Oxford Schools. The approach through two courts, beneath an ancient tower and gateway (Fig. 1033), wears the secluded and venerable air of a learned retreat of monastic days. The beautiful chapel and hall speak worthily of the architect-bishop's genius. In the cloisters (one hundred and thirty-two feet square) is John Fromond's Chantrèy, built in 1430; it was deprived of its chaplain at the Reformation, and

converted into a library by Dr. Pinke in 1629. In one of the schoolrooms we find some ancient admonitory symbols, offering the scholar three alternatives, a bishop's cap and staff, with a motto in Latin, signifying that he may stay and learn; an inkstand and a sword, with a motto meaning, that if he does not choose to learn, he may leave; and finally a rod, that needs not the motto attached, so unmistakably does it imply that if he will neither learn nor leave, he must submit to something more disagreeable. A noble schoolroom was built by the "Wykehamites" in 1687, at a cost of 2592*l*. Over the entrance is the bronze statue of William of Wykeham, that was modelled, cast, and presented to the college by the father of Colley Cibber. One of the curiosities of the college is a figure illustrative of a good servant according to the ideas of our ancestors: it is compounded of a man, a stag, an ass, and a hog, severally representing, we presume, the intellect of mind, the swiftness of foot, the gentleness of temper, and the accommodating character of appetite, that ought to be at the master's service. One would like to see a corresponding figure, showing what the master thought he ought to be, to be worthy of such an attendant. We must conclude this sketch by a touching extract, after premising that there are upwards of a hundred boys not on the foundation lodged in a spacious quadrangular building contiguous to the college, many of them belonging to wealthy or distinguished families. "At the close of the school year, the scholars break up, after having solemnly sung, in the presence of the assembled clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood, the hymn of 'Dulce Domum,' known throughout England, and said to have been composed by a poor Wykehamist, condemned as a punishment to remain at school during the holidays. The story goes that after composing this song and the melody to it, he continued singing it incessantly, till languishing more and more, in vain longing for his home, he fell sick and died. The æsthetic value of the composition is of course not great, but it is so expressive of the feelings which animate millions of hearts, that it has spread from Winchester to Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and all public schools, and is everywhere sung with enthusiasm. The mail coaches used formerly at Christmas and other holiday times to be filled with boys, singing this favourite ditty, and holding in their hands little banners, on which 'Dulce Domum' was inscribed in great letters." (Köhl's 'England,' 1844.)

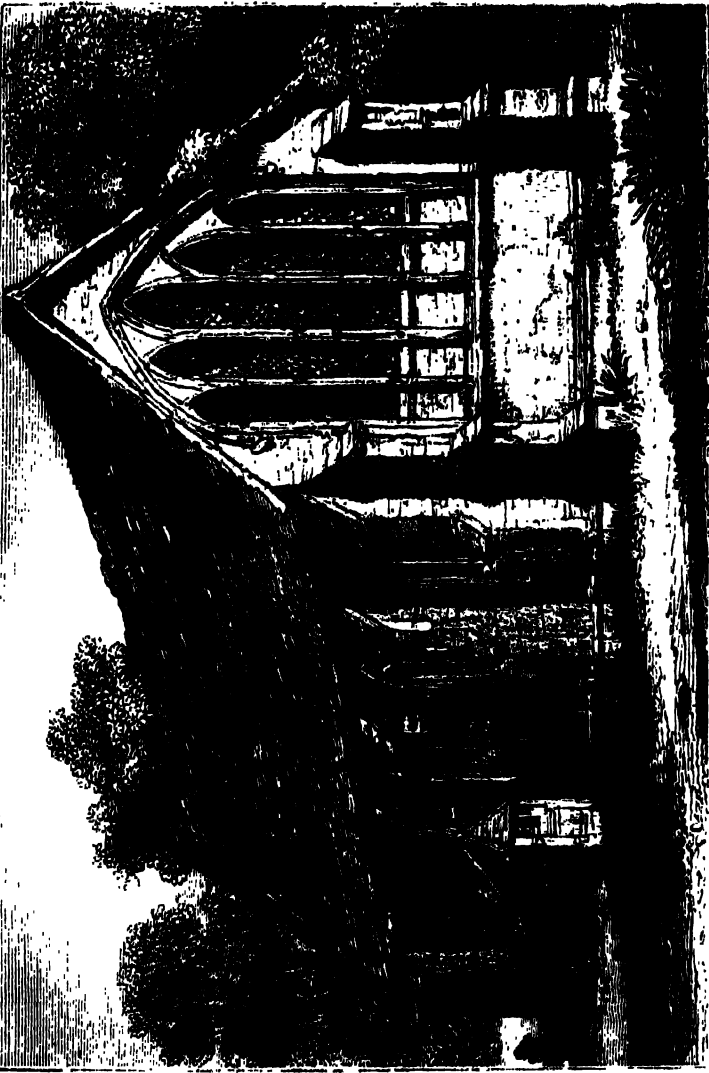
Canons have been often mentioned in connection with cathedral and collegiate establishments. They lived a modified monastic life under the control of the bishop, by whom they were often sent out into the rural districts to teach the ignorant population, and perform among them the rites of religion. For a long time they thus sufficed, during the primitive ages of the Anglo-Christian religion, instead of a parochial clergy. They were also students and interpreters of the great canon laws, those emanations of the legislative wisdom of the successors of St. Peter, to which all Europe rendered obedience. It was by these canons' assistance, as a sort of privy council, the bishop exercised his extensive powers. Such, before 1105, were the canons, a class still attached to our episcopal establishments, generally under the denomination of prebendaries, though the ancient ideas of their duties are quite extinct. After 1105 they were called Seculars, to distinguish them from the Regulars, who lived more like monks, but not so strictly, although they kept close in their monasteries, instead of going forth to teach. The regular canons' first home in England was at Colchester. Tanner mentions above one hundred and seventy-five houses of canons and canonesses, in England and Wales. Of these houses the great lords, as in other orders of monachism, were the chief founders. Among them, Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester, in 1143, established LEICESTER ABBEY (Fig. 1032), for one of the reformed canon orders, of St. Mary's Pré; that originated in the diocese of Laon in Picardy, where the Virgin herself had, it was asserted, pointed out a place to be its head. Leicester Abbey became rich and fashionable, and the place of rest and refreshment for monarchs and other great personages (Richard II. and his queen and courtiers among the rest), as they passed to and from the North. It is now a mere heap of ruins (Fig. 1032), destitute of form or dignity, and deriving its chief interest from its having been the scene of the death of one of the most remarkable personages of the detestable reign of Henry VIII.—Cardinal Wolsey. The common reproach that human nature loves to trample on fallen greatness was not borne out in the instance of Wolsey's precipitate descent from high fortune. He found himself indeed deserted by the minions of the court, but the common people, to whom he had been disguised by prosperity, found out in his adversity that he was possessed of amiable and estimable qualities, and would have risked even their lives to rescue him from his tormentors, and take him to the sea-coast, where he might escape to another

land. But no! Wolsey indeed looked to another land for safety, but that was beyond this world. He had been twenty years the dearest friend of Henry, and he could not survive this bitter reverse:

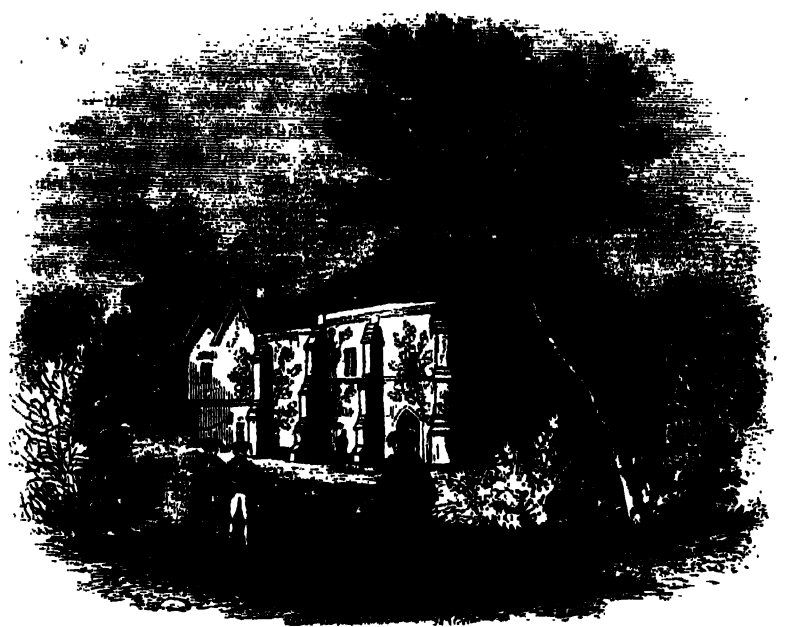
Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

The suffering prisoner had reached Sheffield Park when he was attacked by a mortal sickness. A fortnight's illness left him in the last extreme of feebleness, so that he could scarcely sit upon his mule. It was growing evident to those who had charge of him, that there would be no dungeon but the grave for Wolsey: that the Tower would not number him among its list of victims, that the axe would thirst in vain for his blood. He was passing out of the reach of earthly potestates. In the full consciousness of this, when, late on the third evening, he and his keepers reached Leicester Abbey, and the abbot and monks came out with burning torches at the gates to receive him, with the honour rather due to his former than his present condition, he said to the abbot, "Father, I am come to lay my bones among you." The weeping brethren carried him from his mule to a bed, where swoon followed swoon. His memorable last words were then uttered to the lieutenant. "Master Kingston, I pray you have me commended most humbly to his majesty, and beseech him, on my behalf, to call to his gracious remembrance all matters that have passed between us from the beginning, especially respecting Queen Catherine and himself, and then shall his conscience know whether I have offended him or not. He is a prince of most royal courage, and hath a princely heart—for, *rather than miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger one half of his kingdom.* And I do assure you, I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber, sometimes for three hours together, to persuade him from his appetite, and could not prevail. And, Master Kingston, this I will say—*had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.* Howbeit this is my just reward for my pains and diligence, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my prince." Never did deathbed speech contain a more profound or pathetic moral. He died soon after. It was at midnight that the heartbroken Cardinal was interred by the brethren of Leicester Abbey, in the chapel of Our Lady in the church, with no solemnity except such as was essential to the awful duty, and arose out of heartfelt reverence and sorrow.

Before the Conquest, the only order of monks known in England was the Benedictine, instituted early in the sixth century, and first generally established by St. Dunstan in the tenth. One of the principal of their houses was at MALMESBURY, the buildings of which occupied forty-five acres of ground. It was the second establishment for extent and importance in the west of England. The founder was a Scotchman of the seventh century, Maidulph, or Maydulph, first known at Malmesbury as a teacher. When he had collected a few pupils who were willing to forsake the world for a monastery, he began to build one. Neither master nor pupils could have been in possession of much worldly wealth; for though we may presume they had the alms of the pious to help them, yet for some time they could scarcely manage to live. But this did not last long. Their humble house was in a few years transformed into all the magnificent complication of a great abbatial structure, endowed by Saxon bishops, and Saxon kings, Ina, Athelstan, Edgar, Edward the Confessor, and others. The first founder lived to be a rich abbot. He was associated with Aldhelm, a monk still of note as a Saxon writer. To honour Aldhelm's memory after his decease, King Athelstan chose him for his patron saint, and bequeathed his own body to be buried in the abbey. The altar tomb in our engraving (Fig. 1039) has been called King Athelstan's, but the situation does not correspond with the spot mentioned by William of Malmesbury as the place of his burial, which was under the high altar. The style also is later than the age of Athelstan. The tomb has been examined, but contained no vestiges of interment. Whom the royal-robed effigy is intended to represent we shall probably never discover, but we know that other Saxon kings have been interred in this abbey beside Athelstan. The Norman era, fatal to many Saxon monasteries, advanced this; the Norman kings being pleased to shed over Malmesbury the genial sunshine of their favour. About the end of the eleventh century was born the valuable old English historian whom we have just quoted, William, called "of Malmesbury," because he was an inmate of this abbey. He was placed here in his boyhood, became librarian and precentor (Leland's), and ultimately refused the mitre. The number of works



1105.—Guildhall, Chichester.



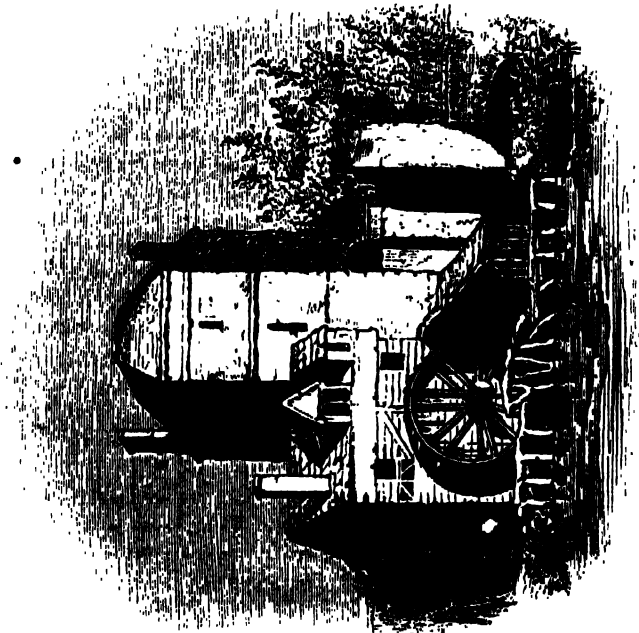
1107.—The School of Pythagoras, Cambridge.



1106.—Watergate Street, with the external View of the "Boys" at Chichester.



1108.—Croyland Bridge.



1109.—A Tower which formerly stood on the Bridge at Oxford.



1113.—Interior of a Chester "Row."



1110.—"Pant" in front of the Freeman's Hospital, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.



1111.—Black Gate, Newcastle.



that he produced speaks much for the life of the Malmesbury recluses, as we may fairly presume he was not the only one of them who spent his time in quiet trains of thought, or in the exercise of the pen. Life in the monastic communities was no doubt eminently favourable to mental pursuits, when there was any taste or desire for such occupations, and we find this evidenced not only in literary and architectural, but in various other productions. Thus we find one monk, Oliver of Malmesbury, who lived in the abbey about the same time as William, making a daring and novel experiment in mechanical art, like that of Johnson's flying philosopher in 'Rasselas.' One day he presented himself on the top of a lofty tower, in the centre of a pair of wings that he had contrived for sailing through the air. Great was the admiration and wonder of the beholders, when Oliver boldly sprang forth into that element which had hitherto eluded man's skill. But Oliver's pinions unfortunately proved no more trustworthy than those that betrayed their author in the Happy Valley. He flew a furlong space (it is said), and then dropped, fracturing his limbs. Fig. 1036 gives us an exterior view of all that remains of this proud establishment—a few fragments of the abbey church, "that right magnificent thing" (Leland). The time of its erection is referred generally to that of Roger, Bishop of Sarum, in the twelfth century. The character of the whole is massive, large, and curiously decorated. The grand southern porch (Fig. 1038) is the finest part. The arch of the transept (Fig. 1037) is also well worthy of attention.

Though the Benedictines were, as a body, averse to new forms of religion, they became the source of many. One reformer of this primary body was an abbot of Cîteaux in the bishopric of Châlons, in Burgundy, where he had founded a house, to be more retired from the world than the Benedictines generally deemed necessary. The third abbot of Cîteaux was an Englishman, Stephen Harding, canonised as St. Etienne, who may be esteemed the real founder of the order les Cîteaux, or Cistercian, that began in his time first to make a name in the world. Until the period of the French Revolution, the abbots of Cîteaux were superiors-general of the whole order. A marked feature of the Cistercians was and is their reverence for St. Bernard, the founder, it is said, of sixty houses. He was abbot of Clairvaux, or Clareval, in the diocese of Langres. The Cistercians are also designated Bernardines. The sudden rise of this great order was truly remarkable. Within fifteen years five hundred abbeys sprang to light, in solitary and uncultivated places, it being a rule of the body that no house, even one of their own, should be built within a certain distance. Their own historians say they had six thousand monasteries in all. The English Cistercians came from Aumône Abbey in Normandy, 1128. Walter Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, established them in his new-founded abbey at Waverley. The abbots of this place had precedence in the chapters, and over all the order in England. At the suppression, by Henry VIII., there were thirty-six Great Bernardine houses in this country, besides many smaller, and twenty-six nunneries. The monks wore white habits at their religious exercises, but when they went abroad the white gown over the white cassock was exchanged for a black gown. All their houses were dedicated to the Virgin. Those that remain of the ancient foundations in this country are mostly ruins, but such ruins as one would not willingly exchange for most modern and complete establishments. The beauty and solitariness of their situations of course greatly enhance the effect of the relics of their beautiful and lofty architecture. In slightly noticing some of the chief Cistercian houses in England, such as Kirkstall, Tintern, and Melrose, the thoughts not unnaturally revert to the house of White Monks, located in Charnwood Forest, where some Cistercians of our own day are busily occupied in completing a Cistercian abbey on the largest scale, with a Gothic church that may almost rival those of the middle ages.

Henry de Lacy, in the reign of Stephen, being in a bad state of health, made a vow that if he should recover he would build an abbey in honour of the blessed Virgin and the Cistercian order. He *did* recover, and at once set about fulfilling his vows. It seems that he held the town and appurtenances of Bernoldawic, or Bernoldawic, in fee of Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, himself a munificent benefactor to holy church. This property was made over by Lacy to Abbot Alexander, "Prior of Fountains," and called St. Mary's Mount. Alexander brought twelve monks and ten converts from Fountains, and became abbot of Lacy's new monastery. But it was ill provided against the rigours of the wintry season, and war added to the distress of the monks. After enduring much from hunger and cold, during six months, the abbot in very despair began to look about for some better place, where the abbey would be more likely to flourish, and the inmates have more chance of

comfort. He found this place in a beautiful and well-wooded dale through which the river Aire flowed clear and full. Here he selected the site of a new abbey, close on the river margin. There was plenty of stone in the neighbourhood for building, and abundance of fuel, which, with water, formed three great indispensables for the undertaking. But what seems to have chiefly determined Abbot Alexander in his choice, was the finding already settled here a few anchorites. Lacy now obtained a grant of the land necessary for the abbey from William of Poitou or Poiteven, to whom and his heirs the monks of Kirkstall paid five marks annually. The church, built entirely at Lacy's expense, the two dormitories for monks and lay-brothers, the refectory, cloister, chapter-house, and other offices, were all built during the good Alexander's long abbacy. Lacy supplied the brethren with money and provisions, and other patrons soon followed, who must have been very liberal, if we may judge from the large possessions Kirkstall ultimately acquired.

The plan of the abbey (Fig. 1041) exhibits an arrangement common to all such edifices. The beauty of the present ruins (Fig. 1040) is enhanced by the grand masses of ivy that in some parts clothe it from the ground to the topmost fragment. The style involves the changes from Early Norman to Pointed. In fine weather, especially on Sundays, the neat little village of Kirkstall, placed at a most convenient distance for the pleasure-seekers of busy Leeds, is quite thronged by manufacturing artisans and others, who wander about the celebrated abbey, and on the banks of the Aire, devoid, for the most part, of sympathy with its original purposes, but fully alive to the two interesting facts—all they know of it—that it is beautiful and old. Some, as they peep into the remains of cells and cloisters, long to know more of those who formerly tenanted them; or, as they attempt to climb the dim and perilous steps to the remains of weird-looking galleries, fancy the moon-beam glancing through the deep shadows to be the form of a white monk, or, gazing with still deeper awe, not to say fear, into the inscrutable vaults, shudder as they recall to mind all the terrible stories of which they have ever read in history or in fiction of monks entombed alive, for striving to burst the stern cold barriers which they had placed between themselves and the world of human nature. In another respect KIRKSTALL ABBEY is unfortunate in its nearness to the great dépôt of woollens; there was not room enough, it seems, in that big town for tall chimneys, and rows of formal factory windows, and great unsightly masses of stone and mortar, but they must encroach on a domain sacred to the poetry of the past, and so rob Kirkstall, in our opinion, of half its charms.

The Black Canons were introduced into Scotland about the same time as in England. One of their houses was at JEDBURGH, the inmates of which came from Beauvais in France, early in the twelfth century. It suffered greatly in the visitations of the English, was pillaged and burned by Surrey, in 1253, at the storming of Jedburgh, and injured by Hertford in 1545. We have now only the ruins of the church (Fig. 1056), two hundred and thirty feet in length. The central tower is one hundred feet high. There are two beautiful Norman doors, and a fine west gable. The style is Norman and Early English. Foundations of the abbey are traceable to a considerable distance. The burial-ground is very spacious. Jedburgh parish was in old days celebrated for its castles, fortified dwellings, and magnificent ecclesiastical establishments; and for the picturesque woodland scenery amid which they were situated.

One of the pious works of the Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, alluded to in our notice of Kirkstall, was the abbey church of TINTERN, whose ruins adorn that part of the margin of the Wye between Monmouth and Chepstow, which has been so celebrated by tourists and poets.

How oft,

In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods;
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

The poem containing these lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the banks of the Wye, July 18, 1798, must be known to most of our readers. Familiar almost as household words are some of the thoughts it contains—thoughts which, whilst we trace the outward and visible objects described in the poem, interpret to us, in sweet and mournful music, their spiritual purposes. Nor is this all. They lead us to admire and rejoice in

the sympathy that unites pure and lofty minds of all ages and creeds; whether Catholic fathers, such as those who selected the romantic and pastoral vale of Tintern, and then invested the spot with a higher interest by the erection of their beautiful monastery—or Protestant bards like Wordsworth, who have drawn inspiration from it, and added yet another charm to Tintern by their writings. Wordsworth and the early monks seem to have felt with equal intensity, that—

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Harsh judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

We have a singular distant view of the ruin from a spot at a little distance on the other side the river, presenting fine illusory effects. It seems to stand in the front of an interminable forest. The grand east window, set in shrubs and ivy, is changed into a majestic portal, through which we gaze on a vista whose limits baffle us, so indefinitely are they prolonged by the foliage twined about columns, and dropping from arches, and clustering beyond the opposite extremity of the ruin, the arch of the western window. The best near view of the shell of the Abbey Church is given in Fig. 1081. The total loss of the tower is unfortunate, as in consequence there is felt a deficiency of elevation to harmonize the exterior. It happens too that the most prominent parts left standing are gables of common, formal, and obtrusive outline. The roof of the church, like the tower, has long ago fallen. Other parts of the building are in tolerable preservation, and amply justify the praise bestowed upon it by Mr. Rickman, that, "in beauty of composition and delicacy of execution, it yields to few edifices in the kingdom." Tintern is chiefly noted for the fine perspective of the interior (Fig. 1030). No jarring point meets us there. All is antique and regular, airy and grand. The smooth and verdant turf contrasts well in colour with the grey walls, and by preserving the original level of the ground, preserves also the original proportions of the building. It seems likely that the choir of the church was first built, as in 1268, William of Worcester informs us, the abbot and monks entered it and celebrated mass at the high altar. The style was Early English, passing gradually into Decorated, as the edifice advanced to completion. The abbey was founded a short time previous to the church (in 1131), by Walter de Clare, grandson to Walter Fitzosbert, Earl of Eu. Some remains of the abbot's lodge and frater are close to the water's edge, and droop their ivy clusters over it. The monks' cells are partly incorporated into miserably poor tenements, the abodes of indigent people, whose unseemly rags and importunate solicitations for alms by no means enhance the natural associations of the place. One cannot but remember that their forefathers were in all probability very differently cared for. Well, time has swept away worse things than the spirit of Catholic love and reverence for the poor; which is ill exchanged for the cold, selfish policy that prevails too much in our own age.

Some of the general features of the great abbeys of the Cistercian order, that we have noticed in England, we find repeated in the Scottish houses MELROSE and NEW ABBEY. The former, the another Cistercian church of Scotland, was founded in 1136, by that "sore saint for the Crown," as James VI. styled his ancestor, the royal David I., when he found how his revenues were impoverished by that saint's pious doings. The monks came from Rivaux Abbey in Yorkshire; they were wealthy and numerous (nearly a hundred), and have left no good character behind them. The old border ballad thus alludes to their luxury and rapacity—

O the monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Friday, when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale
As long as their neighbours lasted.

As usual, the remains are those of the church (Fig. 1057). The length of the nave and choir together is two hundred and fifty-eight feet, that of the transept one hundred and thirty feet. In this fabric, in Mr. Hutchison's opinion, are the finest lessons in, and the greatest variety of Gothic ornaments that the island affords.

Francis Drake, writing in 1742, also observes, "Melrose, I shall take it upon me to say, has been the most exquisite structure of the kind in either kingdom." Lastly comes the poet, also pointing out, as the great architectural attractions of Melrose its intricate and exquisite stone carving:

Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

And he settled the business. The beauties of Melrose became a point of fashionable faith. By day and night, the great and the small crowded about it, in consequence of the descriptions in the famous "Lay." Some who had never heard of Melrose before, never forgot it after; some cared nothing about it *then*, and only followed in the popular wake to be able to say they had seen it; but all pressed to look for the shadow of the blood-red cross that marked where the wizard lay; and all, even the most prosaic people, talked poetry about Melrose by moonlight (Fig. 1058), and repeated the famous lines, and even made Johnny Bower, the "decent-looking little old man in a blue coat and red waistcoat," get up a kind of artificial illumination, when the moon was in eclipse.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin's central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while,
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair.

A point of high interest not generally known, though Scott himself mentions it, is connected with this abbey. We have elsewhere said that the royal Bruce bequeathed his heart to the care of his tried friend and companion in arms, Sir James Douglas, to be conveyed to the Holy City in Palestine. After "the good Sir James" had fallen, fighting with the Moors in Spain, the glorious relic found its way back to its native clime, and was enshrined in "Old Melrose." There are some interesting sepulchral remnants. "I can never forget," says Mrs. John Ballantyne (in a number of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,' of September, 1844), "the awe-striking solemnity with which he (Scott) pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey:

"Earth walketh on the earth,
Glistening like gold;
Earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it wold.
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers;
Earth saith to the earth,
All shall be ours."

Among the other curiosities of New Abbey, in Kirkcudbright Stewartry, Scotland, is a small curious gate leading into the abbey, and an escutcheon, supposed to bear the Abbey arms, with an inscription over it in old English, "Choose time of need." In those arms is a heart, in allusion to a touching circumstance relating to the foundation of the abbey by the mother of John Balliol, that unpatriotic or incapable king, who brought disgrace on Scotland, such as only a Wallace and a Bruce could wipe away. She was a coheiress of Alan, the last of the ancient lords of Galloway, and the wife of John Balliol, lord of Barnard Castle. He died in 1269, and his heart was preserved by the beloved woman who mourned for him. She enclosed it in a beautiful ivory box, highly ornamented, and bound with enamelled silver, and then caused it to be set in the wall near the high altar of the New Abbey. From that relic and memorial of true affection, the abbey was called afterwards, Dolce Cor, or the abbey of Sweet-heart. Henry, the first abbot, died on a journey to Cîteaux; Eric, the second, was among the free barons who swore fealty to Edward I. on his undertaking the arbitration between the claims of Balliol and Bruce and other competitors for the crown of Scotland. Gilbert Brown the last abbot, was an active Catholic controversialist, "a busy trafficker for Rome and Spain," and sat in Parliament when



1117 — The Tabard. (From a drawing about 1761.)

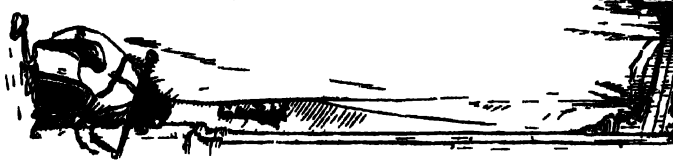
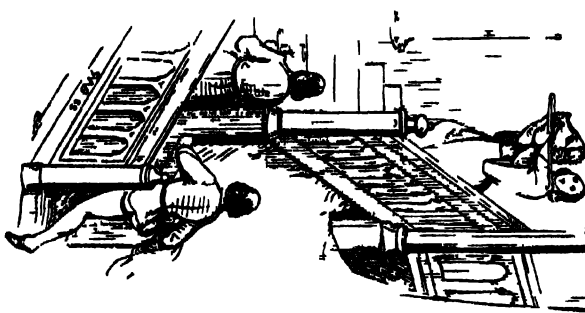


1116 — The Tabard. (From Virg's edition of Chaucer, 1750.)



1115 — The Tabard.

"In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay
 Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Canterbury with devout courage,
 At night was come into that hostelry
 Of some and twenty in a company
 Of sundry folk by adventure yoll
 In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
 That toward Canterbury wouler the
 Canterbury Tale



1118 — The Tabard 1841



1114 — The Tabard of Chaucer



1119.—The Knight and the Squire.



1120.—The Sergeant-at-Law and the Doctor of Medicine.



1121.—Cardinal's Hat. (Royal MS. 16 G. vi.)



1122.—Male Costume, time of Edward II. (Royal MS. F. M. Sloane MS. 3.6.)



1123.—The Monk and the Friar.



1124.—The Parson and the Clerk of Oxford.

the Confession of Faith was adopted, 1560. The commissioners of the Assembly particularly noticed him in their list of grievances, and so Abbot Brown had to forsake his abbey, and betake himself to concealment. He eluded his enemies until 1605, and then the people attempted his rescue. Happily, the edge of persecution had been dulled before he was cast into prison, and after lying in Blackness and Edinburgh castles long enough to be convinced that all was over for his church in Scotland, he was allowed to retire into France, where he died, at Paris, in 1612.

New Abbey stands in a small valley or "bottom," by the river Nith. A large portion of the English coast is included in the varied and extended prospect seen from the abbey, and from the tower Loch-Kindar is visible, with its little island and ancient ruin. The parish of New Abbey (formerly Kirkcander) extends to the Solway Frith, and consists of low and high ground, the latter broken into rocks, hills, mosses, and muirs. On one of the heights near the abbey, some fragments, called the Abbot's Tower, mark what was once the private residence of the abbots of Sweetheart. The abbey ruin is begirt with a space of twenty acres, designated "the Precinct," that used to be enclosed with a wall of most substantial fabric, of which little is left, but that little exhibiting stones of a ton weight each, even near the top. Beside the ruins of the church, of light decorated Gothic (Fig. 1034), there is a part of the Chapter-house standing. A parish kirk in 1731 was formed out of the ruins of the other buildings. There are very antique tombstones in the burial-ground. One bears a cross and a large and broad sword—an anomalous union, unless the ingenious artist meant to shadow forth the two opposite principles which rule this world. Lord Kames published an account of a very singular ash-tree which formerly grew from some seed dropped on one of the abbey walls, and which was supplied with nourishment from a runner that descended to the earth.

Among the less distinguished classes of monachism that also sprang out of the original Benedictine, may be mentioned that to which KILSO ABBEY, in the town of Kelso, Roxburghshire, belonged. It acknowledges the same founder as Melrose, St. David. Kelso was repeatedly burned or otherwise injured during the English invasions. The ruins (Fig. 1054) are of mingled styles, the Norman predominating. At a certain period they were injured by incongruous additions for the use of a church congregation; but, to the credit of all concerned, these blemishes have been removed, and we see the building now in all its own unadulterated and venerable grandeur.

Considering that Ireland is a Catholic country, we feel some surprise and disappointment to meet with so few Gothic remains in it of magnitude or importance. The chief structure of this kind, though not the most antique, is St. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, in Dublin, situate at the foot of the declivity, on the ridge of which stands the Castle and another Cathedral of older foundation. St. Patrick's is an imposing pile: the most beautiful part is the choir (Fig. 1051), to which the handsome roof, the monuments, the stalls and banners of the Knights of St. Patrick (their installation takes place here), and other accessories, give a very striking if not altogether harmonious effect. The Cathedral was first erected by Archbishop Comyn, about the end of the twelfth century. Being consumed by fire in 1362, through the negligence of "John the Sexton," Minot, a successor of Comyn in the primacy, began two years after to build it up again. How much he thought of his work we may see in the device on his seals, where he appears holding the steeple in his hands. As we walk round the interior to view the memorials of the dead who have found a place in St. Patrick's, two especially rivet our attention, that of Swift, who was Dean of St. Patrick's, and that of his ill-starred and most amiable wife, poor Stella. When we read in his inscription of his resting "where bitter indignation can tear his heart no more," we are led to moralize on the source of that bitter indignation, which was not, as he wished us to believe, the vices and follies of mankind, so much as the failure of his ambitious aspirations; and we cannot wonder how a heart that was undeniably fraught with strong and generous feeling could be so lamentably deficient in magnanimity. When we look to Stella's tablet, we half anticipate some expression of her bitter indignation against the eccentric being who caused her so much suffering, and it seems very likely broke her heart: but woman's wrongs are seldom paraded before the world, like those of the loftier sex; in Stella's case they are not, however, and never can be, forgotten.

As St. Patrick's Cathedral is the chief specimen of Gothic architecture in Ireland, so is GLASGOW CATHEDRAL (Fig. 1053) the

most perfect relic of the kind in Scotland, or anywhere else, in the opinion of some of its frequenters and admirers. It is one of the four remarkable points of Glasgow, namely, the Cathedral, the Green, a great public esplanade, the Trongate, a noble specimen of a street, and the graceful river Clyde, said by a Glasgow poet to be—

Glory of that and all the world beside.

Mr. Robert Chambers tells us that on these four "the native of Glasgow principally grounds his ideas regarding the consequence of the city," and that he would defend them from any species of violation, as though they were his personal instead of public property. And this has been proved as well as said. When the zeal of the Puritans was working so much mischief in ecclesiastical edifices, an order went forth bearing the signatures of A. Argyle, James Stewart, and Ruthven, to "tak down the hail images" of Glasgow Cathedral, "cast down the altaris, and purge the kirk of all kind of monuments of idolatrye," and so make a general bonfire of all the most precious objects of antiquity. The pious Destructives thus let loose, it seemed likely that even the reservations in the order, that neither the "dasks, windocks, nor durris" should be in "ony ways hurt or broken, either glassin wark, or iron wark," would have been neglected, and thus the whole fabric destroyed, but for a sagacious provost's recommendation that before the old church were destroyed a new one ought to be built. After this there was a second attack by a body of workmen sent with beat of drum, but the sturdy craftsmen and burgeses rallied to the rescue, headed by their deacons, and fully prepared to bring the matter to a life and death issue. It did not, however, reach that extremity. On their threatening that the first man who dared to pull down one stone, should not live to pull down another, it was deemed best to treat with the defenders pacifically, and, in short, they saved the grand old Cathedral. This has been described by a master hand:—"Ah, it's a brave kirk, none o' yere whigmaleeries and curlewurries and opensteek hems about it,—a' solid weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it." Andrew Fairservice is perfectly right in his character of the pile; it does indeed seem to defy all the ordinary processes of decay, and besides is pervaded by so awful an expression, that it may almost be entitled to the epithet sublime. This expression—made up of gloom and majesty—is not lessened by the ancient and irregular cemetery, crowded every inch with mementos of death, and bordered on one side with the broken battlemented wall, shown in the engraving, and on the other with a wild and sombre ravine, whose opposite bank exhibits the modern pillar and statue of John Knox, looking, says Mr. Chambers, like the "spirit of the reformer come back to inveigh, with outstretched arm, against the Cathedral, and, if possible, complete the work which he left unfinished at his death." The scene might be in a desert, so completely is the Cathedral isolated from the populous and flourishing city around.

The spirit of restoration has not left Glasgow unvisited; and Köhl makes a striking reflection in connection with the recent repair of St. Kentigern's Cathedral. "It possesses," he observes, "the finest crypt in Great Britain. I regret I could not obtain a sight of it, on account of the repairs that were in progress, adding another to the hundreds and hundreds of public churches of Europe under repair and restoration in the year 1842. Ten years more, and Gothic Europe will stand around us as it stood in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries." This crypt was used, from the time of the Reformation down to the beginning of the present century, as a church, called the Barony Kirk; and the extraordinary aspect of the place will at once recur to every one's mind when it is remembered that it was the place where Rob Roy so mysteriously appointed the assignation with Frank Osbaldiston. And here, we may add, St. Kentigern was buried.

The Reformation in Scotland, which had so nearly caused the destruction of Glasgow Cathedral, spared one other building of the same kind, and only one—the Cathedral of St. Magnus, at the seaport town of KIRKWALL (Fig. 1055), the capital of the Orkney Islands, and this pile too has become familiar to us through the writings of the great novelist, who has made the neighbourhood the scene of his romance of 'The Pirate,' and with happy propriety; for the spot chosen may be said to have been dedicated from the very earliest period to the service of those who adopted on the largest scale the principle—

That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep, who can.

The Orkneys formed the general rendezvous of the Danish pirates, and the Cathedral itself was founded by a Danish monarch, Olave.

Rollo, Earl of Orkney, was the conqueror of Normandy, and the

ancestor of the conqueror of England. It will be seen from the engraving that St. Magnus is in excellent condition; it is still the parish church.

REDCLIFF CHURCH, Bristol (Fig. 1043), is still more closely identified with one of the great names of our national literature, Chatterton, a name so suggestive of melancholy considerations as to make us, to a certain degree, unfit for the contemplation of its more cheering and glorious ones, and which should chiefly occupy our attention. But, alas! we cannot do justice to the poetry, from the all-absorbing character of our recollections of the poet. Over every line and verse rests the awful shadow of the boy-suicide. It was on the steps of the porch of this church of Redcliff that Chatterton, as yet a child of eight or ten years of age, was accustomed to rehearse the first heirs of his invention to his playmates. It was in one of the towers in Redcliff Church that the parchments were found which first probably suggested to Chatterton the idea of issuing his poems in the garb of antiquity, such as he could easily borrow from those black-letter writings. It was in the aisles of Redcliff Church that he was generally found wandering about, or else seated by one of its tombs, that of Canynge, when misled for any extraordinary length of time by his mother and sister, engaged, no doubt, in developing more and more satisfactorily to himself his mighty scheme. Lastly, it was toward that same Redcliff Church that, even when absent, all his thoughts were directed; he could not stroll through the neighbouring meadows but he was most likely on some sudden impulse to turn, throw himself on the green sward, and there, fixing his eyes upon the venerable structure, remain lost, as one of his companions has described him, in a species of ecstasy. Poor Chatterton! it is difficult to say which was the unhappiest case: thine, involving a deception in which thou sawest no immorality, but which led to ruin; or the world's, which being deceived, saw, like Horace Walpole, no differences in deception—"All of the house of Forgery are relations"—and so treated the poet (and one of the proudest, because one of the poorest and most sensitive, of poets that ever trod the earth), who had deceived it into the possession of a body of the most glorious and original poetry, just as if he had juggled it out of the possession of a bundle of those "promissory notes" which Walpole so brutally, we might almost say infamously, dares to insinuate the poet's literary skill might have led him to fabricate. Walpole has been charged with Chatterton's death; that is cruel: heaven knows there rests enough on his memory in connexion with Chatterton without that imputation. "Oh ye," exclaimed Coleridge, reflecting on some of these things, "who honour the name of *man*, rejoice that this Walpole is called a *lord*!" The pile thus memorably connected with our poetical history is undoubtedly the finest parish church in England; and, indeed, possesses all the lofty beauty of a Cathedral. The erection was begun in the thirteenth century. One of the chief benefactors was Chatterton's Canynge, an eminent merchant of the reign of Edward the Fourth.

Among the more important churches erected in the period of which we treat, that of **NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE** holds an honourable place (Fig. 1052). It crowns a bold eminence, and forms from every point of view the chief ornament of the town. The founder was St. Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury; the time, the reign of William Rufus. Henry I. gave the church to the canons of Carlisle. It was burned in 1216, and rebuilt, as supposed, about 1359. The most remarkable feature is the steeple, two hundred and one feet high, erected in the reign of Henry VI., which is of the most elegant character, in the form of an imperial crown: the tall pinnacle is hollow, the stones only four inches broad: indeed, of such airy construction is the whole tower, that it has been observed, a man could carry with ease under his arm the largest stone contained in it. During a siege in 1644, a Scottish general threatened to destroy this steeple, unless the keys of the town were delivered to him. The people of Newcastle were sadly distressed between such alternatives, until their mayor ordered that some Scotch prisoners, who had been taken in the struggle for the mastery of the town, should be sent to the top of the steeple: "And then," said he, "our enemies shall either preserve it, or be buried in its ruins." There was no more talk of annihilating the steeple.

The tower of **BOSTON CHURCH, Lincolnshire (Fig. 1044),** if less graceful in its outlines, is still very beautiful, and of far greater height than St. Nicholas, rising as it does to three hundred feet. The top forms an elegant lantern, from which formerly issued the guiding or saving light for the mariners in the Boston and Lynn Deepes during the hours of darkness. The somewhat excessive height of the tower is owing to this particular use of it. The model from which this fine piece of architecture was taken was the tower of the

great church at Antwerp. No wealthy lord or prelate built the church at Boston; it originated in the pious feelings of its people. In 1309 the first stone was laid, and Margery Tilney put five pounds on it, two other persons the same, "and these were the largest sums given at that time." There is not a church in England without cross-aisles to be compared with Boston's for magnitude; it is at the same time well proportioned, and of capital masonry. The town was the ancient Icanhoe of Bede, where St. Botolph, a famous abbot of the seventh century, had a monastery.

A beacon-tower, of ruder fashion than that of old St. Botolph's, and used generally for less peaceful purposes, is to be seen at **HADLEY CHURCH, Middlesex (Fig. 1048).** "Before the reign of Edward III., beacons were but stacks of wood set up on high places, which were fired when the coming of enemies was desired; but in his reign pitch-boxes, as now they be, were, instead of those stacks, set up; and this properly is a beacon." (Lord Croke.) The pitch-box, or fire-pot, is still remaining at Hadley; and a picturesque object it is, reminding us of the warlike days when watches were regularly stationed at such places, and horsemen, called hobbelaers, according to Camden, waited by, "to give notice in daytime of an enemy's approach, when the fire would not be seen." A perilous task these watches and hobbelaers must have had of it, for of course it would be an object with the enemy to seize the beacons to prevent alarm spreading. Many a deadly fray that has left no record may have occurred on this tranquil and rural spot.

But worse even than such encounters, as bringing into play a thousand times worse passions, are those private feuds that often spring up where nature seems most peculiarly to invite to peace and love. One of these has given a bad reputation to the rural parish of **CHILTON, Bucks.** In the reign of Charles II., at the Aylesbury Assizes, Larimore, an Anabaptist preacher of Chilton, by the advice of Sir John Croke, grandson of the celebrated judge, and lord of Chilton manor, carried a bill of indictment against the incumbent of Chilton Church, Robert Hawkins, charging him with burglary on the house of Larimore, and with feloniously taking away, "by force and arms," two gold rings, one white holland apron, two pieces of gold, and nineteen shillings in silver. The judge was the good Lord Hale, whose presence lends great interest to the extraordinary trial that followed (see Knight's 'English Causes Célèbres'), and which at that day was one of life and death. It opened with a challenge of two jurymen by the parson, because he had been informed "they were no friends to the Church of England," whose cause he evidently considered bound up with his own. The Anabaptist made his case so clear and strong, in spite of the close questioning of the judge, and the cross-fire of the acute and undaunted parson, that before three witnesses had been heard, Lord Hale observed, "Here is enough sworn, if believed, to hang twenty men." "I doubt not to clear myself, notwithstanding their evidence, if I may but be heard," stoutly rejoined the parson. "You shall be heard," said Lord Hale. Still, with all the ready logic and tact of the parson, the case grew darker and darker; his life seemed not worth a straw. But at this most critical point the scale began to turn—malice on account of a lawsuit began to appear among the prosecutor's motives. An honest fellow sent to witness that the parson stole a pair of boots of him, took the judge and court by surprise; showing that from the time of the parson pressing for tithes, the lord of the manor and his son, the Anabaptist, and several farmers and yeomen of Chilton, sought by persuasion and threats to make him swear falsely against the parson. Other exposures as striking followed: and, in short, by the time Hawkins began his sermon-like defence, regularly divided, and formal in its inductions, few could have had a doubt of his having been the victim of one of the most atrocious conspiracies that ever disgraced humanity, and which thus originated;—"I was," says Hawkins, "entertained by Mr. John Croke, of the parish of Chilton, in the county of Bucks, Baronet, to attend as chaplain in his house, and also to serve the cure of the said parish, for which he did, under his hand and seal, promise to pay me fifty pounds per annum, he being impropiator of the said parish, and to pay it by quarterly payments. When I had faithfully performed my duty in both these capacities above two years, and in all that time had received no money from him, but upon some occasions had lent him several sums out of my pocket, at last I was somewhat urgent with him for money; and then he told me plainly, that I did not know him as yet, for he had cheated all persons he had ever dealt with, and I must not expect to speed better than they had done. I told him I hoped for better things from him; but he replied, that he never intended to pay me any money, and that therefore I might take my course." Hawkins did take his course—up to London; where he found the baronet had been outlawed on account of debt, his manor



1125.—The Prioress and the Wife of Bath.



1126.—The Franklin and the Merchant.



1127.—Female Costume, time of Richard II.
(Royal MS. 16 G. v. and Harleian MS. 4379.)



1128.—Ladies' Head-dresses. (Royal MS. 16 D. II.)



1129.—Female Costume, time of Edward III.
(Royal MS. 19 A. II.)



1130.—Miller, Manciple, and Reeve.



1131.—The Ploughman and Shipman.



1135.—Ladies' Costume, time of Edward I. (Sloane MS. 3983.)



1136.—Head-dresses, time of Edward II. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



1132.—Carpenter, Haberdasher, Weaver, Dyer, and Tapestry-maker.



1137.—Female Dress, time of Edward II. (Sloane MS. 346.)



1138.—Male Costume, time of Edward III. (Royal MS. 19 D. II., and Strutt.)



1139.—Male Costume, time of Richard II. (Royal MS. 20 B. VI., and Harleian MS. 1319.)



1133.—The Host and the Cook.



1134.—Jampour and Pardoner.

of Chilton extended into the king's hands, and a lease of the rectory granted to the creditors who had pursued him. This lease they re-granted to Hawkins, to pay him for his spiritual services, who then went back to Sir John Croke, offering to deliver it up if he would pay what was due. The baronet, however, set him at defiance, persuaded his tenants to do the same, and so lawsuits began against Larimore and others, who in return joined with the baronet in the nefarious scheme thus happily exposed. The last witness examined was a King's Bench officer, who had had Sir John in charge, and who, when asked what he had to say, said he dared not speak on account of the threats that had been used. When he did speak, under the judge's protection, he said he had overheard a private conversation between Sir John and the Anabaptist, in the course of which the following conversation took place:—Larimore remarked, "The parson is too hard for us still." Sir John replied, "If thou wilt but act, I will hatch enough to hang Hawkins." "But how shall we bring this to pass?" asked Larimore. "Canst thou not convey some gold or silver into Hawkins' house, and have a warrant ready to search; and then our work is done?" The worthy baronet, after some further instructions concluded—"Charge him with flat felony—and force him before me, and no other justice—and I'll send him to gaol without bail, and we'll hang him at the next assizes." Judge Hale seems to have been perfectly appalled with these revelations. "Come, come, Larimore, thou art a very villain: nay, I think thou art a devil," said he. Presently he added, addressing the justices—"Gentlemen, where is this Sir John Croke?" They said he was gone. "Is Sir John Croke gone? Gentlemen, I must not forget to acquaint you (for I had thought Sir John Croke had been here still), that this Sir John Croke sent me this morning two sugarloaves for a present, praying me to excuse his absence yesterday." Of course the judge had sent them back. With the loaves came also a letter, which the judge produced from his breast. The result was the entire acquittal of Hawkins, who obtained compensation from his enemies, and that Sir John Croke was deprived of his commission of the peace. He afterwards sold his ancestral manor of Chilton, and died in poverty and disgrace. His only son, Sir Dodsworth Croke, also concerned in the plot, reached old age, and died in great destitution. He was the last of a family that had come in at the Conquest under the name of Blount, and which is traceable to still more remote periods in a great Italian race. Some of their mailed effigies are still in the old parish church of Chilton. (Fig. 1050.)

The trial of the Chilton parson furnishes an example of the romantic incidents often to be found linked with our rural parish churches and the country gentry. We have not much of this to boast in the next village church which our artist has engraved for us (Fig. 1045). Yet *STONE CHURCH* associates itself with several important Kentish families, and more especially with those who have successively been the owners, through some five centuries, of Stone Castle. In the last reign but one (Edward III.) of the period whose remains we have at present under review, Sir John de Northwood held the castle, and about that time, or the previous reign, when the second form of the Gothic, the Decorated, was displacing the Early English, this church was built in the place of an earlier one, founded probably in Saxon times. In 995 we find Stone given by King Ethelred to the church and see of Rochester, and the bishops often resided here afterwards. To that see the manor of Stone still belongs. In Stone Church we have a good deal of the trefoil, quatrefoil, rose, and other ornaments of the decorated Gothic. Fig. 1047 exhibits another beautiful feature, tall and slender columns linked by light and elegant arches, dividing the nave from its two aisles. The chancel is seen through a single arch of the same graceful form. Traceried arches on each side show the circular figure which is so common in the Early English style. A more flowing tracery prevails in the windows, especially the large east one. Round the chancel runs a low range of trefoil-headed arches, in relief, springing from slight pillars of grey marble. The door-head in Fig. 1046 presents a cluster of rich mouldings one within the other. The tower is extremely curious for its scientific construction. Not to mar the lightness of the nave and aisles, it is open beneath on three sides, which rest on arches. At the same time, to give it stability, the fourth side is solid from the foundation of the church, supported by two graduated buttresses of considerable strength and projection, and by two light and elegant flying buttresses that shoot directly athwart the north and south aisles. Such tact and precision are evinced in the design and execution of the tower, that it has been from the first, is, and is likely to remain, immovable and solid as any piece of Gothic workmanship in the land. The chapel adjoining the chancel was built

by a lord of Stone Castle of the reign of Henry VII., Sir John Willshyre, Knt., comptroller of the town and marches of Calais. He and his lady were interred under a rich altar-tomb, with an arched recess behind, where, in addition to niches and other ornamental work, there is a cornice of grapes and vine-leaves, and the arms of Sir John and Dame Margaret.

In Gough's 'Sepulchral Monuments' is engraved a remarkable brass in Stone Church. Such memorials, we may take this occasion to observe, were but in very partial use before the middle of the present period; after that they rapidly became general among all ranks, were often extremely elaborate in point of ornament, and of elegant design. The brass in the chancel of Stone Church is inlaid in a slab in the pavement, about six feet in length. The figure represents a priest in his canonical vestments standing in the centre of a cross composed of eight trefoil arches, and adorned with vine-leaves. The stem of the cross rises from four steps, and on it is a Latin inscription. Another inscription is on a scroll over the priest's head; and a third round the face of the arches. The whole is about to be completely restored. We are happy to see this very beautiful and appropriate architectural decoration coming again into use. Among the other services of the Cambridge Camden Society, this especially demands grateful mention.

Quitting for the present the fertile and pleasing subject of village antiquities, we can only give a passing glance to one feature that is occasionally presented to our notice, the ancient canopy over the rustic churchyard gate, beneath whose cover the dead brought for interment used to be set down to rest awhile. Such is the one at Beckenham (Fig. 1035), in the same county with Stone; they were called *lich-gates*, *lich* signifying a "corpse."

The county town of Elgin was one of the most noted Scottish towns of Saxon and Norman times for its monks and friars, and ecclesiastical establishments, to say nothing of its royal fort. It was in the diocese of Moray; and Bishop Andrew Moray, or *of Moray*, early in the thirteenth century received instructions from Pope Honorius to build a new cathedral for that diocese, in consequence of requests that had been made to his Holiness. The situation pointed out was at Spynie, a mile and a half northward from the present ruin. This did not please Bishop Andrew, for, as he carefully represented to the Pope, all the provisions for that part of the country were to be had at Elgin; and if the establishment were at Spynie, the canons would be put to inconvenience to fetch their provisions from the former place. Pope Honorius felt the full force of the objection, and Elgin was the place fixed upon, and there, in 1224, the first stone was laid of a building to be called, "in all time coming," the cathedral church of the diocese of Moray. That edifice did not long exist; a bishop of the next century, Alexander Barr, had lands in Badenoch, which were seized by the freebooting and ferocious lord "the Wolf of Badenoch," whose rank as a prince (he was a son of Alexander II. of Scotland) rendered it difficult for the bishop to obtain redress. The spiritual sword was resorted to: the lord of Badenoch was excommunicated; a punishment that only served to stimulate him to phrensy, and set him, in the summer of 1390, burning and wasting all before him. The town of Forres, situated twelve miles from Elgin, including its manse and church, was first laid in ruins, and then Elgin itself, its cathedral, the church of *Maison Dieu*, and eighteen houses of canons and chaplains. After this sweeping revenge, in which the Wolf of Badenoch seemed to have fully expended his rage and animosity against the bishop, he cooled down, began to see that all he could do was, after all, as nothing compared with the terrors of the Church, and so he submitted himself to a public declaration of penitence, and humbly received absolution at the hands of Walter Trail, bishop of St. Andrews, in Blackfriars Church at Perth.

The Bishop of Moray immediately began rebuilding *ELGIN CATHEDRAL* (Fig. 1059), which was finished in about twenty years, and resembled Lichfield Cathedral, excepting that it was far more extensive and elaborate; indeed few finer structures, for symmetry, loftiness, or sculpture, adorned the palmiest days of Catholic Scotland. The cause of its decay was the stripping off the lead which covered it, in 1568, by the Regent Morton, in order to raise money for the payment of his troops. The judgment of God, it was said, lighted on the ship in which the lead of Elgin and Aberdeen Cathedrals was to be conveyed to Holland. Scarce had it left the coast of Scotland, when vessel, cargo, and crew went to the bottom of the sea. Elgin Cathedral had originally five towers; the main one fell on Easter Sunday; 1711, with a mighty crash. A few minutes before, a crowd of persons had been standing close by, and it seemed almost miraculous that no one was hurt. The two largest remaining towers command a delightful prospect. The churchyard is very

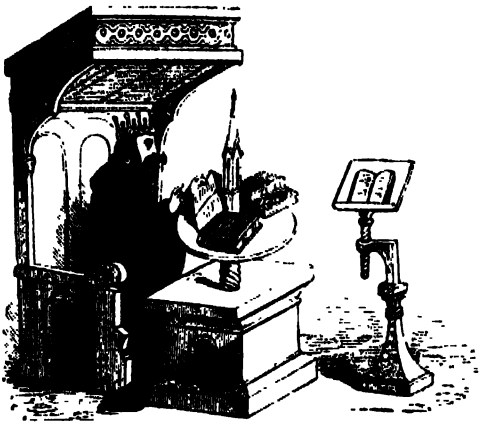
large, and peculiarly suggestive of historical memories on account of the Scottish kings and chieftains who lie buried in it. The college attached to the cathedral had walls extending nine hundred yards, in which were four gates. The houses and gardens of the bishop and twenty-two canons stood within the area. The gateway left in part of the wall had formerly an iron gate, portcullis, and watchman's lodge.

At KILDARE, in Ireland, still remain the relics of a small building in which, previous to the thirteenth century, the holy fire of St. Brigid used to be kept burning. It was suppressed at that period by Henry de Loundres, Archbishop of Dublin, a man who seemed to rise above many of the superstitions of his age. After his death it was revived, and only ceased at the Reformation. One of the popular saint's disciples, Conlath, under St. Brigid's directions, founded, in the beginning of the sixth century, the ancient cathedral of Kildare (Fig. 1060), of which the choir only is now in use, the nave and transepts having been completely ruined in the civil wars of the seventeenth century. The successor to St. Conlath in the bishop's throne was Aodh Dubh, who had been previously an abbot and a monk, and king of Leinster. The history of this ancient see is almost a blank from the days of the kingly recluse to 1272, when Simon of Kilkenny died, and a dispute concerning the succession left the see vacant seven years. Pope Nicholas III. put an end to the quarrel by nominating Nicholas Cusack. William Miagh succeeded in 1540; who seems to have done individually what the nation did collectively—halt between two opinions, but verging nearer to Protestantism than Catholicism. The next bishop, Thomas Lancaster, consecrated by Browne, Archbishop of Dublin, in July, 1550, was altogether Protestant. But the Reformed Church has not profited much in any way by the acquisition of Kildare. The second Protestant bishop, Alexander Craik, shamefully and absurdly alienated the diocese lands and manors to one Sarsfield, taking in return nothing but tithes of scarcely any worth. The poverty of the see in consequence, the absence of any suitable residence for the bishop, and the very great disproportion between the number of Catholics and Protestants, there being on a fair average eight of the former to one of the latter, naturally led the way to the enactment of William IV., that at the next vacancy Kildare should be united to the see of Dublin, and that the deanery of Christ Church, and the Preceptory of Tully, which Kildare had held since 1081, on account of its impoverished condition, should vest in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. We may observe, in conclusion, that if the establishment of Kildare has for some time taught little that is in accordance with the religious faith of the inhabitants, it must at least be entitled to some credit among them for its educational exertions, ranking eighth among the thirty-two dioceses of Ireland in that respect.

Not all the admirable works of benevolence, piety, and art which the people of England during the present period owed to Catholicism, could sustain its wondrous hierarchy in the proud position it occupied at the close of the last. Step by step through every reign we can trace its retrograde progress. The statute *circumspecte agatis* of 13 Edward I. established a firm settlement of the limits of the hitherto oppressive ecclesiastical courts—the statute of Westminster the First made ecclesiastics guilty of crimes amenable to temporal judges, and gave the crown the control of their property—the first Statute of Mortmain restrained that grand source of the Church's acquisition of wealth, the making over of lands to it by the laity—another statute of the same vigorous and fearless monarch cut away all the host of benevolences and tributes by which Rome had impoverished this country; and though Edward II. cared little whether his subjects were in subjection to Rome or not, his parliament carried forward the perilous work. One of the principal charges made against Edward at his deposition was, that he had given allowance to the bulls of the see of Rome (Fig. 1066). Edward III. was fashioned more after his grandsire's mould; he at first tried calm expostulations, to which his Holiness replied menacingly and contemptuously, informing him that the emperor of Germany and the king of France had lately submitted to the Holy See. Edward then took another tone, and apprised the pontiff, that if both the emperor and the French king should take his part, he (King Edward) was ready to give battle to them all, in defence of the liberties of his crown. And he followed this characteristic speech by equally characteristic acts. Citations of the king or any of his subjects to the court of Rome were immediately declared unlawful, and several penalties attached to them, for all over whom our crown had any power; no English priest was permitted to accept a benefice by any foreign provision; no one

was to aid papal interference with English presentations; and the crowning assumption of Rome since the reign of King John, that England was her vassal and bound to pay her annual rent, was put an end to at last, by the declaration made solemnly by parliament, that John's disgraceful surrender of his kingdom was null and void. Finally, under the last reign (Richard II.), there was added to all the other edicts for the assertion and security of our temporal rights against the encroachments of the Romish power, the famous Statute of Premunire. Thus far Rome had contested every inch of ground, but had been fairly defeated, because England was at unity with herself, and determined on shaking off the yoke. But now, a new kind of opposition arose, still further to injure the Roman Catholic church. The temporal power only hitherto had been attacked, men now stepped forth to attack its spiritual conduct and principles; these were Wickliffe and Wickliffe's disciples. And the country was soon deeply agitated by the news that Wickliffe had been cited before the Bishop of London, and delegates sent from the Pope "expressly to inquire into the matter." What was intended by this inquiry seemed to be well understood, and the people, to whom martyrdom for religious opinions was yet new, rallied for the protection of Wickliffe. Princes and nobles also took the alarm. The delegates must have seen at once there was nothing to be done at St. Paul's, when the offender arrived attended by two such friends as John of Gaunt and Percy, Lord Marshal. In order to be more private, another council was held at Lambeth Palace (Fig. 1064). The council took place, but they were disappointed in regard to the privacy. The proceeding was too awful in its character and probable consequences for the sagacious and free-spirited citizens of London and others of the commons to permit it to reach a conclusion without their voices being heard. They forced themselves into the archbishop's chapel, where the council sate, "to speak," says Walsingham drily, "on Dr. Wickliffe's behalf." The delegates were startled by these determined and self-appointed advocates. And if a doubt remained in their minds concerning what course they should take, that doubt was fully dispelled by the arrival of Sir Lewis Clifford from the queen-mother, peremptorily forbidding them to proceed to any definitive sentence. Then, "as the reed of a wind shaken, their speech became as soft as oil, to the public loss of their own dignity, and the damage of the whole Church. They were struck with such a dread, that you would think them to be as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs." (Walsingham.) And so the council broke up in most admired disorder, Wickliffe for form sake being commanded to put forth no more such propositions in his sermons, or in the schools, as those he had presented in writing to the council. The baffled delegates and the leading English clergy at the same time must have been fully aware that the obnoxious propositions (especially the leading one, that the Bible is the only infallible rule of faith) had already spread far and near,—perhaps had instinctively guessed that the result would be the loosening of the very roots of Catholicism in England. To the alarm thus engendered we may no doubt attribute the immediate preparations that were made to check the movement, and which failing, were only pursued with the greater eagerness and intensity, until what was intended for a wholesome spiritual correction became savage ferocity, and ended in the sacrificial horrors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Archbishop Chicheley's Lollards' Tower was attached to Lambeth Palace very soon after Wickliffe's sudden death. We need not inquire the purpose of its uppermost room, planked all over, ceiling, walls, and floor—the eight rings riveted in the wall inform us but too plainly; we need not ask why those doors and their frameworks are so massy and strong; and ye can even dimly surmise the mysterious purposes of the Post Room, with its stout central pillar, that forms the lower story, and from which we ascend to the Lollards' dungeon by the same stairs which so many of the noble army of English martyrs have ascended before us: the door (Fig. 1065) stands open which proved to numbers the confines of life and death. In the next period we shall have to speak of the deeds of some of the heroic men for whom all these things were made ready.

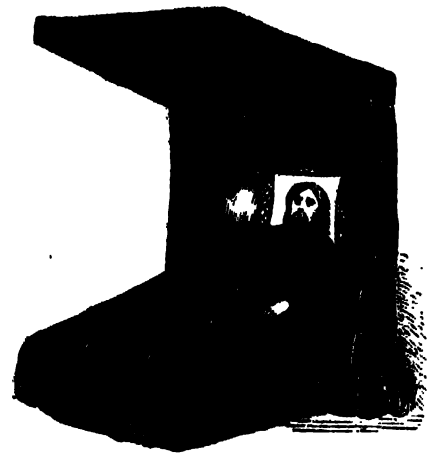
"I well remember," says Pennant, "the street on London Bridge [removed gradually during the last century], noisome, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages; frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." How potent this "use" was we have an instance in Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes.' Mr. Baldwin, a haberdasher, who



1140.—Library Chair, Reading Table, and Reading Desk.
(Royal MS. 15 D. III.)



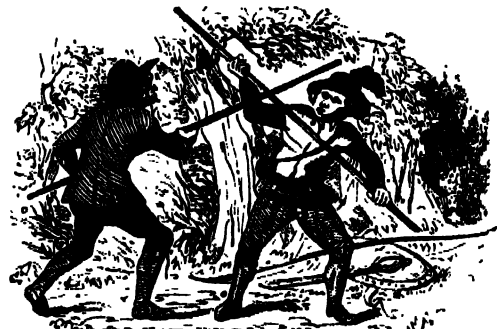
1141.—Bed. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



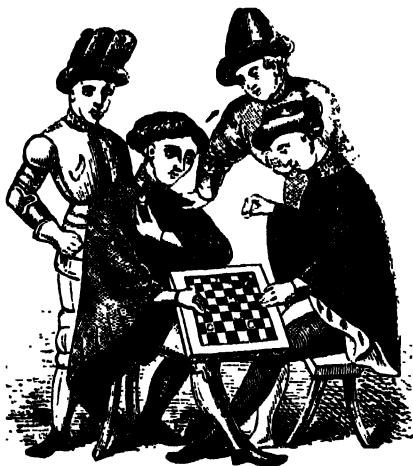
1142. (Royal MS. 15 D. III.)



1143.—Mummers. (Bodleian MS.)



1144.—Quarter-Staff. (From the old Ballad of Robin Hood and the Tunnar.)



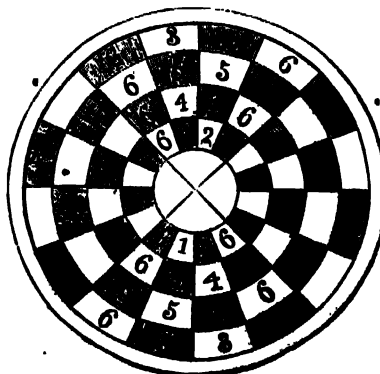
1145.—Playing at Draughts. (Harleian MS. 4431.)



1146.—Chair. (Royal MS. 14 E. III.)

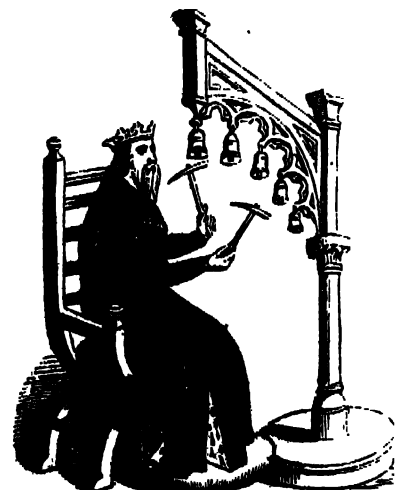


1147.—Hand-Organ or Dulcimer, and Violin.
(Royal MS. 14 E. III.)



1148.—Circular Chess-board. (Cotton MS. and Strutt.)

The Figures show the places of the Pieces:—1, The King—2, The Queen, or Fovee—3, The Castle, Rook, or Rock—4, The Knight—5, The Bishop or Alfn—6, The Pawn.



149.—Hand-Bell. (Royal MS. 15 D. III.)



1182.—Great Seal of Henry IV.



1183.—Henry IV. (From the Tomb at Canterbury.)

-L. R.-

1184.—Signature of Henry IV., consisting of the initials H. R. for Henricus Rex.
(From Cotton Mss. Vesp. T. xlv.)



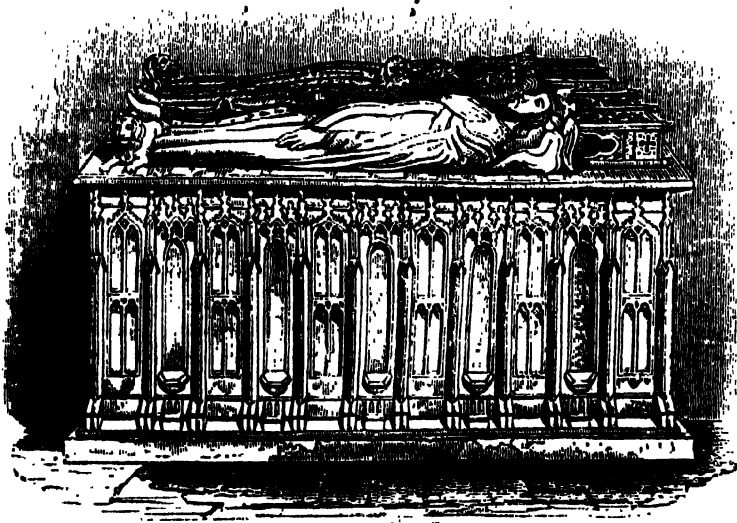
1150.—The Coronation of Henry IV.



1155.—Queen Joan of Navarre, second Wife of Henry IV. From the Tomb
at Canterbury.)



1151.—Coronation of Henry IV. (Harleian MS. No. 4679.)



1164.—Tomb of Henry IV. and his Queen, at Canterbury Cathedral.

was born in a house that had been built over the ancient chapel of St. Thomas-a-Becket on the bridge, and lived in it all his life, being ordered, at the age of seventy-one, to go to the country for a change of air, could not sleep "for want of the roaring lullaby that he had been always used to hear." The same Baldwin, or Yaldwin, discovered the remains of the tomb of Peter of Colechurch, the original architect of London Bridge, who died in 1205, three or four years before his great work was fully completed. The tomb was found under a staircase which Mr. Baldwin was repairing. It is singular no curiosity should have been felt to search for the body. Peter, curate of St. Mary, Colechurch, is one of the few of the great ecclesiastical architects of the middle ages of whom any record, however brief, has been preserved. He built a London Bridge of wood, before that celebrated one of stone which rendered him famous, and both were preceded by others which were successively swept away by battle, flood, or fire. There used to be a popular saying that Peter of Colechurch's London Bridge was built upon woolpacks, because its cost was defrayed by a tax upon wool. That bridge came to be the scene of many of the most stirring events of English history, some of which we shall have hereafter to refer to. In the insurrection of 1381, Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London, anticipating the arrival of Wat Tyler, and his commons of Kent, fortified the bridge, raised the drawbridge (which formed one of the arches), and fastened a great chain of iron across. "Then the commons of Surrey, who were risen with others, cried to the wardens of the bridge to let it down and give them entry, whereby they might pass, or else they would destroy them all: whereby they were constrained by fear to let it down and give them entry, at which time the religious [of the chapel] present were earnest in procession and prayer." The insurgents were not deterred, it seems, by the terrible spectacle of decapitated heads stuck on poles over the Traitor's-gateway Tower, which formed another of the singular characteristics of the ancient bridge. Over that Traitor's Gate the noble features of William Wallace long blackened in the wind, accompanied by others perhaps as little deserving such a situation. The shocking exhibition was kept up as late as the Restoration. We do not read that the peace of the realm suffered in consequence of its cessation. It might be that some spectacles, only less shocking, of our own day, might be discontinued with as little harm.

We have thus slightly noticed some of the most interesting of the features of Old London Bridge, for the sake of the chapel on the tenth or centre arch, Peter of Colechurch's burial-place, and which was built with and perished at the same time as the bridge. Our engravings (Figs. 1061, 1062) represent the ancient appearance of its interior, and the changed form of its exterior in the last century. The lower chapel, or crypt, was twenty feet high, with vaulted roof and clustered columns, in beautiful Early English style. The ranges of windows in both the upper and lower chapels looked out over the river. The crypt was last used as a paper-warehouse, and although at high-water mark the floor was always from ten to twelve feet under the surface, yet such was the excellence of the materials and the masonry, that not the least damp or leak ever happened, and the paper was kept as safe and dry as it would have been in a garret." (Smith's 'Ancient Topography of London,' 1701.) A fish-pond, grated over, had been made in the sterling of the long pier on which the chapel stood. When the tide was over the sterling, the fish were carried in at the bars, and at ebb they were left in the pool. Persons used to go down through the chapel to fish in this pond. The last transformation the chapel underwent, some time before its final destruction, was the shrouding the upper part under brickwork and boarding, whilst a crane for taking in goods from the river for the paper-warehouse assisted to render the lower chapel of St. Thomas-a-Becket as unlike itself as former times as anything could well be.

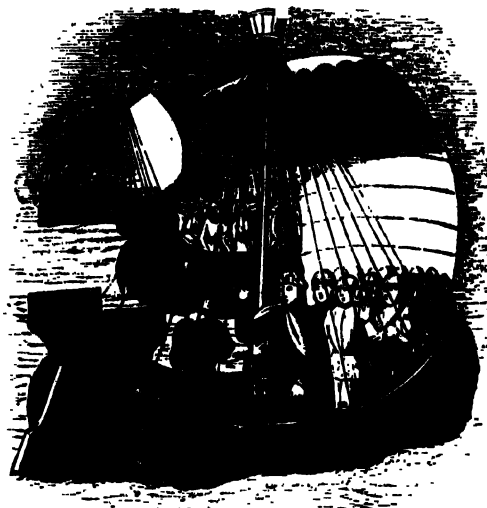
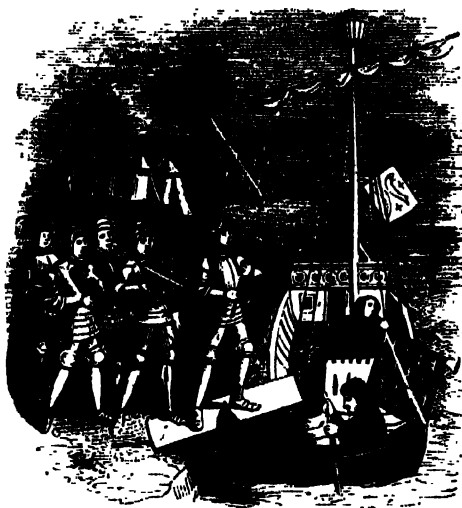
Architectural details and changes, even of an order so interesting to the imagination as the Gothic, will better please unprofessional readers, and be more clearly understood by them, in our pictorial representations than in any written descriptions. We will not bewilder them, therefore, in technical phrases, or presumptuously attempt in these pages to impart a knowledge which can only be the fruit of careful study of the science. A few hints only will be requisite as explanatory of the engravings to convey a general understanding of the progress of art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And first it will be necessary to bear in mind that the historical periods into which this work is divided are *not* the periods of its architecture. For instance, in the century we have now to treat of, we have the close of the First Pointed style, the Early English, or Lancet, extending through the reign of Edward I.; the whole of

the Second Pointed style, or Decorated, which lasted through the reigns of Edward II. and III.; and the beginning of the Perpendicular, that thoroughly English style, commencing with Richard II. And of all these reigns that of Edward III. produced works in the highest state of perfection—works which, the more they are investigated, inspire delight, wonder, and reverence, so bold and lofty are the principles of their composition found to be, so rich the fancy lavished on them, and so surpassing the skill with which those principles and that fancy have been embodied in the inert material. We proceed now to show the more obvious transitions of the art from the First Pointed Style to the beautiful Decorated, leaving the Perpendicular to the next period, to which it properly belongs. In the first place, the pointed arch, itself, which had been too narrow, too sharp at the point, and ungracefully turned (with exceptions, of course), became now of the most exquisite outlines and proportion; then the upper part of the arch in windows grew generally more superb. If the reader will take the trouble to observe the gradual elaboration of the ten examples of window arches given in Fig. 1089, it may easily be comprehended how the length of the clustered column came to be better proportioned to the rise of the arch, and more beautifully modelled; how the bow of the arch slowly expanded into perfect ease and grace, and how it came to be filled up with exquisite flowing tracery, and edged and finished with an endless variety of ornaments. If from the windows we turn to the four specimens of tombs (Figs. 1068, 1069, 1073, 1074), and recall to mind the example we gave of the simple sarcophagus, with scarcely any ornament and no canopy, that prevailed towards the close of the last period, no difficulty will be felt in comprehending how much had since been done in this great branch of Old English art. The different forms of tombs succeeded each other in something like the following order:—colum-shaped stones, prismatic and plain at top; the same, prismatic and carved at top, with crosses plain or otherwise; altar-tombs, sometimes with, sometimes without effigy or effigies; and then the same with the tester or arch over it, with vine or oaken foliage. Archbishop Grey's tomb (Fig. 1068) shows the next advance; he died in 1225. The altar-tomb or table is lower than it afterwards became; the figure of the archbishop is in pontificals, stretched upon it. The canopy is composed of arches, pinnacles, and other Gothic ornaments, rather heavy on the whole. The tombs of Aymer de Valence, 1324 (Fig. 1073), and of Hugh le Despenser, 1359 (Fig. 1074), display the canopy over the altar-tomb in its full perfection. Both evince extraordinary splendour and originality of imagination. We are never weary of admiring in the one (that of Valence) the free span of the main arch, the bold and singular variations of the subordinate arches, the gorgeous gable, the spear-like pinnacles that taper upwards from airy buttresses, the mixture of heraldic devices and sculpture (especially the graceful little group mourning at the head of the earl), and the high finish of every part. In the other canopy we have an assemblage of open arches in four tiers, and scarce know which to praise the most, the novelty of the design, the lightness of the effect, the flowing curves, the exquisite proportioning of each to each, or the fairy-like adorning. The poet Gower's monument (Fig. 1069) was built in 1408, after the decorated Gothic had passed into the third style, called the Perpendicular. We have already described it in connection with the beautiful church that contains it, St. Mary Overies. This class of tombs is chiefly to be found in cathedrals, in small chapels, with the accompaniments of piscinas, niches, altar monuments, &c. Finally, many tombs of this period were, as has been previously observed, inlaid with brass (Figs. 1087, 1089), having inscriptions in cameo or intaglio. Gough, in his 'Sepulchral Monuments,' mentions one in the choir of St. Margaret's church at Lynn, "So highly finished and so exquisitely embellished, that one knows not what censure to pass on those tasteless topographers who content themselves with a hasty transcript of its epitaph. . . . This admirable brass, the execution of some Cellini of the fourteenth century, is a monument of a burges of one of our most commercial and opulent boroughs. The inscription, in Gothic letters round the verge, sets forth that Robert Braunche and his two wives Letitia and Margaret are buried under it, and that he died October 15, 1364." Beside the usual decorations, there is represented, under three principal figures, a feast (Fig. 1088), that "for the splendour of the table and company, the band of music and attendants, might pass for some grand anniversary celebrated in the wealthy town, perhaps the feast of St. Margaret, their patroness, or the fair-day granted them by King John, or perhaps the Mayor's feast, when Mr. Braunche held that office, 1349 or 1359. He may be seated at the upper end or right hand of the plate, and the aldermen and their wives in a row below him.

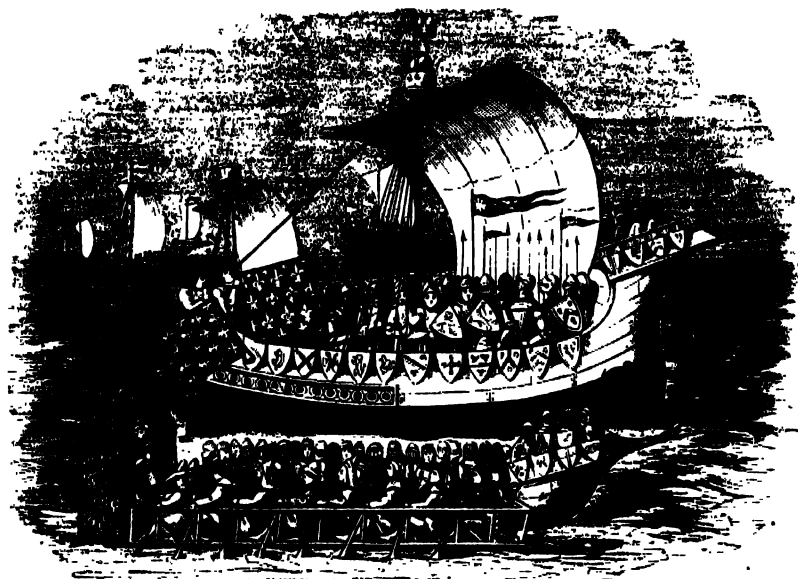
In confirmation of this last conjecture one might even fancy one sees, among other decorations of the table, the silver cup which King John had presented to the town at his last visit, 1216, above a century before. Among the delicacies of this splendid table one sees the *peacock*, that *noble bird*, the *food of lovers* and the *meat of lords* (such are the epithets bestowed on it by romance writers). Few dishes were in higher fashion in the thirteenth century, and there was scarcely any royal or noble feast without it. They stuffed it with spices and sweet herbs, and covered the head with a cloth, which was kept constantly wetted to preserve the crown. They roasted it and served it up whole, covered after dressing with the skin and feathers, the comb entire, and the tail spread. Some persons covered it with leaf gold, instead of its skin, and put a piece of cotton dipped in spirits into its beak, to which they set fire as they put it on the table. The honour of serving it up was reserved for the ladies most distinguished for birth, rank, or beauty, one of whom, followed by others and attended by music, brought it up in the gold or silver dish, and set it before the master of the house, or the guest most distinguished for his courtesy or valour; or, after a tournament, before the victorious knight, who was to display his skill in carving the favourite fowl, and take an oath of valour and enterprise on its head. The romance of 'Lancelot,' adopting the manners of the age in which it was written, represents King Arthur doing this office to the satisfaction of five hundred guests. A picture

by Stevens, engraved by L'Empereur, represents a peacock-feast. M. d'Ausey had seen an old piece of tapestry of the thirteenth century representing the same subject, which he could not afterwards recover to engrave in his curious history of the 'Private Life of the French.' It may flatter the vanity of an English historian to find this desideratum here supplied.

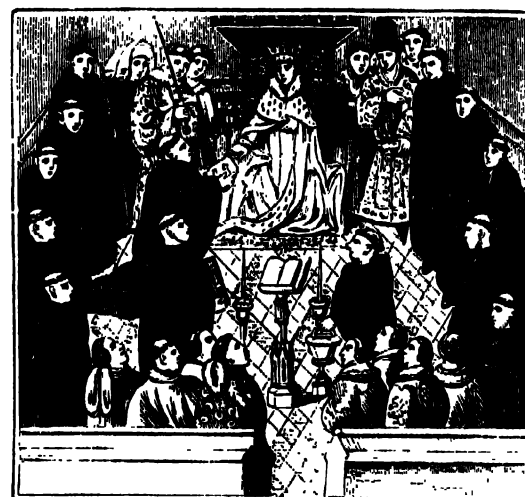
We have mentioned pinnacles, piscinas, and niches. All these, as well as the capitals of the pillars (Figs. 1071, 1072), partook of the same spirit of progress as we have seen manifested in windows and tombs. The first of our three specimens of pinnacles (Fig. 1075) shows the period when they were rare and plain; the second and third, when they shot up at the sides of almost every arch, and on the top of every buttress, and when, enlarged in size and added to the square tower, they became lofty and beautiful spires that seemed to point to heaven, and so formed a singularly appropriate and striking ornament, which gave the last finish to the Christian Church of the middle ages. The Latin word piscina is used to indicate a stone basin for the holy water; it was a cavity in a niche, generally near an altar, for the use of the priest previous to the celebration of mass, &c. It was furnished with a pipe to carry off waste water. (Figs. 1077, &c.) The plain niches of the thirteenth century became gorgeous tabernacles in the fourteenth (Fig. 1076), and were filled with statuary, executed often with consummate art.



1158.—King with his Privy Council. (Harleian MS. No. 4379.)



1157.—English Ships of War of the Fifteenth Century. (Harleian MS. 4374 and 4379.)



1159.—A Parliament of the time of Henry V. (Harleian MS. No. 2278.)



1163.—Henry of Monmouth.



1165.—Sir W. Gascoigne.



1160.—Ancient Gateway of Queen's College, Oxford.



1162.—Portrait of Owen Glendower. (From his Great Seal, engraved in the Archaeologia.)



1164.—Richard II. knighting Henry of Monmouth.



1161.—Earl of Westmoreland



1166.—Southampton.



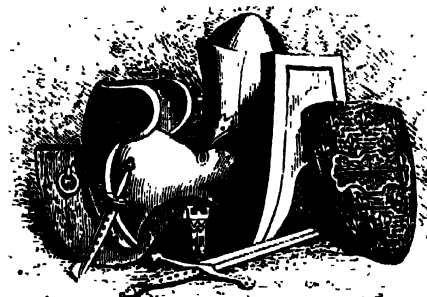
1167.—The English Fleet.



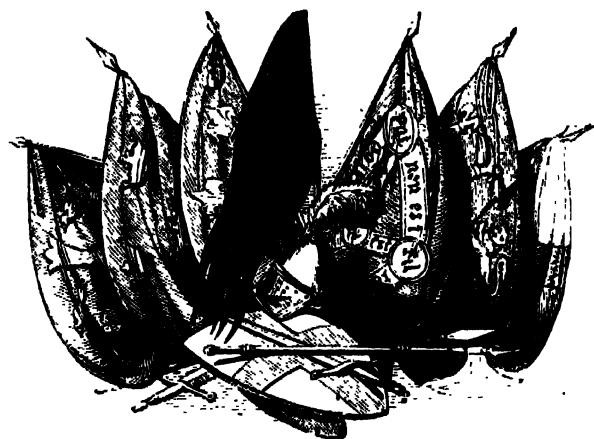
1169.—Street in Harfleur.



1168.—Entry of Henry V. into London.



1170.—Helmet, Shield, and Saddle of Henry V.



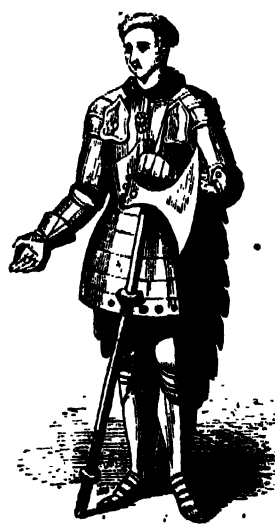
1171.—Banners used in the Battle of Agincourt.



1172.—Archbishop Chicheley.



1173.—Henry V. being armed by his Esquires.

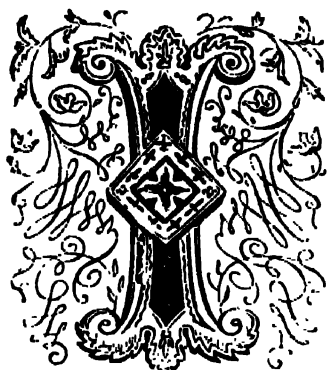


1174.—Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.



1175.—Sir Thomas Erpingham.

CHAPTER III.—POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.



N directing our attention to the Manners and Customs of the period under review, Chivalry again first demands notice: for although a system built up as it were for war, it was not, like our military system, a mere blank as regards domestic life in time of peace. The warrior of the middle ages was still a warrior, though for a time he had left the battle-field for the family hall; with the difference, that whereas in the one case he fought, in the other he was always to a certain degree preparing

for fighting. If he read, his book was tolerably certain to be some romance of chivalry; if he interfered in the education of his children, it was almost literally to teach the young idea how to shoot; his sports were mostly but so many military exercises; to him if peace had its victories as well as war, it was only in the tilting-match (Fig. 1102), or in the tournament, with all its "pomp and circumstance" (Figs. 1096, 1103), that he found them. All this was at once necessary to, and a consequence of, the system. Success in battle then depended in a very great degree on the personal and individual skill, courage, and prowess of the knights and other men of rank among the combatants, and to develop these qualities therefore was the primary object of the whole social system of feudalism: on the other hand, the opportunities afforded for display and for obtaining reputation were a continual incentive to men to admire and carry out most vigorously the system they submitted to. All this was to be changed, though gradually, by the appearance of the terrible engines of war—cannon, which are said to have been used at the battle of Cressy, and of which one of the earliest forms is shown in our engraving (Fig. 1097).

We have already had occasion to speak of Froissart as the historian of Chivalry and of all that relates to it, and have incidentally furnished various illustrations, chiefly from his pages, of its manners and customs. The engraving of Froissart and Sir Espaing de Lyon (Fig. 1090) reminds us of the indefatigable zeal and industry which the historian added to his other accomplishments for the labour of love he had undertaken. We behold him there on his way to the court of Gaston de Foix, or, as he was called for his manly beauty and love of hunting, Gaston Phœbus, one of the last of a now extinct class in Europe, the sovereign nobles, who enjoyed every kingly privilege and power but the name. Froissart thus relates his motives in commencing this journey:—"Considering in myself how there was no great deeds by arms likely toward in the parts of Picardy or Flanders, and seeing that peace were made between the Duke and them of Ghent, and it greatly annoyed me to be idle; for I knew well that after my death this noble and high history should have his course, wherein divers noble men should have great pleasure and delight: and as yet, I thank God, I have understanding and remembrance of all things past, and my wit quick and sharp enough to conceive all things showed unto me touching my principal matter; and my body is yet able to endure and suffer pain; all things considered, I thought I would not let [cease] to pursue my said first purpose; and to the intent to know the truth of deeds done in far countries, I found occasion to go to the high and mighty prince, Gaston, Earl of Foix and Béarn. For I well knew that if I might have that grace to come into his house, and to be there at my leisure, I could not be so well informed of my purpose in none other place of the world. For thither resorted all manner of knights and strange squires for the great nobleness of the said earl." On his way he fell into company with Sir Espaing de Lyon, a knight attached to the Earl of Foix, and a very pleasant and valuable meeting it was for Froissart, for he received from Sir Espaing a world of information, not only as to the character of the great man he was going to visit, but as to history (often most eventful) of the places through which lay their route. One little specimen of their conversation must

suffice. As they passed a ruined castle, the knight observes, "The Count of Foix on a night sent his brother, Peter de Béarn, with two hundred spears, and with them four hundred villains [the knight of course speaks in a social, not in a moral sense] of the county, charged with fagots, much wood, and torches; and they brought it to the bastide, and then set fire thereon, and so burnt the bastide, and all them that was therein, without mercy; and since it was never made again." Froissart was received by Gaston de Foix in a most kindly and liberal spirit, excited evidently by the simple consideration that the guest was a man of letters. As a kind of literary *bonne-bouche* the prudent historian had brought with him a book of songs, ballads, rondeaux, and *virelays*, the product of the Duke of Bohemia's leisure hours, and collected by himself as the duke's protégé, and this book De Foix was especially glad to see. "Every night after supper," says Froissart, "I read therein to him; and while I read there was none durst speak any word, because he would I should be well understood; wherat he took great solace" (Fig. 1091).

One of the most minute and in every way complete descriptions of a great noble of the middle ages, is Froissart's account of the appearance, character, and habits of Gaston de Foix: it is too long for us to transcribe here; we will only observe, therefore, that the limitation with which all Froissart's statements must be received as to the virtues of the heroes of chivalry, are nowhere more indispensable than here. One can hardly believe that the man whom he characterizes as in everything so perfect that he could not be praised too much, who loved that which ought to be loved, and hated that which ought to be hated, is the same man of whose cruelty to his son, a mere boy, he elsewhere relates so piteous a narration.

The interesting incident that forms the subject of another of our engravings (Fig. 1094) we borrow from the same writer's account of the campaign of the Black Prince in Spain, who went thither to assist Pedro, or Peter the Cruel, to regain the throne he had lost by his misdeeds, and which was occupied by his half-brother Enrique or Henry. The latter, at the head of a large army, advanced to meet the combined army of the English and their allies, and on the evening of the 2nd of April, 1366, the combatants confronted each other before Najara, which is situated a few miles from the banks of the Ebro. The battle did not commence till the following morning, when the armies advanced towards each other just as the "sun was rising up," and a great beauty, Froissart says, it was to behold the battalions and the armour shining against the sun. It was when all was prepared, that the event we have referred to occurred. Sir John Chandos, whose name as a knight and a commander is only a little less famous than his sovereign's, and his sovereign's son's, the Black Prince, "brought his banner rolled up together to the prince, and said, 'Sir, behold here is my banner; I require you to display it abroad, and give me leave this day to raise it; for, Sir, I thank God and you, I have land and heritage sufficient to maintain it withal.'" No knight, we may observe, could raise his banner unless he had a train of not less than fifty men-at-arms, with their usual complement of archers and followers. "The Spanish King and the Black Prince then took the banner between their hands, and spread it abroad, the which was of silver, a sharp pyle gules, and delivered it to him, and said, 'Sir John, behold here your banner; God send you joy and honour thereof.' Then Sir John Chandos bare his banner to his own company, and said, 'Sirs, behold here my banner, and yours; keep it as your own;' and they took it, and were right joyful thereof, and said that by the pleasure of God and St. George they would keep and defend it to the best of their powers; and so the banner abode in the hands of a good English squire, called William Allestry, who bare it that day, and acquitted himself right nobly." The battle ended, as usual, in favour of the English, though Pedro did not permanently profit by it, for he died at last by the hands of his brother, in a kind of unpremeditated duel to which mutual hatred had led them on meeting, and Henry afterwards reigned the unquestioned king of Castile.

A very remarkable person was taken in the battle of Najara, De Guesclin, one of the most popular and renowned of French

warriors, who commanded that day a body of French soldiers, and who, previously, at the head of thirty thousand men, chiefly consisting of those military freebooters called the Free Companies (see Fig. 1092), had been the principal instrument of Henry's accession to the throne of Castile. As Nature had not fitted him for success in one of the objects of a knight's ambition, love, he devoted himself with the greater earnestness to the other, war: as he used himself to say, "I am very ugly, and shall never please the ladies; but I shall make myself dreaded by the enemies of my king." At the early age of seventeen he distinguished himself in the tournament (Fig. 1103); then, entering on a military career, rapidly rose to fame and rank. After the battle of Poitiers, it was to him that France was indebted for the successful maintenance of the struggle against the English power; though he was himself on one occasion so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. When peace was concluded, he was liberated, and immediately performed a service scarcely less valuable than any for which his country was indebted to him, that of ridding it of the vast number of disbanded soldiers, native and foreign, who, under a variety of leaders, roamed about, exercising all kinds of oppression. These, at the French king's request, Du Guesclin undertook to remove. So calling them about him, he commenced with a magnificent gratuity of two hundred thousand golden florins, promising them as much more on the road, if they would follow him. They did so with the utmost enthusiasm, and after a visit to the Pope at Avignon, to make him take off the excommunication he had laid on the "Companies," and to tax him to the amount of one hundred thousand francs—by way of reminder, we presume, that he was not to do so again—they were conducted by their commander, not against the Saracens, as had been intended, but against Pedro of Castile. The result we have seen, so far as regards those for and against whom he fought. As to himself, the circumstance of his release from his captivity furnishes another and scarcely less striking illustration than any we have given of the graceful generosity of chivalry in its better moods. Du Guesclin remaining a long time at Bordeaux, the continental head-quarters of the Black Prince, a friend of his hit upon the ingenious scheme of suggesting to the captor that it was believed by some persons that he only kept Du Guesclin a prisoner because he was afraid of restoring him to liberty. That was enough; the prince sent for the French warrior, and said he only asked one hundred francs for his ransom, or even less, if that was too much. Du Guesclin immediately offered one hundred thousand golden florins, but the prince said it was too much; seventy thousand was then offered, as being the lowest sum the prisoner would allow to be given, and thus it was settled. On his release Du Guesclin rejoined his friend Henry, and helped to restore him to the Castilian throne. To the engravings already mentioned in connection with his history, we append two (Figs. 1099, 1100) that may afford a glimpse of his appearance.

The last illustration of the spirit of chivalry that we shall at present give, and which forms the subject of the engraving (Fig. 1102), refers to the period immediately after the peace concluded in 1379 between De Montfort, Duke of Brittany, and the French, when the English, who had been in alliance with the former, under the command of the Duke of Buckingham, set out to make the best of their way home, having received a "safe-conduct" from the Constable of France. Among them were a party of knights, who one day rested in the town, near the castle of Josselyn, where the Constable then was. Whilst there, certain Frenchmen of the castle, knights and squires, courteously came to see them, "as men of war oftentimes will do" with each other, says Froissart, and "especially Englishmen and Frenchmen." Among the attendants of the knights of the two nations that met, were two who had been previously acquainted, one an English squire called Nicholas Clifford, the other the French Earl of March's squire "and one that he loved entirely," called John Boucmeil. When they had "beheld each other" and communed together awhile, the following conversation ensued. "Nicholas," observed the Frenchman, "divers times we have wished and desired to do deeds of arms together, and now we have found each other in place and time where we may accomplish it. Now we be here before the Constable of France, and other lords that be here present, therefore, I require you, let us have now three courses afoot with a spear each of us against other." The Englishman answered, "John, ye know right well we be here going on our way, by the safe-conduct of my lord, your Constable; therefore that ye require cannot be done, for I am not the chief of this safe-conduct, for I am but under these other knights that be here; for though I would here abide, they would not do so." Again the French squire urged the acceptance of the challenge (Fig. 1101). "Nicholas, excuse you not by this means; let your company depart if they list, for I promise you by covenant, the arms once done be-

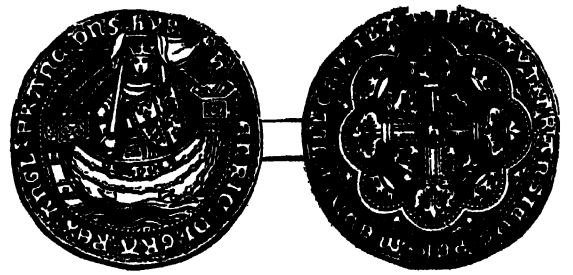
tween you and me, I shall bring you into the vale of Cherbourg without damage or peril; make ye no doubt thereof." But the English squire had no armour with him, neither he nor his company; a custom possibly with knights when thus travelling under safe-conduct. John Boucmeil would not be answered with this objection; he had harness of different sorts at his command, they should be brought before Clifford, and after he had made his choice from them, Boucmeil would make his. We can well understand and appreciate the feelings of our gallant countryman at being compelled by a sense of propriety, as he evidently felt he was, still to decline so generous an antagonist. However, he promised him he would take advice, and added, that at all events, as soon as they came into each other's neighbourhood, which they expected would shortly be the case, that he would come to him, and deliver the challenge he so despised. "Nay, nay," was the reply, "seek no respite. I have offered, and yet do offer you so many things so honourable, that in no wise ye can depart, saving your honour, without doing deeds of arms with me, sith I require you of it." And so they parted, the Englishman probably not choosing to be compelled even by such remarks into a line of conduct he had determined to avoid, but evidently stung with them, and "sorer displeased than he was before." But this conversation reached the ears of the French Constable, who at once saw how to obviate all difficulties, and determined that the trial of skill should take place. So when the English knights waited upon him to make arrangements for their departure, he told them pleasantly that he arrested them all as his guests, and that on the morrow after mass they should see deeds of arms done between the two squires. The remainder we must tell in Froissart's own inimitable style. "Then these two squires, John and Nicholas, advised them well of the battle that they must furnish the next day; and so in the next morning they both heard one mass and were confessed, and leaped on their horses, and all the lords of France on the one part, and the Englishmen on the other part, and so came all together to a fair plain place without the castle of Josselyn, and there tarried. John Boucmeil had made ready two harnesses, fair and good, according as he promised to the English squire, and then he said to him, 'Nicholas, choose which ye will have;' but he would in no wise choose, and gave the first choice to the French squire, and so he took the one and armed him therewith, and Nicholas did help to arm him, and so did he in like wise again; and when they were both two armed, they took good spears all of one length, and so each of them took his place and came a fair pace afoot each against other; and when they should approach, they crouched down their spears, and at the first stroke Nicholas Clifford strake John Boucmeil on the breast, and the stroke did slide up to the gorget of mail, and the spear-head did enter into his throat, and did cut asunder the jugular vein, and the spear broke, and the truncheon stuck still in the squire's neck, who was with that stroke wounded to death: the English squire passed forth, and went and sate down in his chair. When the lords saw that stroke, and saw how the truncheon stuck still, they came to him and took off his bascinet, and drew out the truncheon; and soon as it was done he turned about without any word speaking, and so fell down dead suddenly, so that the English squire could not come to him time enough, for he had certain words to have stanchd him that would have holpen: but when he saw that he was dead, he was sore displeased because of that adventure, seeing how he should slay so valiant a man of arms. He that then had seen the Earl of March would have had pity to see what sorrow he made for his squire, for he loved him entirely. The Constable recomforted him, and said, 'In such deeds of arms let no man look for nothing else; though this evil fortune be fallen on our squire, the English is not to blame, for he cannot amend it!' Then the Constable said to the Englishmen, 'Sirs, let us go and dine; it is time;' and so the Constable, against their goodwill, had them with him into the castle to dinner, for he would not break his promise for the death of his squire. The Earl of March wept piteously for his squire, and Nicholas Clifford went to his lodging and would not dine in the castle, what for sorrow, and for doubt of the French squire's friends. But the Constable sent so for him, that it behoved him to go to the castle; and when he was come, the Constable said, 'Certainly Nicholas, I believe verily, and see well how ye be sorry for the death of John Boucmeil; but I excuse you, for ye cannot amend it: for as God help me, if I had been in the same case as ye were in, ye have done nothing but I would have done the same, or more if I might; for better it is a man to grieve his enemy, than his enemy should grieve him: such be the adventures of arms;' so they sate down at the table and dined at their leisure." This touching incident forms the subject of two of our engravings (Figs. 1102, 1095).



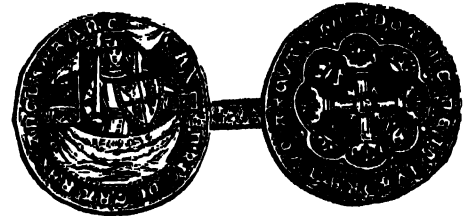
1176.—Portrait of Henry V.



1177.—Katherine.



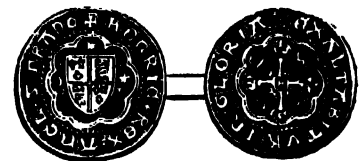
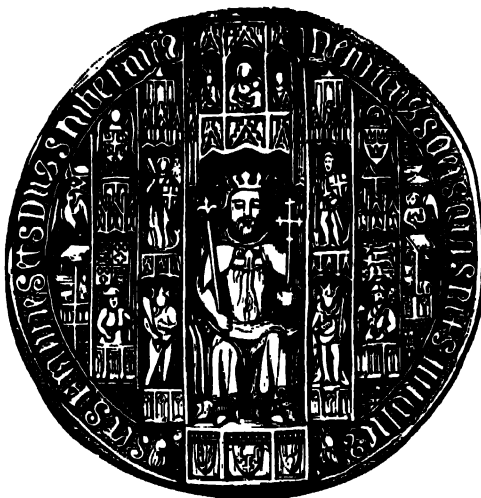
1179.—Noble of Henry V.



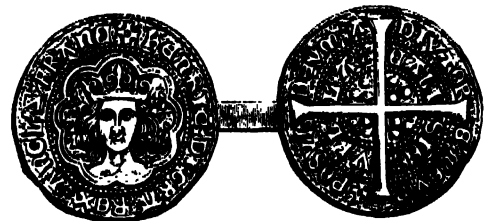
1180.—Half-Noble of Henry V.



1178.—Great Seal of Henry V.



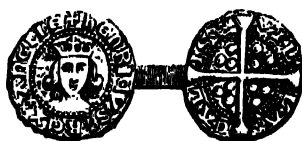
1181.—Quarter-Noble of Henry V.



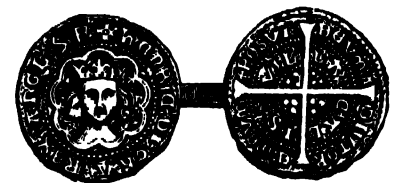
1182.—Groat of Henry V.

Handwritten signature of Henry V.

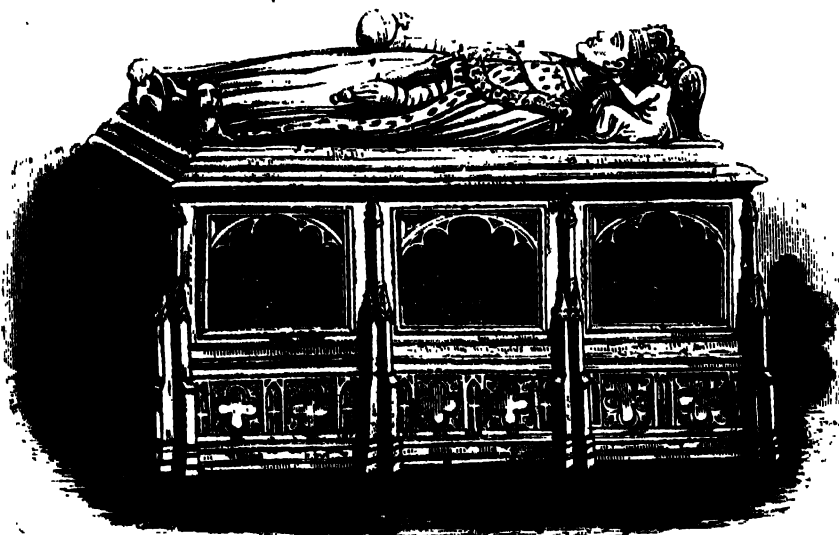
1183.—Signature of Henry V



1184.—Penny of Henry V.



1183.—Half-Groat of Henry V.



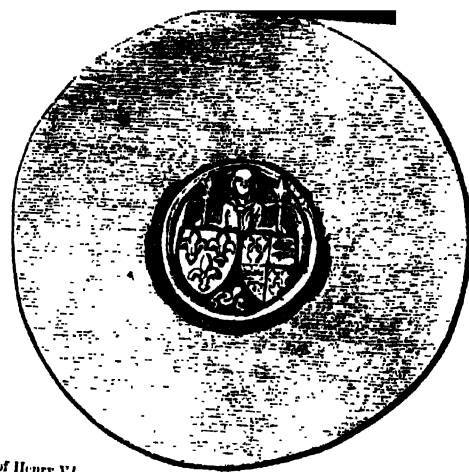
1187.—Tomb of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey.



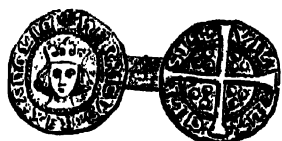
1188.—Henry V. and his Court.



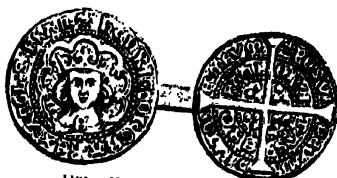
1183.—Henry VI. in his youth.



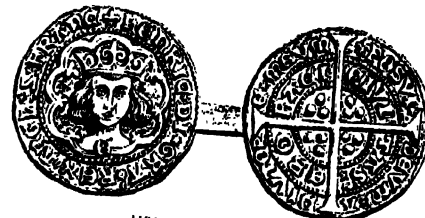
1183.—Great Seal of Henry VI.



1186.—Penny of Henry VI.



1186.—Half-Groat of Henry VI.



1191.—Groat of Henry VI.



1192.—Henry VI.—A.D. 1460.

Henry

1197.—Signature of Henry VI.



1180.—Portrait of Henry VI.



1190.—Henry VI and Queen Margaret.



The establishment of regular colleges for the residence of students in separate communities, commenced about the middle of the thirteenth century, and thus considerably changed as well as improved the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It may not be uninteresting to glance at university life previous to that time. It presents many curious features. In the first place, the number of students is quite startling; they were counted by tens of thousands. The old Oxford historian, Anthony-a-Wood, tells us that many of them were mere "varlets who pretended to be scholars," who "lived under no discipline, neither had any tutors, but only for fashion sake would sometimes thrust themselves into the schools at ordinary lectures; and when they went to perform any mischiefs, then would they be accounted scholars, that so they might free themselves from the jurisdiction of the burghers." A pretty lawless state of society those unfortunate burghers must have lived in: all sorts of violent crimes were perpetrated, and the townspeople who generally suffered from them, had no redress but such as they could enforce by a hasty resort to arms, or obtained from the tardy and ineffectual interference of the king or high clergy. How these disorderly crowds of students were all boarded and lodged it is almost impossible to tell. The school of Pythagoras at Cambridge (Fig. 1107), a Norman house or hostel, is said to have been used for the residence of scholars there. It seems pretty evident that they fared as they could, each according to his means among the surrounding villages or townfolk. We have a few glimpses of the university teachers. Hebrew was taught at Oxford by Jews, long resident there; Greek was a recent study taught by a monk from Athens, called Nicholas the Greek. It is pleasant to find among these professors of learning, at a time when the clergy were scrambling for wealth and power and pomp, some who stood apart in dignified simplicity and humility, asserting practically in their lives the beauty and glory of knowledge, and making it to them its own exceeding great reward. Thus we read, in 1362, the rector and masters of the faculty of arts petitioned for a postponement of the hearing of a cause in which they were parties, because "we have difficulty in finding the money to pay the procurators and advocates, whom it is necessary for us to employ, *we whose profession it is to possess no wealth.*" The vow of the Franciscan friars enjoined poverty, manual labour, and study; and though only a few years had elapsed since they first entered Oxford, the university had become thoroughly imbued with their principles, and its leading men were either Franciscans or the patrons of Franciscans. The most eminent of the former class was Roger Bacon, who had been persuaded to join them by Robert Grossteste, their most distinguished and, indeed, their first patron at Oxford. These two scholars were contemporaries, and in all respects kindred minds; their training, their studies, their conflicts, their whole career, were almost identical in their leading points, and furnish us with a striking illustration of the state of learning at that period, and the difficulties and dangers that beset those who dared to start from the beaten track. We see Bacon, in the first instance, as the younger brother and disciple of Grossteste: both had been placed at Oxford early in life, both had finished their studies (so far as study depended upon school) at the first university in Europe, that of Paris, then resorted to by all who aspired to the honoured name of scholar. Both had returned to Oxford with laurels on their brows, there to drink inspiring draughts of pure faith and morality from the new orders of friars, and to receive from them quickening impulses of mental advancement. And both *did* advance: both were distinguished mathematicians; students of languages; and diligent collectors of such books as were then to be had: in twenty years Bacon spent two thousand livres (French) in books and instruments, no doubt through the liberality of the opulent friends of the learned mendicants. Both also searched into the operations of nature, real and imagined; and whilst Grossteste strenuously opposed the moral and spiritual depravities of the church, Bacon, undistracted by the arduous and stormy duties into which his friend had plunged when he became a bishop, ascended the heights of philosophical discovery, and produced his '*Opus Majus.*' There are thoughts scattered like gems through that work, which will bear the closest comparison with the wisdom of his illustrious namesake of a later time (who curiously enough, exhibits a striking mental resemblance to him), whilst at the same time a beautiful ease and simplicity pervade the whole composition; indeed nothing finer of the kind was produced for several ages. The mechanical discoveries indicated in his writings, especially the telescope and gunpowder, are very remarkable, as showing how thought may anticipate all things; for, be it carefully observed, the most valuable of Bacon's discoveries were, it is quite manifest, of *imagination and reflection solely*, without actual experiment. ('Penny

Cyclopædia.—Bacon.) The common ideas of "Friar Bacon" have always represented him as a magician, who made a brazen head that could answer questions concerning futurity. Grossteste divides the credit of this wondrous invention with Bacon; but the truth is that the charge of magic originated with the monks, by whom Bacon and Grossteste (and all the friars) were heartily detested. Anthony-a-Wood wittily shows us how little their researches could be understood. "The clergy," says he, "knew no property of the circle, except that of keeping out the devil; and thought the parts of a triangle would wound religion." The court of Rome was equally the foe of the spirit of free investigation which these early reformers were spreading. Both were successively in their old age cited to Rome; the one to answer for his actions, the other for his writing. Grossteste was excommunicated, and after his death narrowly escaped having his bones flung out of Lincoln Cathedral; Roger Bacon suffered ten years' rigorous confinement at Rome, and was only released at the intercession of some powerful nobles. But he was worn out by captivity and grief, and died in 1292, a few months after he had returned to Oxford, where he was buried in the Franciscan church. There was formerly a tower on the bridge at Oxford (Fig. 1108), which was traditionally said to have been Bacon's study; perhaps, then, it was to that tower the bigots hastened on Bacon's death to search for his papers, and immediately placed under lock and key all they could find; which in process of time were consumed by insects. But enough has been left to show us that their author stands in the very foremost rank of Old England's scientific and philosophical minds.

To obtain, in the present day, the best idea of the aspect of an English city in the middle ages, we must go to CHESTER, which preserves its original aspect, with such remarkable completeness that even the surrounding wall is still to be found there; though that work of defence, so common in former times, is attributed by tradition to Cymbeline—that is to say, to a period a century before the birth of Christ. Having been altered at different periods, and much reduced in height, as no longer needed for their original object, these walls, some two miles round, now serve the much pleasanter purpose of a promenade for the inhabitants. And, as Kohl observes, a very "curious promenade it is; sometimes up hill and sometimes down; at one point closely wedged in between houses, while at another the narrow path passes under some ancient watchtower; here it runs under a gateway, and there we must descend a flight of steps, because the wall has been cleared away to make room for a street; now we pass behind the venerable cathedral, and now in front of the spacious old castle, which has been converted into a military barrack. The antiquity of Chester will be tolerably evident from these remarks, and its importance in past times is equally worthy of notice. Kohl says, it may be considered as the "mother of Liverpool, for at a time when nothing was yet known of Liverpool commerce on the Mersey, the fame of Chester and her trade on the Dee was widely spread in Germany, Spain, and France." Liverpool, however, has proved but an ungrateful child, for, taking advantage of the injury done to the navigation of the Dee by accumulations of sand, it has gone on flourishing at the parent's expense, until it has grown into all its present magnitude and power, and left Chester in all its present comparative insignificance.

The interior of Chester is even still more extraordinary than the exterior, on account of a feature that appears to be peculiar to the place, and which has sadly puzzled all our antiquarians to account for or explain the origin of. We allude to the long covered public passages called Rows (Figs. 1106, 1113), that extend through the first floor of the houses parallel with the streets. The best description we have seen of these Rows is that by the pleasant writer before mentioned; although, as he observes, "the thing is not very easy to describe. Let the reader imagine the front wall of the first floor of each house to have been taken away, leaving that part of the house completely open towards the street, the upper part being supported by pillars of beams. Let him then imagine the side walls also to have been pierced through, to allow a continuous passage along the first floors of all houses. How the people of Chester came, in this way, to spoil their best floors in so many of their houses, is a matter that was never made perfectly clear to me. We have also a number of towns in Germany, particularly in Silesia and the Austrian dominions, where covered passages, for the accommodation of the public, have been made to run through or round private houses; but then these passages or galleries are always on the ground floor, and on a level with the street." The two great intersecting streets are to a considerable extent constructed on this plan, and as those, as well as the other streets of

Chester exhibit in the simplicity of their plan very clear evidence of their builders—the Romans, who made Chester the station of their twentieth legion, it is not improbable that Pennant may be correct in considering that the peculiar mode of construction exhibited in the Rows may have existed from the Roman period. Other antiquarians are satisfied that the Rows were intended for defence, and therefore attribute their design and erection to the ages when the city was exposed to continual attacks by the Welsh and the Scots; in order that, if the citizens failed to keep their enemies outside the walls, yet that they might still be able to prevent them from taking possession of the place. It is certainly much in favour of this theory that the Rows were in later times found of great importance for military purposes; it is asserted, that in the civil wars, the possession of the Rows decided the possession of Chester, whether for the Royalists or the Parliamentarians.

"It must not be imagined," continues Kohl, "that these Rows form a very regular or uniform gallery. On the contrary, it varies according to the size or circumstances of each house through which it passes. Sometimes, when passing through a small house, the ceiling is so low that one finds it necessary to doff the hat, while in others one passes through a space as lofty as a saloon. In one house the Row lies lower than in the preceding, and one has in consequence to go down a step or two, and, perhaps, a house or two further, one or two steps have to be mounted again. In one house a handsome new-fashioned iron railing fronts the street; in another, only a mean wooden paling. In some stately houses, the supporting columns are strong and adorned with handsome antique ornaments; in others, the wooden piles appear time-worn, and one hurries past them apprehensive that the whole concern must topple down before long. The ground-floors over which the Rows pass are inhabited by a humble class of tradesmen, but it is at the back of the Rows themselves that the principal shops are to be found. This may give an idea of how lively and varied a scene is generally to be witnessed here. Indeed, the Rows are often full of people, either making their little purchases in the shops, or mounting to their boarded floors, to avoid the disagreeable pavement of the streets. Perhaps these Rows may be connected with another singularity pointed out to me at Chester. The streets do not, as in other towns, run along the surface of the ground, but have been cut into it, and that moreover into a solid rock. The Rows are in reality on a level with the surface of the ground, and the carriages rolling along below them are passing through a kind of artificial ravine. The back wall of the ground-floor is everywhere formed by the solid rock, and the court-yard of the houses, their kitchens, and back buildings lie generally ten or twelve feet higher than the street." A place so rich in these broad features of antiquity could hardly be destitute of many of its minor and more ordinary details. A more richly picturesque example of domestic street architecture, than is shown in our engraving (Fig. 1112) of some of the old houses of Chester, it would be hardly possible to find or to desire.

Among the places which one often hears of, but few ever see, may be reckoned CROWLAND or CROYLAND in Lincolnshire, famous for its abbey. It lies in the very heart of the fens; and the traveller whom business or accident takes there for the first time, say from Spalding or Market Deeping, will not speedily forget either the way by which he reaches it, or the place when reached. For miles the road extends through a dead flat, where endless drains, occasional large sheets of water, pollard willows, and, if he be fortunate, a flight of wild ducks, are the only objects that meet his gaze. Not a habitation or a human being anywhere appears. The road itself, at times necessarily raised to a considerable height, causes him many a twinge of fear as to the consequences of his horse starting at any sudden occurrence, and dropping the vehicle over the undefended edge; and if another vehicle meets him in such places he must have confidence indeed in the animal, if he does not get out, and, carefully holding him by the head, draw him within a very few inches of the edge, and there keep him standing while the other equipage passes. But the town is reached, and the superb ruins of the monastery at once attract the eye, and suggest all kinds of pleasant anticipations as to the place itself. Curiously are we disappointed. Never surely before were there so many dull and spiritless-looking houses congregated together; the drains that run through some of the streets seem to have shed over everything their own stagnant qualities. Not a good-looking public building of any sort relieves the tedium of brick and mortar—nay, we question whether there is such a thing as a public building in the place: we certainly remember none, though some years have passed since we were there. A handsome-looking or superior mansion is almost equally scarce: strange as the fact at first may appear, we were informed that there was not a

single person resident in Crowland that could be supposed even to aspire to the rank of a country gentleman. We think we do recollect a few trees, but are not at all sure about flowers. In a word, a place more completely out of the world, as it were, one cannot well imagine. And yet after all Crowland is an interesting place. It is interesting, if it be only to see how completely time has swept away every incidental vestige of the magnificence of the abbey, which had few rivals in the country; and the very existence of which one would now be inclined to doubt, did not the existing ruins still stand there to be its witnesses. It is interesting also for another structure—the one exception to the universal blank of the town—the bridge, which is at once the oldest and most extraordinary structure of the kind in England. It is triangular, having three roadways meeting at the top in a common centre, which is high in proportion to the other dimensions of the edifice. This curious form, and its steepness, rendering it useless except for pedestrians, though horses *might* cross it—whilst at the same time neither need it—have induced antiquarians to suppose the whole to be simply a material embodiment of the idea of the Trinity. It seems to us that whilst the builders did intend to shadow forth one of the grand mysteries of their religion, they intended its immediate use to be that of a proper bridge for foot passengers over the two drains that there met and mingled their waters beneath, and which drains were probably too wide to be crossed without its assistance; though horsemen might ford them. The drains have long disappeared, and hence the wonder with which a visitor looks upon the strange and apparently unnecessary bridge. The period of its erection is said to have been 860; but the style implies a much later date, bringing it down to the era upon which we now write. The statue seen in our engraving (which exhibits the bridge as it appeared in the last century) is now so much mutilated, that hardly a feature is discernible. We can see, however, it represents a king; and may therefore be a statue of Ethelbald, who founded the monastery about the beginning of the eighth century (Fig. 1109).

The castle of NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, that extensive and majestic relic of the war times of Old England, has already engaged our attention (see page 110): we have also alluded to the ancient importance of the town; we have now to glance at the fragments which time has left us of the walls, to which both the town and the castle were mainly accustomed to trust for security. The great Norman fortresses had generally two walls: the outer one of Newcastle enclosed three acres of ground; the inner joined it at two places, and formed a second enclosure, within which, thus doubly intrenched, stood the main buildings of the fortress. The outer wall had a main entrance and two posterns; the inner wall had the same. Of all these entrances and walls nothing now remains but the Black Gate (Fig. 1111), which was the great gateway of the outer wall, built in the time of Henry III. at a cost of about five hundred and fourteen pounds old money. As we now see it, it is apt to convey a gloomy impression of Norman character and times: in passing under the low and narrow arch, lowering and characteristic is the effect of the great depth, thirty-six feet, and suggestive of thoughts of the awful dungeons of the mighty barons and the deeds of cruelty too often perpetrated in them; and we thank God that it is given to us to live in other times. Two lofty circular towers formerly added to the strength and majesty of this gateway, and one of them is still very perfect towards its base, but the rest of the structure is mixed up with confused masses of extraneous building. The town of Newcastle, independent of the castle, had been walled from a very early period: in proof of which a strong barrier of earth remains behind the priory of Black Friars. But by the time of Edward I. these walls had become quite inadequate to the defence of the inhabitants; the Scots entered and ravaged the town at will, and at one of their visits, in addition to making the customary use of fire and sword, carried off a rich citizen to Scotland. The captive, being ransomed after a short confinement, formed a resolution to prevent such unpleasant accidents for the future. So he employed his wealth in rebuilding the fortifications; and in that great undertaking was assisted by the rest of the inhabitants of Newcastle, and encouraged by the king. The result was a rampart twelve feet high and eight thick, strongly resembling, it is said, the walls of Avignon. They extended two thousand seven hundred and forty yards, with a fosse or ditch running along the foot outside sixty-six feet broad, and named the King's Dykes. There were seven gates in them, and seven round towers, "between every one of which were, for the most part, two watch-towers, made square, with the effigies of men cut out in stone upon the tops of them, as though they were watching." (Bourne.) These great works were not completed until the reign



1198.—Duke of Bedford.



1199.—Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.



1200.—Old Monument of Joan of Arc, Rouen.



1201.—Rouen.



1202.—Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury, presenting a Book of Romances to Henry VI.
(Royal MS. 16 E. 6.)



1203.—Effigy upon the Tomb of John Talbot.



1204.—Lodgegate presenting his Poem of 'The Pilgrim,' to the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. (Harleian MS. No. 4036.)



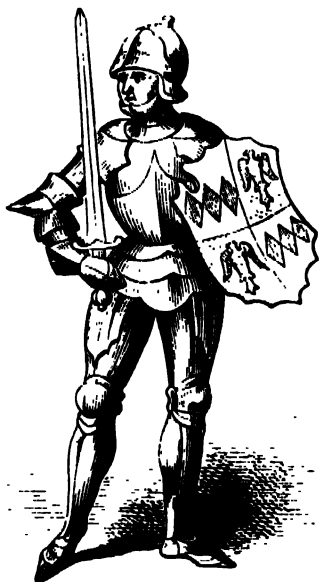
1206.—Queen Margaret.



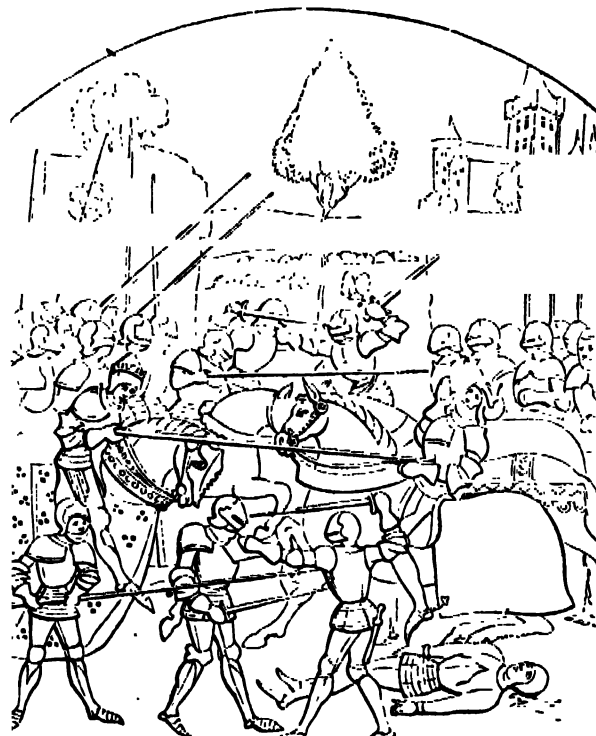
1205.—Westminster Hall.—Treaty between Henry VI. and Richard, Duke of York.



1207.—Richard, Duke of York.



1208.—Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick.



1210.—Battle of Barnet. (From an illumination in MS. at Ghent).



1209.—Cardinal Beaufort.



1211.—Field of Battle near Barnet.



1213.—Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.



1212.—Fields near St. Albans.

of Edward III. The town was then divided into twenty-four wards, according to the number of gates and round towers upon them. All the free burgesses of each ward buckled on their harness as soldiers for its defence whenever there was a cry of danger; and regularly, in the reign of Henry IV., did a hundred of those burgesses pace the bulwarks nightly. In the opinion of Leland, "the strength and magnificence of the wauling of this town far passeth all the waulles of the cities of England, and most of the towns of Europa." The relics of these noble ramparts are fast becoming obliterated, like many of the minor curiosities of this fine old town, among which may be mentioned the public conduits of peculiar construction, "having each a small square reservoir before them for retaining the water for the use of horses, or common domestic purposes." (Brand.) Pond was anciently pronounced *pand*, according to Dr. Thomas Shaw, and Skinner derives the word from the Anglo-Saxon *pyndan*, to enclose or shut up. On the Scottish and English borders, *pand* seems to have been converted into *pant*, meaning a little reservoir or pond. In a deed of 1450 a public conduit in the market-place of Durham, similar to the pants of Newcastle, is described in Latin and Anglo-Norman as "the fountain head, vulgarly called the 'Pant' head." The *pant* of which we have given an engraving (Fig. 1110) stands in front of the Freeman's Hospital, or the Hospital of the Holy Jesus. The charity was founded in 1683, by the mayor and burgesses, for the relief of freemen and freemen's widows, or sons and daughters of freemen, being unmarried. The buildings erected for this purpose stood on a piece of ground called the Manors, and the institution was incorporated under the title of "The Master, Brethren, and Sisters of the Hospital of the Holy Jesus." The hospital was thus described by Bourne, upwards of a century ago, in his account of Newcastle:—"You ascend to it by stairs from the High-street, and then enter into a pleasant field, on the north side of which is the said hospital. It is three stories high, and the under story is adorned with piazzas, which are about sixty yards in length, and make a very agreeable walk. About the middle of the piazzas is the entrance into the second and third stories, and over against this entrance is a fountain (very much beautified) for the use of the hospital." Some of the many pants in Newcastle are beautiful, others merely curious. The want of water that Newcastle has, to a certain extent, experienced for ages, evidently led to the erection of the pants. In the last century, the common council, in order to obviate the deficiency, accepted the liberal offer of a neighbouring gentleman to supply the town with water from his property, on their preparing aqueducts. Other provision has since been made.

Whilst Froissart was busily engaged collecting materials for his great history, and journeying from land to land in order to increase their amount, or obtain additional verifications of their correctness, an Englishman was no less actively employed in the study of the manners and customs, and modes of thought, of his own countrymen, of all ranks and classes of society, and embodying the result of his experience in poems that were to be at least as permanent as his contemporary's prose, and infinitely more valuable. Froissart recorded but one feature of his age, the most conspicuous undoubtedly, but one so little calculated for durability, that the record has become in the lapse of ages chiefly interesting and valuable for its own sake. Chaucer also described the men of the fourteenth century; but in doing so, went so much deeper beneath the surface, that he at the same time described human nature under a thousand varying aspects; the consequence is, we turn with ever-fresh instruction to his pages. Froissart's *beau idéal*—the gentle warriors who set and kept Europe in a blaze—are happily extinct; but the characters of the 'Canterbury Tales' yet seem to live, breathe, and move among us, so thoroughly individual are they, so thoroughly men and women, having all our own peculiarities, humours, follies, virtues, and vices. Through all literature we may look in vain for any parallel to the amazing amount and variety of descriptive powers of the highest class, lavished in the small space occupied by the prologue to the great poem we have named; and yet that prologue hardly bears a smaller proportion in quantity to the rest of the 'Canterbury Tales,' than do the powers exhibited in it to those which the poet's complete works reveal. In a word, of the few supreme master spirits that stand out above all other of the illustrious of the earth, Chaucer is one. The design of the poem itself is one of almost unequalled skill and magnificence. Taking that exceedingly picturesque feature of Old England, the pilgrimages, and availing himself of the opportunity such occasions offered for the mingling of different ranks (we need hardly say that such unnatural and pernicious extreme social divisions as mark our time were unknown in Chaucer's), he brought together as the dramatic

persons of his "Comedy not intended for the Stage," a most complete and picturesque set of examples of all the different classes of society. There he causes to meet, himself among the number, at the Tabard, now the Talbot, in Southwark, a place especially favoured by pilgrims departing from London, and which still preserves much of its antique character. There are reasons even for believing that the very gallery, along which Chaucer himself may have walked as a pilgrim, among pilgrims, and the room where they may have dined, still exist. (See 'London:—The Tabard,' Vol. i. No. IV.) Our engravings (Figs. 1116, 1117, 1118) show the progress of the changes that have from time to time modernised other portions of the original Tabard. In the engraving of the supper (Fig. 1115), the artist has aimed to restore the pilgrims' room of the Tabard, and to exhibit the pilgrims as Chaucer has described them at supper. The meal scarcely over, the Host, evidently excited with some unusual thought, rises. Chaucer says of him—

A seemly man our hoste was with all
For to have been a marshall in a hall;
A large man he was, with eyen steep,
A fairer burgess is there none in Cheep.
Bold of his speech, and wise and well taught,
And of manhood him lacked righte nought.
Like thereto was he right a merry man;

evidence of which is afforded by his address to the company. Having told them how welcome they were to his "herberwe," or inn, he adds:—

Fain would I do you mirth, an I wist how.
And of a mirth I am right now bethought
To do you ease, and it shall cost you nought.
Ye go to Canterbury; God you speed.
The blisful martyr [Becket] quite [requite] you your meed,
And well I wot as ye go by the way,
Ye shapen you to talen and to play;
For truly comfort ne mirth is none
To riden by the way dumb as the stone;
And therefore would I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and do you some comfort.
And if you liketh all by one assent
Now for to standen at my judgement,
And for to werken as I shall you say
To-morrow, when ye riden by the way:
Now by my father's soule that is deid,
But ye be merry, smiteth [smite] off my head:
Hold up your hands withoute[n] more spech.

The pilgrims thought it not worth while to "make it wise," so agreed to his proposal, and bade him give what verdict he pleased. And now the Host explains the idea that he has been brooding over all the supper-time:—

This is the point, to speak it plat and plain;
That each of you, to shorten with your way
In this viage [journey] shall tellen tales tway;
To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two
Of adventures that whilom have befall
And which of you that beareth him best of all,
That is to say, that telleth in this case
Tale of best sentence and most solace,
Shall have a supper at your aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
When that ye come again from Canterbury.

Such is the proposal of the Host, but fortunately that is not all he has to say, or we should have wanted through the ensuing pilgrimage the life and soul of the party, and the poet would have wanted the most important of the links by which to connect the stories that form the staple of the poem. So the liberal-hearted and joyous Harry Bailly tells them that he will himself ride with them at his own cost, and be their guide. The pilgrims not only received this offer in the spirit in which it is made, but asked him to undertake the office of governor on the pilgrimage, and the judge of the tales that are to be told, observing, in short, that they will be ruled by him in "high and low." Lots are now drawn to see who shall tell the first tale, and the Knight is the man. The pilgrims soon after retire to bed, and the following morning they depart on their way to Thomas à Becket's shrine. Having thus briefly sketched the plan of the poem, we will now pause to look a little more in detail at the characters of the pilgrims. We may, however, add to this notice of the Host, a few words on a character who accompanies the party as a man of business rather than a pilgrim (Fig. 1123):—

To boil the chickens, and the marrow bones,
And poude marchant tart and galingale—

delicacies (we mean, the marchant tart and galingale) of which the



CHAUCEER.

A FACSIMILE OF AN ILLUMINATION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

said pilgrims had a better understanding than we confess we have. There is no difficulty in respect to his other accomplishments—

Well could he know a draught of London ale;
He could roast, and seeth, and broil and fry
Baken mortrewes, and well bake a pie;
For blanc-manger that made he with the best.

The mortrewes consisted of meat—generally pork—brayed in a mortar (*une mortresse*), and mixed with milk, eggs, spices, &c. and we fancy we should be inclined to relish the composition from such able hands, always providing that the saffron were omitted with which it used to be “coloured very deep.” But the *blanc-mange* we should decidedly object to, personally, if made according to an ancient recipe in ‘A Proper New Book of Cookery,’ 1575:—“Take a capon, and cut out the brayne of him *alive*,” &c. Among all our modern improvements, let us be thankful for increased humanity in the treatment of the helpless creatures that have to die—not always that we may live—but too generally that we may abound in luxuries. Even our improvements in this respect have by no means reached their limits. The cry of pain still ascends to the Maker and Father of All from his humble creatures, and to an extent that few would believe who do not enter deeply into the mysteries of the gastronomic art. It is strange that man, who shares so much of their nature, should continue so long insensible to the tortures he inflicts. In vain still are we told,—

Never to blond our pleasure and our pride
With sorrow of the nearest thing that feels.

We see by the mention of London ale, that our metropolitan breweries have enjoyed their high reputation for a long period. Perhaps the earliest allusion to an English cook's shop is contained in some lines in another part of the ‘*Canterbury Tales*,’ where the Host banters the Cook for selling in his shop the fly-blown stubble goose, and for his re-dressing of his provisions—the Jack of Dover—probably a kind of pasty,

That hath been twice hot and twice cold.

One might have expected that a poet manifesting such wonderful discernment as Chaucer would have brought into view the absurdities of knight-errantry, but we suppose the high and beautiful qualities of the chivalric character had too much won on his imagination; and so he gave us his picture of the sedate, wise, and veteran warrior,

That from the time that he first began
To ride out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy;

who was in all respects

A very perfect gentle knight.

Chaucer speaks of his worthiness in “his lord's war,” a passage which may not unaptly be illustrated by a few remarks on the military system of the Middle Ages. Every knight, except the sovereign, whatever his degree, was military vassal to some superior lord, bound to arm at his call, and attend him forty days in the field. This tenure by knights' service was performed as an equivalent for so much property in land, sufficient to maintain and equip him without ordinary labour. Such property was called a knight's fee. The heads of the nation settled the maximum value of knights' fees, the object being to create as many as possible, in order to have an ample supply of knights for war. When the king wanted their aid, he issued his writs to his tenants-in-chief, each possessing large property in land, and rated respectively at so many knights' fees. On the appointed day, and at the appointed spot, came these tenants-in-chief, with their standards unfurled, as rallying points for their respective hosts. On receiving their sovereign lord's writs, they had issued their own summonses to the knights, for whose appearance they were responsible. Their tenants in fee, again, had called together their tenants, holders of half or quarter knights' fees, and bound to render only half or quarter the ordinary term of military service. A beautiful and gallant sight it must have been, to behold such an army of knights as were often raised by our Edwards, and Henries, and Richards, all mounted and equipped to the very best of their ability in the mixed stern and gorgeous panoply of the order, and attended by squires only a little less proudly apparelled than their masters.

We have seen how much cause English sovereigns often had to wish that any other system existed rather than that which made the barons so powerful for the control of royal despotism, and left them only less ready to war against than for their liege master. But there was yet a third resource for the restlessness of chivalry. When there was no enterprise stirring in England, they could go abroad, and revive a sort of little Holy war, now that the Crusades

had ceased, by entering into the service of princes who had embraced Christianity, or who supported without embracing it (for such cases there were), and who, either to defend or increase their territories, still waged war against the infidels. Thus, for example, did Bolingbroke in his youth, and Edward III.'s youngest son, Thomas of Gloucester; and thus did the knight, who may have been Chaucer's model, so closely does the history of his adventures in different parts of the world, as described on his tomb, and copied in Leland's ‘*Itinerary*,’ agree with the adventures of Chaucer's hero. We refer to “the noble and valiant knight, Mathew de Gournay,” who died in 1406, aged ninety-six years. It appears he “was at the battle of Benamaryn, and afterwards at the siege of Algezir against the Saracens, and also at the battles of L'Escluse, of Cressay, of Deyngeness, of Peyteres [Poitiers], of Nazare, of Ousey, and at several other battles and sieges in which he gained great praise and honour.” Chaucer's knight has been at three victories won by Pierre de Lusignan, king of Cyprus: that of Satalie, the ancient Attalia, in 1352; that of Alexandria, in 1365; and that of Loyas, a town in Armenia, in 1367: he has served with the knights of the Teutonic order in Prussia: he has journeyed for adventures in Lithuania, and Russia, and Africa; he assisted in 1344 to take from the Moorish king of Granada that very city of Algezir or Algeçiras, mentioned in the above epitaph; and he has been with the lord of Palathie in Anatolia, against a Turkish infidel: in short, he has been altogether in fifteen mortal battles, besides thrice slaying his foe in the lists. The knight's appearance is that of one who has outlived the chivalric love of personal display. His gipon, or short cassock, is but of fustian, and “all besmattered,” or soiled, with his habergeon, or coat-of-mail, whilst the horse he rides on, though good, is not gay (Fig. 1119).

The Squire may be considered as representing the Knight in his youth; and in connection with him we must again refer to the training of the order. The boy from infancy was taught to reverence and emulate knighthood; he played with chivalric toys, his dawning imagination was impressed with chivalric splendours, and at seven years old he was first taken from the society of the ladies of the household, and allowed to take the degree of page to a knight, and commence that companionship and those exercises which were at once to stimulate his mind to love and yearn for war, and render his body agile and robust, and in other respects thoroughly fitted for it. The precocious warrior became a no less precocious lover. The boy was expected to devote himself to some young maiden, and to study to deserve her favour next to that of Heaven. At fourteen he enters his second novitiate and becomes a squire. The first arms he is to wear are laid on the church altar and are blessed with all solemnity by the priest, who girds them on in the presence of his near relations and friends, whilst the young heart of the future hero swells proudly with the foretaste of fame. Glowing hope and ambition fill up the next seven years, during which he goes on practising all martial exercises with constantly-increasing severity, not, however, forgetting to master at the same time all polite accomplishments. Occasional excursions with his knightly tutor give the finishing touch to the novitiate's character. And thus at last we have such a result as the poet has embodied in the following exquisite description:—

With him [the Knight] there was a young Squier,
A lover and a lusty bachelor,
With lockes curl'd as they were laid in press;
Of twenty year of age he was, I guess.
Of his stature he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver [active, agile] and great of strength.
And he had been some time in chevachie [a chivalric expedition]
In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy;
And borne him well, as of little space [considering his little experience].

In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
Embroidered was he [his garments] as it were a mead
And full of freshe flowres, white and red,
Singing he was, or floyting [fluting] all the day;
He was, as fresh as is the mouth of May.
Short was his gown, with sleevés long and wide,
Well could he sit on horse, and faire ride.
He could songes make, and well indite,
Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray, and write.
So hot he loved, that by nightortale [night-time]
He slept no more than doth the nightingale.
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table—

as was the custom at the time.

The final ceremony of knighting, at the age of twenty-one, was highly solemn, and designed to give the aspirant a profound impression of the dignity and responsibility of the profession of arms. Hence the rigorous fast, the night vigil in the church—the



1214.—Edward, Prince of Wales.



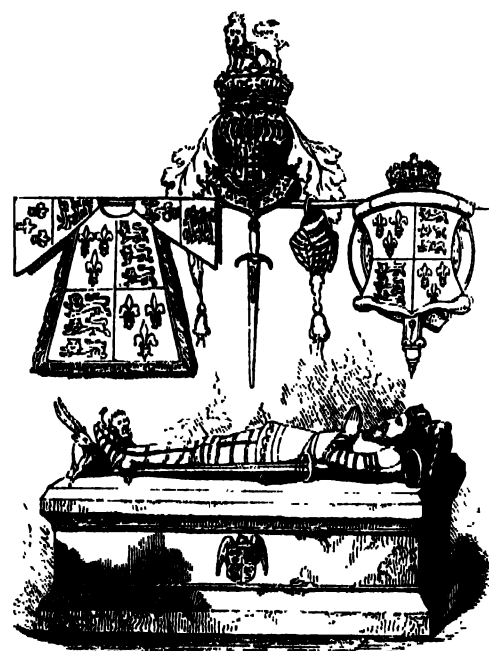
1215.—Chertsey.



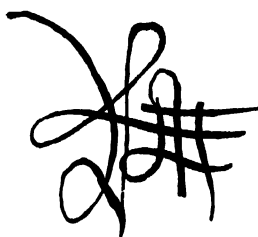
1217.—Edward IV.



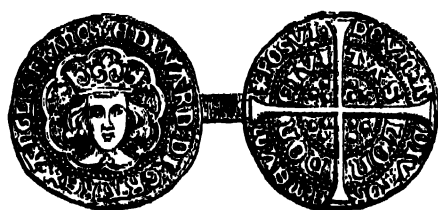
1218.—Queen Elizabeth Woodville.



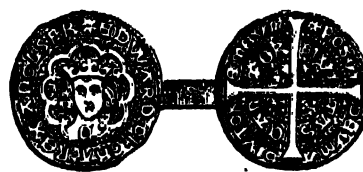
1219.—Tomb of Henry VI, formerly at Windsor.



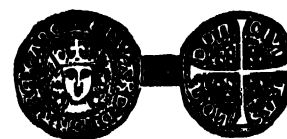
1219.—Signature of Edward IV,
R. E. (for Rex Edwardus).



1221.—Groat of Edward IV.



1222.—Half-Groat of Edward IV.



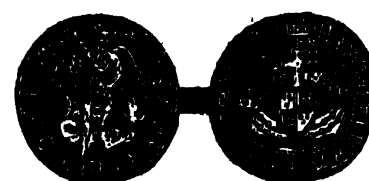
1223.—Penny of Edward IV.



1229.—Great Seal of Edward IV



1224.—Angel of Edward IV.



1225.—Half-Angel of Edward IV.



1226.—Edward IV.



1227.—Edward IV. and his Court. (Royal MS. 15 Edward IV.)



1232.—Great Seal of Richard III.



1222.—Karl Rivers presenting Caxton to Edward IV. (MS. Lambeth Palace Lib.)

Richardus Quintus

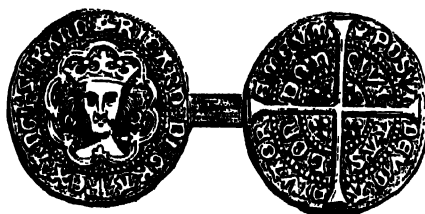
1229.—Signature of Edward V.

Richardus Quintus

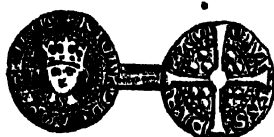
1231.—Signature of Richard III.



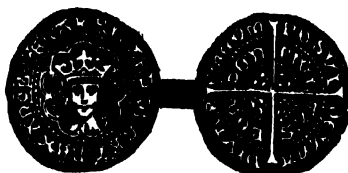
1230.—Richard III.



1233.—Great of Richard III.



1234.—Penny of Richard III.



1235.—Half-Groat of Richard III.



1236.—Edward V.

strict confession, sacrament, and solemn mass—the sponsorship required for the aspirant's good conduct—the instruction in his duties from priest and lord—and the inspiring attentions he received after the magical *accolade*, when the fairest and the best thronged about him to buckle on his new and splendid armour, and to bring near the charger on which the belted knight was to shine forth as a newly-risen sun upon the multitudes waiting without. Such circumstances could hardly fail to make the character that was desired. Few were the recreants that, according to its own standard, disgraced the rolls of English knighthood.

From the men of war, turn we now to the men of law and physic (Fig. 1120). The

Sergeant of the Law, wary and wise,

was chosen from the most opulent and learned of the profession. The investiture with the robes and coif was attended with much pomp and ceremony. Generally several sergeants were created at one time, and held their seven days' feast in one of the chief London palaces. A new sergeant was obliged to be rather more generous than, we dare say, he always liked. He was required to spend not less than four hundred marks—a great sum in those days—for the dinner, for rings distributed among officers and other notable men in the king's courts, and for suits of cloth to his household and all persons who were fortunate enough to be of his acquaintance at the time. The Sergeant, we are told, had often been at "the Parvis." The Parvis of London has been supposed to have been situate in Old Palace Yard, before Westminster Hall, or, with more likelihood, at St. Paul's. Dugdale mentions "the Pervyse of Paul's." It was a sort of law school, where "not only young lawyers repaired to learn, but old sergeants to teach and show their cunning."—(Waterhouse.) Chaucer's Sergeant is not a man to hide his light under a bushel. Not only

Discreet he was, and of great reverence,

but

He seeméd such, his wordés were so wise.
Nowhere so busy a man as he there is;
And yet he seeméd busier than he was.

The sergeant often acted as judge at assizes, and was apparently a personage of greater importance in some respects than his modern namesake. A peculiar source of profit, attached to that as well as to other important legal offices, were the "robes," which Chaucer mentions in connection with "fées," and which seem to have been almost as important. Summer and winter these were regularly supplied out of the king's wardrobe, and most probably upon all great public occasions. Money was then scarce in England, and all possible payments were made "in kind."

In connection with the title of Doctor of Physic we may observe that there are examples of degrees taken in the medical science nearly as early as the Conquest; for instance, the Bachelor of Physic at Oxford. Passing over the poet's hint that the doctor, having enriched himself in a pestilence, has "kepté what he won," and the witty two-edged sarcasm at physic and his professors, in the shape of a defence of the latter—

For gold in physic is a cordial,
Therefore he loved gold in special,—

let us inquire into a subject of more general interest, as showing us the state of the profession in the fourteenth century—what were the doctor's professional qualifications? His study, it appears, was but little in the Bible, that is one negative fact; the positive information, if less amusing, is somewhat more direct and explicit. Chaucer gives us a catalogue of the books which the doctor *did* study. Esculapius, Hippocrates, Galen, and Dioscorides are there, with Rufus, a physician of Ephesus during the time of Trajan; and we may observe, in reference to these, that all our medical knowledge rests on Greek foundations. Then follow the later commentators and improvers upon those originals: Italy, John Scapion, and Avicen, Arabians of the eleventh century; Rhasis, an Asiatic physician who lived at Cordova in Spain in the century previous; Averroes, professor in the university of Morocco, who taught in the Moorish schools of Africa and Spain; Damascene, who wrote on various sciences before the Arabians or Saracens brought medicine into Europe; and Constantinus Afer, a monk of Cassino in Italy, a *Saracen* (one of the few converts to the faith of the Crusaders), who formed the Salernitan School, chiefly by translating Arabian and Grecian medical writings into Latin. Lastly, we find in the doctor's library the writings of the chief medical contemporaries of Chaucer: Bernard, a professor of medicine at Montpellier, the author of many treatises; and John Gatisden, a fellow of Merton College, where the poet himself was educated, and who was author of the '*Rosa Anglica*,' a popular

medical work. Gatisden was the first *English* court physician. Several of the above list of authors were writers on astronomy, as it was then called, though by this was chiefly meant divination by the stars, a science in the East still deemed essential to the healing art, whence our old English professors of Physic and Astrology derived both. Astronomy, says Roger Bacon, is the *better* part of medicine. Our doctor was well grounded in this indispensable knowledge of the heavenly bodies; by his magic natural he was able to tell immediately the proper hours for his operations, and determine when a propitious star would be in the ascendant; his genius also extended to the cause of every malady, be it cold or hot, or moist or dry (into these divisions were diseases of all kinds then classified, under the Arabic system of Physics); he knew also where it was engendered, and of what humours; and with this perfect understanding, he was able to give the sick man his remedy presently, having ready at hand his apothecaries (or druggist, as we now call the class referred to) to send him lectuaries and drugs. One could have hoped that death would have been completely vanquished by such "a very perfect practisour." It is true the bard adds an insinuation that rather modifies our respect both for him and his apothecaries—

For each of them made other for to win:
Their friendship was not newé to begin.

Unfortunately for the dignity of the medical profession and the health of the people, their too close friendship promises to last. Drugs ignorantly or heedlessly administered still make patients for the doctors; and doctors find ample employment, in return, for drugs.

What we have said elsewhere of the pride and profligacy which had crept into the monastic system receives complete confirmation in Chaucer's descriptions of the Monk and Friar (Fig. 1123). The Monk, though only the superior of a cell—that is, a subordinate monastery—has all the pride and luxury of an abbot. His sleeves purfled with the finest fur (then a most expensive ornament), his hood fastened with a curious gold pin, a love-knot in the greater end (though jewellery was forbidden in monastic rules), his supple boots, his horse of great estate, are hints not to be mistaken. Epicureanism is legibly written on his bald head and face, shining like glass, or as though they had been anoint; and we can almost anticipate the finishing touch to the whole—

He was a lord full fat, and in good point.

His golden bridle-bells, jingling in a whistling wind as clear and loud as his chapel bell, also gives us a lively idea of the conspicuous state with which he rides abroad. Some instances have been given in this work of hunting prelates: we are not, therefore, surprised to find many a dainty horse in our monk's stable, or that he had greyhounds swift as birds of flight, or that he was a hard rider, and spared no cost in the prosecution of his favourite sports. To be sure, the rule of St. Maur and St. Benedict, that he professed, forbade all these things, but it was too old and narrow for him; his philosophy was to let old things pass out of sight, and to follow the new. From this "fair prelate" turn we to the companion portrait of the Friar—how lamentably changed since Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic, scarcely two hundred years before, revived the original apostolic purity, simplicity, and *poverty* of the Holy Catholic Church. The Friar so far resembles the Monk that he wears no threadbare cope, like a poor scholar, but a semicope of double worsted, round as a bell out of the press, and looks like a master or a pope. But his enjoyments are of a more popular and social character. He is wanton and merry. No brother of all the orders four (Dominican, Franciscan, Carmelite, and Augustine) can make himself so agreeable, or has such fair language—

Somowhat he lisped for his wantonness
To make his English sweet upon his tongue.

As a capital boon companion, he is much beloved, and familiar with all the franklins of his country district—a jovial class of old English gentlemen, who keep open house and a plentiful table. He carries knives and pins in his tippet to give "fairé wives:" he is as strong as a Champion. He knows well the taverns in every town, and every "gay tapstère." Among his popular delights are harping and singing, that make his eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night: and certainly, says Chaucer, he had a merry note. So much for the Friar in his worldly relations, and his *spiritual* ones exhibited a marvellous resemblance. He heard confession with great sweetness of manner, and his *absolution* was pleasant. He had a large charity for human infirmities. He knew the human heart to be a stubborn thing; therefore, instead of prayers and tears, as outward signs of penitence, the amiable confessor was willing to compound with them for *silver* instead. The Friar boasts

a humility peculiar to himself: he pays a certain rent for an exclusive right of begging in "his haunt," and in that haunt he exhibits himself the best beggar of his fraternity. There is one allusion to a beautiful old custom, full of the spirit of Christianity, in the sketch of this character—the love-days for the reconciliation of differences; but this, like all the other pious customs of the primitive times, had been corrupted, and turned into a roystering occasion, better suited to draw out our Friar's genial qualities than to promote any abstract goodness.

In striking contrast to the luxurious and unprincipled Monk and Friar, we are presented with a pair of portraits (Fig. 1124), drawn with an utter absence of pretension or ornament, yet more perfect and grand, intellectually, religiously, and morally, than any it was ever our good fortune to meet with. This is the description of the first:—

A good man was there of religioun
That was a pouré parson of a town,
But rich he was of holy thought and work,
He was also a learned man, a clerk
That Christes gospel truly would prech.
His parishens devoutly would he teach
Benign he was, and wonder diligen
And in adversity full patient.

Full loth were him to cursen for his tithes;
But rather would he given out of doubt
Unto his pouré parishens about
Of his off'ring, and oke of his substance.
He could in little thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he ne left not for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief [misfortune] to visit
The farthest in his parish, much and lite [rich and poor],
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.

Out of the Gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet thereto:—
That if gold rusted, what should iron do?

And though he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous [not wanting in pity],
Nor of his speche dangerous, nor digné [disdainful],
But in his teaching discreet and benign.
To shewen folk to heaven with fairsness,
By good ensample was his business.
But it were any person obstinate,
What so he were of high or low estate,
Him would he snibben sharply for the nones [occasion].
A better priest I trow that no where none is;
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
No maked him no *spiced conscience*,
But Christes love, and his Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.

With all our enlightenment we have not advanced beyond this surpassing conception of a Christian pastor, which is so free from bigotry that almost any class of the sincere followers of Jesus might adopt it for their own. If there be any character worthy to stand beside this pouré parson, it is Chaucer himself must furnish it in the Clerk of Oxenford. There is the same touching simplicity and sublime elevation of character exhibited; the same wonderful penetration into the essentials of human position and duties. We shall wait long before we see a more admirable summary of the true student than is conveyed in the last line:—

Gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

Three ladies are amongst the pilgrims—a nun, a prioress, and a Wife of Bath (Fig. 1125). The Nun is a kind of duenna, and servant of the Prioress. The description of the latter is a delicate morceau of the richest comedy, levelled at the fine-ladyism of convent life, and at the same time a picture of feminine nature for all time, in which beauty and meekness mingle so closely, one hardly knows which predominates.

Ladies taking the veil in our own day discard their baptismal name for another of pious or fanciful association, by which they are henceforth to be known. To this custom the fashionable Prioress may have been indebted for hers—of fascinating sound—Madame Eglantine. She was no doubt a very finished specimen of refinement, as we may see in her smile so coy and "full simple," in her pretty and innocentest of oaths, "by Saint Eloy"—in her singing the service divine so sweetly "entuned in her nose,"—in her elaborately precise behaviour at meals,—and in her superfine French, spoken.

After the School of Stratford atte Bow,

where candidates for the cloister received the polish of which we

are giving an example. That school taught, it seems, a French of its own, for French of Paris was as unknown to the Prioress as to some of the boarding-school ladies of our own time, who pride themselves on the polite language. Then, too, mark the exquisite sensibility of her nature—

She was so charitable and so piteous,
She wouldé weep if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.
Of smallé houndes had she, that she fed
With roasted flesh, and milk, and wasted bread [cakes of the finest flour],
But sore wept she, if one of them were dead,
Or if men smote it with a yerdé [rod] smart,
And all was conscience and tender heart.

The other lady, who is seen in the same engraving with this exquisite gentlewoman, has a face "bold and fair, and red of hue." She is a dame of the burgess' class, habited in a hat as broad as is a buckler or a targe, a fote-mantle, or riding-skirt, girdled round the hips, and fine scarlet red hose. Her masculine disposition is indicated by the sharp spurs on her feet, and her gay temper not only by her gay dress, but also by her ready laugh and carp (repartee). She has been a most unwearied pilgrim to holy places. No less than three times has she been at Jerusalem, and "passed many a strange stream:" she has been also to Rome, to Boulogne, to Cologne, and other places. It needs but little consideration to perceive how such roving, often without any, or very inadequate protection, were likely to injure the growth of true womanly qualities; their too frequent results we see more than hinted at in the history of this Wife of Bath, who

Couldé much of wand'ring by the way.

The town just named was famous for cloth-making, and the "Wife," it appears, so far excelled in the art as even to surpass "the famous manufactures of Ipres and of Gheut." Thus she had made herself comparatively wealthy, and was able to gratify her passion for dress, wearing coverchiefs on her head on a Sunday of the finest texture, and so heavy that they might have weighed a pound. Perhaps her very immoralities induced her to lavish money on church ceremonies to appease her conscience. This was an easy and agreeable way to heaven. In her eagerness to be the first at the "off'ring," and in her being so wroth as to be out of all charity if any wife in all the parish went before her, we have a humorous hint how female vanity helped to fill the church coffers under the semblance of piety. She had had five husbands at the church door—the marriage service, for the most part, being then performed in the entrance porch, instead of at the altar.

In Chaucer's Franklin (Fig. 1126) we have the old English gentleman in all his glory, the rich lauded proprietor settled upon his own estate, looking after his own and his tenants' interest, and settling, nominally at least, half the public business of his neighbourhood. He is one with whom charity may begin at home; but, if so, only becomes therefore the more sensible of the enjoyment that it may be the means of diffusing when sent abroad. So though his beard be white as the daisy, and his complexion of the true sanguineous hue, though he be

Epicurus owen son,
That held opinion that plain delight
Was verily felicity parfitte—

though his house is so nobly supplied with provisions that the poet humorously observes it snowed there with meat and drink, who can help loving and admiring him? We know he would like all his fellow-creatures to look as rosy and enjoy the same philosophy as himself, and therefore keeps something very like an open house for the country round. Mr. Warton observes, "that his impatience if his sauces were not sufficiently poignant, and every article of his dinner in due form and readiness, is touched with the hand of Pope or Boileau." This Mr. Todd calls a happy observation, and it is meant certainly for high praise; but we apprehend a time is not very distant when Pope and Boileau will be honoured by its being said (*if with truth it can be*) that they touch satire with the hand of Chaucer.

The mercantile spirit of gain, absorbing everything into its own self, our bard hits off in a single line in his description of the Merchant. He was,

Sounding alway th' increase of his winning.

Much of the Merchant's anxieties were for the well-keeping or guarding of those great highways of his trade, the seas and rivers. At the Exchanges, well could he "sheldes," sell, that is, French crown-pieces with a shield on one side. The worldly prudence of the



1237.—Portrait of Richard III.—The arms from a design by J. R. Planché, Esq. At top—Bosworth Field; at the bottom—Ludlow Castle, and Richard's Lodging-House at Leicester.



1238.—Richard III.



1239.—Richard III.



1240.—Duke of Norfolk



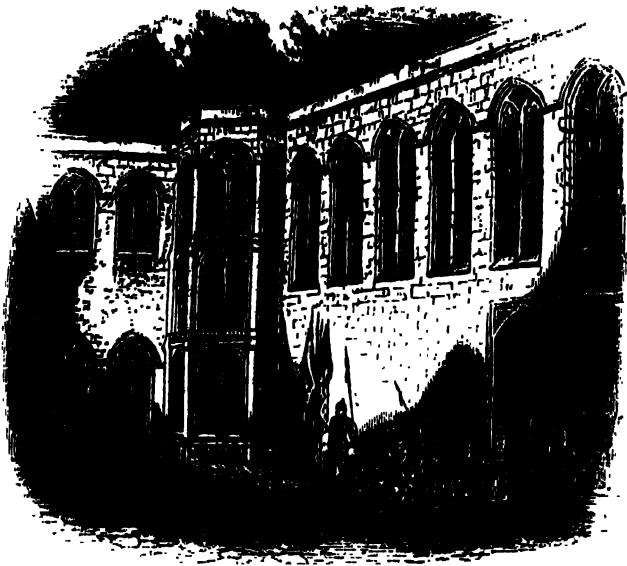
1241.—John Howard, First Duke of Norfolk.



1242.—The Bloody Tower.



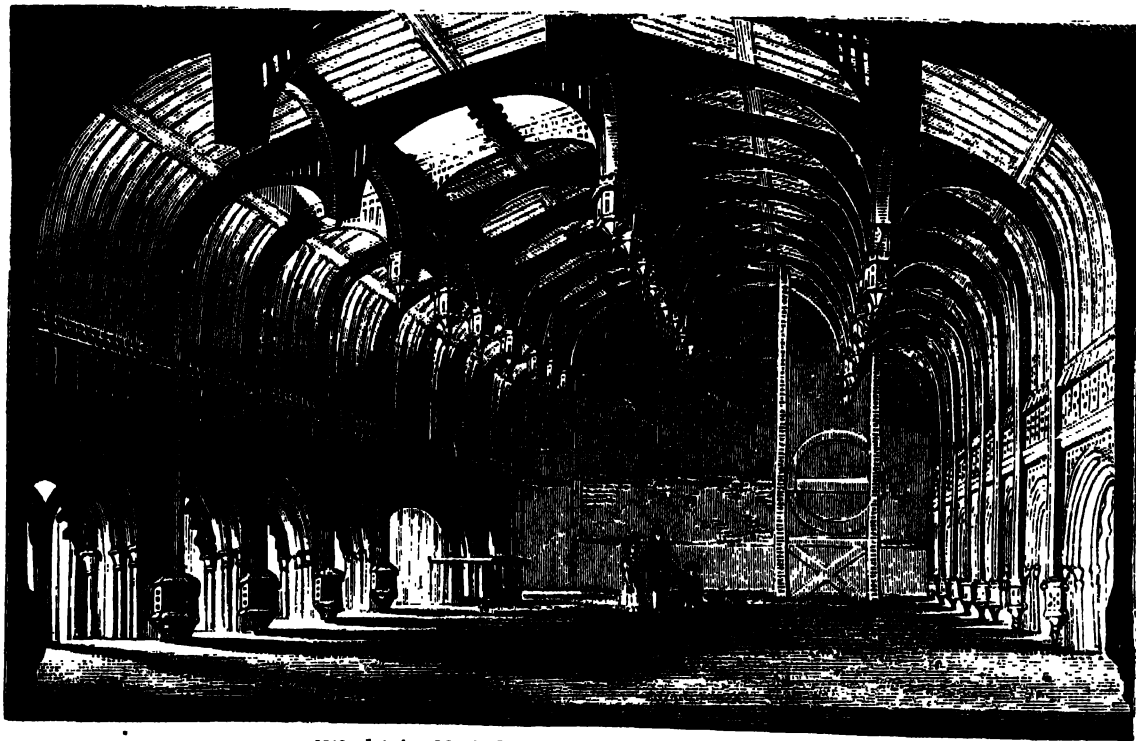
1243.—Anne, Queen of Richard III.



1245.—Crosby Hall.



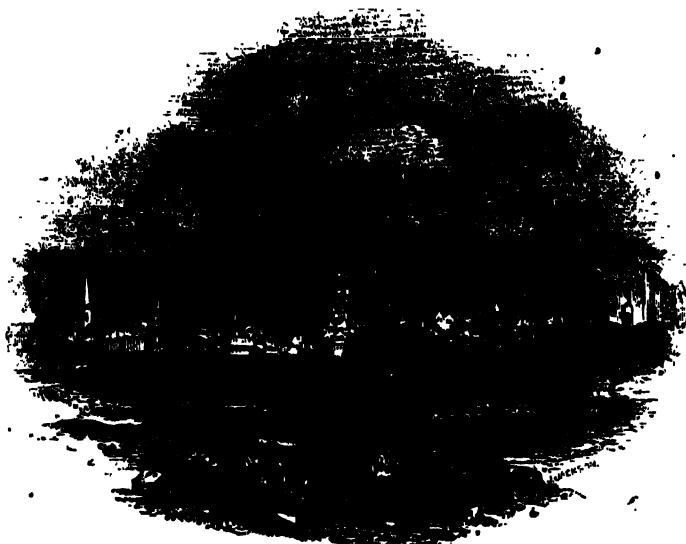
1214.—Tamworth Castle.



1216.—Interior of Crosby Hall, the Upper Floor, before its being restored.



1246.—Lord Stanley.



1247.—Leicester.



1212.—Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey.

merchant also well expresses the class. His bargains and agreements were made with great care, and no man could tell how his affairs stood in regard to debts, so closely and secretly he governed them. In personal matters, we fancy he would surprise his commercial descendants, could he suddenly step in among them. His beard was forked, the style of his dress *motley*. He sat high on his horse, perhaps on a high saddle, and wore a Flanders beaver hat, and boots tight and neat. We might illustrate the character of the merchant by actual personages of the time, but space forbids; so we pass on to the

Miller, Manciple, and Reve (Fig. 1130). The Miller is the very personification of low mirth and churlish humours; a stout carle, full big of brawn and bones: a famous wrestler, and a goliardic, so called from Goliath, a man of wit at the end of the twelfth century, the founder of a jovial sect, which, if the miller may be taken as a specimen, was not singularly full of moral or Christian graces. It is intimated there was a good deal of dishonesty in the miller-trade, in regard to the corn intrusted to be ground; the character before us, it is said, could well steal corn, beside cheating his customers in their reckonings in some peculiar way. "And yet," exclaims Chaucer, "he hath a thumb of gold, pardie;" alluding to the use of the thumb in testing the qualities of the meal as it came from the spout; on which the old proverb was founded, "Every honest miller has a thumb of gold." Mr. Todd thinks the passage may mean, that, notwithstanding his thefts, he was an honest miller—as honest as his brethren. This uncultivated fellow is prone to jangling and scandalous speech; but, happily for those who are to share his society, he has a bagpipe with him, and can well "blow and soun" upon it (this being an English rustic accomplishment), and so he led the pilgrims out of town. Certainly a curious instrument to announce the approach of a religious cavalcade, and played by a no less unseemly performer; for the miller's face was pale with drinking, and from the same cause he sat uneasily on his horse; to say nothing of other traits of his outward man—the mouth wide as a furnace, the sow's-ear bristles on his nose, the beard red as a fox and broad as a spade, &c.

The Reve, though not a whit more prepossessing, is a very different man for all that. He is particularly slender, with close-shaved beard, and hair docked like a priest's. His choleric nature tells sad things for the poor hinds and their bailiffs under his control as steward of a manor. Every sleight of cunning he knew perfectly; and "they were adread of him as of the death;" to which doom, by the way, many of them were liable without judge or jury, at the lord's behest, which would often mean in practice at the steward's. The reve's bargains, it appears, were often made for his own advantage more than for his lord's, and hence he was richly furnished with secret stores; nevertheless, he could please his lord subtly, and bend him to his own purposes,

And have a thank, and get a cotte and bowl.

By covenant or agreement he had to give reckoning for the whole estate since his lord was twenty years of age, and that under close auditorship; so, after all, anxieties and cares may have made him the irritable and unpleasing man he is, and be the cause of that unsocial temper which is manifested in his riding over the "hinderest of the rout."

Placed in juxtaposition with this steward of a landed estate, is a steward of a temple—the manciple, as the officers were called who served the different inns of court, colleges, and other public institutions. The word was derived from the Latin *manceps*, and signified, more particularly, a superintendent of a bakehouse, and from thence a baker generally. The office, which chiefly related to provisions, yet exists; as, for instance, at the London Charter-House. This gentle manciple is exceedingly wise in the purchase of provisions; on which Chaucer exclaims, "Now is not that of God a full fair grace," that a wit wholly uncultivated should surpass, and, we presume, take advantage of the wisdom of a heap of learned men!

In the Ploughman (Fig. 1131) we have a direct and delightful testimony to the worth of the obscure; and more especially of the poor tillers of the soil, those of whom laws and lawmakers had hardly begun to take any cognizance, except to keep them in bondage, in spite of all the efforts they were making to rise above it. Chaucer did much for this degraded class when he showed prejudice and injustice how the best Christian virtues often graced their lot—in their peaceful and charitable lives, in their contentedness to labour not alone for self, but for every pouré wight that needed help, "for Christ's sake." And more sweet and effectual we are sure did such brotherly help prove, than the ostentatious and humiliating charities of the rich and proud. Willingly also out of

his small substance—the fruits of his husbandry and his cattle—did the ploughman pay tithes; he was therefore a rural tenant, and, as such, one of a class of which we could say much did space permit. Most of the rural tenantry were in a state of villanage—and hence unable to remove from the place of their settlement to any other spot on the wide earth, were their desire ever so strong; for they formed essentially a part of the estate of the feudal lord, as much as any tree that grew thereon. There is nothing in the description of the ploughman to inform us whether he was a rural tenant in villanage, or *free*. His being on pilgrimage is quite consistent with the former condition, for, to the honour of the Catholic system, its rites and ceremonies were for poor as well as rich, bond as well as free, and the feudal lords under its influence permitted their bondmen often to quit their contracted sphere for the great world in a journey of pilgrimage, for which they furnished them with letters patent that signified the time when they were to return. It is delightful to think what a blessed relief from a monotonous round of servile toil and constant confinement to one scene must have been afforded by such a custom. When, therefore, we are disposed to smile at pilgrimages, let us think of the poor, who owed so much to them. Another beautiful feature of the system must not be overlooked. The poor pilgrim would meet with gratuitous entertainment at the different monasteries and hospitals where such travellers were received, and be assisted in intermediate stages by their fellow-pilgrims of larger means. The ploughman rides on a mare—horses were not used, or rarely, in husbandry; when one horse was kept, therefore, as in the present case, it was simply for riding.

The true British sailor of Chaucer's time exhibited nearly the same strong traits as our own brave tars. The Shipman in the engraving is clad in a gown of falding (coarse cloth) to the knee, and in the Prologue he rides on a common hack, called a rouncee, as well "as he couthe," considering he is little accustomed to such a situation. "For aught I know," says the poet, "he was of Dartmouth;" that place being as famous then for ships and shipmen as now Portsmouth is. He took his share of the perils of war, and rather a large one, and carried his dagger or short sword hanging by a lace about his neck and under his arm. All the trade-vessels were liable to be called at any hour to fight the king's enemies; and there was, we are afraid, a spice of the piratical spirit in them—they thought no harm sometimes to fight as knights fought on land, for the glory and love of the thing, and also for the spoil. If our shipman fought and had the higher hand, why then, wherever he was he sent his ships and prisoners home to their respective lands—first, however, we presume, helping himself with perfect freedom to all that was valuable among the contents of the prizes. The shipman had no nicety of conscience, as we see demonstrated in his conduct at Bordeaux, where he drew full many a draught of wine while the chapman slept. But liberal indulgence is to be made for a sailor's aberrations, and Chaucer's shipman was in the main "a good felaw, hardy and wise." In his stout "bargo," the Magdalen, he had sailed far and near.

With many a tempest had his beard been shake.

As for his craft, he knew the tides, the streams, the strands, from Hull to Carthage, the heavens from "Jotland to the Cape Finisterre," and every creek in "Bretagne and Spain;" a knowledge that says much indeed for the naval enterprise of England, even so early as the fourteenth century.

We have next five London citizens (Fig. 1132)—very flattering representatives of the wealth and consequence of our great metropolis at that comparatively early period. Each is attired in a "fresh and new" and handsome livery of "a solemn and great fraternity;" their knives adorned with silver, instead of the ordinary brass. Each looked well worthy to sit on a guildhall dais (raised platform), and to be made an alderman—a dignity their good wives would have not the smallest objection to. For is it not

Full fair to be yeleeped Madame,
And for to go to vigils [festival even] all before [taking precedence,]
And have a mantle royally ybore?

The five trade companies represented by these burgesses were the haberdashers, carpenters, weavers, dyers, and tapicers, or makers of tapestry, then a highly-important trade.

The ecclesiastical abuses of his day are the poet's next mark; and vividly are they shown up to utter scorn and abhorrence, through the medium of the Sumpnour and Pardoner (Fig. 1134). The Summoner was so called from delivering the summonses of the archdeacons to persons discovered to have deviated from the straight path in morals or manners, in witchcraft, defamation, church revels, testaments, contracts, lack of sacraments, usury,

simony, and loose life; for such is the list of cases under the summoner's control given in the *Frere's Tale*. The worthy officer employed spies to inform him what offenders it "*availed*" to punish, or to draw into evil, in order that they might become open to punishment. Full privily it seems the Sumpnour could pull a finch, or, as we should say, pluck a pigeon, by which we understand that he was in the habit of deceiving and plundering the unsuspecting. On the other hand, to give him his due, he was never backward to sell his silence; he would countenance the worst deviation from rectitude for a quart of wine; and if he found liberal treatment, would teach the offender to have no care of the archdeacon's curse, and in all friendliness argue with him that money could clear all. "Purse is the archdeacon's hell," said he; until the dupe discovered a worse probably in a *significavit*, or writ of excommunication; when his case really did reach the archdeacon. The Sumpnour's attainments, person, and tastes correspond with his vocation. We see him crowned with a gay garland, large enough to set up over an alehouse sign: he has made him a buckler of a cake; he has a fire-red *cherubines* face, with whelkes white, and knobbes sitten on his cheeks—

Well loved he garlic, onion, and leeks,
And for to drink strong wine as red as blood;
Then would he speak, and cry as he were wood [mad].
And when that he well drunken had the wine,
Then would he spoken no word but Latine.
A fewé termes could he, two or three,
That he had learned out of some decree.
No wonder is—he heard it all the day,
And oke yo knownen well, how that a jay
Can crepen "Wat!" as well as can the pope.
But whoso would in other thing him grope,
Then had he spent all his philosophy.
Aye, *questio quid juris*, would he cry.

Quid juris? often occurs in Ralph de Hengham, a law-writer and Chief Justice of King's Bench in the reign of Edward I.—who, after having stated a case, makes use of these words, and then proceeds to answer the question as to what is the law?

The people of this country have long ceased to suffer from the vexatious inquisitions and impositions of Summoners or Archdeacons; they have also ceased to be credulous of relics, such as used to be exhibited by the Sumpnour's amiable friend and compeer the Pardoner; and it could not have been otherwise, after exposures like those which Chaucer gave; for the truth must have been at once and deeply felt, and the conclusion, to common sense, irresistible. The searcher after transgressions, and the vendor of Holy Church's pardons for them, sing together, as they ride; the Pardoner taking the lead, in "Come hither, love, to me!" and the Sumpnour joining in the burden in a voice louder than a trumpet. The Pardoner affects fashion,

Him thought he rode all of the newé get,

but does not exactly see himself as others see him. His hair in parted locks, yellow as wax, overspreads his shoulders. His hood is trussed up in his wallet, and a small cap, with an ornament on the front, leaves those dishevelled locks all bare to the free admiration of his fellow-pilgrims, and as many others as choose to gaze. His glaring eyes resemble those of a hare. But what of his craft?—his wallet lies on his lap,

Bretful of Parlon come from Rome all hot.

From Berwick unto Ware there is not another such a Pardoner; so rich is he in potent relics, including a covering of a pillow for Our Lady's veil, a morsel of St. Peter's sail when he walked on the sea, a glass containing "*pigges bones*," &c., with which, when he found "a poure parson dwelling up on lond," he would make more money in one day than the parson got in two months; and so, says the poet, more broadly than his wont, "he made the parson and the people his apes." The cheat is amusingly candid with the pilgrims, and describes the processes of his trade. On entering a church, he preaches commandingly to the people, informs them he is sent from the pope, and shows his bulls, and "our liege lord's seal," on his patent, that no man be so bold as to disturb him in Christ's holy work. Then his precious relics are displayed, and he fairly tells the pilgrims,

By this gaud have I wonnen, year by year,
A hundred marks since I was Pardoner.

If any have opposed his or his brethren's practices, the unlucky offender cannot escape being defamed falsely in the course of the Pardoner's preaching; for, though the "noble Ecclesiast" does not

tell the proper name, men well know whom he means, by signs and other circumstances: and thus he spits out his venom under the colour of holiness. Such was one of the modes taken to suppress the truth in Chaucer's day, and the shameless frauds practised on the people were thus often acquiesced in through fear. Chaucer, having made the Pardoner boldly confess his own love of lucre, adds,

Therefore my theme is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.
[The love of money is the root of all evil.]

The principal changes of Costume during the five reigns of the period now drawing to a close will be found so amply exhibited in our engravings as to require little verbal comment. Four of the six examples of ladies' head-dresses in the reign of Henry III. (Fig. 1126) exhibit the hair enclosed in a caul of gold, silver, or silk network: the veil added on one of the heads was called a *peplum*; and a round hat or cap was also sometimes worn. A beautiful style for the fair and young was the chaplet without the caul, encircling the braided hair with goldsmith's work, or a wreath of nature's jewels—natural flowers. The grey hairs of age, or the sad brows of widowhood, were shadowed with the wimple, or head-kerchief. To this was added, in the time of Edward I. (Fig. 1135), the gorget, a cloth wrapped once, twice, or thrice round the throat, so as utterly to conceal it, and then fastened with a great quantity of pins on either side the face, higher than the ears. "*Lar Dieu!*" exclaims Jean de Meun, the continuator of Lorrain's '*Roman de la Rose*,' "I have often thought in my heart, when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that her neckcloth was nailed to her chin, or that she had the pins hooked into her flesh." These head and throat cloths are now peculiar to the habits of nuns, but the cloistered votaresses of old seem to have followed, perhaps often led, the fashions of their time. Extravagance in dress was the exception, not the rule, under Edward I., when sterner business engrossed men's minds, and the king himself despised ornament; "it was absurd," he said, "to suppose he could be more estimable in fine than in simple clothing." The head-dresses of Edward II. (Fig. 1136) consisted of a picturesque chaperon or hood, worn by both sexes, and twisted or folded into fanciful shapes. The ladies' costume of this reign (Fig. 1137) gives us the *apron*, called by Chaucer a *barne* or *lap-cloth*. The fashions took an entire change in the very lengthened reign of Edward III. The long streamers or tippets in the two engravings of male and female costume form (Figs. 1129, 1138), in our opinion, a more conspicuous than elegant ornament; but in the effigies of William of Windsor and Blanche de la Tour (Fig. 1070), daughter of Edward III.,—examples of the dresses generally worn by the nobility on peaceful occasions,—we meet with better taste, particularly in the habit of the princess, in the graceful folds of the lower robe, in the picturesque jacket, bordered with fur (or other costly ornamental materials), and in the mantle flowing down the back, gathering in a voluminous train at the feet, and held on the shoulders by a band of jewels across the full breadth of the chest, thus leaving the arms free, and the whole front of the dress fully displayed. The very prevalent *cote hardie*, worn by William of Windsor, was formed of the richest materials, buttoned closely down the front, and fitted the figure perfectly. In length it descended a very little below the hips, round which was worn a broad and gorgeous girdle. These were the "*gay cotes graceless*," said, by the Scots, to make England "*thrifless*." Could the wearers of them now mingle in the sombre-looking crowds of our streets, how they would wonder at the change of tastes which had banished from male attire all their rich variety of material and colour, all their shining embroidery and jewelled arms! and they would think us grown a very dull and spiritless people. Nor less would the subjects of Richard II. marvel to see men living and moving about England without elaborated edges to their garments, of leaves or other forms, without letters or mottoes on them in shining silver, silk, or gold, without party-coloured hose, or excessively short jackets, and even—most wonderful of all—without that fashion of fashions, the long-typiked shoes, fastened up with silver chains. So we, could we some century or two hence walk these streets, might wonder to find perhaps that the very fashions we now write of as obsolete trifles of the past, were again occupying the fancy and the industry of no small proportion of the nation—such an insubstantial, vacillating, and comparatively uninventive thing is this same Fashion.

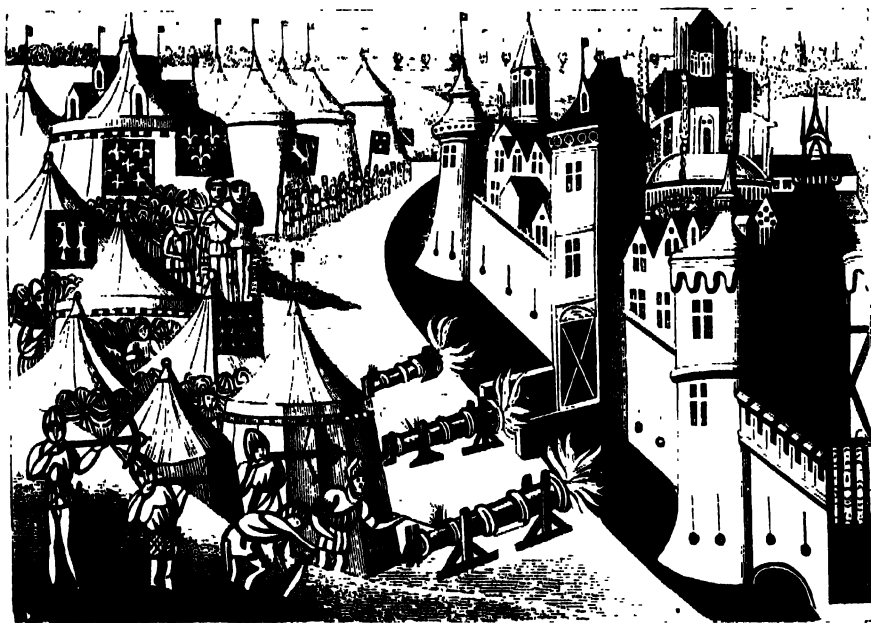
Of the domestic furniture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the beds of the nobility (Figs. 1141, 1142) were most lavishly adorned. The simple form was that of a railed box or crib;



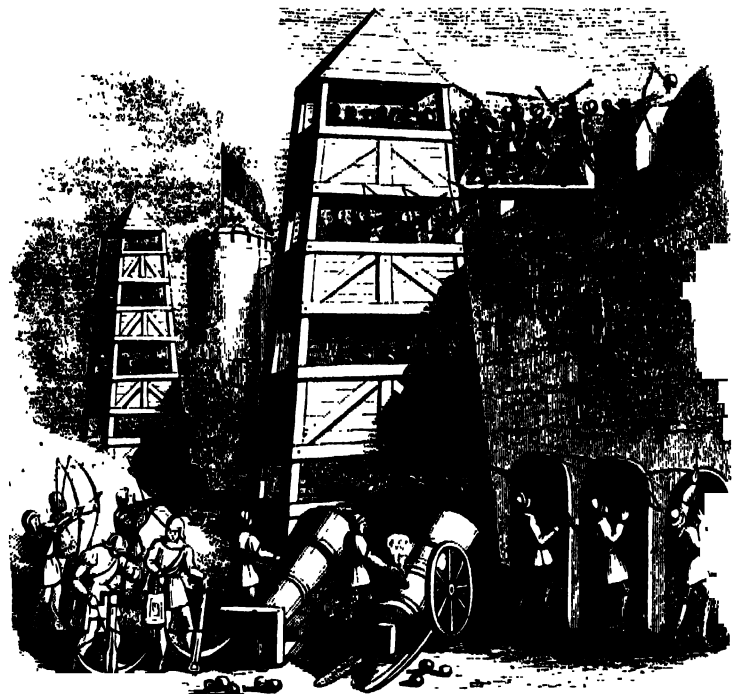
1251.—Storming of a Fort. (Harleian MS. 4379.)



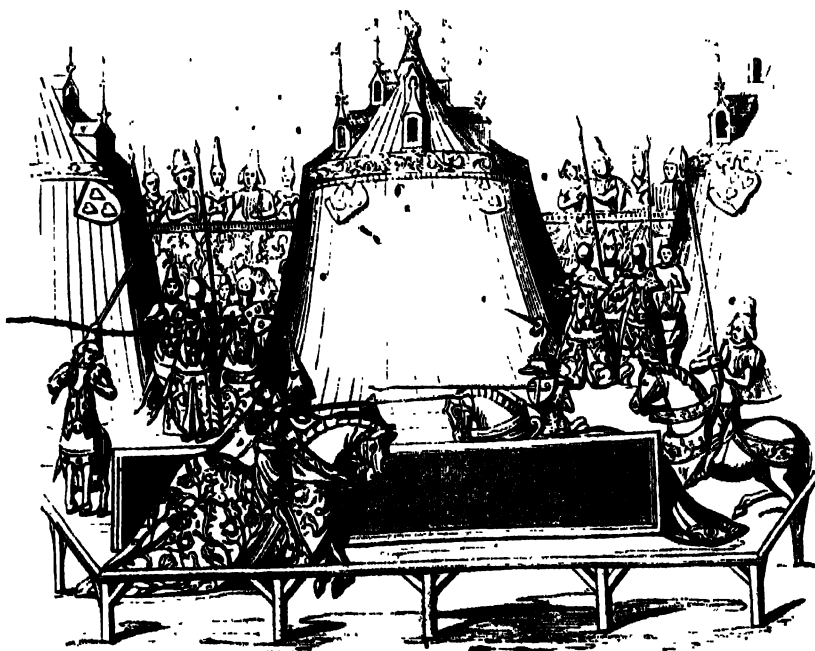
1250.—Archers. (From various MSS. of the 14th Century.)



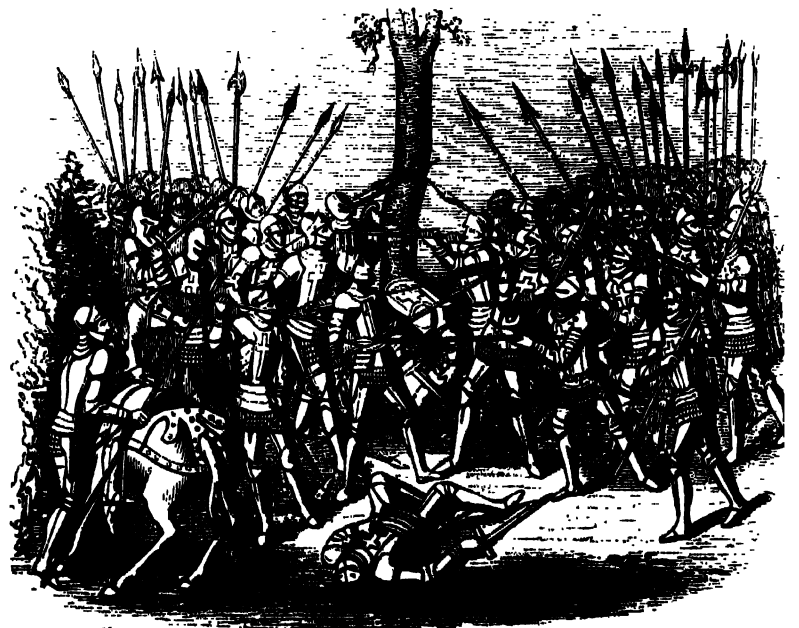
1252.—Siege of a Town.



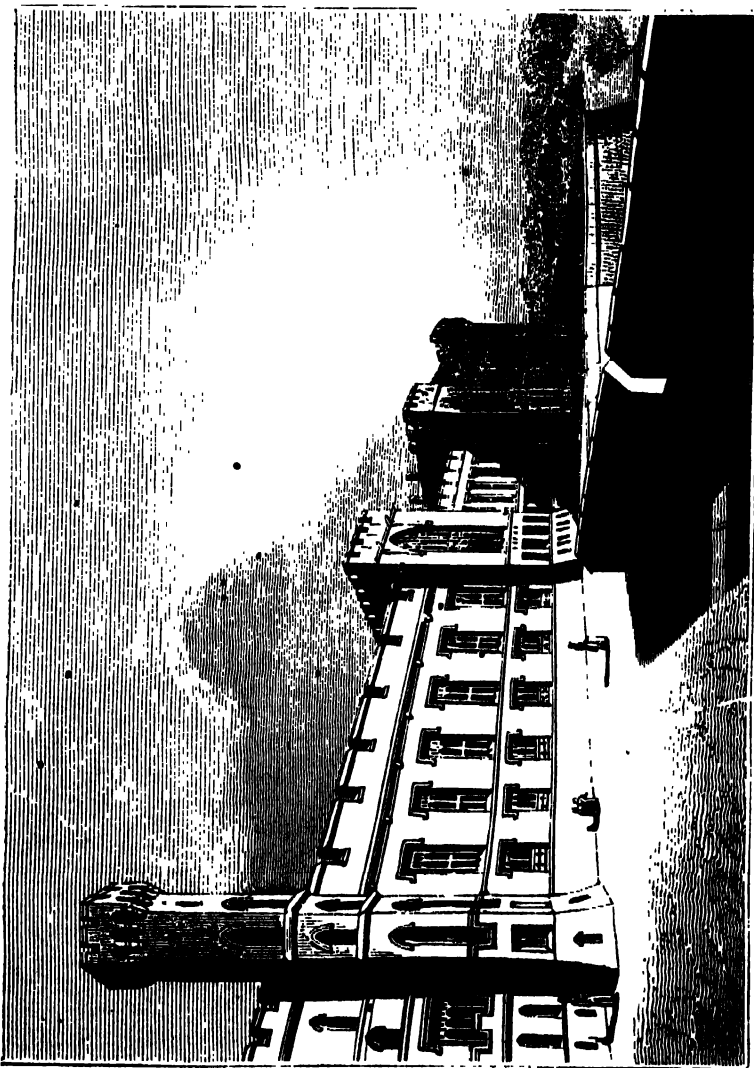
1253.—Breach Tower; Archers behind their Pavilion; Cannon, Crossbow-men, &c.



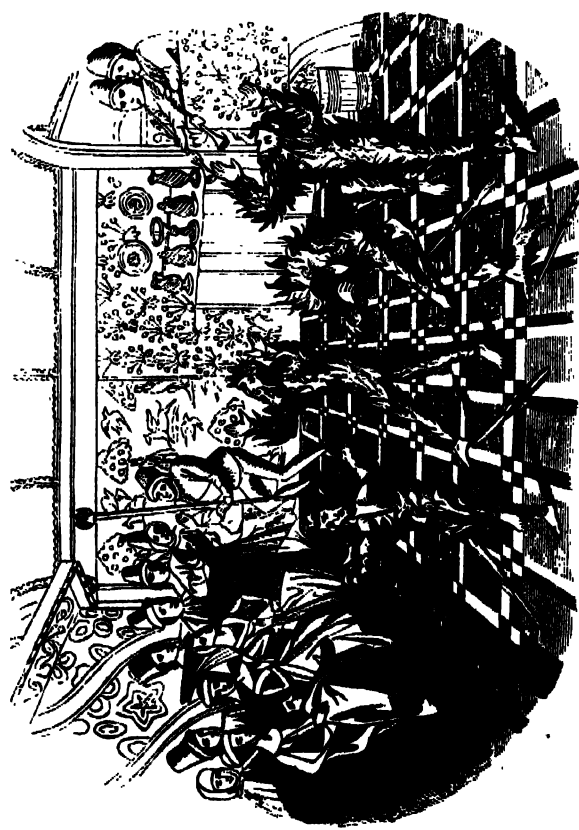
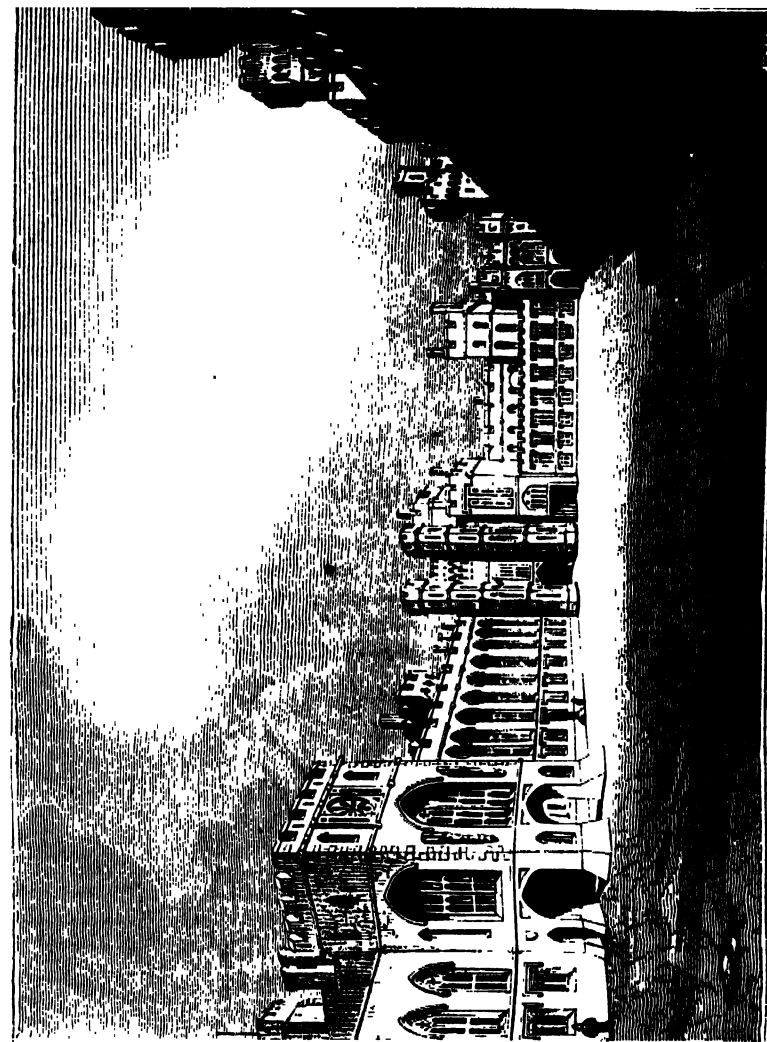
1254.—Tournament. (Harleian MS. 4379.)



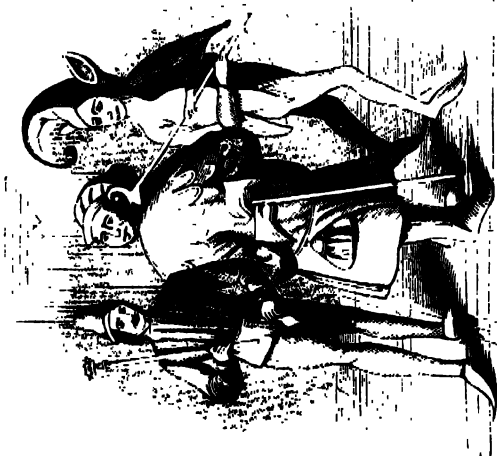
1255.—Tournament. The Melee. Thirty-five and thirty. (Harleian MS. 4379.)



1214.—Windsor Castle, North Front and Terrace.



1214.—Court Minnors. (Harleian MS. 4370)



1257.—Court Fool and Buffoon.



1258.—From an Illumination, Harl. MS. 2278. Temp. Henry VI.

the "brasses," or rails of costly material: the draperies at the head magnificent in substance and in armorial blazonry. In the wills of our old nobility, one bed is mentioned "powdered with blue eagles," one of red velvet, with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold; others of black velvet, black satin, blue, red, and white silk, &c. Cloth of gold and silver coverlets, and rich *fur of ermines*, are also specified; and sheets of fair white silk, and pillows from the East. The earliest mention of carpets in this country is in the romance of 'King Arthur,' where they are described of silk, "poynted and embroidered with images of gold." The square-backed chair (Fig. 1146) was frequent in the mansions of the thirteenth century. In the fourteenth, they, and other articles combining household utility and elegance, were modified by the pointed architecture, and partook of the beautiful variety of its forms: thus, in the engraving of library furniture (Fig. 1140), we see in the reading-table a miniature spire or pinnacle, with little pointed arches.

We cannot greatly compliment our forefathers on the sport called mumming (Fig. 1143), in which men masqueraded as brutes; but it seems they were determined to have mirth, however they procured it. We, perhaps, err on the other hand, and may be too fastidious to be happy. Quarter-staff (Fig. 1144) was the glory of the stout

old English peasant or yeoman, in which, as far as we can learn, he was without a competitor in any foreign nation. Draughts (Fig. 1145) and chess were amusements of the higher ranks. The circular board (Fig. 1148) is peculiar: the chessmen differed somewhat in form and name from ordinary chessmen. Dulcimer and violin players (Fig. 1147) were among the regular musical performers mentioned in the roll of Edward III.'s household. Hand-bells (Fig. 1149) were also played upon.

But one fact more remains to complete our notices of the 13th and 14th centuries—an extraordinary and all but unaccountable fact, that, previous to the year 1400, when we enter on a new period, not a single specimen of musical invention can be traced—not a dancing tune, or minstrel accompaniment, or church air—though never was a people apparently more keenly alive to the charm of music in connection with the services of the church, with poetry, and with dancing. We should say, therefore, that there *was* plenty of genuine national music, but that it was either unwritten, or that all the MSS. of the art have been lost.

The incidental illustration of costume, furniture, &c., contained in our series of the Chaucer portraits, will not, of course, escape the reader's attention in connection with this department of our subject.

END OF BOOK III.



BOOK IV.

THE PERIOD

FROM THE

ACCESSION OF HENRY IV. TO THE END OF THE REIGN OF RICHARD III.

A.D. 1389—1485.

CHAPTER I.—REGAL AND BARONIAL ANTIQUITIES.



THE interest attending the lives of English monarchs generally commences with the act of coronation (Figs. 1150, 1151). In the case of Henry IV. it may be rather said to have ended there. No doubt, that of the three insurrections that disturbed his reign, there was one destined to be long remembered; but the household names connected with that event are those of the great leader, Owen Glendower (Fig. 1162) himself, of his coadjutor, Hotspur, and their youthful

conqueror, Henry of Monmouth, not of Henry of Bolingbroke, however deeply the latter was concerned in the issue. Yet was this, as far as King Henry IV. was personally concerned, the most important event of his reign. The future poet-king of Scotland, then a boy, was taken on the seas, and kept in a long captivity: some trifling movements were made in connection with the still-asserted claim of sovereignty over France, and laws were passed declaring that relapsed Lollards, or Lollards who refused to abjure their faith, should be burned; and that was in effect the sum of Henry IV.'s reign. A dreary contrast to the brilliant anticipations caused by his early career: it seemed as though all the genius and energies with which nature had blessed him had been lavished upon the one grand act of his life—the obtaining the English throne—and which, when obtained, he could thus make little or no worthy use of. It appears, indeed, tolerably evident, that remorse preyed upon his mind for his conduct towards Richard, as well it might, if, as has been supposed, he had any hand in, or previous cognizance of, the murder. From being one of the most popular of kings, he became one of the most universally disliked. His friends changed to enemies. His own son became in his lifetime the cynosure of all eyes and hearts: the mightiest man in England was one of the most desolate; Henry could not but perceive that his subjects were weary of him, and looked forward with eager hopes to the day that should see their darling Harry of Monmouth on the throne. To crown all, he suffered from bodily ailments and mental superstitions, and both enhanced in a thousand ways all his other anxieties. He fancied that Heaven would not permit his descendants to enjoy the crown, and at last meditated a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in

order to soothe his conscience, and probably believing too that he should be thus fulfilling the divine behests, as conveyed to him through the prophecy, which had said he should die in Jerusalem. One day whilst he was praying before the shrine of the confessor in Westminster Abbey, he was seized with an apoplectic fit. The attendants carried him to the abbot's apartments, and there laid him down in the chamber which still exists, apparently unaltered against the corner of the western front. He inquired the name of the place,—“the *Jerusalem Chamber*,” was the answer. Here Henry IV. died. He was buried at Canterbury, where a sumptuous table-monument (Fig. 1156) bears the effigies of himself and his second wife, Joan of Navarre. Portraits of both, with the great seal, will be found among our illustrations (Figs. 1153, 1155).

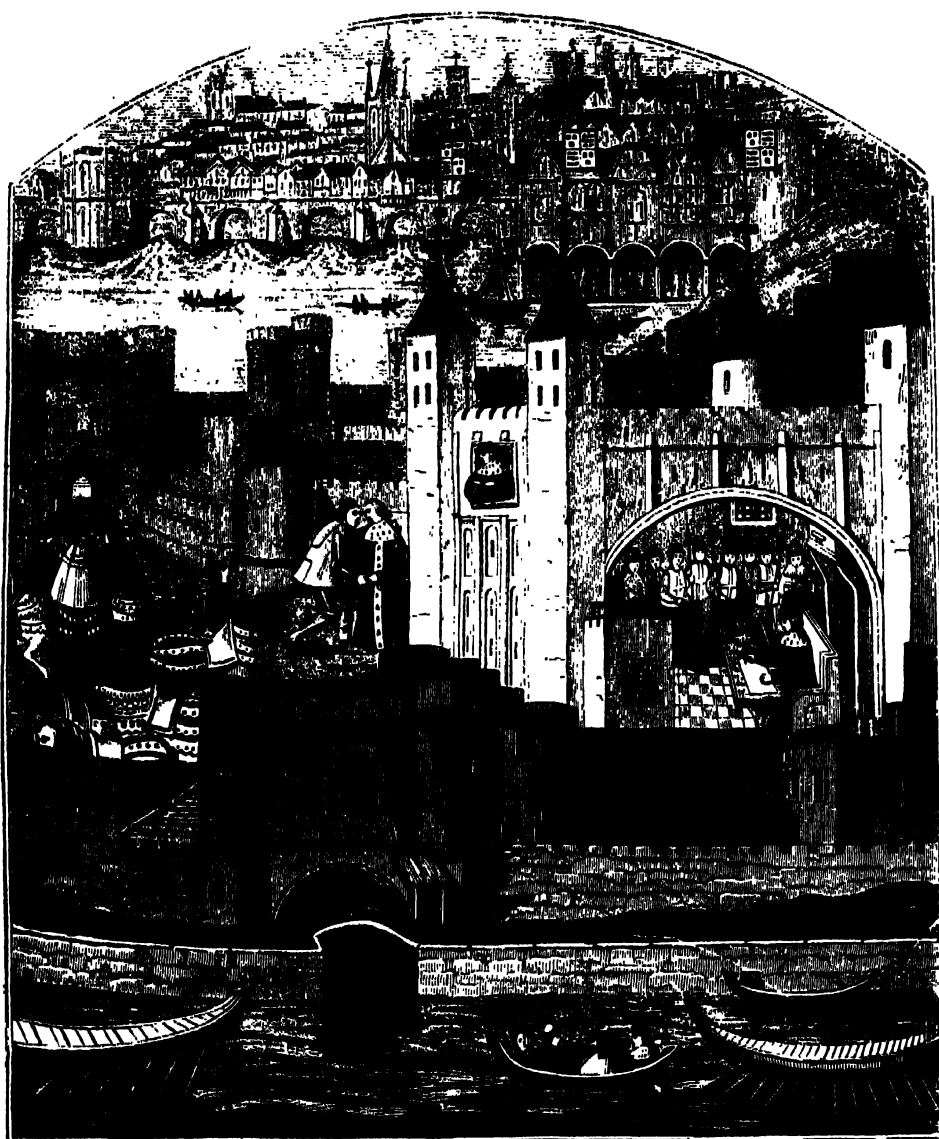
Popular as Henry of Monmouth, the prince, had been, sage men shook their heads as they thought of the consequences when he should become king. They remembered that

His addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
The hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;

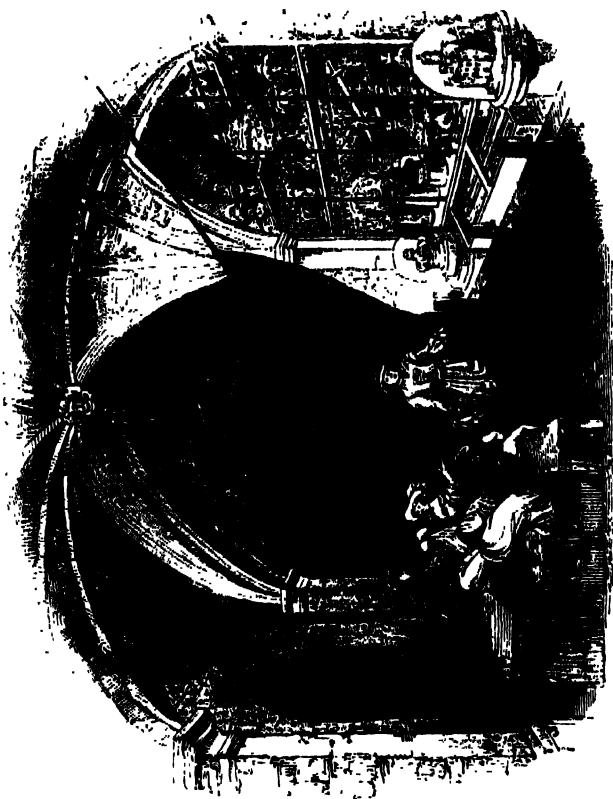
whilst, on the other hand, they had

Never not'd him in any study,*
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

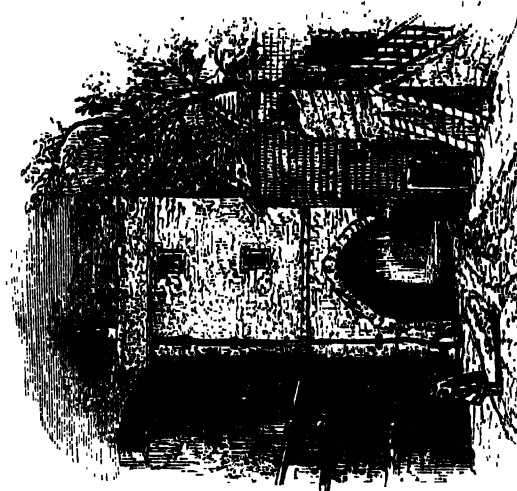
Yet had they chosen to look for the soul of good beneath all these things evil, they would have seen it was a most promising and noble soul—one that might accomplish all that other enthusiastic minds only dreamed of, when the right time and circumstances came. We allude not so much to his courage, that shone out so suddenly and so brilliantly in his defeat of the best warrior of his own country and times, in the great northern insurrection, but rather to those romantic incidents which no doubt mainly made him so popular with the people, who in this, as in a thousand other cases, showed their practical wisdom. One of these is supposed to have been afterwards commemorated on the silver coins of Henry V. (Figs. 1181, 1182). The time referred to is the latter part of Henry of Bolingbroke's reign, when, being “somewhat crazy, and keeping his chamber,” he received news daily of his son's loose excesses, and heard constructions placed upon them, that at last alarmed him for the safety of himself and crown. When the knowledge of these dreadful suspicions reached the Prince, he



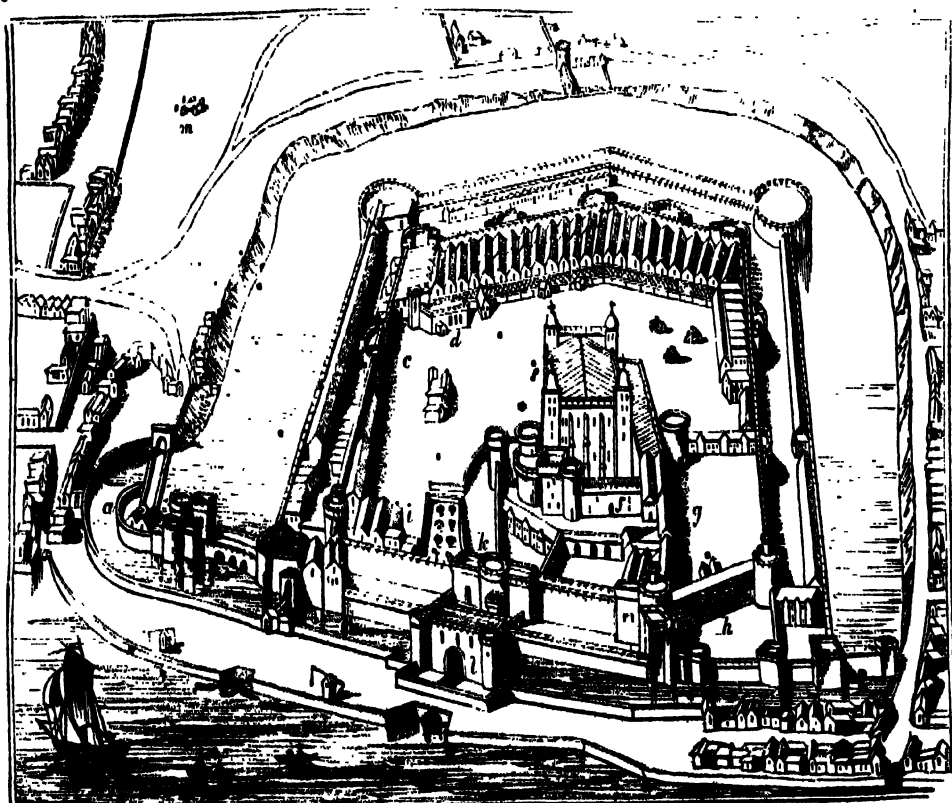
1261.—The Tower in the 15th Century.



1265.—The Jewel House.

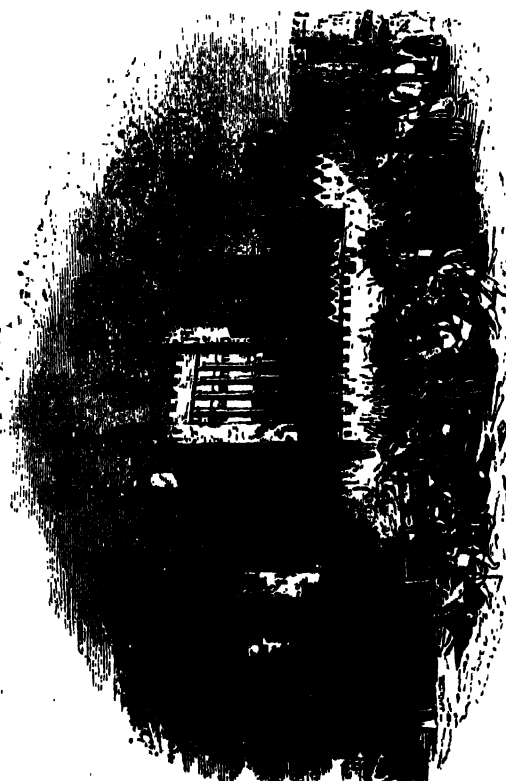


1264.—The Bloody Tower—North Side.



1262.—The Tower of London.

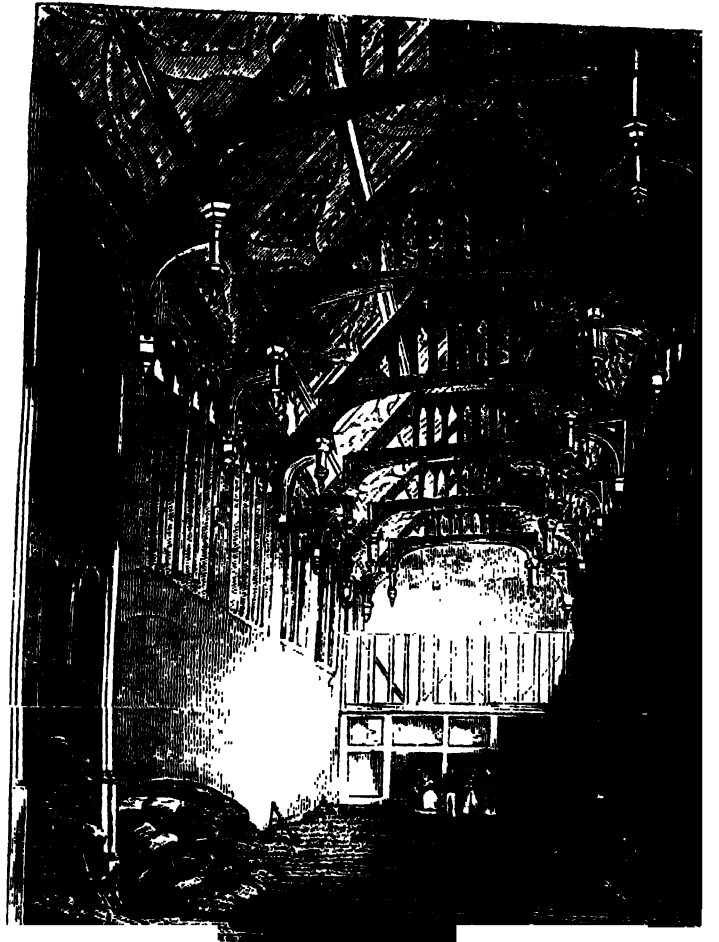
From a Print published by the Royal Antiquarian Society, and engraved from the Survey made in 1897, by W. Halward and J. Gossington, by order of Sir J. Peyton, Governor of the Tower.—a, Lion's Tower; b, Bell Tower; c, Beuchamp Tower; d, The Chapel; e, Keep, called also Ouse's, or the White Tower; f, Jewel House; g, Queen's Lodgings; h, Queen's Gallery and Garden; i, Lieutenant's Lodgings; k, Bloody Tower; l, St. Thomas's Tower (now Traher's Gate); m, Place of Execution on Tower Hill.



1263.—The Tower. Temp. Henry VI.



1667.—Great Hall of Richmond Palace.



1667.—Coventry.



1667.—Great Court of Warwick Castle.



strengthened himself with his chief friends, and well-wishers, and with such a troop repaired to his father's court, as a greater in those days had not been seen. (Otterborne.) The manner of his approach is described by an eyewitness, the Earl of Ormond of Ireland. He attired himself in the garb of his college (Queen's, at Oxford, Fig. 1160), "a gown of blue satin, full of oylet holes, and at every hole a needle hanging by a silken thread;" which, in fanciful explanation of the name of the founder of the college, Eglesfield, was to represent *aiguille*, a needle, and *fil*, thread. We may add, as showing the thoughts upon the mind of the prince, in thus arraying himself, that it had been from a very early period a custom for the bursar of the college to give to each student on New Year's Day the implements just mentioned, with the words, "Take this, and be thrifty." Going, then, to Westminster, with these tokens about him of his faith in, and gratitude for, the peaceful and honourable instruction that had been afforded him in the academic lore of the university, he commanded his followers to wait by the fire in the hall, and then passed on with one of the household to the presence of his father. "The king," continues Earl Ormond, "weak then with sickness, and supposing, the worst, commanded himself to be borne into a withdrawing chamber, some of his lords attending upon him, before whose feet Prince Henry fell, and with all reverent observances, spoke to him as followeth:—Most gracious sovereign and renowned father, the suspicion of disloyalty, and divulged reports of my dangerous intentment towards your royal person and crown, hath enforced at this time, and in this manner, to present myself and life at your Majesty's dispose. Some faults and mis-spent time (with blushes I may speak it) my youth hath committed; yet these made much more by such fleeing pickthanks that blow them stronger into your unwilling and distasteful ear. The name of sovereignty ties allegiance to all; but of a father, to a further feeling of nature's obedience, so that my sins were double if such suggestions possessed my heart: for the law of God ordaineth that he which doth presumptuously against the ruler of his people shall not live, and the child that smiteth his father shall die the death. So far, therefore, am I from any disloyal attempt against the person of you, my father and the Lord's anointed, that if I knew any of whom you stood in the least danger or fear, my hand, according to duty, should be the first to free your suspicion. Yea, I will most gladly suffer death to ease your perplexed heart; and to that end I have this day prepared myself both by confession of my offences past, and receiving the blessed Sacrament. Wherefore I humbly beseech your grace to free your suspicion from all fear conceived against me with this dagger, the stab whereof I will willingly receive here at your Majesty's hand, and so doing, in the presence of these lords, and before God at the day of judgment, I clearly forgive my death. But the king, melting into tears, cast down the naked dagger (which the prince delivered him), and raising his prostrate son, embraced and kissed him, confessing his ears to have been overcredulous that way, and promising never to open them again against him. But the prince, unsatisfied, impatiently desired that at least his accusers might be produced, and, if convicted, to receive punishment, though not to the full of their demerits; to which request the king replied that, as the offence was capital, it should be examined by the peers, and therefore willed him to rest contented until the next parliament. Thus by his great wisdom he satisfied his father from further suspicion, and recovered his love, that nearly was lost."

The other incident we have alluded to originated in the arraignment of one of Prince Henry's servants, before the bar of the King's Bench, for felony. Receiving intelligence that he was to be sentenced to death, the prince posted thither, and found him strongly fettered, and about to be conveyed away for execution; he immediately commanded his fetters to be struck off, and the felon set free. A command so sudden and peremptory, perfectly astonished and awed the court. In the midst of the panic the chief justice, Sir William Gascoigne (Fig. 1165), stood up, and showed the prince that his seat was the king's; that laws were the sinews of the commonwealth; that the prince himself was sworn to do justice, and must yield an account for all that he did; that he honoured the prince as the eldest son of the sovereign; but to set free the prisoner he could not, having so apparently endangered his life to the law: and therefore he (the chief justice) desired the prince, if he held the prisoner in such esteem, to save him by pardon from the king, and not to infringe the law, which he told him plainly, *he should not do*. The prince, more enraged by denial, began to resort to violence to enforce his will; but the chief justice firmly forbade him, commanding him upon his allegiance to cease from such riot, and to keep the king's peace; but he was interrupted by Prince Henry, who in a fury stepped up to the bench, and gave Sir William Gascoigne a blow on the face.

The imperturbable judge was not daunted by the outrage, but sat still in his place, and with a bold countenance said, "Sir, I pray you remember yourself; this seat of judgment, which here I possess, is not mine, but your father's, to whom and to his laws you owe double obedience. If his highness be thus contemned, and his laws violated by you, that should show yourself obedient to both, who will obey you when you are a sovereign, or minister execution to the laws that you shall make? Wherefore, for this attempt, in your father's name, I commit you prisoner unto the King's Bench, there to remain until his Majesty's pleasure be further known." The storm-fit of the young man was as brief as violent; he stood mute by the judge, greatly abashed; and fixing his eyes on his reverend face, laid down his weapons, made an humble obeisance and departed to prison! When the king heard of this extraordinary scene, he greatly rejoiced that he had a son capable on reflection of such obedience to the laws, and a judge so upright to administer them without either favour or fear. Yet he thought fit to mark his sense of his son's offence by removing him from the presidency of his privy council, and placing his second brother in his stead—a punishment that was deeply felt, but which by no means diminished his general popularity. The sparkles of a better hope were indeed beautifully visible in these ever-memorable and touching incidents; and no sooner had the breath left his father's body, according to Shakspeare, than they merged in the full effulgence of as dazzling a reign as English heart or ambition had learned to desire. Then,

Consideration like an angel came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him;
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and at all once,
As in this king.

We are often tempted to ask ourselves, as we pause on the early records of his reign, can this be the same "mad compound of majesty" that played the masquerat Gadshill, and in the Boar's Head Tavern, at Eastcheap, to draw out the humorous vices of the "fat rogue" Falstaff? Now, his "unlettered, rude, and shallow" companions must not approach him within ten miles, or alter their manners—a most necessary decree, albeit harsh of sound. His "riots, banquets, and sports" are forsaken all; and instead, "every day after dinner, for the space of an hour, his custom was to lean on a cushion set by his cupboard, and there himself received petitions of the oppressed, which with great equity he did redress." His conduct towards the remains of Richard II. was of the same lofty character. They were exhumed by his command, and buried in Westminster Abbey, beside the murdered king's beloved wife Anne of Bohemia. In the funeral procession Henry himself walked as chief mourner. There was in all this evidenced a peculiarly graceful and generous disposition; and the circumstances are perhaps enhanced, as well as in some degree explained, by our knowledge that Henry of Monmouth had been knighted by the unfortunate Richard only a little time before his ruin by Henry's own father's hands. The young king's magnanimity towards his enemies deserves also especial admiration. The son of Hotspur was restored to the family estates. Mortimer, the rightful king by descent, was set free from his long captivity, though his name afterwards, as before, was used by those whom no excellence could induce to lay aside their machinations. But as regards Mortimer himself, what danger accrued? Did Henry live to rue the nobleness of his act of mercy? We have an answer in the fact, that Mortimer accompanied Henry to France, fought for him, bled for him (he was wounded at Harfleur), and was by his kind master sent home in all care and confidence, to get well again. Thus did the new sovereign win golden opinions from all sorts of people, and found, as true wisdom teaches us we may find, that in so doing it was not at all necessary to dim their lustre to his own conscience, even on the severest self-examination.

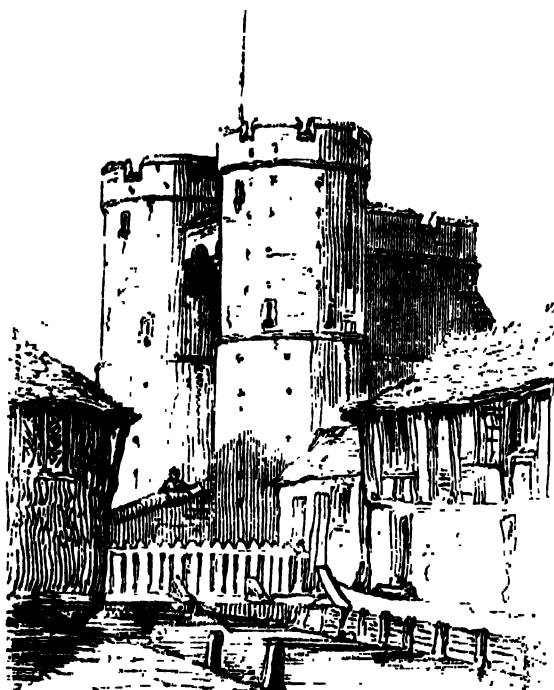
The French war, criminal as we must now consider it in the abstract to have been, was recommenced by him under much more excusable circumstances than usual. With a sense of a kind of right, there was mingled a just feeling of indignation at the treatment that his honourable overtures for peace received. In the first year of his reign, application was made to Charles VI., king of France, for an alliance with his daughter, the Lady Katherine. The ambassadors, says one French writer, were told "the king had no leisure to think on that business;" or, according to another authority, Franciscus Rosienius, "The king, scornfully smiling, answered, that France was neither destitute of dukes nor he at leisure to think about the proposition." It was also commanded, that the Duke of Burgundy and all other princes of the blood should make no alliance of marriage with England. The English peers, highly exasperated,

met immediately (Fig. 1159); and then was made the famous oration of Archbishop Chicheley (Fig. 1172) for a war with France for the conquest of the country; in which he repeated the old arguments with new force, and brought to bear upon the subject an amount of knowledge that might well help to blind Henry to the true character of the policy that the head of the Church—the *Christian Church* of England—advised: namely, war; and one of the worst of wars—a war of acquisition. The archbishop's speech, indeed, may furnish a most valuable lesson to those persons, still too numerous, who think every kind of proceeding, as well as of faith, may be justified by isolated extracts of Scripture, read too in the most literal manner: instead of basing both, as they ought, on a careful consideration of its general tenor and spirit. War was determined on by the assembled council unanimously: and a summons was sent forthwith to France to surrender Normandy, Aquitaine, Guienne, and Anjou. It could not have been made at a worse time for France, which was then reduced to a state of anarchy by her lawless aristocracy, who had been at war with one another, and had oppressed the French people of that fair land during twenty years. The profligate dauphin, who had the upper hand in the state, was at once so foolish and so vulgarly impudent as to send a ton of tennis-balls to King Henry as "bullets most fit for his tender hands, who had spent his youth more among rackets" than in matters of state. Henry quietly answered, that he would repay the dauphin's present with balls of more force, against whose stroke the gates of Paris should not prove rackets sufficiently strong to make them rebound. Immediately he prepared to keep his word, aided with all the wealth, enthusiasm, skill, and courage of England. In what state, we may ask, was France meanwhile? One illustration will suffice by way of answer. "What," cried the poor people of France, when they heard of the mighty preparations for depriving their land of its independence—"what can the English do to us more than we suffer from our own princes?" And when the burghers and others did offer to defend France, they were refused with haughty insolence—none but *gentlemen* were worthy of that honour. For this the said *gentlemen* had to suffer a sore penance. A sincere and manly policy was also wanting in all French negotiations at that time, or respectable terms might have been made. Failing these, the English Parliament met to vote supplies for the war—Henry's uncle, Beaufort (Fig. 1209), opening the proceedings with a speech turning upon the text, "Whilst we have time let us work the good work." On the following April fifteen prelates and twenty-eight peers met in council at Westminster (Fig. 1158), and heard with enthusiasm Henry's announcement of his firm purpose to head in person the war on France, and leave his brother, the Duke of Bedford (Fig. 1198), regent during his absence.

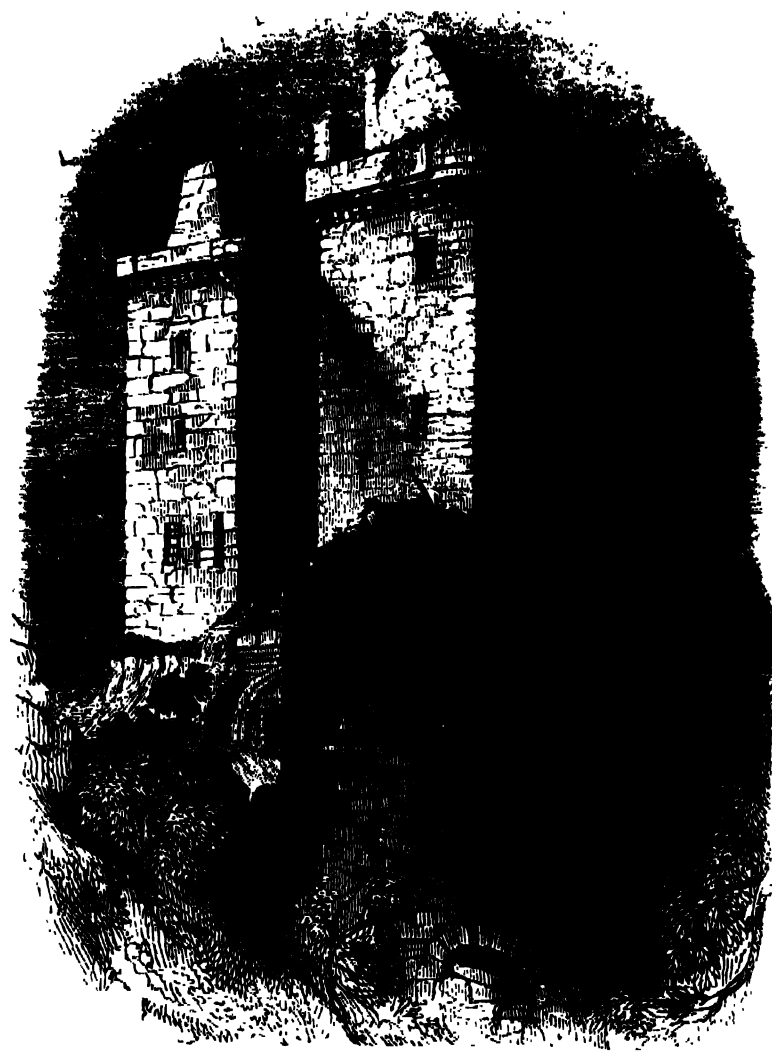
Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings
With winged heels.

The French began now to feel something of Henry's own earnestness, with a difference however. At the last moment attempts at negotiation were made by a French ambassador, a spirited ecclesiastic, who told Henry he would be either made captive, driven into the sea, or slain. "We shall see," said Henry, and dismissed him with rich presents and marks of honour. At Southampton (Fig. 1166), where rode his mighty fleet of vessels (Figs. 1157, 1167), he was delayed by the conspiracy of some lords who, professing to adopt Mortimer's cause, but receiving, it is supposed, French gold, and acting upon French instructions, had determined upon the almost inconceivable wickedness of killing the youthful and admirable sovereign. Fortunately the plot was discovered, and the plotters sent to the scaffold. The twelve or fourteen hundred vessels at last set sail, bearing an army of six thousand five hundred horse and twenty-four thousand foot. The landing, near Harfleur, occupied three days, and they might have been opposed with effect, but all was perfectly quiet. The siege of Harfleur occupied thirty-six days; then the victorious Henry passed through the streets (Fig. 1169), not proudly as a conqueror, but barefooted to the church of Saint Martin, "where with great devotion he gave most humble thanks unto God for this his first achieved enterprize." The dauphin, declining Henry's challenge to personal combat, prepared to assemble the whole strength and chivalry of France at Rouen. Sickness now attacked the English; shipful after shipful of diseased men were sent home, until a mere remnant was left, and the chiefs began to urge the king to re-embark at once. "No," said Henry, "we must first see, by God's help, a little more of this good land of

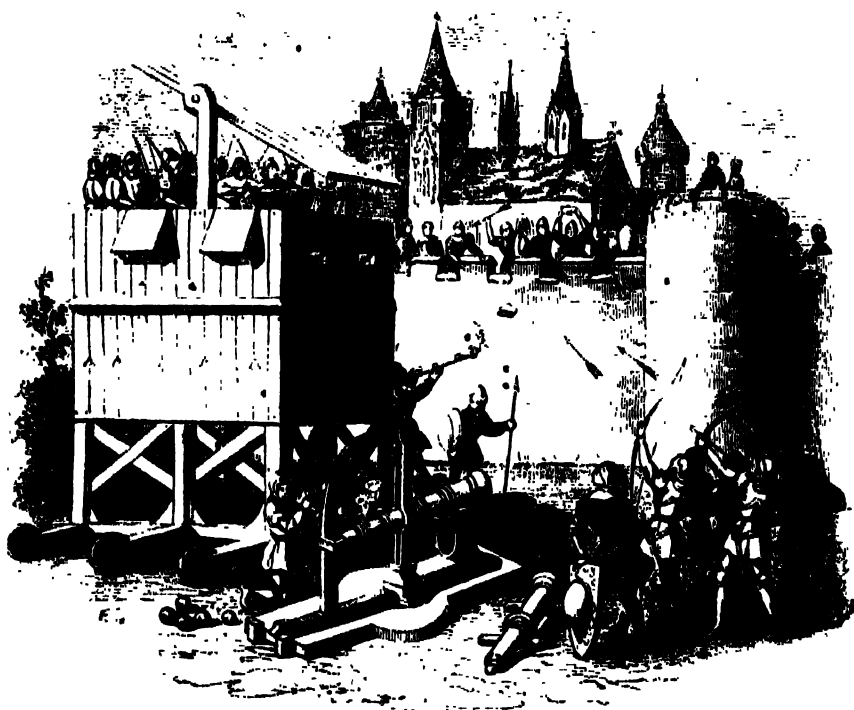
France, which is all our own. Our mind is made up to endure every peril rather than they shall be able to reproach us with being afraid of them. We will go, and if it please God, without harm or danger; but if they disturb our journey, why then: we must fight them, and victory and glory will be ours." So, with at the utmost but nine thousand men, he prepared to pass through Normandy, Picardy, and Artois, to Calais; an attempt so daring as almost to reach the point of imprudence; but then Henry knew that his men, as well as himself, were prepared to perish rather than return without glory to their countrymen, who remained so full of expectation. So *Forward!* was the word. French armies, fresh and vigorous, were gathering from all directions under the mightiest chiefs of the realm on the line of his route; but still the cry was, *Forward!* Attacks multiplied, famine pressed, sickness weakened, and fatigue lay heavy on the strongest. Still they went on—those gallant hearts—until they saw before them the river Somme, where every bridge had been broken down, every fort fortified, and where multitudinous columns of horse and foot covered the opposite bank. Yet that river must be crossed. A chaplain of the army says, "I and many others looked bitterly up to heaven, and implored the divine mercy." Much time was lost in trying to force a passage, and had the French fallen on their rear we should not have had to record the battle of Agincourt. Get over, however, ultimately they did, baggage and all. The French constable fell back disconcerted on the Calais road: the English followed, and, as it seemed, to certain death. When all the war strength of France had assembled, they sent notice to Henry they should give him battle. He replied, calmly and firmly, that "he meant to march to Calais,—not to seek them,—but left the issue to God;" and then regularly and steadily he pursued his dismal route, men dropping about him continually. The French made their stand at the village of Agincourt: Henry did the same in another village close by. Night intervened, and the moon shone over combatants thus picturesquely contrasted: "The French, gallant, fresh, and, through vain hope of honour, already mounted above men of mean rank: the English, weak, weary, and sore starved, made no such show, and yet their courage was no less than the other. The one spending the night before battle in feasts, triumphs, and other-like sports, distributing their captives, dividing their spoils, and decreeing none to be saved but the king and his nobles, all others must die or be incurably maimed: the other, trimming their arrows, sharpening their spears, buckling their armours, and refreshing their bodies for the next day; and, beside other observances, by the light of the great fires made in the French camp the English discerned what was therein done, and took the advantage of their order and ground." Those "other observances" of the English included also solemn preparation for death, and exhilarating *martial music*. Next morning "the beauty and honourable horror of both the armies no heart can judge of, unless the eye had seen it: the banners, ensigns, and pennons (Fig. 1171), streaming in the air, the glistening of armours, the variety of colours, the motion of plumes, the forests of lances, and the thickets of shorter weapons, made so great and goodly a show." The armies thus ranged, awhile stood still and faced each other. Then King Henry, in bright armour (Fig. 1173), distinguished by a rich coronet on his helmet, mounted on a horse of "fierce courage," with the royal standard borne before him, with cheerful countenance and words full of resolution, rode through his ranks. "We have not come," said he, "into our kingdom of France like mortal enemies, *we have not burnt towns and villages, we have not outraged women and maidens, like our adversaries at Soissons;*" where, in addition to these atrocities, two hundred brave English prisoners had been hung like dogs. The allusion had an almost electric effect. Still there was cause enough to make the most brave warrior doubtful of the issue. Walter Hungerford [Shakespeare says the Earl of Westmoreland (Fig. 1161)] wished that some of the many men then living in idleness in England could be present there. "No," exclaimed Henry, "the fewer there are, the more honour; and if we lose, the less will be the loss to our country. But we will not lose; fight as you were wont to do, and before night the pride of our numberless enemies shall be humbled to the dust." And so it was. The wonderful success of the English in this battle has been attributed chiefly to the perfect unity of spirit among them; and the disgraceful failure of the French to their divisions. "The Constable," says M. de Barante, an eminent writer, "was, by right of his office, the commander-in-chief of the French army, but there were with him so many princes who had wills of their own, that it was not easy for him to obtain obedience." The consequence was, that the very numbers which gave the French all their mighty strength proved unwieldy and confused in action; whilst Henry, with his mere handful of men, laid his plans with such consummate art, and



1272.—West Gate, Canterbury.



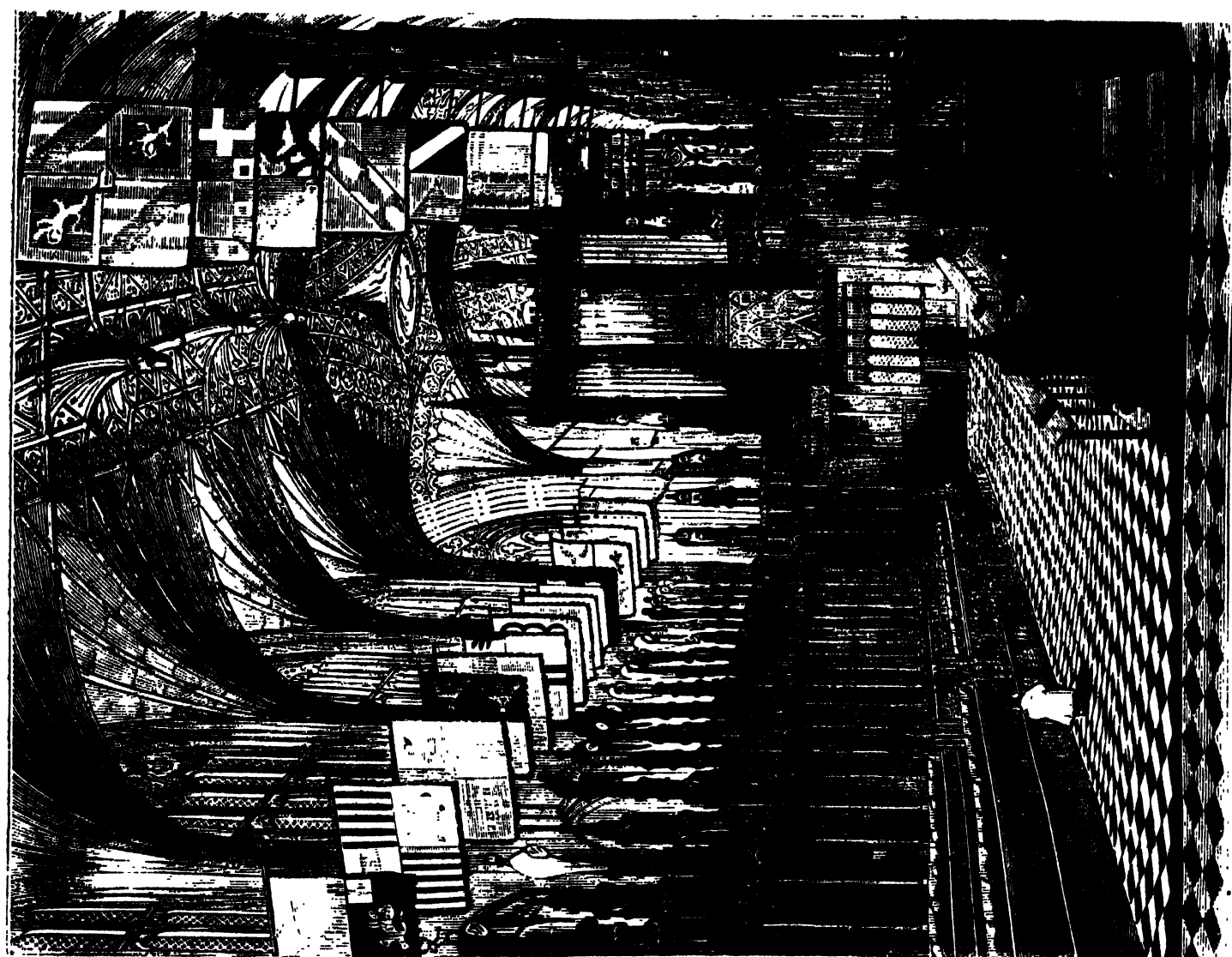
1273.—Present State of Borthwick Castle.



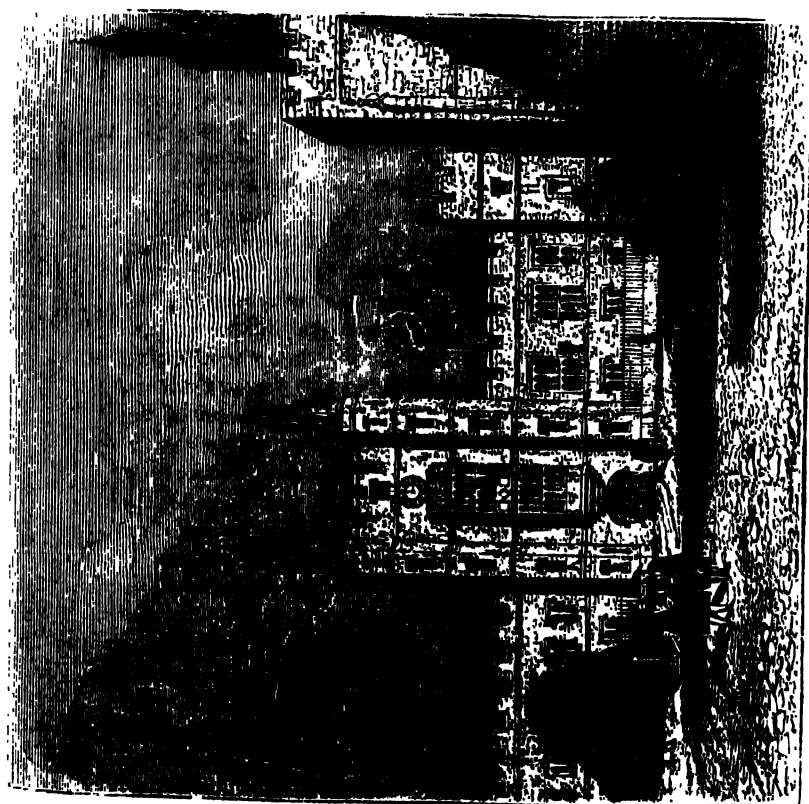
1274.—Movable Tower of Archers, Cannon, &c. (Royal MA.)



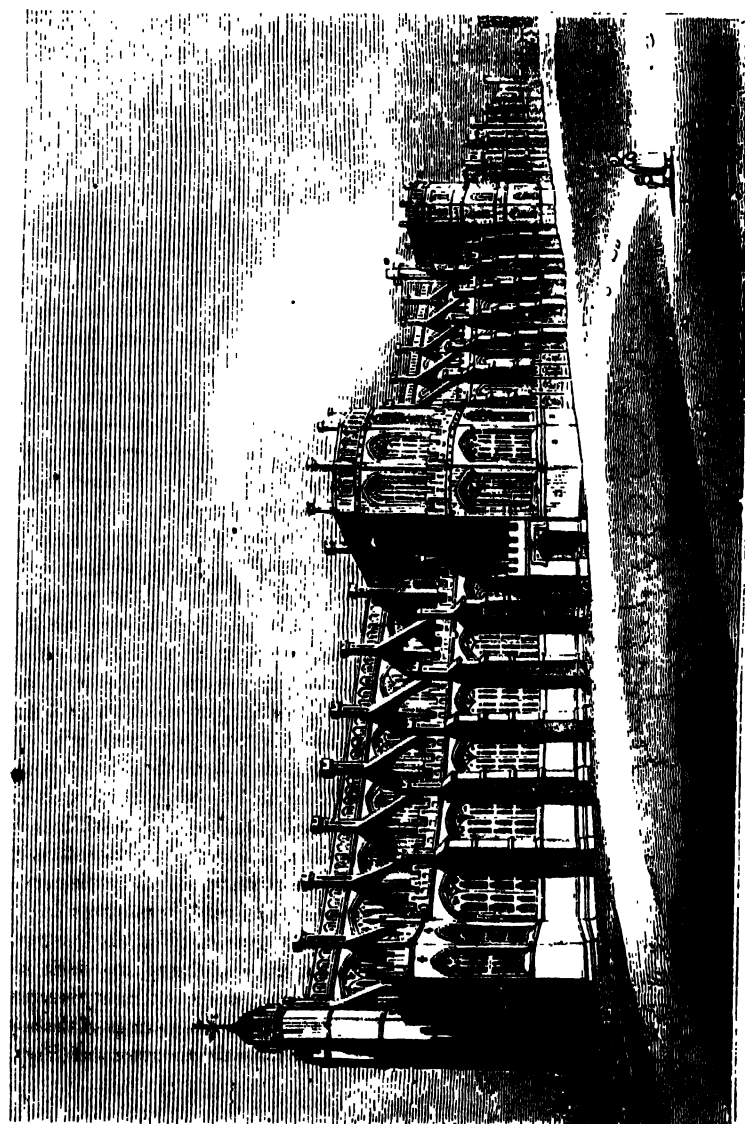
1275.—Tomb of Sir John Cressy.



1274.—St. George's Chapel, Windsor



1275.—Exon College.



1277.—St. George's Chapel, Windsor, South Front.

prompted their execution with such calm unwavering confidence, that his little army proved perfectly irresistible. Next to Henry's genius, it was the bravery and skill of the fine old English bowmen that won Agincourt. As the bow was a vulgar weapon, they had no competitors on the other side, where all stood on their gentility; so, undismayed by the far-stretching and innumerable ranks of heavily-mailed and splendidly-adorned horsemen, they threw aside their leathern jackets, and waited like eager hounds in the leash for the king's order to begin the attack. Near noon Henry gave the welcome words—"Banners, advance!" and in the enthusiasm of the moment the leader of the archers, Sir Thomas Erpingham (Fig. 1175), *threw his truncheon into the air*, and cried aloud, "Now strike!" The archers ran forward to within bow-shot of the French, planted their stakes, and did great havoc by the rapidity and impetuosity of their flights of arrows. Some confusion was produced by a charge from the great leading division of the foe; but the archers rallied, and leaving their stakes, and slinging their bows behind them, grasped their billhooks and hatchets, and with bare and brawny arms sprang among the knightly *mêlée*, making the welkin ring again with the war-shout of England. Many a famous gentleman of France sank before them, including the Constable himself, and speedily the French dead became so numerous as to form a kind of wall, on the top of which our men leaped to continue the fight. The encounter of the *chivalry* of England and France nevertheless took place with fearful odds against the former. The beautiful nature of Henry here again shone out; he was seen planted by, or, according to Speed, bestriding the fallen body of his brother Clarence and beating off the assailants. The stroke of a battle-axe brought the hero himself to his knees, and after that the coronet on his casque was cut through by a similar blow; but he who made it was instantly slain, as he was in the act of calling out to Henry "I surrender myself to you, I am the Duke of Alençon." The battle was closed in effect with his fall. And certainly never, under a Hannibal or a Napoleon, was there one more wonderful, whether we regard the mighty energies lavished on it—the discrepancy of numbers—the genius of the conqueror—or the death-roll of noble names, numbering, it is thought, eight thousand gentlemen of France, seven of whom were personal relatives of the French king, and a hundred and twenty knights-in-chief, or banner-knights. Like the Black Prince, Henry brought back to England with him an illustrious captive the Duke of Orleans, who had been pulled out from under a heap of slain. As to John of France, so to this royal duke was the most marked courtesy paid. Once when Henry was trying to console him, the king is recorded to have given this striking testimony to the misery of France:—"If God has given me the grace to win this victory, I acknowledge that it is through no merits of mine own. I believe that God has willed that the French should be punished; and if what I have heard be true, no wonder at it; for they tell me that never were seen such a disorder, such a licence of wickedness, such debauchery, such bad vices, as now reign in France. It is pitiful and horrible to hear it all, and certes, the wrath of the Lord must have been awaked."

At Dover the English rushed into the sea to meet their victorious king, on his return, and actually bore him on their shoulders to the shore. We call ourselves the *sober* English—our forefathers had plenty of fire in their veins, as was very clear not only in that reception, but through all the subsequent proceedings. As Henry rode toward London, never was such enthusiasm—such rapture—such boundless and passionate love beheld as everywhere welcomed him. And they admired him the more for his modesty, in not allowing his broken casque and bruised arms (Fig. 1170) to be carried before him (Fig. 1168). The victory of Agincourt opened the way to Henry's alliance with Catherine (Fig. 1177), princess of France, to his being adopted heir and regent of France, and virtually to his exercising over it the power of a king. And to give the climax to the greatness of Henry V., and to show the true origin, after all, of the people's love for him, we may observe, on the one hand, that the "poor people of France" grew happier under his rule than they had been for many a day, and honoured his death only with less intensity than Henry's own subjects, who, on the other, there is every reason to believe, never had occasion to make *one complaint of his government* (Fig. 1186). Worth a thousand such brilliant victories as Agincourt is that one homely-sounding fact. His death and burial have already been described in our account of Westminster Abbey. It will only be necessary therefore to refer to the page in question (Fig. 287), and to our additional engraving (Fig. 1187) representing the tomb in the abbey, with the effigy of Henry, to which we have restored the head. The personal appearance of Henry is represented at very different periods of his life in our engravings of the boy (Fig. 1163) and the warrior (Fig. 1176): see also the great seal (Fig. 1178).

When Henry V. died, his son, named after himself, was but nine months old: the unsettled character thus given to the reign at its commencement, followed it to its premature and terrible close. It would have been impossible to have found a better regent than was chosen to exercise rule during the king's minority: the very name of Humphrey the Good (Fig. 1213) was a tower of strength; and notwithstanding the weakness that almost invariably characterizes regencies, all seems to have gone well in England, until the boy for whom so much had been done to smooth the way to actual as well as nominal power, grew to a man, and showed his utter unfitness for his position. He, if it has been said, would have made an excellent monk: no wonder, then, that he did make a very bad king. His intentions were admirable; but served only as a foil to show off his utter want of power to perceive what he should intend, and the absence of all firmness in carrying resolve into execution. Two great events mark his reign: the loss of all, or nearly all, that his father had gained in France; and the wars of the Roses, which deprived him of all that his birthright had given him in England: for the first he was in no way personally answerable; the second may be considered to have entirely originated in his own infirmity of character.

While Duke Humphrey became Protector at home, another and elder brother, the Duke of Bedford (Fig. 1198), equally or even more highly gifted, assumed the administration of affairs abroad—that is to say in France. We are not about to detail step by step the decline of our power in that country, which proceeded steadily, if slowly, in spite of occasional victories, and in spite of the most consummate prudence and energy. It is true, there was a time when the duke thought he could recover the lost ground; and so, in 1422, he prepared to make a great effort for the extension of the English sovereignty beyond the Loire. The posture of affairs was encouraging in many points, but especially in these—that France, like England, had a very young monarch, and was divided against itself, through the jealousies and hatred of the two great houses of Orleans and Burgundy; the latter of whom was now in alliance with the English. The city of Orleans was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury (Fig. 1171); and Charles saw no hope of saving even that last bulwark of his kingdom. Then it was that a new and extraordinary personage appeared upon the scene, whose doings could be only accounted for in her own age by the supposition that they were connected with sorcery—and who in ours, and in all succeeding ages is, and will be, a subject for the deepest sympathy and warmest admiration, not only on account of her melancholy fate, but also for her lofty and beautiful character. The mists that so long obscured the life of Joan of Arc—and which, among many other manifestations of its effects, caused Voltaire to injure permanently his own reputation by misunderstanding and ridiculing hers—have passed away; and poets and philosophers in all countries have rivalled each other in the fervency and grandeur of their tributes to her genius and virtue. Schiller in Germany, and Southey in England—two names that at once occur among others—are for ever bound up with the memory of the heroic French peasant's daughter. Joan was born in 1410 or 1411, in the little hamlet of Domremy, near the Meuse, on the borders of Champagne; and there it was that she imbibed her rustic superstitions and her fervent public spirit; for even in that remote district village rose against village, Burgundians against Armagnacs (the Orleans party). And what was it but those superstitions and that public spirit acting upon a generous and enthusiastic temperament, that made the girl of thirteen a marvel unto her fellow-villagers, and ultimately caused the woman to excite the wonder of a world? Among the superstitions was one to the effect that France would be yet saved by a virgin; it was not long before Joan conceived the idea that it was she who was to realize the faith. Then strange visions were hers; she saw a great light, from amidst which a voice proceeded, bidding her be devout and good, and promising her the protection of Heaven. Rising with the demands made upon her, Joan prepared herself for the great work, and, as a commencement, vowed eternal chastity. Again and again came the voices, until Joan found them her constant companions and advisers. At last they bade her take the grand step, and act—they prompted her to quit her parents and home, take arms, and drive the foe before her until the young king should be able to be crowned in the national place of coronation, Rheims. Joan may have smiled to herself in her calmer moments as she recapitulated such a programme of proceedings; but the smile would be succeeded by a still calmer expression of confidence, as with eyes mirroring, as it were, the shadows of the future that passed before her mind, she gazed deeply into her own nature, and saw that she was equal to the position. But she was a maiden, she was young, she was friendless—and still



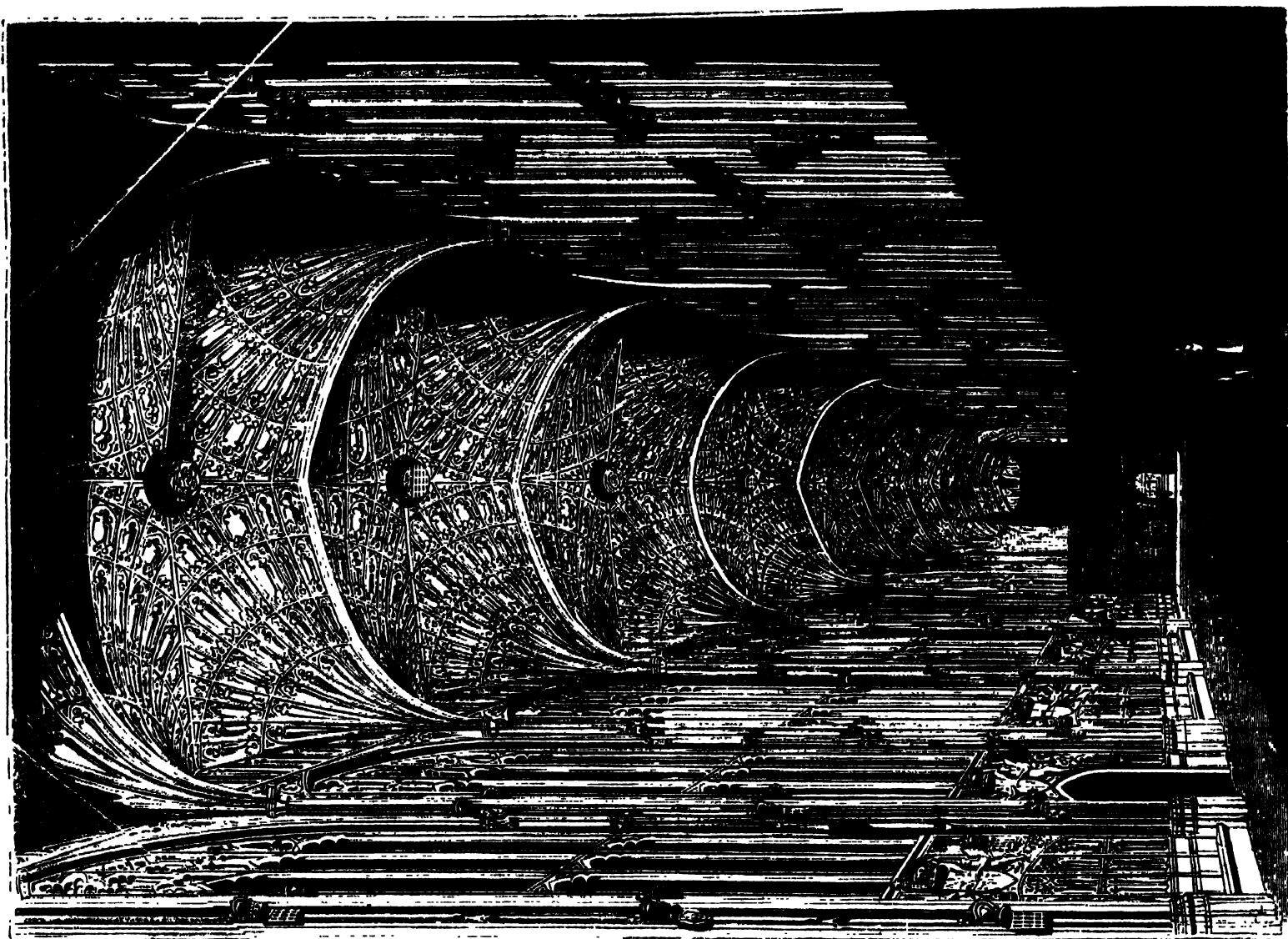
LONDON, PHOTO. HEDG.

SHRINE OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

she hesitated. The incursions of a band of Burgundians into her native village, and the destruction of her beloved church, decided her. The voices then became even still more practical. They not only bade her commence her mission, but directed her as to the best mode—she was to go to De Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs. Joan did so, and was treated with contempt. But there were others who believed, in spite of De Baudricourt's scepticism. The whole history of human kind shows how mighty is the power of self-conviction, when we would influence others. No scheme, however absurd and pernicious, but has obtained disciples through its influence: nothing greatly good will ever be achieved in its absence. Among the converts whom Joan of Arc's faith in herself had induced to arrive at a similar conclusion, were two gentlemen, named John of Metz and Bertram of Pouleigny: these ultimately obtained permission of the governor of Vaucouleurs to conduct her to the dauphin; so it was evident that even he was moved at last, though the paramount motive with him in sending her may have been his desire to do anything that might have a tendency to raise the French from their desperate condition, and enable them to raise the siege of Orleans. Joan's powers were put to a severe trial on her first appearance at court: she was required to recognise Charles as he stood amongst his nobles, undistinguished in any way from them. She did so. Even that was not enough. It was agreed she had a mission—but was it from heaven, or from the Evil One? A body of ecclesiastics proceeded to determine that point. Her chastity, of which the most unquestionable evidence was obtained, proved, according to the notions of the day, that Joan of Arc was indeed commissioned by God to deliver France from her enemies; even though she declined to perform miracles, answering ever to such requests—"Bring me to Orleans, and you shall see. The siege shall be raised, and the dauphin crowned king at Rheims." Joan was now raised to the rank of a military commander; she arrayed herself in suitable armour, and sent for a sword from Fierbois, where she said one would be found buried within the church. The sword was dug up at the spot indicated; Joan, it is to be observed, had spent some time at Fierbois previously. It was not long before Orleans was relieved by the entrance of a body of French with Joan at their head, though not by the path that she would have chosen if the French leaders would have permitted her—right over the English fortifications. Their spirits, however, raised by this first successful step, the French speedily consented to follow Joan, or La Pucelle, as she was called, to attack the English strongholds. They were forced one after another. The English behaved as of yore, but it was of no avail against men who fought with a more than mortal bravery, such confidence had been instilled into their hearts by their young and beautiful and religiously-inspired leader. Joan herself shared in one of the fiercest assaults, and was wounded by an arrow in the shoulder just as she was about to ascend a scaling-ladder. She was taken aside, and for a moment the woman overcame her—she wept: but the sight of her standard in danger renewed all her heroism—she forgot her wound, leaped up, ran back, and presently the irresistible French drove all before them. The siege was then raised; and in one week Orleans was altogether free from its terrible enemy. It is not necessary to enumerate the remaining steps of her wonderful career; suffice it us to say, that in spite of the presence of the bravest of the English warriors, our countrymen were everywhere beaten; until, at the battle of Patay, even John Talbot himself, the famous Earl of Shrewsbury (Fig. 1199), was not only defeated, but taken prisoner. Within three months after the first appearance of Joan on the scene, Rheims opened its gates without attempting to strike a blow in defence; and Charles was crowned, where the virgin had prophesied he should be. With that act her work may be said to have been essentially accomplished. She had roused and animated the national feeling and courage, and there was no longer any danger of permanent defeat; a consideration that must have been full of consolation to her under the frightful circumstances attending the close of her career. In May, 1430, she was taken prisoner by the Burgundian party, who ultimately handed her over to the English. And then commenced the proceedings which were to make for ever infamous all those directly concerned in them. Under pretence of trial, this maiden, not yet arrived to the age of womanhood, was for month after month harassed by unceasing examinations and interrogations, in order to draw from her the acknowledgement of the influences which had actuated her, and which might then form the groundwork for the charge of sorcery which it was desired to bring against her. Of course the reverend and learned inquisitors were successful; one by one they drew forth the statement of the visions, and the belief in them that Joan's highly-wrought enthusiasm had given rise to. More than all, they obtained from her a declaration that she declined to submit to the

ordinances of the church, whenever her voices told her to resist; which was in effect but saying that she would follow the guidance of that inward light which had been given to her, and by which alone she, and all of us, can safely walk, seeing that it is the power which must test all things before we can worthily accept anything—church ordinances not excluded. But ignorance is ever intolerant of what it does not understand; and Joan's judges, having had no experience of the influences that determined her to lofty and sublime action, could only attribute the whole to some evil spirit, for which again poor Joan was to become bodily responsible. She was declared guilty of heresy and schism, and threatened with the stake if she did not acknowledge her visions to be false, forswear male habits and arms for the future, and own how deeply she had erred. These are the tricks that men play with human nature, before high heaven, and which are indeed sufficient to make angels weep, or a Mephistopheles laugh. Joan indignantly resisted. The scaffold was prepared at Rouen (Fig. 1201); the victim brought forth. The bishop of Beauvais read the sentence; and while he was reading, the pious men who would have moved heaven and earth to induce her in effect to destroy her soul—by saving it in their way—were very solicitous about the dangers to her body. Joan was moved. The frightful aspect of the scene was too much for her. She uttered some words of contrition; a form of confession was instantly produced, and to that the miserable, wretched creature—not daring to pause to think of what she did—signed with a cross, the only signature she could make. She was led back to prison under a sentence of perpetual imprisonment. Well, was this not enough for the most bigoted of all earthly men, for the most hard of heart of all Joan's unnatural French enemies? No; the inconceivably cruel and base men in whose hands she was, placed her male attire in her dungeon, hoping, we presume, either thoroughly to break down every particle of the heroine's lofty and undaunted nature, by showing her to herself as too timid to give vent in any way to the feeling that was certain to rise in her heart at the sight of these tokens of her glorious career; or to entrap her, should she be induced by any revulsion of sentiment to put them on once more. Joan did put them on; and with them all her original faith, courage, and fortitude. She heard her voices reproaching her with her pusillanimity; she determined to be true to them and herself. She told her persecutors, "What I resolved, I resolved against truth: let me suffer my sentence at once, rather than endure what I suffer in prison." Her fate was then sealed irrevocably. Again the scaffold and the faggots were prepared; again the vast sea of upturned and un pitying faces met the eye of the friendless maiden in the market-place of Rouen; again she wept, but not again was there to be the smallest symptom that Mersey had any place in the world. She was burnt, and her ashes afterwards thrown into the Seine. The old monument (Fig. 1200) marks at once the scene of the transaction, and the opinion of Joan's later countrymen upon it. There have been some not very profitable discussions as to where the infamy of this execution chiefly lies; whether with the English, who sanctioned and, as it were, superintended the murder (the great Cardinal Beaufort (Fig. 1209) was present, but was so overcome as to be obliged to retire before the close), or with the French of Joan's own party, who made not the smallest effort to rescue her, although she had done everything for them,—or, lastly, with the French of the opposite party, who first took her captive, and then were in effect her real executioners: it seems to us that, the different circumstances of each party considered, they may on the whole divide the merit of the deed pretty equally between them. This tragedy, consummated in 1431, for a time checked the retrograde progress of the English authority in France; the more especially that the spell having been removed, which chilled all the fire of our troops, such men as the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Shrewsbury recovered the supremacy naturally belonging to their great skill and indomitable energy; but in 1435 the duke died, and eighteen years later the earl was defeated and killed in battle. And with brave John Talbot, the man whom sovereigns and people had alike delighted to honour (see the portraits and other engravings illustrative of his career, Figs. 1190, 1199, 1202, 1203), we lost also every inch of ground we had possessed in France, Calais only excepted. Such was the issue of one of the great questions of the reign of Henry VI. We now address ourselves to the other, involving that period so peculiarly interesting to all Englishmen, the Wars of the Roses.

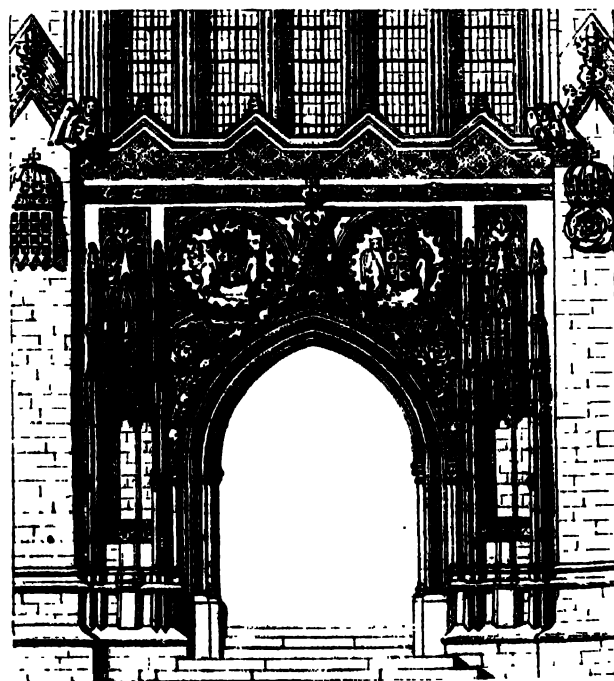
The origin of the poetical designation given to these wars is supposed to have been an incident that took place in the Temple Gardens on the Thames, when were present the chief of the younger branches of the Lancastrian or kingly family, the Duke of Somerset, and the chief of the Plantagenets, the Duke of York. These two were quarrelling; and Plantagenet, impatient at perceiving that the



1279.—King's College Chapel.



1280.—King's College Chapel.



1281.—Doorway, King's College Chapel, Cambridge.



1282.—Dutch Church, Austin Friars.



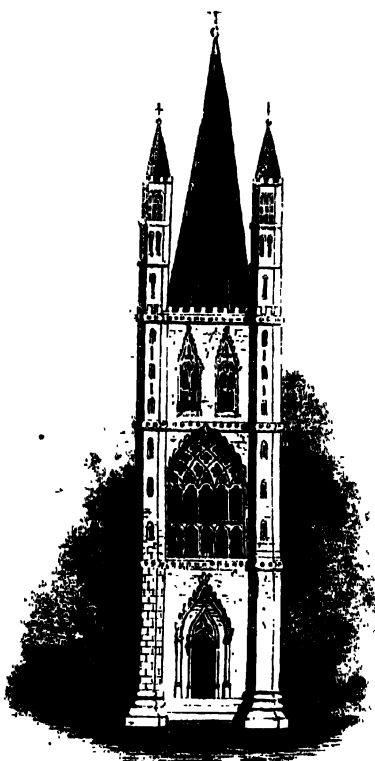
1283.—Crypt, Guildhall.



1284.—Porch of St. Alphage.



1285.—Interior of St. Helen's.



1286.—Tower of St. Michael's, Cornhill.



1287.—Cloisters, Charter-House.



1288.—St. Michael-in-Quern.



1289.—Inner Gateway, Charter-House.

nobles around seem unwilling to give an opinion as to which of the disputants is right, and probably attributing their unwillingness to their deference to Somerset's position as the great man of authority and influence on the kingly side, exclaims—

"Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb signifiants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a *white rose* with me."

Somerset accepts the challenge, and immediately adds:—

"Let him that is no coward, nor a flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a *red rose* from off this thorn with me."

The nobles pluck their red and white roses, in mute expression of their opinions of the previous argument; and possibly at the same time half intimating their anticipation of the coming mightier one, for which also they thus take sides. Suffolk plucks the red rose; he is with Somerset—Warwick the white; he is with Plantagenet. Add to the former the other powerful members of Somerset's family—the Beauforts, and especially the great cardinal; add to the latter, the Earl of Salisbury, Warwick's father, and we see with tolerable accuracy the two great baronial divisions formed during the struggles for political power that each party so ardently desired, as involving under such a sovereign as Henry VI. all the real powers of sovereignty.

Before, however, these parties became so formed, and so confronted each other, most, if not all of the members of both, had found ample employment in getting rid of a man whose nature was of too lofty a kind to descend to the intrigues they so much delighted in, and who saw too plainly the evils of faction to allow them even to pursue their own way unmolested. This was the Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle and presumptive heir,—the *good Duke Humphrey*, as the people admiringly and affectionately designated him. He had been placed at the head of the Council of Regency, immediately after the death of Henry V.; but there was also in that Council Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, a man of the most unbounded ambition, and who never ceased his endeavours to supplant the duke, until, failing every other means, he succeeded at last by having the young king, a boy of eight years old, crowned, and Gloucester's office of Protector abolished. If any evidence were needed that it was Beaufort's unprincipled ambition that was the real cause of all the contentions that kept England for so many years in trouble, and which had more than once nearly broken out into civil war, it is furnished by this act—on the face of it a dishonest one. If Gloucester were an unfit Protector, why another might have been appointed; but to pretend that the eight-year old king did not want a Protector at all, was, under the circumstances, perhaps a stroke of subtle policy, but not one calculated to win our admiration for its ecclesiastical author. Beaufort thus succeeded, and Gloucester descended to the position of a mere peer of the realm. But even then he so exposed the misdoings of the new governors, as to bring upon the cardinal the necessity of asking and obtaining from parliament an immunity for all crimes committed up to a certain period. The hatred of the Beauforts towards "good Duke Humphrey," under such circumstances, may be imagined; and as he had attacked, to the great satisfaction of the nation at large, the custom of choosing statesmen from the church, the whole body of churchmen shared the cardinal's feelings, and sought to compass his ruin. Other influences were in operation to aid them in that object. In 1445 Henry had married (Fig. 1191) the beautiful but unprincipled and masculine-minded daughter of the King of Sicily (Fig. 1206), who speedily showed to the English people her contempt alike for her husband and their notions of morality, by lavishing every mark of favour that it was in her power to bestow on the minister who had negotiated the marriage, the Earl of Suffolk. These two now sought to concentrate in themselves all the power of the realm, and, as the people believed, for the worst purposes. One man, again, stood in *their way*—"the good duke," who was also the man, as Margaret, no doubt, took care to remember, who had opposed Henry's marriage with her when first proposed. For the events that follow, it is now impossible to say to which party, that of the queen and her favourite, or that of the Beauforts, we should attribute them. Suffice it that Gloucester's utter ruin *was* determined upon and accomplished, and must therefore have had its agents. If his inveterate enemies who obtained the credit of such deeds were innocent, they have certainly been very unfortunate.

Gloucester's wife was first attacked. Being a great patron of

learning, the duke supported constantly in his house certain doctors and clerks, among whom was one Roger Bolingbroke, an adept in all the astrological mysteries of the day. The duchess, thinking somewhat too curiously of her husband's prospects, is supposed to have been desirous to know the time of the king's death, and to have held, therefore, consultations with the clerk as to the means of discovery. The simple credulity of the duchess is evident, for it was proved she had sought for love-philters to secure the constancy of her husband; but it was not proved that she had sought to hasten as well as to know the period of Henry's death as charged against her; and which it was stated she strove to accomplish by keeping by her a wax figure endowed with such magical sympathy, that in proportion as it wasted away, when melted before a fire, so would the flesh and substance of King Henry wither and dissolve. She was found guilty, however, and sentenced to perpetual confinement, besides doing public penance at three different places in London. The duke, whatever his emotions, stifled them, and instead of breaking out into violence, as may have been hoped, appeared patient and resigned. A short time after, a parliament was summoned at Bury St. Edmund's; the duke went without suspicion, was arrested for high treason, and in a few days later found dead in his bed: murdered there can hardly be a doubt. Our great poet makes both Suffolk and the cardinal participators in the crime. Beaufort, strangely enough, survived the duke but six weeks. His dying thoughts, as described by Shakspeare, present the most awful picture of a criminal and despairing mind that the whole range of literature can afford,—

Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, wher' they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again? then show me where is!
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

The amiable monarch, who bends over him, anxious for his soul's welfare, kindly adjures him,—

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign.

Now, if the poet were right in attributing the murder of good Duke Humphrey, in part to this old man of eighty years, as the concluding act of a life full of turmoil, and ambition, and worldly acquisition,—and we have seen how much ground there is to presume Shakspeare *was* right in so doing,—who, in that case, shall say that penetrating beneath the surface, and discarding the mere conventionalities of the bed of death, the dramatist has not given us the essential *truth* after all, even though it be known that the cardinal bade all present pray for him, and that when he could no longer enjoy his enormous wealth in person, he still made it subservient to his fame, by directing that a considerable portion of it should be expended in works of charity?

Suffolk was now supreme in power, and the formidable insurrections under Jack Cade may be taken as evidence of the character of his government, which became at last unbearable to other classes of the people of England than those which had followed Cade. The Commons impeached the favoured minister, and were evidently determined upon his conviction and death. The queen was no less determined to save him; and the weak Henry having been induced to throw himself into the breach, Suffolk was banished for five years—to the discontent of both parties. The people endeavoured to seize him, and execute justice in their own summary fashion; but he escaped, and embarked for the Continent. As the two small vessels that carried him and his retinue were between Dover and Calais, they were brought to by a great ship-of-war, the *Nicholas*, from whence presently came orders for the duke to come on board. As Suffolk stepped upon the deck, he was received by the significant salutation, "Welcome, traitor!" For two days, however, his fate remained uncertain, the captain of the *Nicholas*, in the mean time, constantly communicating with the shore; but on the third day a boat came alongside, with block, axe, and executioner all prepared; and Suffolk was speedily sent to his great account. And thus, one by one, were the men swept away from the scene, upon which a more important actor than any of them had been long, but secretly waiting for a favourable opportunity to enter and play his part. This was the Plantagenet of the Temple Gardens, the man in whose person centred the real right to the throne, as the lineal

descendant from the *third* son of Edward III.; except,—and the exception of course, in ordinary circumstances, ought to be a decisive one,—possession, and the long-continued sanction of the nation through three reigns, were to be considered as making permanent the seizure of the throne by Bolingbroke, who was descended from the *fourth* son of the king before named. But it must be confessed the circumstances of Henry's reign were not ordinary ones. That king was not only weak at the best of times, but unable, at certain periods, even to appear to exercise kingly authority. And although there was no hope of supplanting the good duke, had he lived to succeed his nephew, that difficulty was removed by his assassination. And, in short, Richard Plantagenet (Fig. 1207), to speak of him by the name that Shakspeare has made familiar, determined to aim, at least, at the attainment of the 'golden round'; continuing, however, to act with his usual prudence and secrecy, and confine his exertions for a time to the task of winning the Parliament of England to his cause, by his great deference to their authority, in all the offices entrusted to him, and more especially in the protectorship of the realm, rendered necessary during the king's fits of aberration. He took up arms, it is true—and more than once—but that was with the full sympathy of the nation at large, and in order to check the continual machinations of the court party, of whom Queen Margaret was still the ruling spirit, and Somerset—a Beaufort in ambition as well as in blood—the professed leader. And here, as in all the private events that we have spoken of, circumstances worked most favourably for Plantagenet; an enabling him to draw together all the armed force that he could, and yet in so doing to appear but as a supporter of the people generally, against a most unpopular minister. The aspect of affairs, therefore, when the wars of the Roses really began, was this:—two great baronial parties in the state struggling for political power, and for each other's destruction, and one of the two at the same time concealing beneath its ostensible claims, others of an infinitely more important and dangerous kind. And it is only by keeping in view the complex character of the wars at their commencement, and the insincerity almost necessarily imposed upon the combatants by their position and views, that we can understand how Englishmen became engaged in such deadly hostilities with so little apparent principle to fight for on either side—how such battles as that of St. Albans (Fig. 1212) came to be fought, for no other evident reason but to decide whether Plantagenet or Somerset should be chief minister. In that bloody field the royalists lost their leader, Somerset, with other nobles; and the king himself, a warrior only in his appearance (Fig. 1192), fell into the hands of the Duke of York, as prisoner. Still the latter contented himself with a kind of modest reversion to his former state of protector, with, however, this important change in the terms of his appointment, that he held it during the parliament's, and not the king's pleasure. And that was all the use he made of the battle of St. Albans. He had not even the gratification of obtaining what he had most probably all along hoped and wrought for, a formal parliamentary declaration that he should be the successor to the throne. And soon after, all hopes of this nature were destroyed by the birth of a prince. The duke, however, does not appear to have esteemed the event by any means of the decisive character that might have been anticipated. As the nation generally looked upon the child as the son of Suffolk, and not of King Henry, the Duke of York found it easy to do the same; and so abated, it should seem, no jot of heart or hope that he would yet be king of England. If so, it was clear that there must be some more powerful acting mind than the duke's at work, and that mind he found in his great coadjutor Warwick, one of the most eminent—perhaps, on the whole, the most eminent—of English nobles. (Fig. 1208.) This eminence was partly owing to position: the Nevill family, to which the earl belonged, was, it is supposed, at that time the most extensively-connected family ever known in England; and the earl himself was immensely rich; but his eminence was still more directly based on his personal qualities: on his unbounded hospitality; his frank and affable bearing; on his eloquence and general talents; on his military skill: so that with all classes of men he was necessarily popular. The people seem to have almost adored him. And it must be acknowledged, he had found a happy mode of preparing them to appreciate all his excellences. "When he came to London," says Stow, "he held such a house, that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for who that had any acquaintance in that house he should have had as much sodden and roast as he might carry upon a long dagger." In fine, he kept open house wherever he resided; and it has been estimated that not less than *thirty thousand* persons were fed daily at his different mansions during the period of his prosperity. Such was the man who bound up his fortunes with Plantagenet, and really did for him all that was done.

He it was who chiefly won the battle of St. Albans, and thus marked himself out for the especial attacks of the queen and her party. Thus when Henry, once more interposing with kind thoughts and desires, patched up a formal reconciliation between Margaret and Plantagenet, and induced them to walk together most lovingly hand in hand with him to St. Paul's, it was Warwick who first experienced the hollowness of the reconciliation, in an attempt to assassinate him in the streets of London, in consequence of which he suddenly left the metropolis. It was he, again, who, after the parliament that met at Coventry in 1459 had attainted him, with Plantagenet, and all their chief friends, shortly returned to express his opinions of the attainder, at the head of thirty thousand men. It was he who then gave Plantagenet the courage and determination to throw aside the mask, at last, and declare his purpose; and most characteristic was the duke's method of doing so. He returned from Ireland, entered London with an armed retinue, and made the best of his way to the House of Lords. Awful was the state of excitement and expectation as to what he was about to say—what do. He went straight to the throne, and laid his hand upon the gold cloth that covered it, he was evidently about to announce himself as king—but his old vacillation checked him even then: he paused, looked around, and then stood still, in the position he had taken. What a picture of his mind did not that position present? The Archbishop of Canterbury asked him if he would not visit the king in the adjoining palace. The duke replied that Henry ought rather to wait upon him—that he was subject to no man in that realm—but, under God, was entitled to all respect and *sovereignty*. Still there was no explicit and formal claim made. But in a week that too followed; and after much discussion—conducted, however, under the very awkward circumstance that Warwick's great army was abroad—the House of Lords suggested that Henry should retain the crown during his life, and that Richard, Duke of York, should succeed him. (Fig. 1205.) The Yorkists agreed; but the Lancastrians flew to arms, headed by Margaret herself, now not unnaturally anxious to maintain her son's rights to the throne. And thus at last, the objects of all parties became open, their movements real, and the wars of the Roses began in earnest. And these wars may nearly all be comprised in the history of the illustrious noble of whom we have spoken. The battle of Northampton was won by Warwick, and the king taken prisoner for a second time. That success was followed by a reverse, at the battle of Wakefield, in which Plantagenet, with all his long-cherished hopes, disappeared from the busy and bloody scene, that had been got up more especially for his advantage; he was defeated by Queen Margaret, and slain. Warwick's father, the Earl of Salisbury, was also taken prisoner, and beheaded by the savage female conqueror. But the death of the Duke of York caused no pause in the terrible action that was going on; it rather, indeed, infused new vigour into it, by the introduction of the duke's son, a brave and able warrior, who at first took his father's title of Duke of York, but soon after that of Edward IV., King of England.

These wars of the Roses, we may observe by the way, tried all parties' fortitude pretty severely. The cast of a die was hardly a more uncertain thing than the issue of a battle. The victor had hardly either time or inclination to congratulate himself on the conquest of to-day, for it was not at all improbable that he would be beaten to-morrow. The vanquished, again, suffered not only the ordinary humiliations of defeated men, but had always super-added the anguish arising from the tremendous losses invariably inflicted upon their friends and kindred on all such occasions. But both parties went on till they got used, we suppose, to all kinds of horrors, and until the only possible end to their mutual intensity of hatred, was utter exhaustion.

To the loss of his father, as a consequence of Plantagenet's defeat at Wakefield, Warwick soon after added the disgrace of his own defeat at St. Albans, Margaret again being the 'successful' opponent; but this was before the junction of Warwick and the new Duke of York. After that junction, all opposition for the time was beaten aside, and the combined forces entered London, and Edward was formally declared king. Instead of Westminster Abbey, however, Towton was destined to be the scene of Edward's virtual coronation. There it was that he was to be his own champion, not in vain words, but by deeds such as the winning of a battle; there was he anointed—by the sweat that ran down his brows, as he reposed from his labours after that well-fought and successful field. Edward IV. was then indeed King of England; and to the miserable but still persevering and resolute Margaret herself there could have appeared little ground for hope, except through the severance of Edward and Warwick; and that event, little as it could have been anticipated, did occur, in connection



1290.—Lambeth Palace, from the River.



1292.—The Chapel.



1291.—Gateway.



1293.—The Guard Room.



1294.—Lollard's Prison.



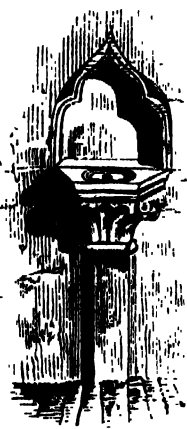
1295.—Great Hall.



1296.—Lambeth Palace, Garden View.



1287.—Holy Well at Northampton. Dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket.



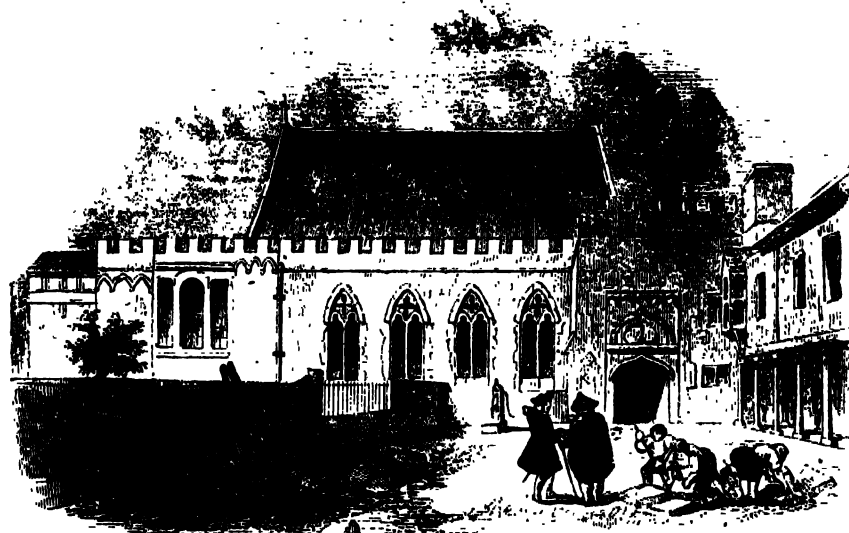
1288.—Font in Coventry.



1300.—Chapel of Ely House.



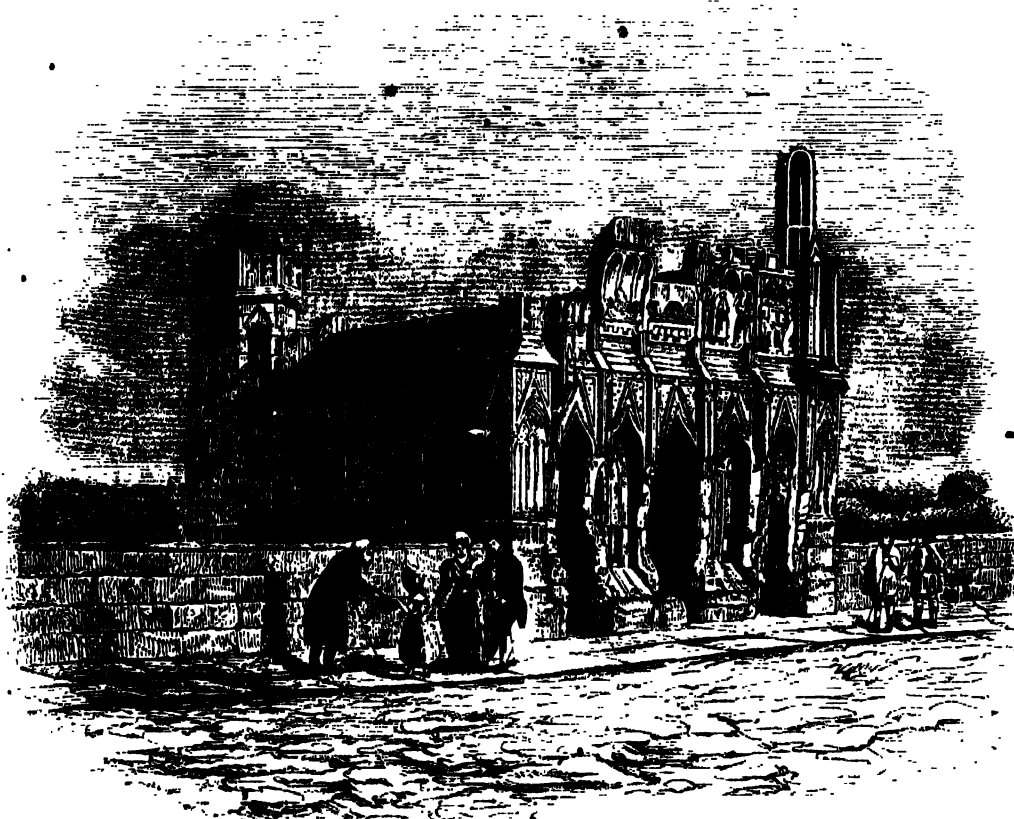
1298.—Coventry Pageant.



1300.—Ely Palace, 1772.



1301.—Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick.



1302.—Edward the Fourth's Chapel on Wakefield Bridge.

with one of the many romantic stories of which these wars of the Roses are full.

King Edward went one day to visit the Duchess of Bedford, who had married a second husband, Sir Richard Woodville, and was then living at her manor of Grafton, near Stony Stratford. The duchess's daughter Elizabeth was present, the young and beautiful widow of a Lancastrian knight who had been killed at the second battle of St. Albans and lost his estates by forfeiture. Availing herself of the opportunity, Elizabeth, kneeling at the feet of Edward, implored him, for the sake of her helpless and innocent children, to reverse the attainder. The beautiful suppliant gained at once her estates and the king's heart, who married her secretly on an appropriate May morning, in the year 1464. After considerable delay and preparation, Edward caused the nobility and chief estates of the kingdom to meet him at Reading Abbey, where Edward's brother, the Duke of Clarence, and Warwick, overcoming their great indignation at the marriage, took the fair queen (Fig. 1218) by the hand, and introduced her to the assembly. Edward rewarded them by shortly after making the queen's friends his bosom counsellors and the recipients of his bounty, to the exclusion of the Nevils, who had previously enjoyed both, and who had so well deserved them. The growing division was increased by the marriage of Edward's brother, Clarence, to one of Warwick's daughters, and, it is said, by a truly villanous attempt made by Edward on the honour of another near relation of the great earl in his own house. At all events a new insurrection broke out in Yorkshire in 1468, followed almost immediately, to the astonishment of Europe, by the capture of the king by Clarence and Warwick. Reconciliations and ruptures now again succeeded in the most perplexingly rapid and unexplained succession; and at the next pause it was Clarence and Warwick who were at the bottom of the wheel, or, in other words, who were flying for their lives to the Continent. There they met Margaret. The next marvel for the gossips of England to dilate upon, was the news that the apparently irreconcilable enemies, who had each upon his or her head the blood of the other's nearest and dearest kindred, had made a solemn compact of alliance (secured by the marriage of Prince Edward to Warwick's second daughter), and that they were preparing to invade England. Sudden and almost as causeless, to all appearance, as the changes of a dream, were those that now followed. England was invaded—Henry VI. was again proclaimed king—Margaret, Warwick, and Clarence march to London—Edward, in his turn, now becomes the continental fugitive—the Nevils are reinstated in all their offices. Well, shall we not rest at last? By no means. Edward IV., of course, has to act all the same manoeuvres over again, so he too invades England, with the assistance of his brother-in-law the Duke of Burgundy—his brother Clarence joins him—Warwick advances to meet the invaders—and at Barnet, on the 14th of April, 1471, the opposing forces encounter each other. The result of that battle (Figs. 1210, 1211) is the defeat of the Lancastrians, the death of their leader Warwick, and peace for England, produced, as we have before intimated, by the utter exhaustion of the principal element of the wars, the ambitious and turbulent nobles, who were nearly all destroyed in them. It is true that, only a few days after, the indefatigable Margaret was again at the head of an army; but the struggle was but momentary, and may be rather called a slaughter than a battle, though of the most decisive character. Margaret and her son (Figs. 1206, 1214) were both taken. "What brought you to England?" said King Edward to the prince. "My father's crown and mine own inheritance," was the bold reply. He immediately received a blow on the mouth with the king's gauntleted hand; and that brutal act was the signal for his murder, which was performed by Clarence and Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who thus fittingly makes his first important appearance as a public man. One thing only remained to do. Edward returned to London on the 21st of May, and on that very evening, or the following morning, the poor captive in the Tower, who had undergone more alternations of fortune during the few previous years than we have space to mention, was found lifeless. He was buried at Chertsey monastery (Fig. 1215), though subsequently his remains were removed, and it is said to Windsor, where a tomb (Fig. 1216) was erected to his memory. Popular rumour seems to have had ample reason for attributing Henry's murder to Richard of Gloucester, to whose subsequent career we now pass on, seeing that the remainder of Edward's reign presents, as regards himself, no features either of high interest or intrinsic importance, unless the mysterious death or murder of his brother Clarence in the Tower be considered an exception. Edward died on the 9th of April, 1483. Portraits of him (Figs. 1217, 1226), with his

autograph and great seal (Figs. 1219, 1220), and his coins (Figs. 1221 to 1225), and a view of his Court (Figs. 1227, 1228), will be found among our engravings.

At the time of his father's decease, the Prince of Wales was with his maternal uncle, the Earl of Rivers, at Ludlow Castle; and the Duke of York, his brother, in the care of his mother, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, at London. Poor boys! They wept, no doubt, when the mournful tidings reached them; but with far more reason might they have mourned for themselves could they have seen into the heart of the powerful uncle who claimed the charge of them under the title of *Protector*. That uncle, Richard of Gloucester, had many advantages to recommend him to a nation who set great price on strong manly qualities in their rulers: he was an accomplished warrior, and through all the vicissitudes of the previous reign had been Edward's companion in arms, and his sagacious and energetic adviser. And if there were men in England able enough to foresee danger from the high position to which a character of such force was raised by Edward's death, and who might try to prevent any injury to those who interposed between the duke and his right of succession to the throne; there was, probably, on the other hand, a great proportion of the nation who wished that he *were* king, in their apprehensions of the troubles of a royal minority, and in their admiration of Richard's talents. Thoroughly aware of all he had to hope and all he had to fear, and with a mind fixed, it would seem, on assuming the sceptre that he professed to hold for his nephew, Gloucester marched instantly from the Scottish border, where he was commanding an army against the Scots, and on reaching York on his way to London summoned the gentlemen of the north to swear allegiance to Edward V.: he was himself the first to take the oath. Arrived at London, he seemed to be very earnest about the preparations for the young king's coronation, whilst in reality he was clearing the way for his own. His chief adviser was the Duke of Buckingham, his cousin, and their subtle deliberations were carried on daily at a mansion in Bishopsgate Street, built by Sir John Crosby, an Alderman of London, who was knighted by Edward IV. after his landing at Ravenspur in 1471. The mansion (Fig. 1245), known as Crosby Place, is one of the most interesting antiquities of our metropolis here, and most probably in the Hall (Fig. 1246), sat Gloucester and his friend in deliberation; and "To turn the eyes and minds of men from perceiving their drifts," says Sir Thomas More, they sent for lords from all parts of the realm to the coronation. "But the Protector and the duke, after that they had set the Lord Cardinal, the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then lord chamberlain, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation in one place (the Tower), in part were they in another place [Crosby Place] contriving the contrary, and to make the Protector king. To which council, albeit there were admitted very few, and they very secret, yet began there, here and there about, some manner of muttering among the people, as though all should not long be well, though they neither wist what they feared nor wherefore: were it that before such great things men's hearts, of a secret instinct of nature, misgave them, as the sea without wind swelleth of itself some time before a tempest; or were it that some one haply somewhat perceiving, filled many men with suspicion though he showed few men what he knew? Howbeit, somewhat the dealing itself made men to muse on the matter, though the council were close; for, by little and little, all folk withdrew from the Tower and drew to Crosby Place in Bishopsgate Street, where the Protector kept his household. The Protector had the resort, the king in a manner desolate; while some for their business made suit to them who had the doing, some were by their friends secretly warned that it might haply turn them to no good to be too much attendant about the king without the Protector's appointment; who removed also divers of the prince's old servants from him, and set new about him. Thus many things coming together, partly by chance, partly of purpose, caused at length, not common people only, who wave with the wind, but wise men also, and some lords eke, to mark the matter and muse thereon; so far forth that the Lord Stanley, who was afterwards Earl of Derby, wisely mistrusted it, and said, with the Lord Hastings, that he much misliked these two several councils, 'for while we,' quoth he, 'talk of one matter in the one place, little wot we whereof they talk in the other place.'"

Yet neither of these lords seem to have had any idea, when they rode to the meeting of the two councils the next day, in what a fearful shape the mystery was to be unfolded to them. Let us glance at the scene. They enter the council-chamber—the lords are met—the Protector in a particularly agreeable mood. He leaves

them awhile, and returns with an aspect so entirely changed, as to strike all present with astonishment and fear. He bares one of his arms, that had been shrunken from his infancy, and exhibits it as a proof of the sorceries of traitors that are seeking to destroy him and Buckingham, and all the old nobility. Ferociously he glares on those he is about to destroy. Suddenly the room fills with armed men, and Stanley narrowly escapes a deathblow by lowering his head below the council-board. Every one knows the fate of the amiable and courtly Hastings, the incorruptible friend of Edward IV. and of his heirs. With scarce breathing-time between a doom utterly unexpected and its execution, he was barbarously beheaded on a log of wood that happened to be lying on the green within the Tower. This was the first of the state murders which rendered that green, and the fearful spot where it is said *the grass will not grow*, so memorable. Indeed the whole fortress, instead of a portion of it, might from that time have justly borne the name attached to the gateway leading into the area—the Bloody Tower. (Figs. 1242 and 1264.) Only two days after a similar scene was enacted before Pontefract Castle, where died three of the queen's near relations. By such acts, and by making free use of the dungeon, Gloucester swept aside or awed into passiveness many whom he could not tempt to support him by active measures. Throughout all these and other events originating in his ambition, a remarkable acquaintance with human character is displayed by Richard, and a singular power of operating upon it for the furtherance of his own selfish ends. Nowhere is this more apparent than in his choosing to divulge his intentions through oratorical appeals to the people, made *for* instead of *by* him, by the principal orators of the day—Dr. Shaw, the preacher at Paul's Cross, and the Duke of Buckingham, who from the hustings of Guildhall declaimed to the citizens, as Dr. Shaw had done on the previous Sunday, on the bastardy of Edward IV. and his children, and his luxurious vices, in contrast with the noble duke of Gloucester. A cry was attempted to be raised of "Long live King Richard!" but it was a feeble cry, and short-lived, and Buckingham could only draw from the respectable part of his audience a promise to *think of it*. This was disconcerting; nevertheless, as if the acclamations had been unanimous, Buckingham expressed a very earnest gratitude; and, proceeding to collect as many influential persons as he could, led them to Baynard's Castle, the residence of the Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloucester. The arch dissimulator appeared surprised at the embassy who there craved audience of him, and with great humility listened to a long address offering him the crown and royal dignity in the name of the three estates of the realm. After much modest reluctance, Richard of course felt it to be his duty to obey the voice of *the people*, so next day he was declared King of England and France in Westminster Hall. He began his reign by popular acts of justice and clemency, and might perhaps have kept his usurped greatness, and after all not have proved one of the worst of kings, but for the murder of the children that he had in his charge. Buckingham had fallen from him, and was heading a great rising of the people throughout Kent, Essex, Sussex, Berkshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Devonshire; and, to check this perilous movement, Richard imagined it necessary to destroy the young princes on whose behalf it was made; and this step, by the horror it excited, and the enemies it multiplied around him, proved his ruin. A man in his particular confidence, one John Greene, was secretly sent to Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter, and sufficient credentials, directing Sir Robert "in any wise" to put the children under his charge to death. Brakenbury had probably been induced to take an oath of secrecy, for he received the terrible command "kneeling before our Lady." He had either too much fear or too much conscience to obey (though his refusal must have been nearly as dangerous), for Greene returned to report the failure of his embassy, "whereat King Richard took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, 'Oh! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself—they that I thought would have mostly served me—even those fail, and at my commandment will do nothing for me.' 'Sir,' quoth the page, 'there lieth one in the pallet-chamber without that I dare well say, to do your Grace pleasure the thing were right hard that he would refuse.'—Meaning by this Sir James Tyrrel." To this Sir James, Richard according to the narrative of Sir Thomas More, opened his thoughts regarding the princes, and Sir James "devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed: to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow fleshbred in murder beforetime; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave." The merciless deed is thus

described:—"Then, all the others being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton, about midnight, came into the chamber, and suddenly wrapped them up amongst the clothes, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and, their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed; after which the wretches laid them out upon the bed, and fetched Tyrrel to see them; and when he was satisfied of their death he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones." In 1674 the bones of the royal victims were discovered beneath a circular flight of stairs winding up to the chapel of the White Tower; and thence they were removed, by order of Charles II., to Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. Richard had now to learn that he had for once failed egregiously in his policy, for instead of resting quiet under the sway of so inhuman a tyrant, because he had the power to strike terror into their hearts, the English at once sent to Bretagne, to invite to their throne a young man of the Beaufort branch of the great House of Lancaster, who from five years old, as he himself afterwards told the French historian, Comines, had been either in prison or under strict surveillance. The boy was in the hands of the Yorkists in Ragland Castle when Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, his uncle, who was attainted at Edward IV.'s accession, stole secretly from France, and, at imminent personal hazard, carried off young Henry to Pembroke Castle, and thence to sea, when they were driven by stress of weather into the port of Bretagne. Duke Francis the Second detained both in honourable captivity, until the Earl of Richmond was chosen by the chiefs of the English nobility to cope with Richard III. for the throne. The experiment was hazardous, considering Richmond was wholly inexperienced in war. After the death of Edward IV.'s sons, his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was the rightful sovereign of England, and the offer made to Richmond was conditional on his marriage with her—he therefore took a solemn and public oath to complete that alliance when he should have conquered Richard. Henry's personal claims were very defective. The Beauforts were illegitimate descendants of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford; and it is not clear that the patent of legitimacy subsequently entered on the rolls of Parliament, after the marriage of Gaunt and Catherine, admitted them to the right of regal succession; but even granting that it did, there were in existence nearer offshoots of the Lancastrian tree, though, being aliens in all respects but this, the nation paid small regard to them. The only other Lancastrian beside Henry who was at all formidable was the Duke of Buckingham; the mother of each was a Beaufort. It does not seem to be known with any accuracy what first induced Buckingham to fall from Richard; but it is clear family interest would weigh with him in supporting Henry, to whom he stood next in a right line of succession. He might naturally dream that royalty for himself might be attainable. But Buckingham was not moulded for great enterprises; his party broke asunder without a blow, and he fell into Richard's hands and was beheaded instantly. All the hopes of the nation were then concentrated on Richmond; whose name, Henry Tudor, suggested a train of associations connected with his descent that, though not amounting to a claim, operated a good deal in his favour. As grandson of Sir Owen Tudor and the widow of the lamented Henry V., he was a descendant of the Welsh sovereigns and the royal house of France. The prophecy of Henry VI. would also be remembered. One day, as he was washing his hands at a great feast, happening to cast his eye on Henry, then a boy, he said, "This is the lad that shall possess quietly that we now strive for." (Bacon.) The prophecy might have been in Edward IV.'s mind when he so repeatedly importuned Duke Francis of Bretagne to render up the young earl. To the duke's steadfast refusals, dictated it would seem by generous solicitude for the safety of his guest or prisoner (since he could hardly have anticipated at that time a restoration of the Lancastrian dynasty), Richmond owed most likely his escape from the practices that had summarily shortened the lives of Duke Humphrey and Henry VI. After the first abortive attempts of his friends in England, during which he reached the Devon coast but did not land, Richmond was driven from his former shelter in Bretagne by the power of King Richard, and resorted to France, where, after an interval of nearly two years, he prepared for his second descent with a small army of foreign adventurers and English exiles, placing his reliance entirely on the aid he should receive after landing.

In this reliance, and in the generally bold character of the attempt, he insured for himself success. Those whom King Richard had planted to defend the coasts suffered the invaders to land



1303.—Guy's Cliff in the 17th Century.



1304.—Chapel at Guy's Cliff.



1308.—Stratford Church: West End.



1305.—Church of An'ou Cantlow.



1309.—Ancient Font, formerly in Stratford Church.



1306.—The Parish Church, Evesham.



1307.—Stratford Church.



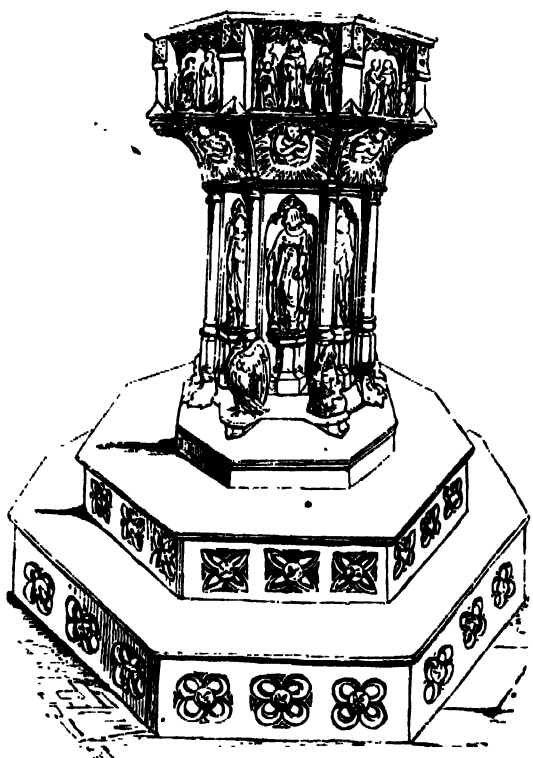
1310.—Front of Henry V.'s Chantry, Westminster.



1311.—Luton Church.



1312.—Inlaid Brass Monument of Eleanor Bohun, wife to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.—Died 1299.



1313.—Font in East Dereham Church, Norfolk.



1314.—Northleach Church, Norfolk.



1315.—Weston Church.



1316.—Leatherhead Church.

without obstruction at Milford Haven, and to march on unopposed as far as Tamworth Castle (Fig. 1244). Let us see how Richard had employed the time. After the first failure of Henry he passed various acts that show him to have been fully equal to the comprehension and advancement of the economical welfare of the country; therefore making it still more to be regretted that he should not have known better what were his true interests than to pollute himself with blood and murder, when he was in possession of so much more effectual means for working out his objects. His restless fears were as furies goading him to destruction. To prevent the alliance of Richmond and Elizabeth, he would have married that princess to his own only son, Edward; and when the untimely death of the latter stopped that scheme, Richard had the insanity and wickedness to propose to her himself; and she, his own niece, the sister of the poor boys he had murdered, is said to have been not merely willing but eager to accept the offer—and this whilst Richard's queen, Anne (Figs. 1236 and 1243), yet lived, though presently after she died, as suspected, of poison. Surely Elizabeth of York must have dissembled through fear of her uncle. Ratcliff and Catesby, two of Richard's most trusted advisers, have the merit of dissuading him from this infamous scheme, by assuring him it would rouse the indignation of the people from one end of the kingdom to the other. Then Richard publicly disclaimed all intentions of the kind, though the grossness of the falsehood could only serve to sink him lower in public estimation. Another of Richard's cruelties was the beheading of Collingbourne, a gentleman whose only crime was his being the author of a popular rhyme—

The cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog,
Rule all England under a hog:

alluding to Ratcliff, Catesby, Lord Lovel, and Richard, whose crest was a wild boar. But the tyrant's career was soon to draw to a close. His power and influence rapidly declined. He was without money, and durst not ask supplies. Forced loans destroyed the little remnant of his popularity in London. Hourly he heard of his nobles passing over to Richmond. Many that remained excused themselves on various pretences from arming in his defence. Under these wretchedly disheartening circumstances, the genius of the last-crowned Plantagenet shook off every encumbrance, and displayed itself in a promptitude, ability, and decision worthy of any of his great progenitors. He sent forth a proclamation, drawn up with infinite skill, according to which Henry Tudor could have no claim to the crown of England but by conquest,—had bought the aid of the ancient enemies of France by the surrender in perpetuity of all those rights in France that the English had won so hardly, and by promises of gifts of all that was valuable in England; and he was coming with bands of robbers, murderers, and attainted rebels. Therefore Richard called on "all true and good Englishmen" to arm against these invaders, promising himself, like a diligent and courageous prince, to spare no labour or peril in their behalf. By such energetic measures, under every disadvantage, Richard was able to march toward Leicester with a large force; but, according to the Oriental metaphor, having sown the wind, he was now to reap the whirlwind. Deserters went over in crowds to his enemy, and Richard saw around him very few in whom he could place any faith. The two armies left the towns of Tamworth and Leicester (Fig. 1247) at the same time precisely; they then encamped during the night before the battle, Richmond at Atherston, and Richard near Bosworth, and took up their final positions on Redmore plain on the morning of the 22nd of August, 1485. The desertions, still increasing, filled Richard with the worst forebodings. These haunted him when he lay down to rest before arming for the fight, and in his sleep he fancied himself pulled and hauled about by terrible devils, so that in the morning he looked "piteously," and had not that alacrity, and mirth of mind and of countenance, that he was accustomed to have before he came forward to the battle. (Hall.) Nevertheless his soldiers beheld him on the following morning riding on horseback through their ranks, bravely appalled, with the crown on his head, and marshalling all into due order. When Richard saw the earl's force had passed a morass that lay between the armies, he "commanded with all haste to set upon them; then the trumpets blew, and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows. The earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The

terrible spot once passed, the armies joined and came to hard strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley [who headed one of the three divisions of Richard's army] joined with the earl, having three thousand men with him." The junction at this moment had been sagaciously planned. The movement, extending as it did throughout Richard's army, was completely bewildering; all was confusion and uncertainty. "Some," says Fabyan, "stood hovering afar off till they saw to which side victory should fall." Of the nobility with Richard, only two were perfectly faithful to him to the last—John Howard and his son, whom Richard had created first Duke of Norfolk (Figs. 1240, 1241) and Earl of Surrey (Fig. 1249). Our readers will remember the scroll found by Norfolk in his tent in the Shaksperian scene—

Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

Norfolk made a most gallant attack on the earl's van, which might have carried victory with it, had the other great leaders supported him. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Sir Robert Brackenbury, and a few other knights, also fought and died nobly for their master. The fierce struggle had lasted near two hours, and Richard's doom seemed certain, when single-handed he nearly retrieved all misfortunes. He was told that the Earl of Richmond with a small number of men-at-arms was not far off, separated it would appear from the rest of the army; and as Richard marched nearer, he recognised him "by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learned of others." On a sudden he spurred "out of side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest towards him." His attack was made with resistless might. Richmond's standard-bearer was instantly slain and the standard thrown down. Sir John Cheney, a man of great force and strength, met him hand to hand, but was overthrown, and others who tried to stop his way to Richmond shared the same fate. Before the troops of Richmond perceived his imminent danger, the earl and the king were met, and the earl, though he received the shock most bravely, was at last giving way before the deadly thrusts of Richard, and beginning to despair alike of life and throne, which at that moment rested indeed upon the hazard of the die, when Sir William Stanley, who, like his father, had the command of three thousand of Richard's men, suddenly destroyed the last hope of Richard, by turning upon him: then, and not till then, fell Richard III., "manfully fighting in the midst of his enemies." The Stanleys unquestionably caused his defeat and death, and it was Lord Stanley (Fig. 1248) who, on the spot now called Crown Hill, picked up his battered and blood-stained crown, and placed it on Richmond's head. We should have been glad to see more of the old chivalric generosity actuating the victor's treatment of his rival's dead body, which was stripped, flung over a horse, exposed ignominiously for three days, and buried without respect in the church of Greyfriars in Leicester. We have given four portraits (Figs. 1230, 1237, 1238, 1239), besides those on the coins and great seal (Figs. 1232 to 1235), of this remarkable man. Excepting one, they contradict the vulgar notions of his person. He may have had some slight deformities, and his stature was low, but his features were rather handsome, and his aspect polished. The best notion of the historical Richard III. is to be gained from the portrait that we have surrounded by localities of Bosworth Field (Fig. 1237). It was originally published by the Royal Antiquarian Society. This shows him young—he was, indeed, scarce thirty when he seized the crown, and only in his thirty-third year when he died. The positions of the encampments and armies on Bosworth Field may be yet distinctly traced; though the ancient barren wild, without a hedge or tree, gleams and glows beneath the summer sun with the products of cultivation. The well of which it is said Richard drank during the heat of the combat, was drained and closed when Dr. Parr visited it in 1812, and wrote his Latin inscription for a monument. There have been dug up at various times, shields, crossbows, arrow-heads, halberds, armour, spears, skeletons, &c. In taking leave of Bosworth, we must observe, that the contest was not on that extensive scale which we might have anticipated, considering its eventful character, involving as it did the death of Richard, and the introduction to the throne of England of the Tudor race of sovereigns.

CHAPTER II.—ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.



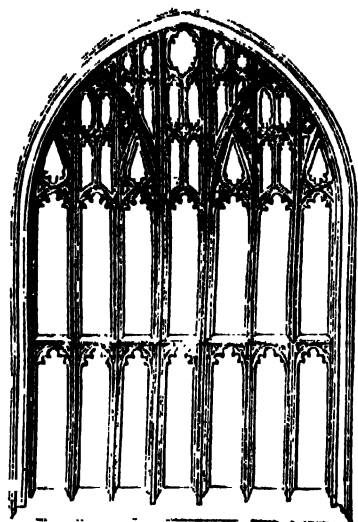
ALL that is fair must fade, or at least for a time appear to do so, is a rule as applicable to architectural styles as to every thing else; and so, having traced the rise of the beautiful Gothic, through its simplest up to its sublimest developments, we have now, on entering upon a third period, to speak of its decline, of which a too rank prosperity seems to have been the predisposing cause. It is as if the great artists of the day had grown so habituated to their labours, that when they found they could rise no higher, why, they were even content to descend lower, so long as they were still going on; a wise determination, if they had but changed the direction of their labours, and endeavoured to raise some other style to the level of the Gothic, instead of lowering the Gothic itself, while pursuing their experiments. As it was, they set to work to "gild refined gold," and with no better success than might have been anticipated. A style of which decoration is the peculiarly distinctive characteristic sprung up, and was intermingled with a style which had ever been the theme of wonder and admiration on account of the stern beauty and consummate grandeur of its outlines: the two could not harmonize on terms of equality; every principle of art forbade it; and the result was the predominance of the first, and the consequent gradual degradation and ruin of the Order to which both belonged. But even in that ruin, the Gothic, like a dying flower, scattered abroad the seeds of a vigorous progeny, which, under the name of the Tudor Domestic architecture, forms to this day the most valuable of all styles for general purposes, which combines at once all the qualities that can be derived for the largest or the smallest public or private building (ecclesiastical edifices of course excepted), which, in a word, will give us the sumptuous magnificence of the Houses of Parliament, or the picturesque comfort of the suburban or roadside cottage, with its bay window and gabled roof. It is no doubt from the very want of a direct or highly-elevated purpose in the minds of the promoters of this third stage of the Gothic, that the names given to their style have been so various, and all so comparatively inadequate or inapplicable. Of these, perhaps the best known, but the least architecturally expressive, is the Tudor, given no doubt on account of the period when the style was so much in vogue,—the reign of Henry VII., the first of the Tudor family who occupied the throne of England. The Depressed Arch order is good, inasmuch as it shows at once the very feature in which it chiefly differed from the previous Pointed Arch style; but very bad in this—that the arch became a less and less conspicuous feature, and consequently did not, for long at least, stand in the same relation to the style that the Pointed Arch did to the Gothic. We come next to the name by which the style is generally spoken of in scientific works, the Perpendicular, which is derived from the mullions, or slender strips of stone that divide the windows longitudinally, and the panellings that so largely decorate all otherwise vacant spaces of wall. But on such grounds, as has been well observed, Horizontal Architecture would be quite as fit, if not indeed a more fitting designation. If the reader will turn for a moment to the three engravings at the top of page 356, he will see in the first—a window from St. Mary's, Oxford (Fig. 1317)—something like a Perpendicular effect; but in the second—a door from the ruined Bishop's palace, Lincoln (Fig. 1318)—the broad square label over the door gives a decidedly Horizontal expression to the whole; while lastly, in the third, showing the window in the nave of Winchester Cathedral (Fig. 1319), the transoms (or stone strips that cross the mullions, and with them form the inner framework of a window) are so numerous that the window becomes cut up into panels, to which the names Perpendicular and Horizontal become equally applicable, and equally unmeaning. But there are other points that make the second the

more appropriate of the two as applied to the style; such for instance as the depression of the arch already alluded to, which conveys the idea of an approximation to the horizontal, in the arch of Eton College (Fig. 1278), and also the string-courses marking the different stories of an edifice, which when bold and prominent, as in the building just mentioned, aid materially to increase the horizontal and to decrease the perpendicular effect. Lastly, it is to be observed, that none of these names convey the slightest idea of all the other features of the style—the increased expansion of the windows, and the frequently embattled character of their transoms, nor of the gorgeous tracery of the fan-roofs, and their vast pendants suspended in mid air, as if to mock, in very wantonness of artistical skill, the fears and precautions of ordinary architects; neither do they suggest ought of the wondrous luxuriance of heraldic emblazonry that enriched the buildings of the style, and formed in themselves one of their most peculiar features. Looking at all these circumstances, perhaps we shall agree that the only name we have not yet mentioned, the Florid, is on the whole the best.

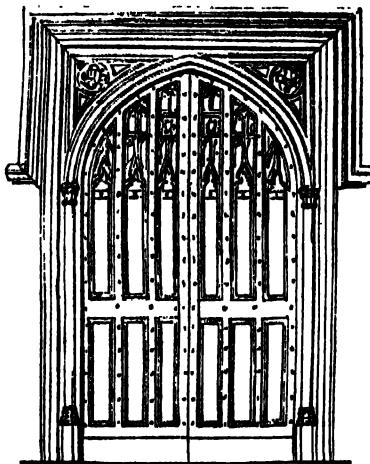
To judge of the effect of the combination of all these qualities, one must pay a visit to Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, King's College, Cambridge, or St. George's Chapel, Windsor, three perfect and unadulterated examples of Florid architecture. Writers date the decline of the Pointed architecture from the introduction of this style, and abstractedly we have in a preceding sentence agreed with them. The purity of the Gothic was spoiled no doubt; but when we look upon the superb works just named, one can hardly help echoing the remark of a friend of ours to his lady, who remonstrated that some choice dish would be spoiled by his method of dressing it:—"I like it spoiled," was the quiet reply. Assuredly one must have very little taste, or a great deal of it, who does not like the spoiled Gothic.

In all the characteristics of the style that we have enumerated, King's College, Cambridge, begun in the reign of Henry VI. and finished in that of Henry VII., stands pre-eminent. Decoration runs riot there, and the sense aches again at the beauty and splendour and variety that everywhere meet the gaze. Floor alone excepted, the whole is, to begin with, one mass of panelling in all the forms of panelling. One thinks nothing can exceed the elaborate splendour of the entrance-doorway (Fig. 1281) until the painted windows meet the gaze; yet both these again presently appear to be surpassed by the roof, composed entirely of arches of the most airy and most indestructible construction, and covered with exquisite fan-like tracery, beside which all previous decoration seems so insignificant, that we feel to want a new word to express worthily the character of that which makes the chapel of King's College glow as it were with a *lighter* kind of light. And yet we are told of what *was* intended, of the grandeur and magnificence that *were* to have been exhibited, had not the wars of the Roses interrupted the good King Henry in his projects! Some interesting records have been preserved as to the mode of proceeding in those days, from which it appears that when a king wanted some grand chef-d'œuvre of the arts, he had only to send out his commands to that land of romance in the days of Henry VI., as well as in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson—Southwark, and the matter was in effect settled. At the time fixed there were the windows, or doors, or roofs required; or, in fine, a St. George's, a King's College, or a Henry VII.'s Chapel. In these records we find, for instance, contracts for the windows of King's College, and for the "orient colours and imagery" with which they were to be adorned, drawn up in the same matter-of-fact manner that one would now employ if a number of mere modern sashes were concerned; and yet the "orient colours and imagery" same.

Leaving our readers now to trace out for themselves, by the aid of these preliminary remarks and our numerous engravings of the period in question, the many modes in which the Perpendicular style then developed itself, we proceed to notice the more important and interesting of the buildings represented in those engravings, occasionally, perhaps, in connection with their archi-



1317.—Perpendicular Window.—From St. Mary's Church, Oxford.



1318.—Perpendicular Door.—From the Bishop's Palace, Lincoln.



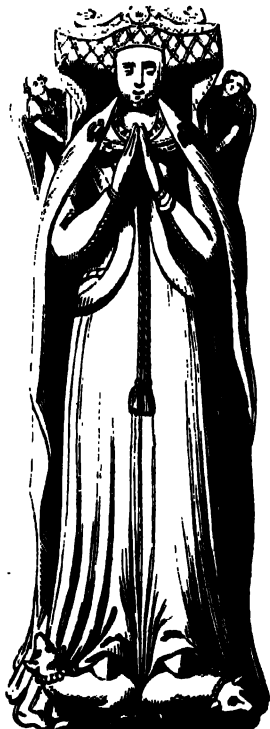
1320.—Specimen of Old Paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel.



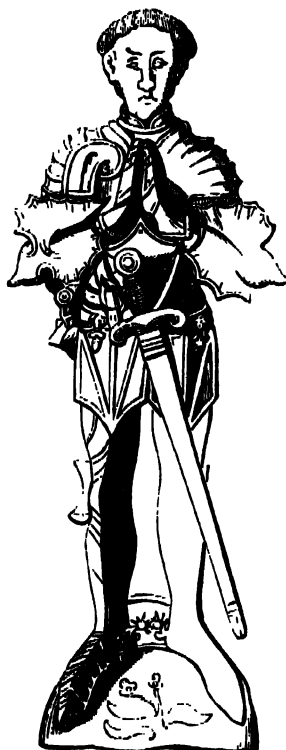
1319.—Nave of Winchester Cathedral.



1321.—Effigy of Beatrice, Countess of Arundel. In Arundel Church.



1322.—Effigy of Lady de Thorpe. In Ashwellthorpe Church, Norfolk.



1323.—Effigy of Sir Thomas Peyton, Ischem Church, Cambridgeshire.



1324.—Robert Chamberlain, Esquire to Henry V. (Ottom MS. Nero, D 7.)



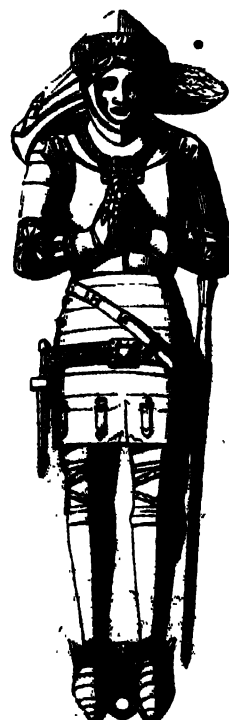
1325.—Effigy of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. From his Monument in the Lady-Chapel, St. Mary's Church, Warwick.



1327.—Effigy of Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. Haversham Church, Norfolk.



1328.—Effigy of Lady Peyton. Ischem Church, Cambridgeshire.



1329.—Effigy of Sir Robert Grutbill, Haversham Church, Norfolk.



1329.—The Duke of Bedford and St. George.—From the Bedford Missal.



1331.—Transcriber at Work.



1330.—Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, as a Pilgrim, worshipping at the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem. From a MS. of Rouse's History of the Earls of Warwick, in the Cottonian Library (Engraved in Strutt's Regal and Ecclesiastical Costume).



1332.—Convocation of Clergy. (From the Harl. MS. 4379.)



1333.—Friar Preaching from a Movable Pulpit.—(Royal MS. 14 E. 21.)



1334.—Passage of the Host. Cripples worshipping.—(Cotton MS. Nero, D. 1.)

lectual characteristics, but generally in the more popular view—of their uses and history. We may begin with St. George's Chapel and Eton; the last founded by the same monarch, and at the same time, as King's College, Cambridge, and indeed connected with it as a preparatory school. A poet thus introduces us to Eton and Windsor:—

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade!
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way!

Standing on the finest part of the noble terrace (Fig. 1259) on "Windsor's heights," the matchless prospect described by Gray, in his celebrated ode 'On a distant Prospect of Eton College,' is before us in all its beauty and glory, glittering under a bright October sun, and a crisp keen atmosphere, that brings out all the attractions of the "silver winding" Thames, and throws into most picturesque prominence the antique towers of Eton, a most interesting and ornamental feature of the view.

Let us be thankful that the exclusive spirit which debars the people from so many of the fairest scenes as our fair island has not shut up this noble terrace, from which, as from a vantage-ground, we now resume our notices of the chivalric history of Windsor (see p. 242), whose knightly sovereigns seem still to rule the place from their urns. Windsor appears still pervaded by their spirit—still to echo back the sound of their footsteps—still to be glorified by their pomps. Our thoughts are here carried back, age after age, through Tudor and Plantagenet dynasties, through the various scenes they have enacted here (too many even for the briefest enumeration), to that earliest period, when, from the first battlements, rude and stern, of the fortress and hunting-seat of William the Conqueror and William Rufus, fair dames looked forth over the thick woods and tangled vales to see the Norman chivalry—

With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
. . . chase the fearful hart of force.

EARL OF SURREY.

That period was the first principal epoch in the history of Windsor Castle. Of the second we have spoken in Edward the Third's chivalric career. But we must say a few words more on his buildings, and the purposes to which he applied them. First, as to the distribution. Most people know that Windsor Castle extends around two principal areas, divided by the "proud keep," and called the Upper and Lower Wards; the upper being of grand extent. Thus did Edward III. arrange his home. St. George's Hall, used for the high festivals of the Knights of the Garter, is on the north side of the great quadrangle, or Upper Ward (Fig. 1260), and looks so antique and chivalric that one might almost fancy we have but to step in to behold the Round Table itself, with Edward and all his knights in their glory around it. The hall forms an oblong room of vast length, and terminates a continuous line of state apartments, to which the public are admitted. Most truly does this grand quadrangle deserve the epithet by which it is distinguished; "grand" it is unquestionably, in its combination of large space, with regularity of form in the ranges of buildings, and general dignity of style. Invention in Gothic architecture had so far ceased by the time of Charles II., that the monarch could find no better substitute for Edward III.'s buildings in this quadrangle than the style of Louis XIV.! But the bad taste of that change has been remedied, and hence the present fine quadrangle. Fine as it is, however, its chief interest to an imaginative mind must consist in its suggestions of the old days, when Edward's thick embattled walls, and narrow towers, and crooked steps, and loopholed apologies for windows, letting in a few rays of light in confined and rude apartments, were here watched by mailed warriors, and pierced ever and anon by some shrill trumpet-blast, indicating a new arrival to share the boundless hospitality of Windsor, and try a passage of arms with its renowned knights. Those were indeed the palmy days of Windsor: with all its modern improvements and heightened refinements, we must not look to see their like again,—no—not even under our present youthful and pageant-loving sovereign.

The interval of twenty-one years between the "jousts, tournaments, dances, carols, and great and beautiful repasts" in honour of Edward's bridal with Philippa of Hainault, in 1328, and the first grand installation of the order that promises to be an immortal memorial of the king's unfortunate passion for the lovely and noble-hearted Countess of Salisbury—marks the rise of Windsor to the

zenith of its glory, when its fame went abroad over the earth. It was a great day, that anniversary of St. George in 1349, when twenty-five of England's best and bravest knights, banded together by the order of the Garter, and headed by a king in all respects their fitting leader and glorious exemplar, walked in solemn procession, amid a concourse from all the nations that then partook of the chivalric fire, and laid their honours and their arms at the feet of the Most High, in the College or Free Chapel of St. George (Figs. 1276, 1277), that had been founded expressly for the new Order, and for the maintenance of poor knightly brethren, who might there offer up prayers for the weal of the souls of the knights-companions. In this, as in a thousand other instances, we see how deeply the precept "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord" had entered into the hearts and minds of our ancestors, and consequently into all their institutions; and thus it is that these institutions, notwithstanding the mighty revolutions of society, still constantly arrest the eye in some shape or other, to reproach our colder faith and charity. Gorgeous and protracted was that first festival of St. George; full of knightly skill and daring the martial encounters. The knights-companions, bound to assist and defend each other by the oath of the "golden badge of unity" (Speed) and of martial honour, boldly met all comers, and challenged the best of the heroes of all lands. The chief ladies, who presided at the festival, with Queen Philippa at their head, were splendidly attired in the habit of the order, wearing the garter around the left arm, and were called *Dames de la Fraternité de St. George*. The sehonours were conferred from time to time upon a certain number of distinguished ladies until a century after, when they began to fall into disuse. Charles I. and his queen would have revived them, had not the civil wars prevented.

The habit of the knights-companions was for a long time chiefly distinguished by its colour (blue), and by embroidered garters, over the mantle, tunic, and hood, all three then prevalent parts of royal and noble costume. The knights' tunics were lined with miniver, the sovereign's with ermine, fur being then a most costly and fashionable ornament. Henry VIII. added the collar and the greater and lesser medallion of George killing the dragon. The blue riband was Charles II.'s addition. The habit, when worn in full, with all the insignias, has a most magnificent appearance. The variety of rich and resplendent objects, each having its own associations, feasts at once the eye and the imagination. There are the blue velvet mantle, with its dignified sweep, the mode of crimson velvet, the heron and ostrich plumed cap, the gold medallion, the blazing star, the gold-lettered garter, to all which may be added the accessories that rank and wealth have it in their power to display; as, for example, the diamonds worn by the Marquis of Westminster at a recent installation, on his sword and badge alone, worth the price of a small kingdom, or, richer still, her present Majesty's jewels, that seem to have been showered by some eastern fairy over her habit of the Order, among which the most beautiful and striking feature is, perhaps, the ruby cross in the centre of the dazzling star of St. George.

The second sovereign of the Order of the Garter was Richard II., in whose reign the knights of England sought elsewhere for fame, though there was plenty of revelling at Windsor, and on a scale of the most extraordinary magnificence. There is a very singular fact in connexion with this king and St. George's Chapel, that might raise many conjectures. The chapel was falling to ruin, and no less a person than Geoffrey Chaucer was made "clerk of the works" for its repair, with a salary of two shillings a day. He did not, however, long occupy the post. We wonder if *impressing* "carpenters, stone-cutters, and other workmen" quite met with the bard's approbation. The absurdity and injustice of such a system is so apparent now, that one hardly likes to find an illustrious name like the poet's connected with it, though in truth the subject of the right of the poor to dispose of their labour was in Chaucer's time little understood even by their best friends. We perhaps err on the other side, and, by not taking sufficient care to see that our people are all thoroughly employed, do too often in effect, under the semblance of affording freedom to industry, in reality secure to it only its own misery and degradation.

After the great poet and his ill-starred master had been gathered to the grave, Henry of Bolingbroke, having spent his chivalric energies in foreign wars "for the faith," and his ambition in compassing the crown, shut up his state captives here, where one—the lineal heir of the throne—pined thirteen years, until the accession of a more magnanimous and fearless king, who set wide his rival's prison doors, and became his true friend and companion in arms. When this "mirror of all Christian kings" (Henry V.) with his "grace and myght of chivalry" went forth to France—to die—

he left his young queen, Katherine of France, at Windsor, and there was born "Henry of Windsor," the sixth of that name, who had, perhaps, less of chivalric ardour in his composition than any king that ever sat on the English throne, which was the secret of his melancholy fate; for none but a very able or a very chivalric king could possibly then have governed the bold and ambitious English. His relics found their way from the Tower to St. George's Chapel, where they were worshipped, if not as a hero's, yet as a saint's, and miracles were long believed to take place at his tomb (Fig. 1216).

A new epoch in the chivalric history of Windsor would have opened with the reign of Edward IV., if that monarch, so cruel and brave in war, so gay and affable in peace, could have accomplished what he wished. During the few happy years that relieved his tempestuous career, he laboured hard to restore the declining genius of chivalry; but well as he was fitted for the task, it was too difficult even for him, though assisted by the general desire of the nation, and by the stimulus given by the first printed books—the chivalric romances—of the Caxton press. Firearms were also fast dissipating the prestige attached to knightly skill; commerce and literature were opening new and boundless fields for the energies that had been wasted hitherto on war. A more enlightened religious faith was introducing new refinements and enhancing the value of life; and, in short, chivalry was already as a lamp of the night, whose beams grew wan and useless in the radiance of the opening day of knowledge. Finding that neither authoritative edicts, brilliant example, nor liberal encouragement could bring back the old ardour, Edward IV. was fain to solace himself with the shows instead of the substance of chivalry; and even in them was no less strikingly exhibited the growing spirit of the time. The tournaments, for instance, of the fifteenth century (Figs. 1254, 1255), provided with such care for the protection of the combatants, that the chief object of the sport, the development of martial bravery, was lost; and the fire of emulation burned so low in the breasts of the chief knights of the time, that they were content to have the number of blows that should be struck, reduced to as mechanical a precision as any of the commonest arrangements of the tilt-yard. The shock of the war-horses, that had formed one of the leading perils of the encounter, was prevented by a double barrier of partitions dividing the hostile parties, and stretching across the area of the lists; whilst the thrust of the lance and the sword was also rendered harmless enough by the points being blunted. (Sir Walter Scott.)

We are not surprised to find Edward, under such hopeless circumstances, turning to other courtly delights. One day the Lord Mayor of London, and the aldermen and their wives, received his summons to attend him at Windsor,—not to present addresses, or to perform any other state formality—no—but simply to "hunt in his company, and he himself to be merry with them." (Stow.) One can hardly help smiling to think of grave and solid burgesses, unused to courtly amusements or courtly society, riding might and main in Windsor's glades after the jovial king and his favourites and parasites; and when the sport was done (a trying sport to them, very likely), banqueting in the gay silk tents that Edward set up in his summer hunting for the ladies, "wherein," says Comines, "he treated them after a magnificent manner," his humour and person being, in the words of the same excellent judge, "as well suited to gallantry as those of any prince I ever saw in my life, for he was indisputably the most beautiful man of his time." Whilst at Windsor these worthy city guests of Edward IV. would probably do something more for their monarch's amusement than simply hunt; they could not "ride in the mumming," as their forefathers had done at the Christmas festival of Henry IV., and for which the said civic mummers "had great thanks?" What would our present city dignitaries say to amusing our court in this way; capering grotesquely before the highest personages of the realm in visors and suits of buckram, representing wild men and women, birds, beasts, and angels? (Fig. 1256.)

But there was other sport at Windsor. There was one personage who, we imagine, must have been particularly dreaded by the mayor and aldermen at Windsor, for many would be the quips and cranks he would have at their expense as he stood at the king's elbow, ready to receive their largesses, and those of the rest of the company, for his biting wit. But then, mayor and aldermen would know full well, there was no restraining the court fool (Fig. 1257), and if they winced a little, why, so did others: and, after all, without the relish of the mirth he created, pageants and sports would have been but indifferent enjoyments. When spirits grew dull, who like him could brighten them? The jingle of the bells attached to his motley yellow-fringed garments, the flourish of his bauble—a staff

with a blown bladder or zany head at the top of it, the shake of his ass's ears, and his various *practical* jokes, made even the grave gay, and prepared men of all moods to abandon themselves to the humours of the time. The court fool is thus painted, not over favourably, in 'Lodge's Wit's Miserie,' 1599:—"In person comely, in apparel courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man: his employment, it is asserted, was to coin bitter jests, and to sing profligate songs and ballads; give him a little wine in his head, he is continually sneering and making of mouths: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outstrips men's heads, trips up his companion's heels, burns sack with a candle," and performs a great many other mad-cap and mischievous feats, in the course of which his morals, it is more than hinted, "lose all quality of fastidiousness." Such was the darker and coarser side of the picture; but under much of the fool's folly and caustic insolence would be often conveyed useful truths, that durst only be uttered by all-licensed lips, and the utterance of which was indeed virtually a part of the court fool's office, which required of course anything but a fool to fill it successfully, and was sometimes rewarded by kinder feelings in the royal master than their respective positions might seem to warrant. There were affection and regret in the exclamation of the distracted Lear—"And my poor fool is hanged!" Buffoon in French and Buffon in English have been occasionally used as synonymous with court fool. The word is derived from *buffa*, a corrupted Latin word of the middle ages, meaning "a slap on the cheek:" *Buffe* and *Buffet* in the old French, and *Bofetada* in Spanish, were of the same sense. At present the Italian *Buffone* means a ludicrous fellow, but not always a contemptible one; and this seems to have been the idea of the court buffoon or fool of the fifteenth century, who was a regular officer of the royal household from the Conquest to Charles II.

Lest too much of the sweets of life should cloy, the appetite was sharpened now and then by a war-movement, intended for Scotland or France, the latter got up manifestly as a pleasant stimulus, on the old pretensions. In 1475, Garter king-at-arms was sent by Edward as herald to make a suitable demand. What followed is so rich in traits of character, that we must find room for it in passing. Louis XI., "the Fox," whom two of the greatest romance writers of England and France have, each in his own peculiar way, made familiar to the world as a character supereminent for craft and cruelty, was seated with the lords of the French court when Garter with due form delivered to him a letter from Edward IV. of England. The sight of it must have created a painful commotion in the mind of Louis, for though he despised his brother king's effeminate luxuries, he knew and feared the warlike propensities to which Edward was no less prone. The crown must have seemed just then to shake upon his head. He took care to read the letter first to himself as he sat, and found his worst fears verified. He was requested, in very elegant and polite terms, to render up the sovereignty of France as the inheritance of King Edward, and it was suggested that, in the event of a refusal, there might be more French wars. For either alternative Louis had no relish whatever, but lest some of his court might, he withdrew into another room, and sent quietly for the herald, to whom he professed the most wonderful respect and affection for his master, who he knew had been set on to this step by others, and he showed Garter how desirable for both England and France would be a peaceful accommodation, using various arguments, the best of which, to the herald's mind, would be the three hundred crowns that Louis's own royal hands put into his pouch, with a promise of a thousand more when the good peace should be completed. The least that Garter could do in return was to give so very generous and so very amiable a king the best advice he could think of, and then go back to make a mediatory report of his embassy. So much for Garter. The French nobles had now to be dealt with. There were, says Comines, the historian, and a sharer in the scenes he describes, "many persons waiting outside during the king's private discourse with the herald, all of them impatient to hear what the king would say and to see how his majesty looked when he came forth. When he had done, he called me," continues Comines, "and charged me to entertain the herald till he ordered him some other company, that might keep him from talking privately with anybody. He commanded me likewise to give him a piece of crimson velvet of thirty ells; which I did. After which, the king addressed himself to the rest of the company, gave them an account of his letters of defiance, and calling seven or eight of them apart, he ordered the letters to be read aloud, showing without the least sign of fear in the world; and indeed he was much revived by what he had got out of the herald." Louis was not, however, to get rid of his adversary so



1335.—Male Costume in the time of Henry IV.



1336.—Male Costume in the time of Henry V.



1337.—Female Costume in the time of Henry V. (Royal MS. D. 23)



1338.—Male Costume in the time of Henry VI.



1339.—Servant, to prevent treachery, tasting the Wine before serving it at Table. (Royal MS. 14 E. 3.)



1340.—Female Costume in the time of Edward IV. (Cotton MS. Nero, D. 9, and Royal MS. 15 E. 2.)



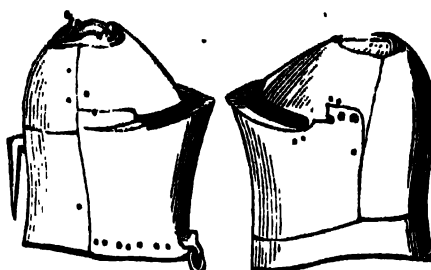
1341.—Law Habits of the fifteenth century. (Collected from various contemporary MSS. Engraved in Strutt's 'Angel-Cyranah'.)



1342.—Saying Grace. (Royal MS. 14 E. 3.)



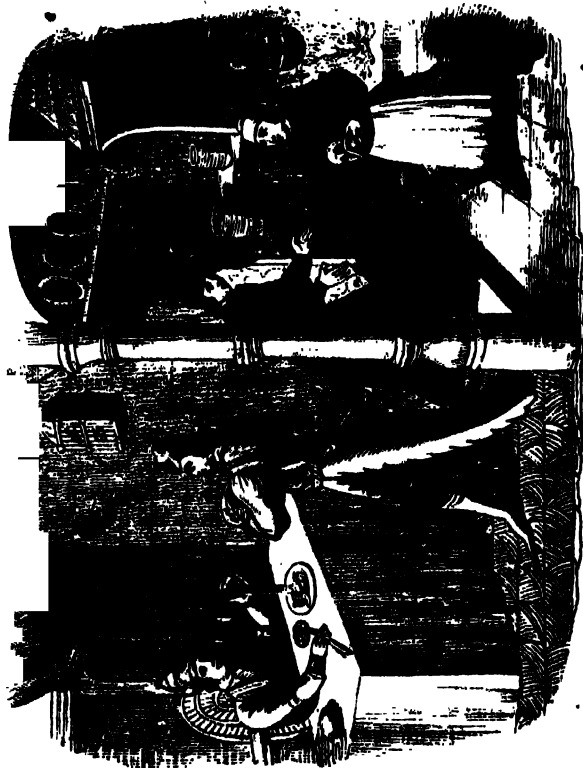
1343.—Female Costume in the time of Edward IV. (Cotton MS. Nero, D. 9, and Royal MSS. 15 E. 2 and 15 E. 4.)



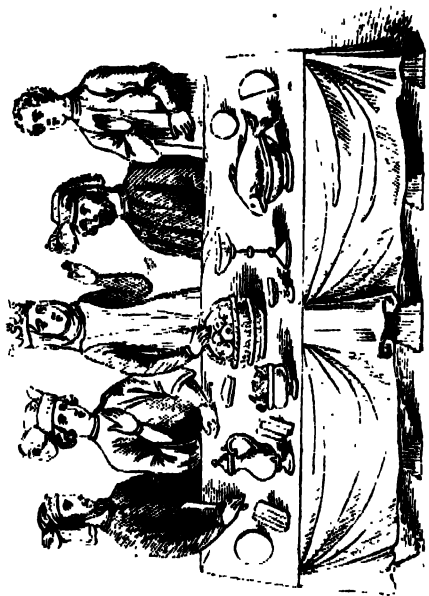
1345.—Tilting Helmets in the time of Henry V.—In Cobham Church, Kent.



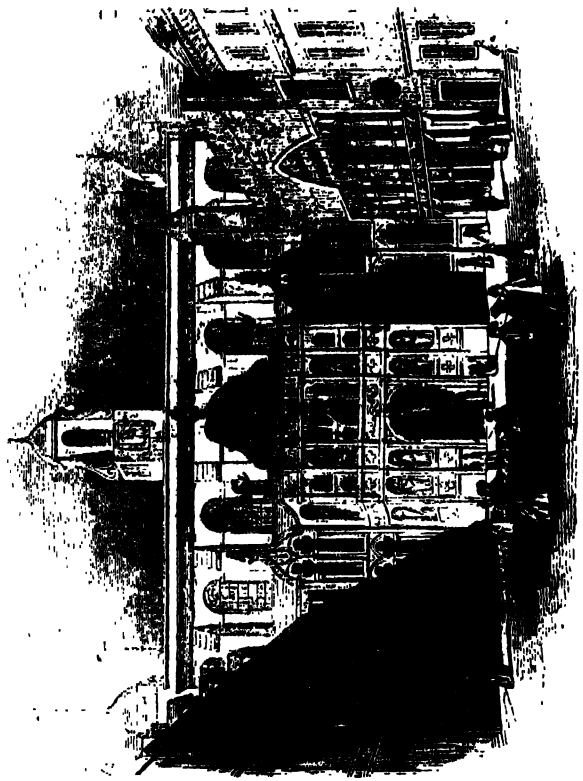
1344.—Female Costume in the time of Henry VI.



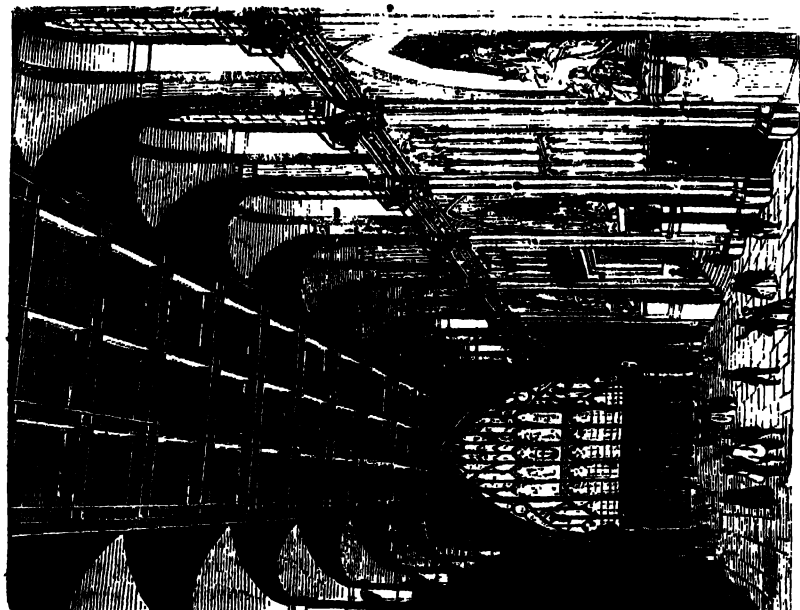
1347.—Dining-room and Kitchen. (Barliam MS. 497A.)



1348.—Inviting to the Repast. (Royal MS. 14 E. 3.)



1349.—Griffin Hall, about 1750.



1350.—The Hall, Guildhall.



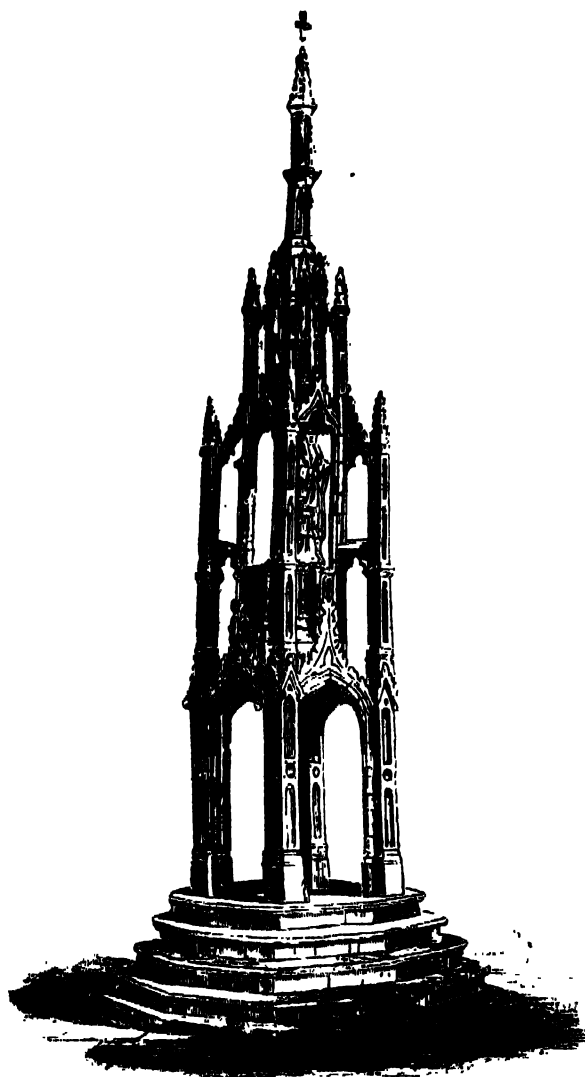
1348.—Restoration of the ancient Thoroughfare from Westminster to London.



1361.—Great Chatfield Manor House, Willis.



1362.—House at Grantham, Lincolnshire.



1364.—Winchester Market Cross.



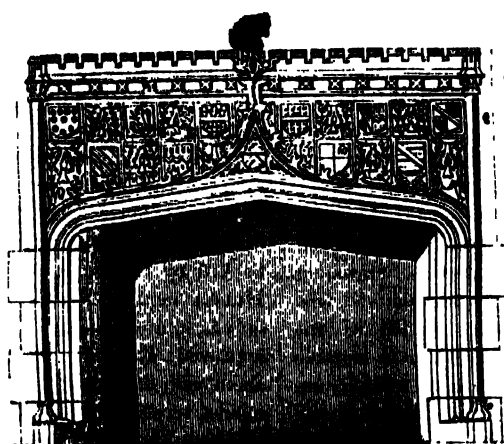
1368.—Harald's Vane of Oxenburgh Hall.



1366.—The Almshouse, Westminster, where Caxton's Printing-office was.



1366.—House of the Fifteenth Century, at Leicester. In which it is said Richard III. slept the night before the Battle of Bosworth.



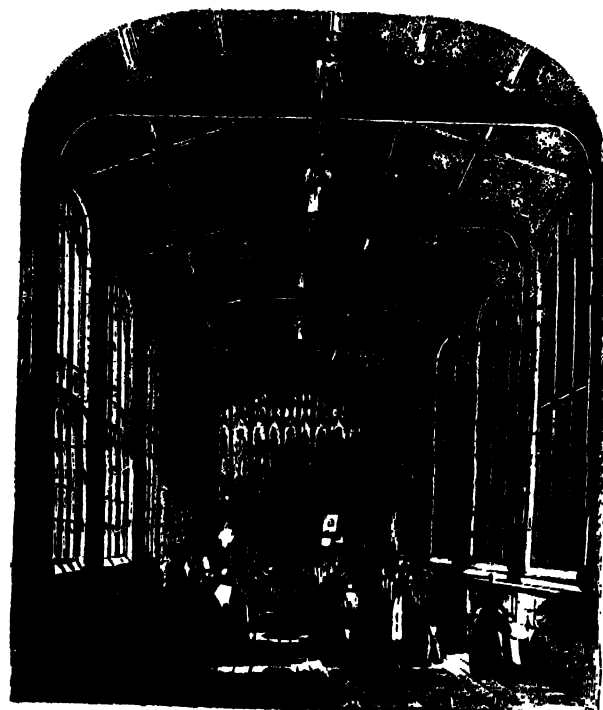
1367.—Chimney-piece at Tattershall Castle.



1368.—Vault under Gerard's Hall.



1359.—St. Mary's Hall: Street Front.



1360.—St. Mary's Hall: Interior.



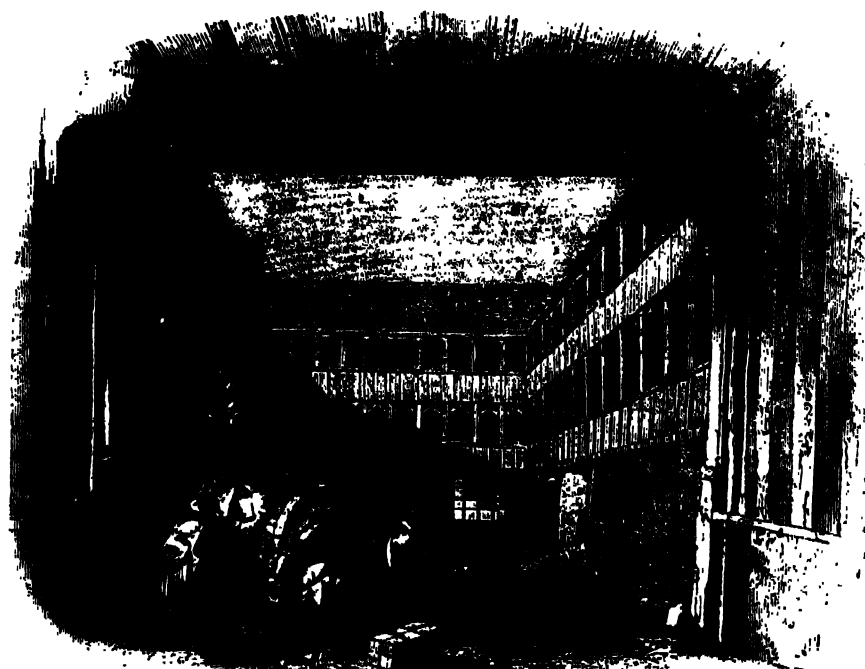
1361.—Street in London: Cheapside.



1362.—Street in London



1363.—Street in London.



1364.—An Inn Yard.

substantial offerings to the rising establishment at London, again implored the help of the supreme head of the church. It was not denied. Bull rapidly followed bull, high-toned and threatening, commanding Hubert to desist, and the king to cease to support him. These tremendous missives in a short time bowed the iron wills of Archbishop Hubert and of Cœur-de-Lion, who found it easier to cope with savage beasts and Saracens than with the Pope. But Hubert was not compelled to return to reside at Canterbury, and thus that city lost an honour which it never afterwards regained.

For some years the primates seem to have been but humbly lodged in the manor-house of St. Mary's parish; until another of the fiery discords of the age, still more remarkable than the preceding, was the occasion of an edifice being erected worthier of its exalted inhabitants. Archbishop Boniface was one of the foreign prelates whom the king in the thirteenth century had favoured the country with, a person without the least fitness for a spiritual vocation, though installed at the very summit of the English church. Not content with the princely revenues he received, Boniface was in the habit of making what he styled his *visitations*, that is, travelling in great pomp, and with a vast retinue, from monastery to monastery, parish to parish, at the expense of those whom he visited, who suffered cruelly under his shameless exactions. One of these visitations brought him to the priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, "where, being received with procession in the most solemn wise, he said that he passed not upon the honour, but came to visit them." The canons, who might well shrink at the word from his mouth, knowing what was meant by it, answered that they, "having a learned bishop, ought not, in contempt of him, to be visited by any other; which answer so much offended the archbishop, that he forthwith fell on the sub-prior, and smote him on the face, saying, 'Indeed, indeed! Doth it become you English traitors so to answer me?' Thus raging, with oaths not to be recited, he rent in pieces the rich cope of the sub-prior, and trod it under his feet, and thrust him against a pillar in the chancel with such violence that he had almost killed him. But the canons seeing their sub-prior almost slain, came and plucked off the archbishop with such force that they overthrew him backwards, whereby they might see he was armed and prepared to fight. The archbishop's men, seeing their master down, being all strangers, and their master's countrymen, born at Provence, fell upon the canons, beat them, tore them, and trod them under foot. At length the canons, getting away as well as they could, ran, bloody and mired, rent and torn, to the Bishop of London to complain: who bade them go to the king at Westminster and tell him thereof. Whereupon four of them went thither; the rest were not able, they were so sore hurt. But when they came to Westminster the king would neither hear nor see them, so they returned without redress. In the mean season the whole city was in an uproar, and ready to have rung the common bell, and to have hewed the archbishop into small pieces; who was secretly crept to Lambeth, where they sought him, and, not knowing him by sight, said to themselves, 'Where is that ruffian—that cruel smiter? He is no winner of souls, but an exacter of money, whom neither God nor any lawful or free election did bring to this promotion: but the king did unlawfully intrude him, being unlearned, a stranger born, and having a wife,' &c. (Stow.) Instead of receiving redress, those who had been so grossly injured were presently excommunicated by the archbishop. The Pope then stepped in to adjust the affair, and with a shrewd eye to the splendour and profit of the church, ordered Boniface to do penance for his fault, by building for the see of Canterbury a rich palace at Lambeth, in the room of the then existing manor-house. And the palace was built accordingly. Six hundred years of mighty changes for England and the church have rolled away since that atoning act, and we cannot help wishing that with the palace the custom had survived in which it originated. How would the land be studded over with noble edifices, if every distinguished offender of the Boniface kind had been so put to his purgation!

There are few antique edifices, in the metropolis more revered and cherished by the inhabitants than Lambeth Palace. It is not hidden out of sight, as many are. Its conspicuous position on the banks of the Thames (Fig. 1290), where all who pass up or down the river between Westminster and Blackfriars, or across it at the former place, must behold the edifice literally embosomed in green woods, renders it widely familiar. But the strong interest that attaches to the palace has more potent foundations than this. We think of its high antiquity; we remember that it has been the place of judgment and confinement for many of our earliest martyrs to Protestant principles; visions of splendour float before the mind, as we recall the visits so often made to the palace by our kings and

queens, especially Mary and Elizabeth. Mary completely furnished the palace at her own expense for Cardinal Pole, whom she frequently visited: and Elizabeth during her long reign honoured successive archbishops in the same way, especially Parker and Whitgift, staying sometimes two or three days together, and being magnificently feasted. The barges of these high visitors still to the wandering fancy seem to move to and fro in the sunlit river in all their glitter and pomp, and between banks fairer than the Thames now possesseth. In such day-dreams, of course good Queen Bess figures conspicuously in her ruff and hooped petticoat: we see her landing at Lambeth Palace, and handed forth by the courtly archbishop, who however, we suspect, would gladly lose the honour of the visit, if at the same time he could avoid hearing his gracious mistress's somewhat free-spoken words. It is not pleasant, for instance, after one's lady has been expending all her energies in the entertainment of a queen, to hear the guest at departure express her thanks in the fashion of Elizabeth to Archbishop Parker's lady: "Madam I may not call you, and Mistress (a word used then in a disreputable sense) I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you;"—and all because her self-sufficient Majesty does not like the clergy to be married!

Supposing the reader to be a stranger to the existing palace, we will take leave to usher him into its precincts, and conduct him through it, reviving by the way a few—it can be but a few—of the memories that attach to particular parts. The entrance gate of the outer palace-court first impresses us by its extraordinary height and size. The most beautiful part of it is the groined roof under the deep arch. This we see at once is a relic of the rich Gothic of the fifteenth century. The whole gate was rebuilt about 1490 by Cardinal Morton, in the place of the "Great Gate" that we find mentioned in the steward's accounts of the palace in the reign of Edward II. That would be a sort of castle-gate, better suited, according to our modern notions, to the home of a warrior than a prelate. But prelates' houses were, in effect, castles; often regularly fortified, and in times of civil commotion defended against sieges and attacks, like any of the regular fortresses. At that great old gate, in the reign of Edward I., the daily fragments of the house were distributed, and every Friday and Sunday a loaf of bread was given to every beggar that came, sufficient for a day's sustenance. On high festival days one hundred and fifty pence (old money) were given to one hundred and fifty poor people, besides all which good Archbishop Winchelsey sent provisions, money, and apparel to the aged, the sick, and the unfortunate who were either ashamed or unable to beg. The venerable Protestant Archbishop Parker, the translator of the Bible, already mentioned, was as eminent as any of his Catholic predecessors for his liberality to the destitute and the stranger; and if the reader turn to our engraving of the gateway (Fig. 1291), he will perceive by the groups of poor persons gathering at the gate, that the old custom has not grown entirely obsolete. But the gate has gloomier memories. A low door under the arch leads to a mysterious-looking room, with ponderous stone walls, having three strong iron rings in them, and a name—*Grafton*—inscribed, said to be that of one who perished here. This was a reserve-prison for Lollards when the tower that bears their name was full. We enter now the outer palace-court. A picturesque ivy-covered wall on the left divides us from the beautiful and well-known Bishop's Walk by the Thames. On the right is the Great Hall and Manuscript-room, the latter a fireproof modern erection, containing many precious literary curiosities of the middle ages. Before us is the Water Tower, built of brick, and the Lollards' Tower, of stone, whose sad and fearful history provokes without satisfying the curiosity. Of those who have been immured or perished in it we have few records beyond their handwriting on the walls of the Lollards' prison in the upper part of the tower (Fig. 1294). The carved stonework of the exterior of the windows is mouldered with age; the statue of Thomas à Becket is gone from its lofty and beautiful niche; but so long as a stone of that worn tower remains, it will be gazed on with intense and reverent emotions for the sake of the heroic men who laid with incalculable pains and cemented with their blood the foundations of our inestimable religious freedom. Glory to them for ever! and as for their persecutors and murderers, sure we are, that those most worthy of the name of martyrs would breathe for them the prayer of Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Neither ought we to judge them harshly.

On entering the great hall (Fig. 1295), its noble dimensions first take us by surprise, then the lofty and richly-painted window opposite excites our admiration. In it are collected beautiful relics from other windows of the old palace, including the portrait of Archbishop Chicheley, builder of the Lollards' tower and rebuilder of the old

hall, first built most likely by Boniface. Chicheley's hall would of course be of the architecture of his time, the beginning of the fifteenth century, and Gothic being then in its perfection, his work would doubtless be a considerable advance on Boniface's. But it was not destined to last. Scot and Hardyng, two of Charles the First's judges, having Lambeth Palace granted them by the Commonwealth, pulled down the hall, and sold the materials. Archbishop Juxon after the Restoration rebuilt it on the ancient model, at a cost of ten thousand five hundred pounds. The distinguishing feature of the hall is its roof, of timber, most richly carved, with a series of broad semicircular arches. The old uses of the hall were dining and feasting; it is a place for feasting still to antiquaries and scholars; for whom few greater enjoyments could be devised than to turn them loose among the books of the very valuable library that now occupies all the available space of the hall. This library was formed by Archbishop Bancroft, who died in 1610; and after experiencing strange vicissitudes and wanderings, it seems now safe and settled at last.

The great quadrangle, or inner court, has a beautiful and dignified effect, with its lofty trees here and there overhanging the walls; its ornamental cross, supporting lamps, on a little green in the centre; its ranges of buildings, where we see in regular succession a buttressed side of the great hall, with an elegant modern porch, the guard-room, with a curious and beautiful gable window, and the splendid new palace of the primates of Canterbury. The old buildings thus superseded about twelve years ago, were famous for a fig-tree, the last of those which had been planted by Cardinal Pole. They were of the Marseilles kind, and bore what those who liked green figs esteemed delicious fruit. There are yet some shoots of this tree growing between the buttresses of the hall.

No part of the palace has a more quaint and beautiful expression than the guard-room (Fig. 1293); mention of which occurs in the steward's accounts of the time of Henry VI. The guard-room of Boniface's palace had then been rebuilt. The designation of the guard-room, and the arms kept here from the period of the middle ages, speak forcibly to the mind of the military character of their archiepiscopal owners, and of their deficient comprehension of the doctrines of the Gospel that they presumed to teach. Around the walls of the guard-room extends an unbroken chronological line of portraits of archbishops, from Warham to Sutton, with a few of earlier date. The earliest is that of Arundel, the brother of that Earl Arundel previously mentioned as beheaded by Richard II. While one brother thus perished, the other joined Bolingbroke in his banishment, and, returning to England with him, shared his triumphs. It was this Arundel by whom Bolingbroke was crowned. But he, the tonsure of whose hair, as Fuller observes, was alone the cause of "the keeping of his head," had not been improved in tenderness of heart by adversity: he sent the first English martyr to the stake—William Sawtre, priest of St. Osyth's, London—who was condemned in accordance with the provision of the famous law passed against relapsed heretics, in the second year of the reign of Henry of Bolingbroke. The ceremonial of degradation preliminary to Sawtre's execution was calculated by its formality and impressiveness to produce a strong effect on the minds of all who witnessed it. In his priestly garments, holding in his hands the chalice of the host, and its paten or lid, Sawtre was brought into St. Paul's Cathedral, before Arundel and six bishops. The sentence of degradation fell in solemn tones from the archbishop's lips, while he took from the poor priest the chalice and paten, and his casule, or scarlet robe. Sawtre then ceased to be a priest. The New Testament was put in his hands, and taken away, and the stole or tippet removed from his neck; and Sawtre was then no longer deacon. His alb or surplice, and the maniple on his left wrist, were next taken off; and Sawtre's sub-deaconship had departed from him. A candlestick, taper, and small pitcher given up; and his office of acolyte was gone. With his book of exorcisms he surrendered the power of exorcist; with his book of daily lessons, his task of reader; with his sexton's surplice and church-door key, a sexton's authority; and by way of finish, his priest's cap was taken from his head, the tonsure obliterated, and the cap of a layman put on instead. Thus stripped of all dignity, except such as he derived from his intrepid constancy to the truths he advocated,—with a recommendation to mercy that only adds to our disgust and horror,—the victim was formally delivered over by Arundel to the high constable and marshal of England. Sawtre was burned in Smithfield, in 1401, amid a vast multitude of people, whose feelings at a sight so new and dreadful it is hardly possible to analyze, but who surely never could have allowed such a revolting act to be perpetrated, if they had seen, however dimly, in anticipation the awful character and extent of the passions that, once let loose, were to rage through the length and

breadth of England, destroying its best and bravest sons, putting strife between the dearest friends and relations, turning the domestic hearth into a pandemonium, with bigotry set up on high as the only household god.

Whilst Arundel thus endeavoured to keep down the new opinions, he strove more and more to encourage and enforce the practice of the old. Fresh saints and fresh holydays were added to the calendar; religious processions (see the Passage of the Host, Fig. 1334) became more frequent and magnificent; altars and images of all kinds were crowded more thickly into the churches; priests partook of the spirit of their chief leader, and grew more zealous; friars preached in their moveable pulpits about the streets (Fig. 1333); the Holy wells at Northampton (Fig. 1297), and other places, the shrines of Becket, and our Lady of Walsingham, were each the resort of countless pilgrims. Rome, nay Jerusalem itself (Fig. 1330) was haunted by titled and wealthy and pious wanderers from Old England. But not the less did the heresy still lift its low but clear and thrilling voice, not the less were there to be found believers in it, ready to endure martyrdom for its sake. One of the most remarkable of the next chosen two or three victims was a man, whose death, we regret to say, reflects disgrace on a reign, otherwise free from all that can personally lessen our love and esteem for the ruler, that of Henry V. When he came to the throne, he found the Lollards following the guidance of one of his own early friends and associates, Sir John Oldcastle, or as he was often called in right of his wife, Lord Cobham. At first Henry would not let Arundel work his pleasure upon such a heretic, but would talk with him himself. The young king could do much; but there was one thing he could not do—roll back in Cobham's heart and mind the stream of thought by which he had been borne on to the haven where he had anchored at last. It is a fearful evidence of the bigotry that exists in us all, to find such a man as Harry the Fifth making up for the want of the legitimate success of reason by the illegitimate assistance of threats of the stake and the flames. Cobham thought it time then to withdraw to his manor and castle of Cowling, in Kent, but was obliged speedily to surrender to an armed force, and submit himself a prisoner to those who came to guide him to the Tower of London. At his examination by a synod of prelates and abbots, he debated every point raised with the utmost ardour and self-confidence, and so was sentenced to the martyr's doom. But Henry granted a respite of fifty days, and during that time Cobham escaped. It was a critical moment. Something decisive must be done. He determined to raise the Lollards in arms, and so endeavour at once to secure the prosperity of the cause. He failed, miserably failed; first, in the attempt to seize Henry at Eltham Palace, and secondly, in his idea of seizing London, where, instead of the twenty-five thousand men that he hoped to have met in St. Giles's Fields, scarcely a hundred assembled, aware, probably, that the king had discovered their intentions, and was prepared. Cobham for a time escaped, but at a later period, when his hopes for the progress of Lollardism induced him, it is said, to invite the Scots, he was taken prisoner, after a gallant struggle, arraigned before the House of Lords, and finally condemned to be hanged as a traitor and burnt as a heretic. A frightful sentence, but executed in all its horrors. He was hung up by the armpits, and actually roasted alive, in the same place where his followers had previously suffered.

Quitting the guard-room by a passage leading through some private apartments down to the vestry, we pause a minute to admire the valuable antique chest kept in the vestry, supposed of Chinese work, exceedingly rich and elaborate, and then enter the chapel (Fig. 1292). Here the walls and windows appear in the main as old as the palace built by pious Archbishop Boniface. When Laud first came to Lambeth, the stained windows were "shameful to look on, all diversely patched, like a poor beggar's coat." It was charged against Laud afterwards, "that he did repair these windows by their like in the mass-book." But Laud replied, that he and his secretary had made out the story as well as they could by what was left unbroken. That "story" was man's history from the creation to the day of judgment—the types in the Old Testament being painted on the side windows, the antitype and verity in the New on the middle windows. Laud also set up the beautiful oaken screen and other decorations, now disguised by paint. In this chapel Miles Coverdale assisted to consecrate Archbishop Parker, who was afterwards buried at Lambeth. An inscription for his monument was shown to the subject of it while he lived. He replied, he could not assume the description of such a character to himself, but he would so make use of it as to attain, as far as possible, the good qualities and virtues it specified. It is a pity that the writers of laudatory epitaphs generally do not in the same way anticipate death, and thus give the object of their praise a chance at all events of conforming



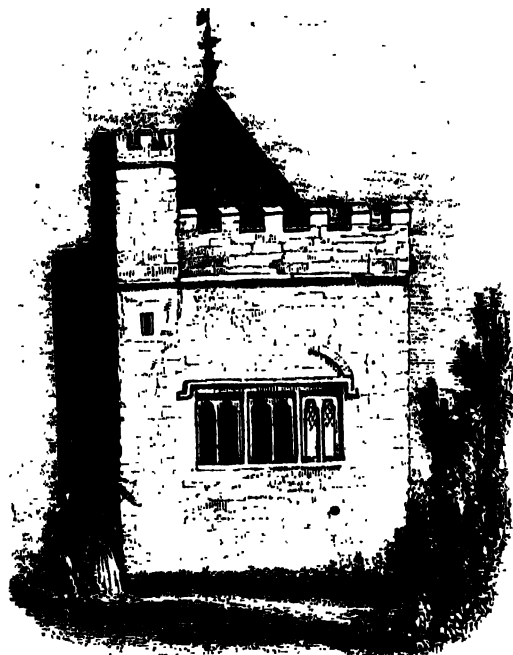
1365.—Old House at Warwick.



1367.—Furniture of a Bed-room of the time of Henry VI. (Harleian MS. 2278.)



1380.—Old Timber Houses at Coventry.



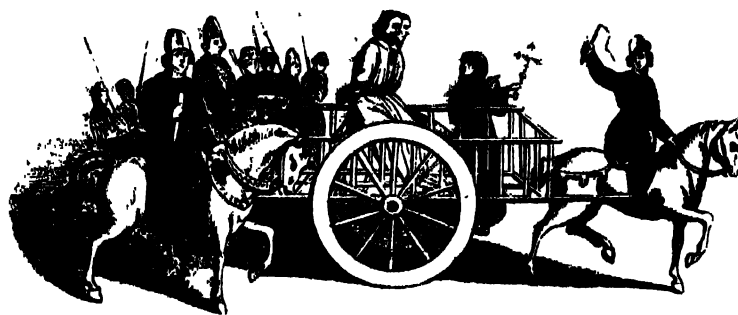
1388.—Ancient Kitchen at Stanton Harcourt.



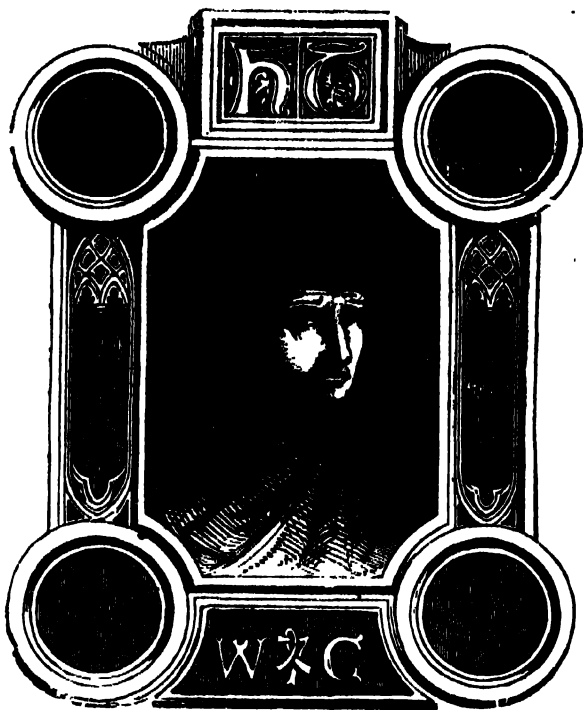
1390.—A Bed-room in the time of Edward IV. / From Rouse's Hist. of Rich. Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. (Cotton MS. Julius, E 4.)



1390.—Criminals conducted to Prison. (Harleian MS. No. 4374.)



1371.—Criminals conducted to Death. (Harleian MS. No. 4374.)



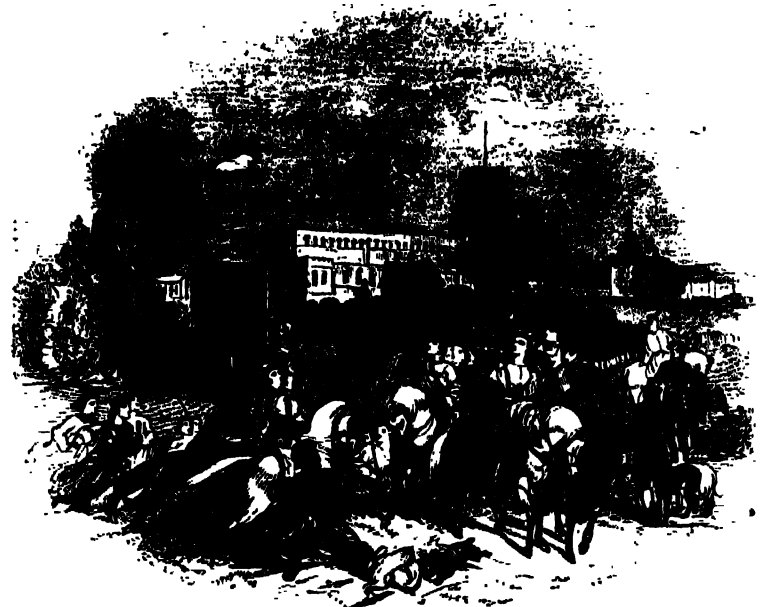
1372.—Caxton.—With Paper-marks.



1376.—Shocking at Butts. (Royal MS., 19, c. viii.)



1373.—Woodcut of a Knight. (From Caxton's 'Game of the Chess'.)



1376.—St. Alban's. Hawking Party.



1374.—Couvre-feu.



1374.—Whitsun Morris-Dance.

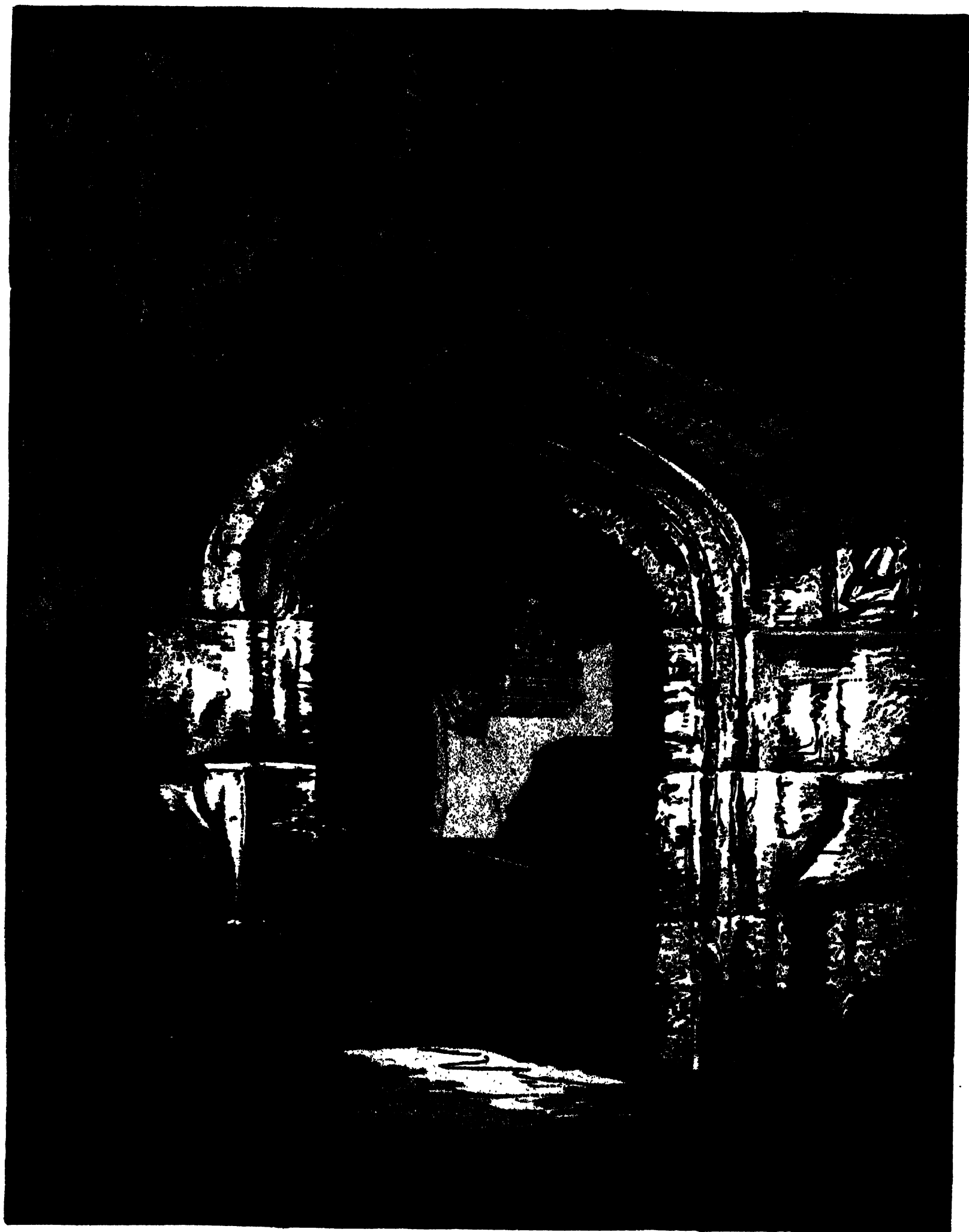
his life to the epitaph, since they will not make the epitaph conform to the life. These good qualities and virtues did not prevent the Archbishop's remains from being most unworthily treated. He had been no good friend to the Puritans, and when Scot and Hardyng, as we have said, had the palace granted them, Colonel Scot, desirous of turning the chapel into a hall or dancing-room, demolished Parker's monument. Not satisfied with that, Hardyng exhumed the corpse of the Archbishop, sold the leaden covering, and buried the venerable relics in a *dunghill*. There it remained until the Restoration, when Sir William Dugdale, hearing accidentally of that dastardly outrage, repaired immediately to Archbishop Sancroft, who obtained an order from the House of Lords for re-interment of the desecrated relics in Lambeth chapel. On a stone we read the result. The body of Matthew Parker, archbishop, here rests at last. His monument is also restored, and is in that part of the chapel divided from the rest by the screen. The painted windows were destroyed in the civil wars.

Again we stand in the green and handsome quadrangle, and turn to inspect the irregular and embattled front of the new palace, which, if not in entire accordance with the old remains (or they would have exhibited a compound of styles), do honour to the taste and skill of Mr. Blore, the architect. The entrance-hall is especially admirable; the staircase has an elaborately worked balustrade: at the top, a screen of three arches opens to the corridor, which, on the right, conducts to the principal apartments of the new palace, and on the left, to those of the old. One front of the palace looks on the gardens (Fig. 1296), which are charmingly laid out, and have altogether an air that makes us, on entering, ask ourselves in surprise—Can this be indeed London?

A terrible year for England was the year 1348. There were solemn masses and prayers in the churches, fastings and humiliations in the monasteries, processions of public penitents scourging themselves in the streets, funeral bells tolling by night and by day. Fear and horror sat on every countenance. The cry of lamentation was heard from almost every house: the Destroyer had gone forth—there was a mighty pestilence in the land. This had begun in the heart of China, traversed the deserts of Cobi, the wilds of Tartary, the Levant, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Germany, and France, and entered this country by the western coast. On its route, it had desolated or depopulated whole regions. We may imagine with what terror our countrymen must have anticipated its presence among them; alas! the reality far exceeded even their fears. Amidst the chilly winds and rains and mists of November, it entered London. The poor people having thus to endure the winter's cold at the same time that they were exposed to this ghastly and awful visitant, and living generally pent up in great numbers in dirty, narrow, ill-ventilated streets, so favourable to the progress of disease, it is impossible even to estimate the amount of their actual sufferings; but the amount of their dead is knowledge sufficient. The churchyards of London were soon filled, and more room was demanded. The devout feeling so prevalent, made people unwilling to bury even the infectious bodies of the deceased in any but consecrated ground and in the neighbourhood of a house of prayer. The dead were not therefore, as in later instances, huddled into the earth in any fashion, to get them out of the way of the living, but fields were bought or bestowed by the wealthy and pious, to make new churchyards of. One of these fields was called "No Man's Land," though had it belonged to no one, Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, could not have purchased it for the purpose just stated. "No Man's Land" was walled round, consecrated, and a church built on it. The situation was between the north wall of the present Charter-House in Wilderness Row and Sutton Street. "It remained," says Stow (writing more than two centuries ago), "till our time by the name of Pardon Churchyard, and served for burying such as desperately ended their lives, or were executed for felonies; who were fetched thither, usually in a close cart, bayled over, and covered with black, having a plain white cross thwarting, and at the fore-end a St. John's cross without, and within a bell ringing by shaking of the cart, whereby the same might be heard when it passed; and this was called the Friary Cart, which belonged to St. John's, and had the privilege of sanctuary." No Man's Land, in its turn, became filled, and in an appallingly short space of time. So a noble knight next gave thirteen acres adjoining Pardon Churchyard, which were called the Spittle Croft, and afterwards the "New Church Haw." This new piece of ground was consecrated by the same Bishop of London who gave and hallowed the other; and a chapel was built, in which masses were offered up for the sufferers. This chapel stood about the centre of the present

Charter-House Square. There was employment enough for the priests who prayed in it, for within the year, fifty thousand persons, cut off by the pestilence, were interred in that burial-ground. The same noble knight, after the plague had passed away, in a spirit probably of devout thankfulness that it had so passed, devoted the spot permanently to the support of a body of religious, twenty-four in number, of the strictest of all monastic orders, the Carthusians. That knight we can readily believe to have been a noble, were there nought else known of him; but his name was Sir Walter Manny, one of the bravest and most skilful of English warriors (though not English-born), and the man who, with Queen Philippa, divides in some degree with the more important actors the admiration raised in our minds by the ever-memorable events of the siege of Calais, an event that has been for several centuries, and no doubt will for ever remain, best known by its connection with the simple but much-meaning words—the Citizens of Calais. That story has been already narrated in these pages, so we will here speak of another incident in the life of Manny. Edward on one occasion sent him to the continent with a body of troops to relieve the Countess de Montfort, who, while her husband was a prisoner in the power of Philip, King of France, was besieged by Montfort's enemy, Charles de Blois, who sought to seize his duchy of Brittany. The countess, however, in her castle of Hennebon, made a gallant and protracted defence, under such extreme privations as induced the stoutest warriors about her to prepare for surrender; well on that occasion was Froissart's description of her borne out—she displayed the "courage of a man and the heart of a lion" until the joyful moment when the English ships were descried bringing assistance. We can well imagine with what enthusiastic and grateful feelings the countess must have welcomed Sir Walter Manny and his troops. They were handsomely entertained; but the next day the knight had to begin the serious business that he came for: the siege had to be raised; the enemy driven from their camp. He was making inquiries of the countess concerning the state of the town and of the enemy's army, when, looking out of a window, and seeing a large machine placed very near, probably one of the moveable towers of the day (see our engravings, Figs. 1253, 1274), under cover of which operations were carried on by the enemy against the castle walls, to the great annoyance of the defenders, Sir Walter, with a few other bold knights, resolved to destroy it. Accordingly, "They went to arm themselves, and then sallied quietly out of one of the gates, taking with them three hundred archers (Fig. 1250), who shot so well, that those who guarded the machine fled, and the men-at-arms, who followed the archers, falling upon them, slew the greater part, and broke down and cut in pieces the large machine. They then dashed in among the tents and huts, set fire to them, and killed and wounded many of their enemies before the army was in motion. After this they made a handsome retreat. When the enemy were mounted and armed, they galloped after them like madmen. Sir Walter Manny, seeing this, exclaimed, 'May I never be embraced by my mistress and dear friend if I enter castle or fortress before I have unhorsed one of those gallopers.' He then turned round and pointed his spear towards the enemy, as did the two brothers of Land-Halle, le Haze-de-Brabant, Sir Yves de Tresquidi, Sir Galeran de Landreman, and many others, and spitted the first coursers. Many legs were made to kick the air. Some of their own party were also unhorsed. The conflict became very furious, for reinforcements were perpetually coming from the camp, and the English were obliged to retreat towards the castle, which they did in good order until they came to the castle-ditch; there the knights made a stand until all their men were safely returned. . . . The Countess of Montfort came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance kissed Sir Walter de Manny and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame." (Froissart.) Under such a commander the castle precincts soon became too hot to hold the French: the siege was raised.

The establishment founded by this very "perfect gentle knight," and in which he was buried (Fig. 1372) with solemn pomp, amidst the regrets of the whole English nation, was called the Chartreux House, from Chartreux, a place in France, where, about 1080, the order originated; hence the corrupted English name of the Charter-House. The rule prohibited the eating of flesh, and of fish, unless it were given to them; and beside these prohibitions, one day in each week was set apart for fasting on bread, water, and salt. The monks slept upon cork, with a single blanket to cover them; they rose at midnight to sing their matins, and none were permitted to go beyond the bounds of their monastery, except the prior and proctor, and they only on indispensable business. Their habit was white, with a black cloak.



ALFRED, BROTHERS.

STRATFORD CHURCH,
INTERIOR SEEN FROM THE DOOR.

During about a century and a half, the history of Sir Walter Manny's monastery presents no particular event to engage our attention, the best proof of the contented and quiet lives passed within its walls; but at the period when the religious houses were dissolved, the monks of this place rise suddenly into prominence, and become ever memorable for their honest and high principles, tried by the extremest inflictions of cruelty and oppression, which they had to endure at the hands of one who has had few superiors in the art of testing how far human fortitude can go in what it esteems to be a good cause. And that very fact is, indeed, the one, and the only one source of consolation that is presented to us in tracing the more sanguinary proceedings of Henry VIII.

In our notices of Lambeth Palace, we had occasion to allude to the sufferings of the early Protestants in England under the Catholic heads of the church in the fifteenth century; in the melancholy fate of the Charter-House monks in the sixteenth we have to exhibit a counter-picture, in which the conscientious Catholics are made to undergo equal wrongs under Protestant ascendancy. The evil was the same on both sides, each in turn making his own convictions the tribunal by which to judge and punish those of the other. This has been an error of ages, and still exists, we fear, among nearly all classes of thinkers and believers. The most vital point of the old religion was deemed by its professors in the Chartreux Monastery to be Papal Supremacy. They refused, therefore, to take the oaths that set up the king in the pope's place. The prior and the proctor, named Houghton and Middlemore, were in consequence sent to the Tower, and tortured into a temporary submission. But they were not then permitted to return to the monastery. Three governors were appointed in their stead; "most wise, learned, and discreet men" they were styled; and such they proved themselves in all that could tend to promote their royal master's designs on the monastic revenues, in corrupting the minds of such of the monks as were open to corruption, and in procuring the destruction of the remainder. They assembled the whole community, which had also submitted, and informed them that all heresies and treasons were pardoned up to that day, but that death would follow the commission of new offences. Then they demanded the keys of the convent from the prior, and took the regulation of the receipts and expenditure into their own hands, accounting for both only to the king thenceforward. And thus commenced a system of persecution, almost without parallel even in the worst ages of religious bigotry. Before, however, the monks were called upon to exert all the strength alike of body and mind that they possessed, their superior, the prior, renouncing the safety that his first partial submission had promised, showed them the path they should pursue, and proved himself worthy to be their superior by the way in which he himself trod it. He, with four others, all Carthusians, and two of them, like himself, heads of houses, perished at Tyburn, and their bodies being quartered, one of Houghton's quarters was set over his own gate. Such was the position of affairs when the triad of governors began their subtle practices upon the monks generally of the monastery. Ffyloll, the most influential, it would seem, of the three governors, wrote from time to time to Cromwell, the equally unscrupulous and time-serving minister of Henry VIII.; and his letters afford us much insight into the proceedings of these worthies. It appears they altered and broke up the arrangements of the establishment by gentle degrees. The large charities and hospitalities of the monastery were thus attacked. Ffyloll "learns" that the proctor used to account for an expenditure, chiefly for hospitality, charity, and buildings, of 1051*l.* a year, the regular receipts being 642*l.* 4*s.*, and the deficiency made up by the benevolence of the city of London. And the monks, "not regarding, this dearth, neither the increase of their superfluous number, neither yet the decay of the said benevolence and charity [nor, we may add, the ruin that was fast coming on them], would have and hath that same fare continued that then was used, and would have plenty of bread and ale and fish given to strangers in the buttry and at the buttry-door, and as large distributions of bread and ale to all their servants and to vagabonds [travellers] at the gate as was then used." These bounties, Ffyloll, under favour of his worship, Cromwell, deems necessary to have diminished; and diminished, of course, they are, as a step merely to their entire suppression. But Ffyloll had not yet done interfering with the buttry. "I think, under correction of your mastership, that it were very necessary to remove the eleven lay-brothers from the buttry, and set eleven temporal persons in that room, and likewise in the kitchen, for in those eleven offices lie waste of the house." One of Ffyloll's petty persecutions was the endeavour to compel the lay-brothers and steward to dine on flesh in the refectory; irritated, it would seem, by their carrying messages to and from the confined monks. How the privacy of the brethren's

cells was invaded, and their lightest actions subjected to the worst constructions, we may easily perceive in the following extract:—"It is no great marvel though many of these monks have heretofore offended God and the king by their foul errors, for I have found in the prior and proctor's cells three or four sundry printed books, from beyond the sea, of as foul errors and heresies as may be, and not one or two books be new printed alone, but hundreds of them; wherefore, by your mastership's favour, it seemeth to be more necessary that these cells be better searched, for I can perceive few of them but they have great pleasure in reading of such erroneous doctrines, and little or none in reading of the New Testament, or in other good book." In a postscript to another communication, Ffyloll sends Cromwell a list of all the monks, with a significant G and B placed before each name. Better endeavours than those of coercion were not wanting to persuade them to bend to the king's authority, by friends who pitied their sufferings and trembled for their final fate.

Archbishop Cranmer sent for two of the monks, Rochester and Rawlins, to try what his kind persuasions could effect. One was gained, whom the Archbishop kept with him, and induced to lay aside his religious habit, and to depart from the abstemious rules of his order; but Rochester was sent back to his monastery, and to his fate. The confessor-general of the monks of Sion, who had himself conformed to the king's supremacy, also tried the power of friendly importunities. He had "found by the word and will of God, both in the Old and New Testament, great truths for our prince, and for the Bishop of Rome nothing at all." Therefore, he beseeches them, "die not for the cause; save yourselves and your house; live long, and live well, to the honour of God; wealthy by your prayers, and edifying by your life to the people. Subject yourselves to your noble prince; get his gracious favour by your duty doing to his grace." A noted friar was brought to preach to them, but they refused to hear him, after they found that he sought to draw them from the faith they esteemed most holy. Books, entitled 'The Defence of Peace,' were distributed among them by one William Marshall, but though, on consideration of their new prior's consent, they were induced to receive these books, twenty-three out of twenty-four were almost immediately returned unread, and the twenty-fourth, after being kept four or five days by John Rochester, was buried by him—an act which, says Ffyloll, "is good matter to lay to them." By the accumulation of such "good matter," these unhappy men were ere long brought to their fearful end. From first to last, only six were drawn aside from their resolution, the rest were executed, like their prior, or perished no less miserably in prison, under the influence of filth, neglect, cruelty, and despair, until, in the words of a Mr. Bedle, whose loyalty to his sovereign seems to have been accompanied by something very like blasphemy to his Maker, they were all despatched by "the hand of God." Henry, alone at last in his glory, sat down to count the proceeds, namely, some six hundred and twenty-two pounds a-year from the revenues of the Charter-House, being twenty less than the proctor used to account for, which twenty the king graciously vouchsafed as a retiring pension to the new prior, Trafford, who had been appointed after the murder of the old, to give perhaps an air of legality to the surrender. Subsequently, the monastery buildings and site, whilst passing from one proprietor to another, under favour of the king, put on a new aspect, and became a noble mansion. In the reign of Elizabeth, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, made it his chief residence, and built most of the existing edifice (Figs. 1287, 1288). His son sold the whole to the founder of the Charter-House, Thomas Sutton, of whom we may have to speak in a future page.

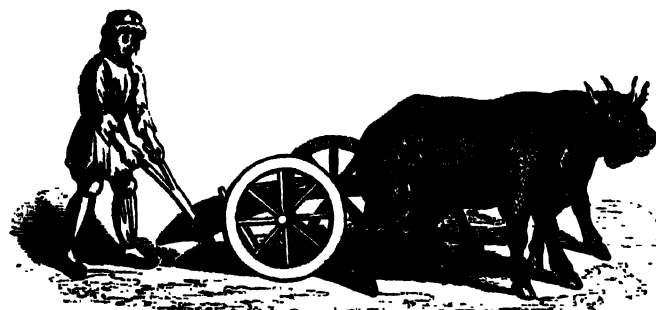
From the ecclesiastical buildings represented in our engravings, as belonging either partially or wholly to the Perpendicular period of architecture, we may now first select for brief notice a group of country churches. That of Stratford-upon-Avon (Figs. 1307, 1308), perhaps of all others the dearest to Englishmen, on account of the ashes it hold,—consists generally of Early English, with additions in the late Perpendicular style: of which the chancel especially forms a very fine specimen. And here Shakspeare was buried, needing not the remarkable invocation contained in the lines on his grave-stone, to secure the sacredness of his repose. There was here also at one time the font (Fig. 1309), in which, no doubt, he was baptized. But after having been long disused, the relic was found in the old charnel-house, from whence it was turned out as a piece of decayed and worthless stone into the churchyard. But even utilitarianism itself is not always sufficiently utilitarian; the parish clerk, when he looked on the despised old font, saw that it was worth something still—it would make an excellent pump-trough—and so



1378.—Bowling-Ball. (From a MS. in the Douce Collection.)



1379.—Tumbling. (From Sloane MS. 284.)



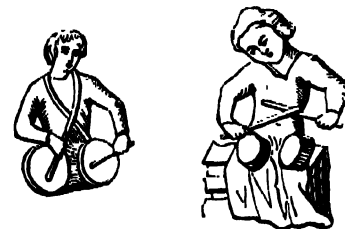
1380.—Two-wheeled Plough. (From Harleian MS. No. 4374.)



1381.—Trap-Ball.



1382.—River-fishing. (From Harleian MS. No. 4374.)



1383.—Drummers. (Engraved by Strutt, from the Liber Regalis, Westminster Abbey.)



1384.—Golf, or Bandy-ball. (From a MS. in the Douce Collection.)



1385.—The Dance in the 'Garden of Pleasure,' from the 'Roman de la Rose.'—(Harl. MS. 4425.)



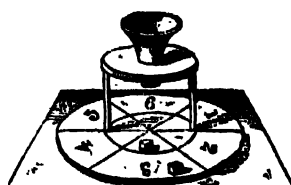
1386.—Hooftman Blind. (Bodleian MS.)



1387.—Leaping through a Hoop. (Ancient MS. engraved in Strutt's Sports.)



1388.—Club-ball. (From a MS. in Bodleian Collection; and Royal MS. 14 B.6.)



1389.—Ancient Dice-Box.



1390.—Shuttle-Cock. (From a MS. in the Douce Collection.)

pump-trough it became. In time, however, the relic attracted attention, was bought, and thenceforward carefully preserved. It now decks the garden of a gentleman at Stratford, and few gardens in England can boast of a greater treasure. Yet one cannot but ask—Is that its proper place? When shall we learn in England, the truth that one might have supposed was too evident to remain long unlearned or unpractised, that the reverential care of all that is directly concerned with a great man's life and history, is the best of all monuments to his memory? What piece of sculpture, though it be by a Chantrey or a Westmacott, and reared in the most magnificent of national mausoleums, even in Westminster Abbey itself, ever excited a tithe of the interest that is felt on looking on the humblest relics of a man of genius in the spot where he was born, where he lived, or where he died? The first may teach us to think of him, the second will assuredly make us both think and feel *with* him. The font in question, we may add, though mutilated, has been evidently beautiful, and worthy of a time that abounded in exquisite pieces of sculpture, devoted to the same or similar purposes: let the reader look, for instance, at the font of East Dereham church, Norfolk (Fig. 1313), and the piscina (Fig. 1298, p. 349, where it has been accidentally miscalled a font).

From Stratford Church and font, we turn not unnaturally to the church of Aston Cantlow (Fig. 1305), in the heart of the woodland district, some five or six miles in a north-west direction, where the poet's father and mother were married; and to Weston (Fig. 1315), also in the neighbourhood of Stratford, where no doubt the wandering harp has often paused to admire the picturesque building, perhaps to "stand by and mark" while some funereal procession passed into it, and his imagination bustled itself with the feelings stirred to the very depths of the mourners' hearts; or, pleasanter occupation, to gaze with earnest and admiring eye upon some village bride led in all her virgin loveliness to the altar by the youth of her choice, to whom with quivering lips, but unfaltering heart, she resigns the care of her future life and welfare. Evesham churches (Fig. 1306), we are happy to say, exhibit a kind of parallel feeling in connection with fine structures to that we so anxiously desire to see infused into the hearts of the people in connection with their illustrious men. That beautiful church of St. Lawrence,—formerly connected with the neighbouring Abbey, from the top of which Simon de Montfort's messenger hastily descending, announced the appalling news of the approach of the army that was to crush the patriots—that church in which to this hour exists the exquisitely decorated tomb of Clement Lichfield, the last abbot, and the munificent builder of the sumptuous gateway that still arrests the eye of every visitor to Evesham,—even that edifice, so interesting alike for its intrinsic and extrinsic features, was allowed to moulder away year after year till the whole was in a state of ruin. But the reviving love of middle age architecture has embraced the church of St. Lawrence in its active ministrations, and the pile is in consequence restored. Of the other three churches included in our group, Luton in Bedfordshire (Fig. 1311), Northleach in Gloucestershire (Fig. 1314), and Leatherhead in Surrey (Fig. 1316), we need only particularise the first; and that not so much for the sake of its noble architecture, which may be best appreciated in our engraving, but in order that we may say a few words upon an adjunct of Luton church, the adjoining chapel, erected by John, Lord Wenlock, prior to the year 1461. The following lines, from a manuscript in Harleian Miscellany, British Museum, appear to have been formerly inscribed in the chapel over his remains:—

"Jesus Christ, most of might,
Have mercy on John le Wenlock, knight,
And of his wife Elizabeth,
Who out of this world is passed by death;
Who founded this chapel here.
Help them with your hearty prayer,
That they may come to that place
Where ever is joy and solace."

This John Wenlock was knighted by Henry VI., made Constable of Bamburg Castle, and chamberlain to the Queen. Having gained great wealth, he lent the king a sum of money exceeding a thousand pounds, for which he received an assignment of certain moneys granted by the parliament. For this service he received the order of the Garter. He was dreadfully wounded at St. Albans. In 1459 he went over to the Duke of York, and was attainted by the Lancastrian parliament. He fought well at Towton, was created a baron, employed in several embassies, and advanced to the distinguished and important office of Lieutenant of Calais. He changed sides again, and raised forces for Warwick and Margaret of Anjou. He commanded the middle ward of the army at Tewkesbury. At the first brunt his old vacillations returned; he was standing with

his troops in the market-place when he should have supported the commander-in-chief, the Earl of Somerset who, returning to ascertain the cause of being left without aid in his fierce charge upon the enemy, rode up to Wenlock, and with one blow of his battle-axe cleft his head.

For a second group of churches we take four metropolitan edifices. Two of these are dedicated to the same saint, namely, St. Michael le Quern (Fig. 1289), so called from the *corn*-market in the immediate neighbourhood, and St. Michael's Cornhill (1286), to which Wren, after the fire, first put an Italian body to the existing Gothic tower, and then, fifty years later, on pulling down the tower, added a Gothic tower to the existing Italian body, as though his tastes and the requirements of the structure were constantly playing at cross purposes. The other two are the church of St. Alphage, of which, however, the porch (Fig. 1284) is the only existing remain possessing any pretensions to antiquity, which belonged to the old Ely priory; and Ely Place (Fig. 1300), the once famous metropolitan seat of the bishops of Ely, of which the engraving (Fig. 1300*) shows the last, but fortunately a most important relic, namely, the chapel. Many a pleasant passage in the history of the palace might we here dilate upon: gladly should we dwell upon the life of the saint Etheldreda, to whom the chapel of Ely Place, as well as the parent foundation, the Cathedral of Ely, was dedicated—that daughter of one of our West-Anglian monarchs, who, having devoted herself in heart to heaven, and being compelled by circumstances into marriage at two different periods of her life, still persevered "with both husbands to live in a state of virginity." Then—how John of Gaunt, that great progenitor of kings, not only English, but Spanish, died at Ely Place, whilst residing here after the destruction of the Savoy by the followers of Wat Tyler; how the Serjeants' feasts used to be held in the great hall of Ely Place, with a magnificence that almost outstrips belief; how Sir Christopher Hatton, who danced into Elizabeth's good graces and—the Chancellorship, lived here; and how Bacon and Coke came to Ely Place at the same time as suitors to the daughter of Lady Hatton, who by marriage inherited the Chancellor's name and property: how all these and a host of other pleasant and suggestive incidents took place, we should indeed be glad to pause awhile and narrate; but the remembrance of the encroachments we have already made upon our space forbids. There are, however, two other matters that we must notice, the Shaksperian incident of the strawberries, and the characteristic letter that a bishop of Ely caused the virgin queen to write. When Gloucester was meditating the murder of Hastings, and had called the council in the Tower as already described, Hollinshed (from Sir T. More) observes:—"These lords so sitting together, communing of this matter, the Protector came in amongst them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, 'My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my lord,' quoth he, 'would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that!'" and there-with he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries; who, when he returned, must have found Hastings dead in the area of the Tower—his master under arrest—confusion, distrust, and horror on every countenance. It may be naturally asked, how Ely Place came to pass from the possession of its episcopal owners. The answer forms another proof of the great favour Sir Christopher Hatton enjoyed at the hands of his mistress; and how evanescent, after all, that favour was. It was Sir Christopher who, having taken a liking to the palace, urged his mistress to obtain it for him, first on a temporary, but afterwards on a permanent tenure. She did so with some difficulty, and then ultimately kept it herself, when the Chancellor fell into the queen's debt, and through her exacting demands broke his heart. "Another bishop had in the interval succeeded to the see, and was not at all inclined to fulfil the enforced bargain which his predecessor had made: then it was that Elizabeth wrote the following letter, a model for absolute sovereigns who would like to gratify their wishes without any troublesome expenditure of time in expressing them:—

"Proud Prelate,—

"You know what you was before I made you what you are now: if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you.

"ELIZABETH."

The bishopric, however, in the end lost Ely Place, though it obtained in the last century a fee-farm rent of a hundred a year in compensation.

The only ecclesiastical buildings now remaining to be noticed are those which we have specially reserved as being in some important respects relics of those events that have made the period so memorable, namely, the Wars of the Roses. In one of those quiet little neighbourhoods which the pedestrian occasionally lights upon, to his great surprise, in the very heart of busy, bustling, restless London, stands the Dutch church, as it is called, which, in spite of its name and its Dutch congregation, is essentially an English structure, and one of no ordinary magnificence. That church, large and noble as it is (Fig. 1282), was nothing more than the nave of the church of the Austin Friars, once resident here. The spire, that "beautifullest and rarest spectacle" in London, has long disappeared; so have the monuments that once lined its walls with work after work in apparently interminable range, each as you walked along in front seeming to grow more and more rich in architectural beauty, more and more interesting from their associations with the great and influential of the land. Here lay, for instance, Edmond the half-brother of Richard II., Humphrey Bohun, the munificent founder of the pile in 1253, and Richard, the great Earl of Arundel, beheaded by Richard II. Here too, to pass on to its later history, was "poor Edward Bohun," Duke of Buckingham, interred after his execution; and all these names, if the most conspicuous, form but a very small proportion of the important personages whose ashes were disturbed and left to be scattered by the winds of heaven, when the possessor of the estate, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, pulled down the steeple and choir, and sold the monuments for one hundred pounds: that worthy was the "most noble" Marquis of Winchester. But there were a class of nobles who lie buried in the church of the Austin Friars, that we have not yet mentioned,—the victims of that most fratricidal, we might almost call it suicidal, War of the Roses. Vere, Earl of Oxford, beheaded 1463, was the first and most unhappy of these men; for the others did, at all events, fall sword in hand on the field of battle. These were the lords who perished at the battle of Barnet in 1471, and who were all buried together in the body of the church.

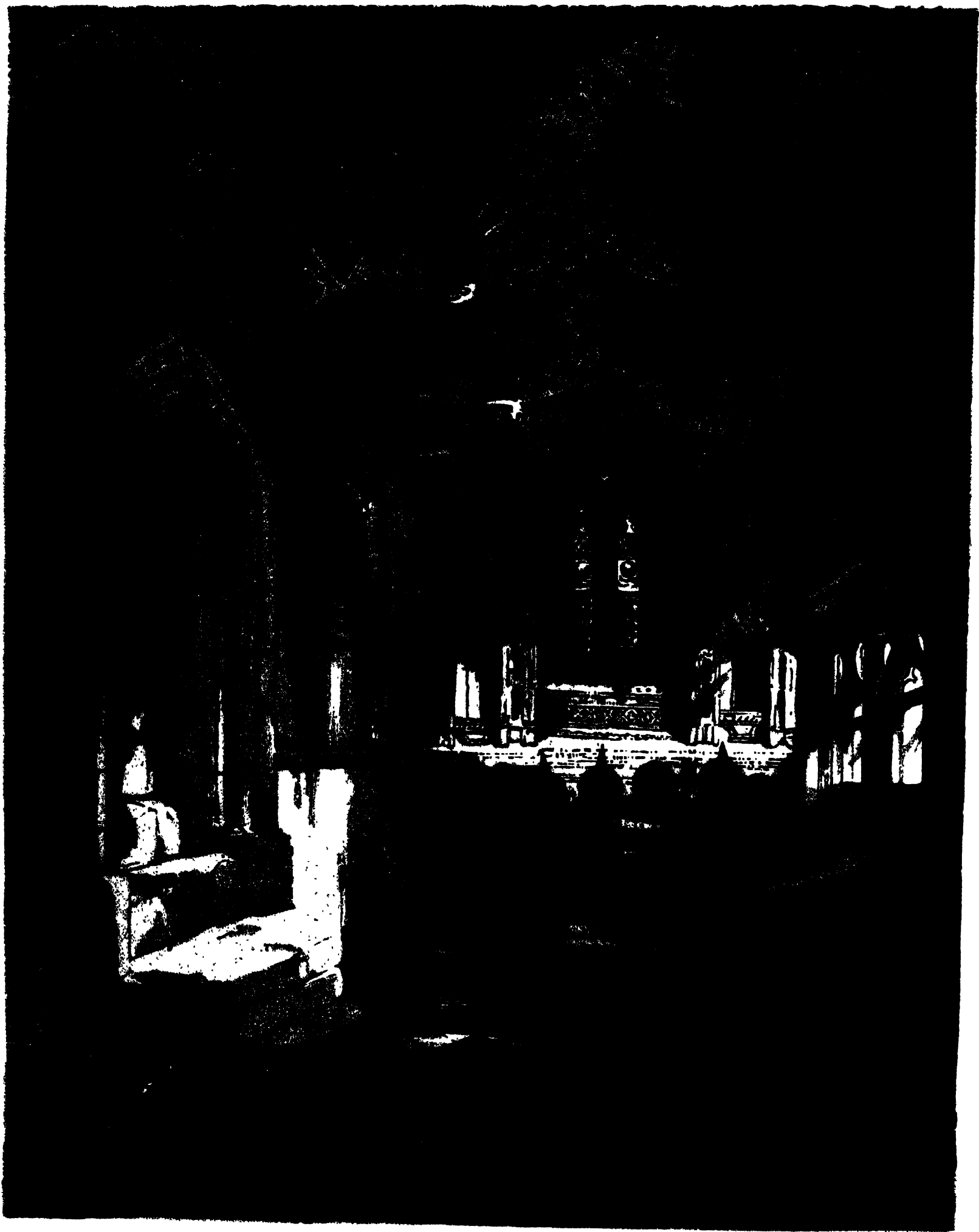
A short walk eastward from the Dutch church, and we find ourselves in another, and scarcely less interesting building for its general associations, and for its connection with the wars in question. This is the church of St. Helen's in Bishopsgate (Fig. 1285), formerly the remains of a priory of Benedictine nuns, whose long row of carved seats against the wall yet exist in the structure. As the burial-place of Sir Thomas Gresham St. Helen's is most popularly known. That truly illustrious merchant lies in the corner shown in our engraving; his arms are emblazoned in the window above. But the monument that more especially attracts us at the present time is that of Sir John Crosby and his lady, with their effigies, a truly beautiful piece of sculpture. (Fig. 1275.) Sir John, the founder of Crosby Hall, was an alderman of London, and the holder of various other important offices—a fact that no doubt made his accession to the friends of Edward IV. a matter of importance: by Edward he was knighted during the adventurous march from Ravenspur to London.

A mission given to Sir John the following year marks most decisively the confidence reposed in him by the Yorkists. He was sent with other eminent persons to the Duke of Burgundy to arrange various matters, amongst the rest, most probably, the treaty of alliance which, as we have already seen, Edward sought to make prior to his invasion of France. From Burgundy the party proceeded to the court of the Duke of Brittany, to conclude a similar treaty, and where also, observes Stow, they hoped to have gotten the two Earls of Pembroke and Richmond. So that Edward was already conscious of the exact quarter from whence danger was to be apprehended, though he could have little foreseen what course Richmond's endeavour would take, namely, the overthrow of the murderer of his—Edward's—own children. The ambassadors wrought so subtly that they at last persuaded the two nobles to return to England, and they were actually about to embark at St. Malo, when the minister of the Duke of Brittany, foreseeing probably the destruction that assuredly would have fallen upon them, caused a delay, and Richmond at last took the alarm and disappeared.

But whilst the church of the Austin Friars and the church of St. Helen's thus in some particular features carry us back into the sanguinary times of the two rival houses, there is one building, that in spot, purpose, and founder is entirely devoted to them, forming at once a memorial of its greatest actors, and its most deeply tragical incidents. Many will anticipate the words—the chapel on Wakefield Bridge. (Fig. 1302.) The building that had previously occupied the site was, it appears, a wayside chapel. We cannot better describe this class of structures, once so numerous in and so important to Old England, than

in the words of the authors of an account of Wakefield-Chapel, just published, by John Chessel and Charles Buckler:—"Wayside chapels were the only ancient places of public worship with which burial-grounds were not locally connected. They had no walled enclosures, and could never have been more alone than many are now on the highways to Walsingham. Those near Hillborough have been planted on the bleak brows of elevated ground near the roadside, and are without particular architectural distinction, being little oblong buildings of square breadth throughout, in plain design as in their figure. The walls are roofless and broken, the cracks and channels serving to channel away the water from the moss-grown summit. The interior, which could once afford rest to the weary and a pittance to the distressed, is now too desolate to be sought as a shelter by cattle. No marvel then that travellers in later days have neglected to turn a few paces out of the way to visit these ancient relics. They would find them not altogether uninteresting, but overgrown with briars, and half filled up with heaps of old rubbish. No kind of sepulchral memorial has been discovered within or on the outside of any of these edifices, often as death must have overtaken the pilgrim on his way. Chances of this kind were not provided for by a consecrated space for burial, as the custom of entombing the dead around the sanctuary in which the living assembled for worship was never extended to wayside chapels, neither was the administration of baptism nor the celebration of matrimony included in the duties prescribed to them, as was sometimes the case in privileged instances in assistant chapels belonging to districts at a distance from the mother church." The simple but sufficient and admirable object aimed at by the founders of these buildings, appears to have been to cheer the heart of the fainting pilgrim, or traveller, or mendicant, by affording him a temporary rest and refreshment for soul and body, and comfortable assurance of better entertainment further on. And as along the roads that religious pilgrims traversed they were the most needed, why, there were they the most frequent.

Let us now see how it was that the wayside chapel on Wakefield Bridge, founded, it is supposed, in the reign of Edward II., became alienated from its original purpose, and transformed into the superb little structure that now, in spite of decay and neglect, meets the eye. The first battle that followed the attempt of the House of Lords to compromise the respective demands of Henry VI. and Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was that of Wakefield, which took place between the town and the neighbouring castle of Sandal (Fig. 1269), the property of Plantagenet, who himself commanded the Yorkist army, with the aid of the Earl of Salisbury, whilst the Lancastrians were led by the Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Northumberland and Devon, the Lords Clifford, Dacres, and Nevil; and who were as superior in numbers of troops as of noble leaders. As the fight began, "the Duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and was suffered to pass forward toward the main battle; but when he was in the plain ground, between his castle and the town of Wakefield, he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall; so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited;" and with him perished nearly three thousand men, including some of the duke's most trusty friends, and many "young gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths" within a short period after. Chief of these was the innocent Duke of Rutland, the fourth son of the Duke of York, scarce of the age of twelve years, whose murder by the ruthless Clifford, one of the chief supporters of Margaret of Anjou, is touchingly narrated by the same authority—Hall: "Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspell, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, . . . a fair gentleman, and a maidenlike person, perceiving that fight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the Earl out of the field, by [past] the Lord Clifford's band, toward the town; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak; but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands, and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his chaplain, 'for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.' With that word, the Lord Clifford marked [recognised] him, and said, 'By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin; and with that word stuck the Earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the Earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said." Certainly a more barbarous act than this never disgraced the chivalry of England. It filled all right-feeling men with disgust and abhor-



LEIGHON, 16 1/2 INCH.

CHANTRY CHAPEL.

ADJOINING THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, WARWICK.

rence, and even by many of his own party the deed was condemned, and the doer of it stigmatised, in the words of Hall, "a tyrant, and no gentleman." Hollinshed describes the death of the Duke of York as not occurring in the heat of the fight, but after it was over, under circumstances fully as barbarous as those attending his son's death. "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a mole-hill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges [sedges], or bullrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland, they kneeled down afore him, as the Jews did to Christ, in scorn, saying to him, "Hail, king without rule! hail, king without heritage! hail, duke and prince without people or possessions!" And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head," which they presented to the queen, Margaret, whose whole conduct shows with what pleasure she must have looked upon the bloody ruin of her chief and, as she then thought, most dangerous enemy. The head was by her order fixed on the gates of York, and a paper crown placed upon it in mockery. It was not long, however, before all these brutal proceedings were avenged by others scarcely, if at all, less brutal; and then Edward, in pious and filial sorrow, erected near the place where his father had been slain, and on the very bridge where his brother had been so foully murdered, the chapel that to this day attracts the eye of the traveller by the Manchester and Leeds Railway, on the southern side of the Wakefield station. This, too, we may add, is one of the structures that, long neglected, is now again attracting attention, and about to be restored by the Yorkshire Architectural Society. All honour to the gentleman who, we understand, originated the movement in its favour—the Vicar of Wakefield.

In examining works of extraordinary architectural beauty or grandeur, one feels something of the same desire to know all about the men who produced them, and the circumstances under which they were produced, that we feel in every little bit of gossip relating to the history of a great poem, or painting, or piece of music; with the difference, however, that it too often happens that the only records we have of the first come through bills of expenses, or such similar media, and thereby lose in passing nearly all the real interest they possessed; while when we do know anything of the second, our knowledge must, from the less public and mechanical character of the superficial operations, be more or less attractive. But not even such documents can absolutely destroy the charm that invests the subject of the origin of a great edifice; and Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, forms a strong case in point. Of this structure, attached to the church of St. Mary, Warwick, we need hardly repeat the oft-told tale of its exquisite beauty of proportion and decorative detail (see Fig. 1301). A more useful labour will be to give some idea, by means of the valuable papers printed in Britton's 'Architectural Antiquities,' of the mode in which the executors of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439, went to work to erect the chapel that he had in his lifetime devised, and the altar-tomb to his memory, which now stands in the centre of the chapel. These accounts do not apply to the raising of the walls, but to their adornment when finished. First, there are the windows to be supplied with stained glass, which is settled by the following agreement with John Prudde, of Westminster, glazier, who, on the 23rd of June, in 25 Hen. VI., "Covenanteth, &c., to glaze all the windows in the New Chapel in Warwick with glass beyond the seas, and with no glass of England; and that in the finest wise, with the best, cleanest, and strongest glass of beyond the sea, that may be had in England, and of the finest colours of blue, yellow, red, purple, sanguine, and violet, and of all other colours that shall be most necessary, and best to make rich and embellish the matters, images, and stories that shall be delivered and appointed by the said executors, by patterns in paper; afterwards to be newly traced and pictured by another painter in rich colours at the charges of the said glazier: all which proportions the said John Prudde must make perfectly, to fine, glaze, anneal it, and finely and strongly set it in lead and solder, as well as any glass is in England. Of white glass, green glass, black glass, he shall put in as little as shall be needful for the showing and setting forth of the matters, images, and stories. And the said glazier shall take charge of the same glass, wrought, and to be brought to Warwick and set up there, in the windows of the said chapel, the executors paying to the said glazier for every foot of glass, 2s., and so for the whole, 91*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*" To the evidence of liberality that spared no cost in the attainment of the object sought,* given in this curious document, we may observe, that after the windows were finished, alterations were made, enhancing their generally sumptuous charac-

ter, especially by the addition of pictures, including the marriage of the Earl of Warwick, and these also were "set forth in glass and most fine and curious colours." Next to the agreement with the glazier comes that with the carpenter for desks, poppicks, seats, sills, planks, an organ-loft, &c. The walls have now to be painted, so the executors are off again to the metropolis, where they secure the services of John Brentwood, citizen and stainer of London, who, on the 12th of Feb., 28 Hen. VI., "doth covenant to paint fine and curiously to make at Warwick, on the west wall of the new chapel there, the doom of our Lord God Jesus, and all manner of devices and imagery thereto belonging, of fair and sightly proportion, as the place shall serve for, with the finest colours and fine gold; and the said Brentwood shall find all manner of stuff thereto at his charge, the said executors paying therefore 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*" But the painter of the walls must not also be the painter of the sculpture, so for them Kristian Coleburne is engaged, a painter dwelling in London, who, on the 13th of June, 32 Hen. VI., "Covenanteth, &c., to paint in most fine, fairest, and curious wise, four images of stone ordained for the new chapel in Warwick, whereof two principal images, the one of Our Lady, the other of St. Gabriel the angel, and two less images, one of St. Ann, and another of St. George: these four to be painted with the finest oil colours, in the richest, finest, and freshest clothings, that may be made of fine gold, azure, of fine purple, of fine white and other finest colours necessary, garnished, bordered, and powdered in the finest and curiousest wise, all the cost and workmanship of painting to be at the charge of the said Kristian, the executors paying for the same 12*l.*" The marbler follows the painters, who undertakes the erection of the tomb, and the adjoining part of the chapel pavement; then another marbler, with a founder and a coppersmith, who together agree to provide the metal ornaments, the latten-plates, for the tomb, consisting of one large plate, and two narrow ones to go round the tomb, with hearse, shields of arms, inscriptions, &c., which are to be gilded with the finest gold, and the whole executed at a cost of 125*l.* of the money of the fifteenth century. But the tomb is not yet prepared for the effigy that is to crown the whole; some fourteen images of lords and ladies, called weepers, of a certain size, and some eighteen angels, are needed. William Austin, the "founder" of the previous agreement, undertakes this labour, alone; covenanting "to cast, work, and perfectly to make, of the finest latten to be gilded, that may be found, viz.: images embossed of lords and ladies in divers vestures, called weepers, to stand in housings made about the tomb, those images to be made in breadth, length, and thickness, &c. to fourteen patterns made of timber. Also he shall make eighteen less images of angels to stand in other housings, as shall be appointed by patterns, whereof nine after one side, and nine after another. Also he must make an hearse to stand on the tomb, above and about the principal image that shall lie in the tomb, according to a pattern; the stuff and workmanship to the repairing to be at the charge of the said Will Austin. And the executors shall pay for every image that shall lie on the tomb, of the weepers so made in latten, 13*s.* 4*d.*, and for every image of angels so made 5*s.*; and for every pound of latten that shall be in the hearse 10*d.*, and shall pay and bear the costs of the said Austin for setting the said images and hearse." And now, at last, the tomb is complete, with the single but important exception of the effigy of the deceased earl, the founder of the beautiful work around. William Austin's services are here a third time in requisition, who—doth covenant "to cast and make an image of a man armed of fine latten, garnished with certain ornaments, viz.: with sword and dagger, with a garter, with a helm and crest under his head, and at his feet a bear muzzled, and a griffon, perfectly made of the finest latten, according to patterns." Our modern sculptors may like to know what was the cost of such a statue—engraved in p. 356, Fig. 1326—it was just 40*l.* of the money of the time. But who made all the patterns that are so constantly referred to in all the agreements? We wish we could answer the question, but unfortunately we are there left in the dark. Among the executors was one called Will. Berkswell, priest, who was dean of the collegiate church; Mr. Britton thinks he was also the architect of the chapel. If so, the inexhaustible variety of these "patterns" was probably owing in a great measure to him.

The Richard Beauchamp to whom we are indebted for this liberal and artistical expenditure, was a man of no ordinary importance in his day. In the reign of Henry IV. he did good service against Glendower and the Percies; in the reign of Henry V. he was one of the glorious few at Azincourt—

Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester:

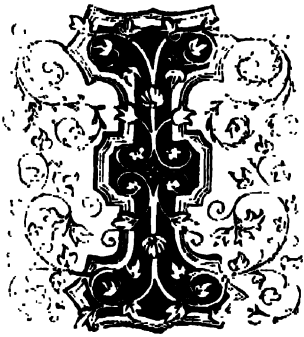
and lastly, in the reign of Henry VI., the youthful king was con-

ded chiefly to his tutelage. He died in the castle at Rouen, leaving behind him a name of the highest honour,—the *Good Earl*. One of the most interesting incidents of his life was his pilgrimage to the Holy Land (Fig. 1330), where he was magnificently entertained by the Soldan's lieutenant, on the ground that "he was descended from the famous Sir Guy of Warwick; whose story they had in books of their own language."—*Dugdale*.

Among the many wild and picturesque legends told by Old English Chroniclers of the early heroes of England, there is none more popular than that just referred to, which has made the name of Guy as famous to this day as those of King Arthur and St. George the Victorious. The story in question can be traced back to the twelfth century, and whatever of truth there may be in the events to which it relates, belongs probably to a period not much earlier, though usually assigned to the tenth century, and the reign of Athelstan. The tradition runs to the effect that in the year 926 the Danish and Norwegian powers, who then kept the country in continual terror, invaded England and advanced as far as Winchester. Athelstan saw the crown about to depart from him, and his only hope lay in being able to find a champion who might cope successfully with a champion of the Danes in a single combat that was to decide the fate of Athelstan and of England. There were stout and skilful warriors among the Saxons, but none, it would seem, who durst engage with the Dane, a man of gigantic size and prowess, a sort of Goliath among the Philistines: his name was Colbrand, and he was an African or a Saracen; hence probably the interest felt in Guy among the Saracens, of which Dugdale gives us so pleasant an evidence. Amidst the fear and distress which this dark and terrible giant excited among our Saxon forefathers, Athelstan was favoured by a vision, directing him to the man whose valour was to save his country in her dire extremity. "Like a palmer poore" appeared this hero, chosen by heaven itself, for the momentous ordeal: he had just landed at Portsmouth from the Holy Land. Athelstan engaged him, acting on his faith in the vision, and knowing nothing of the palmer's history and fitness. The hour of trial and peril arrives. If the giant conquers, England her king will be enslaved to the "Lord Danes." It is a fearful venture. All outward advantages are on Colbrand's side. Does he not seem to shake the solid earth with his tread, as, in the sight of a multitude of English and of Danes, he advances toward his victim? Does he not swell with disdain and defiance to even more than his ordinary vastness of dimensions? And Athelstan, when he hears the foreboding murmurs of his people, and the scornful threats of the insolent foe, regrets he not his trust in the vision? Is he not sick to the soul with agonizing suspense as the combat begins, and the sword-strokes rattle on the casques and shields? He averts his gaze, and adds his prayer to the many that are ascending around him. Suddenly,

the sun breaks out from behind the cloud that had enveloped their fortunes. Colbrand falls! The "palmer poore" is victor. The welkin rings with shouts of joy from the English host. Overpowering is the grateful enthusiasm of the liberated people. But, shrinking from the general gaze, desiring no earthly glory, the pilgrim-hero retires from the scene. To the king alone, and on a promise of secrecy, he reveals himself as Guy, the renowned Earl of Warwick. Therewith he passes from Athelstan's presence to strict retirement, in the neighbourhood of his castle of Warwick. There, with his own hands, as the peasants about Guy's cliff now tell us, he hewed out a cave, in which he lived and died. His remains were interred by his beautiful countess, Felicia, who most probably applauded the superstitious delusion which had consigned her to solitude and sorrow, and worshipped her husband's memory in consequence as that of a glorious saint. Guy's cliff (Fig. 1303) is situated a mile and a half from Warwick, by the river Avon, that here winds through beautiful meads and rocks and woods, the centre of one of the most lovely and romantic of scenes. The cave is not the only local memorial of the ancient hero; armour is preserved in the castle that, according to tradition, he once wore; a rude statue of him, eight feet high, was carved from the solid rock by Richard Beauchamp, the same Earl of Warwick who founded the chapel on the cliff (Fig. 1304), and the contiguous buildings, as well as the more superb Beauchamp chapel. The right hand of the statue held a drawn sword, the left arm supported a shield; the sword-arm and the sword, and the left hand are now wanting: a leg was also deficient, but "a new one was bestowed a few years back by a female statuary of rank and deserved celebrity, while on a visit to the castle" [*'Beauties of England and Wales'*]. The Hon. Mrs. Damer, we presume, is the lady here referred to. The legend of Guy was doubtless the attraction that drew a greater hero than Guy to visit the hermitage, Henry V., who was about to found a chantry on the cliff for two priests, but his illness and early death prevented it. In his father's reign, and in the reign of Edward III., there was a hermit resident at Guy's cliff; other recluses have most probably dwelt there, whose lives have passed in holy quiet without a record. But there is one hermit of this "house of pleasure" and "place meet for the Muses" (Leland), of whom we have a record—John Rous, the antiquary, son of Geoffrey Rous of Warwick. He was a chantry priest at Guy's cliff, and officiated daily in its chapel. Having acquired considerable learning at Oxford, he surrounded himself here with his books, and employed most of his time in writing chronicles of his country and a history of Warwickshire and its famous earls, without manifesting the smallest desire to win the notice or applause of the world, but sufficiently rewarded by the gratification afforded him by his studies: he died in 1491.

CHAPTER III.—POPULAR ANTIQUITIES.



T is with curious feelings and thoughts that we contemplate such a view of the metropolis of the Middle Ages as is furnished in our engraving of the approach towards the City from Westminster (Fig. 1348). A kind of doubtful wonder seizes us when, looking for the localities that have become celebrated over half the globe, we have to recognize them under such very different aspects, in so very different a scene. One can hardly believe

that the pastoral landscape in the foreground, stretching away on the left into the country around Hampstead and Highgate, and scattered over with isolated mansions, farms, and homesteads, whilst on the right it extends down literally to the river's *strand*, broken, however, at intervals by the embattled mansions and "pleasances" of the nobility, should be really the same place along which the throng of men, women, and children, coaches, omnibuses, cabs, now passes from "morn to dewy eve," and long after, without apparent cessation or rest. One may look in vain to trace in the Convent Garden of the view any resemblance to the present Covent Garden, though the flowers bloom there as of yore, only in a thousand times greater luxuriance and beauty and variety. How one of the pious monks would have stared at the sight of gorgeous cacti suddenly put among his little collection! How he would have luxuriated over a pine-apple!

The first of the mansions along the old route towards St. Paul's was Durham Place; on a line with it, farther on, were Essex House and York House, names chronicled in historic and poetic pages. The old church of St. Mary, Strand, appears at the bend of the road, on its left side. Looking towards the river, we see the silver current flowing on to the foot of the many-arched Old London Bridge, loaded with houses, gates, and chapel; the airy pinnacles of St. Mary Overies appear on its right, the Tower of London on its left, and nearer the front of the picture Old St. Paul's, whose elevated position, and queenly height and dignity, attest the cathedral of the great metropolis, only, instead of the grand Grecian dome that lords it over modern London, a most beautiful, bold, and elegant Gothic spire is there seen to pierce the sky. Glancing from the general view, to that of one of the streets of London (Figs. 1362, 1363), we are enabled to judge of the extent, arrangement, and character of the houses generally, of the ancient metropolis. Art was not then merely art for the great. The merchant and the small trader had their homesteads built substantially and picturesquely; and when, on the occasion of a public pageant, the windows were adorned with rich tapestry and the streets festooned with garlands of flowers, it would be hardly possible to desire a more agreeable picture, even without the royal personage and his splendid train for whom the show might be got up; as, for instance, when the boy-king, Henry VI., returned from his coronation at Paris. Cheapside (Fig. 1361) was the principal place for the exhibition of the more important features of these old pageants; where the towers full of singing angels and allegorical characters were set up, where the conduits flowed with wine, and around which another garden of Eden seemed spontaneously to grow.

Let us turn aside for a few moments to look at GUILDHALL, presenting a very altered aspect from the Guildhall of the last century (Fig. 1349), and both as unlike as they could be made to the first building erected here in the year 1411, when a "little college" was changed into the great Guildhall; funds having been obtained by large gifts from the different companies, and by a mode that reminds us of, and no doubt was borrowed from, the custom of raising money for the great ecclesiastical foundations; it seems "offences of men were pardoned for sums of money towards this work;" "at the same time extraordinary fees were raised, fines, amerciaments," which continued more or less for the space of ten years. Among the particular

benefactors were the executors of Richard Whittington, who gave thirty-five pounds towards paving the hall with Porbeck marble. That hall (Fig. 1350), notwithstanding the disgraceful treatment it has undergone as respects externals, and which makes one of the most noble and stately of buildings look to a stranger approaching it as one of the most supremely ugly that it was ever his fortune to behold—that hall still remains, and within needs only the superficial restoration of the old architectural style in the upper story, and a new roof, and the being relieved of those two pretty monstrosities, Gog and Magog, that give one the idea that the mayor, aldermen, and common council of the metropolis of the British empire must be a parcel of overgrown children playing at government, rather than dealing with their duties in that lofty abstract spirit which they require,—there want but these alterations and renewals to make the interior of the Guildhall a very noble specimen of the architecture of the fifteenth century. The crypt (Fig. 1383) below the hall is scarcely less interesting. It seems to have been a custom at the period in question to build these strange-looking places, too low and dark to have been intended for any very public or important proceedings, too beautiful to be mere vaults beneath the halls of great mansions. There is the same at Crosby Place; the same at Gerard's Hall (Fig. 1358).

It would be superfluous to say that the historical recollections of Guildhall are of no ordinary weight and interest. Here it was that Garnet the Jesuit, that extraordinary man, was tried for his connection with the Gunpowder Plot, and, after a most skilful and elaborate defence, condemned. Here was Throckmorton placed on his trial for treason as a friend of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and for once, by his consummate skill, by his mingled boldness and tact, obtained what was little less than a miracle, a verdict of not guilty from a packed jury, the members of which were well-nigh ruined for their honesty. Here was the brave Anne Askew doomed to the last fiery trial of the strength of her religious principles; and here did Richard, Duke of Gloucester, through his mouthpiece Buckingham, first seek in public the suffrages of the citizens of London to make him king, and very amusing were the proceedings, or would be, if there were not such tragical "issues" behind. Buckingham commenced by an allusion that found a powerful echo in the hearts of his hearers: he spoke of the tyrannies and extortions of Edward IV., who had taxed the pockets and patience of the Londoners pretty severely; thence he led them to the consideration of his amours, which some present had probably especial reason to remember in their desolate and ruined homes, and so, by easy stages, the grand point was attained, of preparing the auditory to listen to the assertion that Edward himself was only an illegitimate son of Richard Plantagenet the late Duke of York, *therefore* as the Lords and Commons had sworn never to submit to a bastard, what was to be done but to acknowledge Gloucester as king? and that, Buckingham energetically called upon them to do. He paused—there was dead silence. No wonder that even Buckingham himself was for the moment "magnificently abashed." Recovering his presence of mind, he said privately to the mayor and others, who had been gained over, "What meaneth this, that the people be so still?" "Sir," was the reply, "perchance they perceive [understand] you not well." Of course, Buckingham could amend that, and therewith, somewhat louder, rehearsed the same matter again, in other order and in other words, so well and ornately, and nevertheless so evidently and plain, with voice, gesture, and countenance so comely and so convenient, that every man much marvelled that heard him; and thought that they never heard in their lives so evil a tale so well told. But were it for wonder or fear, or that each looked that other should speak first, not one word was there answered of all the people that stood before; but all were as still as the midnight, not so much rousing [speaking privately] among them, by which they might seem once to command what was best to do. When the mayor saw this, he, with other partners of the council, drew about the duke, and said that the people had not been accustomed there to be spoken to but by the recorder which

is the mouth of the city, and haply to him they will answer. With that the recorder, called Thomas Fitzwilliam, a sad (serious) man and an honest, which was but newly come to the office, and never had spoken to the people before, and loth was with that matter to begin, notwithstanding, thereunto commanded by the mayor, made rehearsal to the commons of that which the duke had twice purposed himself; but the recorder so tempered his tale that he showed everything as the duke's words were, and no part of his own; but all this no change made in the people, which alway after one stood as they had been amazed." One cannot but admire the fortitude of Buckingham in persevering under such very discouraging, and personally humiliating circumstances, but he came to do certain work, and do it he would and did. So, changing his style, he began to stand somewhat upon his dignity, without abating, however, in the particular affection he had conceived for the citizens. So, again coming forward, "'Dear friends,' said he, 'we come to move you to that thing which, peradventure, we so greatly needed not, but that the lords of this realm and commons of other parts might have sufficed, saying, such love we bear you, and so much set by you, that we would not gladly do without you that thing in which to be partners is your weal and honour, which as to us seemeth, you see not or weigh not, wherefore we require you to give us an answer, one or other, whether ye be minded, as all the nobles of the realm be, to have this noble prince, now protector, to be your king?' And at these words the people began to whisper among themselves secretly, that the voice was neither loud nor base, but like a swarm of bees, till at the last, at the nether end of the hall, a bushment of the duke's servants, and one Nashfield, and others belonging to the protector, with some prentices and lads that thrust into the hall amongst the press, began suddenly, at men's backs to cry out as loud as they could, 'King Richard! King Richard!' and then threw up their caps in token of joy, and they that stood before cast back their heads *marvelling thereat, but nothing they said*. And when the duke and the mayor saw this manner, they wisely turned it to their purpose, and said it was a goodly cry and a joyful to hear *every man with one voice*, and no man saying nay." Of course, there was no resisting such an expression of opinion, and Buckingham departed to persuade the reluctant Gloucester to take upon him the sovereignty of England. How the latter must have enjoyed the narration of his friend's exploits! if, indeed, for either enjoyment could exist, under such hazardous and unprincipled movements.

As to the Tower, seen with such propriety looming in the background of our view, we may begin by observing that some important reparations were made in it during the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III., connected probably with the rapidly-increasing uses that it was put to, especially as the grand state prison of England. We have an evidence of what Edward IV. was thinking about, in the attempt of his officers to set up their own scaffold and gallows on Tower Hill; but the city resisted, and the sheriffs successfully maintained their right of superintending the business of extinguishing human life, with all its then usual revolting and cruel accompaniments.

Our plan and engravings furnish a tolerably comprehensive view of the Tower in what may be called its complete state. We see in the first (Fig. 1262), the shape of the site, and the arrangement and naves of the different buildings; whilst in the last, we see the exterior of the Tower in the time of Henry VI. (Fig. 1263); then the interior (Fig. 1261), shown us in a more useful than artistic way, with the French prisoner of Agincourt, the Duke of Orleans busy writing, surrounded by his guards; and lastly comes, in addition to the engravings already given of parts of the Tower, the view of the old Jewel-House (Fig. 1265), and the north side of the Bloody Tower, or gateway (Fig. 1264), which was so terrified, "for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed *two together, at one time*." So says W. Hubbocke, the orator who welcomed James I. when he visited the Tower, in 1604, and who gives us a new impression of the transaction, evidently hardly knowing which was worse, the murder or its climax, the killed "*two together, at one time*."

What, thinks the reader, is the Duke of Orleans doing at such an evidently important time? Some treaty, is it, he is about to sign, that shall restore him to his country, and give peace hereafter between England and France? No; the duke is writing simply—poetry! and the guards looking on with such interest and attention are watching the process of gestation. Talk of knowledge under difficulties! if this is not the pursuit of poetry under difficulties, no matter how unnecessary or self-created, we know not what is. We

can imagine when an approving hem! broke forth from the satisfied poet, how the long-silent guards must take advantage of the pause, and give way to their hems! too; then if some lame line will not get into easier paces, some thought will not leave the palpable obscure where it is first born, and the poet looks round unwittingly upon the faces of the sympathising men-at-arms, how he may be answered by some satirical rascal's cough here, and a sudden droop or turn of the head there, lest royalty should see its anxieties doubled like Wordsworth's swan and shadow. Then, as a poet when he has pleased himself, must read his production aloud, to hear how it sounds, what a pleasant little knot of critics are at hand, not only to form opinions, but to express them too—when they get safely away to the buttery-hatch among their companions.

That the Tower of London was formerly a royal palace as well as a royal fortress and prison, we are forcibly reminded by a sight of the regalia still kept here. The small tower in which they were exhibited until the recent fire stands at the north-east angle of the great area. The first mention of these jewels occurs in the reign of Henry III., who, returning from France, commanded the Bishop of Carlisle to replace them in the Tower, as they were before. The same king pledged them to certain merchants of Paris: being redeemed, they were again pledged to the merchants of Flanders by Edward III., and a third time to the merchants of London by Richard II., when they were placed in the charge of the Bishop of London and the Earl of Arundel. Henry VI. also pledged to his wealthy uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, as security for seven thousand marks, an immense quantity of such valuables, which were all to be forfeited if the borrowed moneys were not repaid by the feast of Easter, 1440. Being returned in safety to the Tower, the crown jewels were permitted to rest until the accession of the great spoiler, Henry VIII., who ordered his minister Cromwell to go to the jewel-house and take therefrom as much plate as he thought could possibly be spared, and coin it immediately into money. Even after this characteristic reduction, the royal treasure remained of great value and variety, as appears by an inventory made by order of James I.

The regalia at present in the Tower includes five crowns: St. Edward's (made at Charles II.'s coronation, to replace the one which the Confessor is supposed to have worn), the crown of State, the queen's circlet of gold, the queen's crown, and the queen's rich crown. Of these the first and fourth are proper coronation crowns. Three of the most precious of jewels are on the state crown—a ruby, a pearl, and an emerald, seven inches round. Here also are the other coronation jewels: the orb, emblem of universal authority, borrowed from the Roman emperors; the ampul, or eagle of gold, containing the anointing oil; the curtain, or sword of mercy, borne between the two swords of justice, spiritual and temporal; St. Edward's staff, which is a sceptre of gold, four feet seven inches and a half long, with a small foot of steel, and a mound and cross at top; four other sceptres of gold and precious stones (one of these discovered in 1814, behind some old wainscoting in the jewel-house); the queen's ivory rod, a short sceptre of ivory and gold, made for the queen of James II., &c., &c.

The office of "master and treasurer of the jewel-house" was one of great honour and profit in the old days. The regalia was first exhibited to the public in the reign of Charles II., when the direct emoluments were reduced, and the "show" permitted by way of compensation. In the same reign an incident occurred that would in all probability have put a stop to the custom almost as soon as it was begun, but for the circumstance just narrated. Among the notorious men of that day, one of the most notorious was a Colonel Blood, a native of Ireland, who under the Commonwealth had occupied a very respectable position in society, having received a grant of land for his services as a lieutenant in the field, been in the commission of the peace, and married a gentleman's daughter of Lancashire. The Irish act of settlement blighted his fortunes, and threw him on the world a restless, discontented, desperate man. He headed an Irish insurrection for surprising Dublin Castle, and seizing the person of the lord lieutenant, the Duke of Ormond. Failing in this, he made himself still more notorious, by a most extraordinary and daring attempt to seize and hang at Tyburn the same duke on the night of the 6th of November, 1676, in revenge for Ormond's having dealt that doom on some of the colonel's friends in the insurrection. The duke was actually tied on horseback to a confederate of Blood's, when timely aid saved him. This brief summary of Blood's career may prepare the reader to understand the character of the man, who was concerned in one of the most extraordinary attempts that the annals of felony can furnish. During the reign of Charles II. the keeper of the regalia was one Talbot Edwards, an old and confidential servant of Sir Gilbert Talbot, master of the Jewel-house. Edwards, with his wife and daughter, dwelt in the domestic apart-

ments adjoining the place where the treasure was kept. One day there came a respectable-looking parson and his wife, to whom Edwards was exhibiting the jewels, when the lady was suddenly taken ill. To call his wife to render assistance was naturally the keeper's first thought, and to invite the sufferer to a private room as naturally occurred to Mrs. Edwards. The lady recovered; but the civility and kindness of the worthy old couple and their daughter, and the gratitude of the strangers, led to a continuance of their intimacy, and to a proposal from the parson of a marriage between his nephew and the keeper's daughter. All this was arranged before the lover's appearance on the scene; and of course the old people and their daughter were worked up into a state of high expectation by the time when the first meeting of the pre-affianced pair was to take place. The nephew came at the appointed time, attended by his uncle and two other friends. Leaving their horses at St. Catherine's gate, they walked through the Tower to the jewel-house, at the door of which, one of the gentlemen—(all of whom it afterwards appeared were furnished with daggers, pocket-pistols, and rapier-blades in their canes)—made some slight pretence for remaining while the others entered. The parson wished his friends to be shown the regalia, as Mrs. and Miss Edwards did not immediately appear, and, accordingly, the unsuspecting keeper entered the jewel-room with them. Hardly was the door closed, when a cloak was thrown over him, and a gag forced into his mouth: he was then informed of the true character of his visitors, and their real object, which the reader will have already foreseen. The pretended parson was Colonel Blood, the nephew and friends his associates, with whose assistance he was determined to possess himself of the regalia of England, an object so bold, and so certain it would seem to ordinary eyes of failure, that none but men who fancied there was a kind of glory in acts of outrageous wickedness, if requiring great courage, would have set their lives upon the hazard of such a cast. Edwards, faithful to his trust, resisted them manfully, and the poor old man was beaten and stabbed before he could be quieted; his life, probably, was only saved by the singularly opportune arrival of his son from Flanders. The confederate who watched at the door below had attempted to stop the young man, and inquired with whom he would speak. Edwards, probably wishing to give his family an agreeable surprise, and supposing perhaps that the person was stationed there on duty connected with the Tower, answered he belonged to the house, and ran up stairs. What a meeting for father and son after a long separation! At the moment when the robbers were interrupted, Blood had slipped the crown under his cloak, one of his associates had secreted the orb, the other was filing the sceptre into two parts. At the stranger's appearance there was an instantaneous flight, to stop which the wounded keeper relieved from his gag, shouted "Treason and murder!" his daughter, waiting near, heard and repeated the cry, as she rushed into the open air. The warders of the tower seemed panic-stricken. The first whom the fugitives encountered, on trying to stop them, received a pistol-shot; the second did not so far provoke them, and they passed the drawbridge. As they ran along the Tower wharf, they joined in the shouts of "Stop the rogues!" thus bewildering the pursuers. They would probably have got clear off but for the courage of a brother-in-law of young Edwards, a Captain Beckman, who followed and stopped them. Blood fired at him, but, missing his aim, was secured. The crown was still beneath his cloak, and he struggled hard to keep it. His witty exclamation, when he saw that all was over, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful; it was for a crown," affords good evidence how far he was from repentance or fear. Strange to say, he had, after all, little cause to be afraid. At a time when the most trivial felonies were so frequently punished with death, one is amazed that so audacious a criminal should be spared; but how much more, to find him in a short time actually elevated to the dignity of a *favourite* at court, so that it became the mode for suitors to make application to the king through Colonel Blood; whilst the petty reward to the keeper and his son, of three hundred pounds, was delayed so long that the orders for the money were previously disposed of at half the nominal value. Little as we know Charles II. was inclined to estimate mere probity and loyalty in comparison with wit, humour, and a bold spirit, and much as he might sympathize with a "fine, gay, bold-faced villain," it seems wonderful that his majesty could not have contented himself with benefiting the accomplished colonel in a private way, instead of letting all the world perceive how little he regarded the laws he proposed to rule by. But conceit, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Charles was not proof against that compliment paid to his august person by the colonel in the circumstance, as related by himself, that he had been once deterred from taking the king's life

from among the reeds by the Thames side above Battersea, as he had undertaken to do, by a sudden and irresistible "awe of majesty." The public opinion of Colonel Blood's elevation is apparent, in an epigram by one of the witty and profligate lords of Charles' court, the noted Rochester:—

Blood, that wears treason in his face,
Villain complete in parson's gown,
How much he is at court in grace
For stealing Ormond and the crown!
Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the king, and outdo Blood.

From the London of the fifteenth century, suppose we now direct our attention to the COVENTRY of the same period, as one of the most important and interesting of English provincial towns. It was at that period that the magnificent St. Mary's Hall was erected (see page 246), of which we subjoin additional engravings of a street view (Fig. 1359), and a view of the interior (Fig. 1360). Of course no essential difference need be looked for between the general style and appearance of the houses of the wealthy and other inhabitants of Coventry (Fig. 1367) and those of houses belonging to the same classes in London. Coventry, too, was, like London and all our principal cities of the middle ages, fortified: its appearance from a distance may be seen in the view of Coventry (Fig. 1268), which represents Edward IV. in arms, and encamped against his formidable enemy, the Earl of Warwick, who is lodged with his forces in the town. The time is a little before the terrible and decisive battle of Barnet. In that representation of Coventry is suggested what the known history of Coventry confirms—its importance in a military point of view. We refer not to its brick or stone walls and entrenchments, but to the spirit, wealth, and liberality of the inhabitants. In the year 1448, Coventry alone fitted out 600 armed men for service. The attention paid to it by the chief rulers of the nation evidences in a striking manner its rank among the towns of Old England. It was, as has been previously stated, the favourite residence of the Black Prince. In Coventry have sat two of those parliaments which have achieved as it were an individual reputation for their doings: the first being that of 1404, composed entirely of laymen; the other that of 1459, which, for the numbers of attainders it issued against the Yorkist party, received the appellation of *Parliamentum Diabolicum*. A better known, as well as still more important incident in the history of Coventry, was the meeting there in the time of Richard II., when Bolingbroke and Norfolk were to decide their quarrel, by personal combat, after the fashion of the chivalric code. We have on more than one occasion alluded to this custom, and have given various engravings illustrative of the proceedings; we have also described, from Froissart, an actual deed of arms, that, though ending unhappily, was intended to have been only a friendly encounter; we may now add, from Holinshed, an account of the preparation for a more deadly encounter, and where mightier combatants were concerned. At the time appointed, "the Duke of Aumerle, that day, being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surrey, marshal, placed themselves between them, well-armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men, apparelled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously; every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser, barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmiths' work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was; he answered, 'I am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me.' Then, incontinently, he swore upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put by his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting down his vizor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

"Soon after him entered into the field with great triumph. King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, lest some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hang'd and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, pro-

hibiting all men in the name of the king, and of the high-constable and marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, another herald cried, 'Behold here Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.' The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud, 'God aid him that hath the right;' and then he departed from his horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the king's behalf to mount on horseback, and address themselves to the battle and combat. The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded set forward courageously towards his enemy six or seven paces. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho, ho!' Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

The banishment, return, and change of dynasty that followed this—for Richard—most unfortunate interference, we have already narrated. But there is something for which Coventry has been, nay is, even more famous than for any or all of these events, stirring as is the interest and high as is the argument concerned in them; need we say we allude to its pageants? It is something to see one of these even in the present day, when the vital spirit that was of old infused into them has to a great degree departed. And a stranger who sees that pageant for the first time, is at no loss to understand its origin, and must be of somewhat unexcitable materials if it does not revive in his mind, however faintly, the romance with which he heard, in his boyish days, the very story that now comes before his eyes in so palpable a shape. Amidst the general accessories of processions—here, however, richer and more picturesque than usual

amidst the exhilarating music, the waving ribands and feathers, the motley assemblage of woolcombers and men in armour, Bishop Blaize, Jason, and puffy aldermen, city companies, and St. George of England, all superbly habited, amidst all these comes a lady riding on a beautiful grey horse, her long hair flowing over her beautiful limbs, enveloped in flesh-coloured muslin—the representative of that Lady Godiva who—but the story is too good to be told in the end of a sentence, and though well known, never, to our mind, tires by repetition. Best of all, even that class of antiquaries who so much delight in destroying for other people the enjoyments they cannot appreciate themselves, even those laborious mischief-makers have been unable with all their researches to do more with the story of Godiva than—in essentials at least—confirm it. One undeniable evidence is as good as a thousand; such a one is furnished by the inscription that formerly existed in a window at Coventry, set up so far back as the reign of the second Richard. Thus it ran:—

"I, Luriche, for the love of thee
Doe make Coventre tol-free."

Thus Luriche, or Leofric III. was one of the aldermen or earls of Coventry, in the time of Canute, and obtained a bad reputation for his oppressive conduct, more especially in matters relating to taxation and finance. In vain did the citizens remonstrate and entreat for relief. The great business of commerce, then beginning, was too little understood by any of the rulers of the people to induce them to show any particular favour to the men or the towns whose prosperity depended upon it, while in too many cases their only feelings and desires seem to have been to act like the boy with his eggs in the fable, and, by seizing all that could be laid hold of at once, stop all future growth and supply. Such a man this Leofric seems to have been; and the rising town of Coventry might possibly have been effectually checked and have gone to ruin, leaving not even its name to future times, but for the interposition of his Countess, a very beautiful, pious, and modest woman, who, unable to endure the sight and knowledge of the people's distress, added her prayer to theirs, and constantly importuned her husband to remove the cause, and would not be silenced. Irritated at what

he looked upon as a mere unreflecting desire to be charitable at the expense of his heavy revenues, Leofric appears to have thought he would at once put a stop to all further intercessions, by naming some impossible condition as the price of his consent; so in a moody humour one day told her, that when she would ride on horseback, naked, through the town of Coventry, he would grant the remission of tolls desired. "But," returned the Countess quickly, "will you give me leave so to do?" He could not of course but be consistent with his humour, so said "Yes." And before he had really dreamt, perhaps, of the possibility of his wife taking him at his word, the compact was at once settled by her. As the news flew abroad, Coventry must indeed have been in a strange state of excitement and expectation; but was it true? A public announcement soon decided that question; it was ordered that all persons on pain of death should keep within doors, and away from their windows, the shutters being at the same time universally closed. At the appointed time, the Countess came forth, beautiful and innocent as the poet has painted our first mother in her first days of innocence; and the physical beauty was but a type of the mental beauty that had determined upon such a deed: and both must have been alike strange and amazed, and shrinking as it were within themselves, at the sudden revelation of themselves they were called upon to make. One man, a tailor, disobeyed the proclamation; and may we not consider our knowledge that there was such a one as a kind of evidence that there were few, or no more, and that the general feelings and thoughts of the inhabitants were worthy of the occasion, namely, thankful, lofty, almost reverential, and utterly incapable of receiving the service their benefactress did them, in any other spirit than that in which it was offered? And thus, with her long hair drooping over, and almost concealing her form, her head bowed, and a strange but glorious confusion of womanly fears and fancies for herself, womanly tenderness and resolve for her poor clients floating through her brain, can we imagine Godiva, pursuing her way, till the eventful ride was over, and her lord, forgetting all those unworthy motives that must have actuated him in allowing her to do what she had done, and borne away by a new sense of the truly noble and beautiful being that it was his happiness to call wife, would receive her with open arms at his gates, and give her not only what she had asked for the people at Coventry, but what must have been still dearer, personally to herself, his own fervent admiration and respect. However this may have been, it is certain that Coventry was relieved, and that Coventry, to this day, neither forgets, nor intends to forget, what it owes to the Lady Godiva.

This is no doubt the essentially popular event in the history of Coventry; but considered simply as a pageant on the one hand, or as regards its connection with the dramatic literature of England on the other, there yet remains to be noticed the most important of the exhibitions that have made the city so famous: we allude to the performances of the mysteries that from a very early period have taken place in Coventry, and which were there carried to a higher pitch of splendour than in any other part of England, unless the Chester plays may be considered an exception. The place of performance was the street or churchyard, the stage a moveable platform (Fig. 1299), the actors and managers the trading companies or guilds, and the subjects the most solemn of the Bible themes. To the histrionics of the fifteenth century there appeared no difficulty whatever in getting up a play that should represent the Creation, or Fall of Man, the Nativity, or Crucifixion of Christ; nay, even the last solemn day of Judgment, were quite within their means—at least so they thought. Nothing of course was too expensive for such representations; and in the items that have been preserved of the cost of particular plays, there are some amusing evidences of the knowledge of the importance of the property-man and machinist, and of the want of knowledge of the boundaries that divide piety from what looks like blasphemy, but which is so only in look, for we know it was all done in innocence and perfect simplicity. Here are some items from Sharp's 'Dissertation' on these pageants:—"Payd for 2 pound of hayre for the Divill's head, 3s.; mending his hose, 8d.; black canvas for shirts for the damned, 4s.; red buckram for the wings of angels (represented by naked children), 7s.; paid for a cote for God, and a payre of gloves, 3s." The auditory were not unworthy of such magnificent preparation and subjects. The King and royal family, the nobles and chief ecclesiastical dignitaries of England, were usually present, with a host of strangers from different parts of the kingdom. The crafts went previously through the streets in solemn procession. The times of performance were chiefly the Christmas and Whitsun Holidays. The pageants were rightly so named, for the dialogue was generally rude, with very little or no plot, and the whole formed a succession of scenes, rather than a connected story. We may here glance at the pageant of the Birth

of Christ and offering of the Magi, and which included also the Flight into Egypt and Murder of the Innocents. This, according to the principle of division of different parts of a general series among different companies, was prepared by and at the expense of the company of Shearmen and Tailors. The piece opens amidst the sound of harp and trumpet, and Israel appears prophesying the blessing that awaits mankind. The poet does not trouble his head about niceties, so presently several centuries are passed over, and Gabriel comes to announce to Mary her share in the great transactions that are about to take place. This is followed by a conversation between Mary and Joseph, and then preparations are made for the first appearance on the scene of the wonderful stranger. This is done with fine poetic feeling. It is night, and the scene represents a field where shepherds are scattered about, who are cold, and heavy in spirit, when a star shines, and the song of *Gloria in excelsis Deo* is heard. Immediately follow three songs, sung in parts, treble, tenor, and bass (the music, a simple kind of melody, is preserved); the singers being the shepherds, and certain women who represent the mothers of the country sorrowing over Herod's cruel edict

"O sisters two, how may we do
For to preserve this day
These poor younglings, for whom we do sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

"Herod the king in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
The men of might, in his own sight,
All young children to slay.

"That woe is me, poor child, for thee,
And ever mourn and say
For thy parting, neither say nor sing
By, by, lully, lullay."

The star now guides the shepherds to the "crib of poor repast," where the child Jesus lies, and the shepherds present their offerings, one his pipe, another his hat, a third his mittens. The action now moves on with more rapidity. Prophets come declaring where he would not be born, namely, in halls, castles, or towers, in order to enhance the humility of the chosen place; Herod's messenger follows; then the three kings, who seek to persuade Herod to recall his cruel decree, but in vain, and so at last the slaughter takes place, the infant Jesus being previously carried off into Egypt. With two specimens of the author's powers respectively in pathos and fury, we conclude our notice of the Shearmen and Tailors' pageant. Whilst one mother thus entreats for mercy—

"Sir Knights, of your courtesy,
This day shame not your chivalry,
But on my child have pity;"

another threatens all and sundry in these words—

"Sit he never so high in saddle
But I shall make his brains addle,
And here with my pot-ladle
With him will I fight."

"There is abundant evidence," observes the author of an admirable article on the English Drama in the 'Penny Cyclopaedia,' "that the Romish ecclesiastics, in their first introduction of this kind of representations, especially that part of them relating to the birth, passion, and resurrection of Christ, had the perfectly serious intention of strengthening the faith of the multitude in the fundamental doctrines of their church; and it seems the less extraordinary that they should have resorted to this expedient, when we reflect that, before the invention of printing, books had no existence for the people at large. But it is no less certain that the repetition of these exhibitions rapidly worked upon the popular mind an effect which, it is likely, the priestly dramatists themselves had not contemplated in the first instance: it developed the universally latent passion in the breast of social man for spectacle in general, and for dramatic spectacle especially, for its own sake. Here again was the strongest encouragement of all for the clergy to persevere in their dramatic efforts. Finding the lively pleasure which the people took in this mode of receiving religious instruction, they were tempted to add, according to their barbarous ability, embellishment after embellishment to the simple copies which they had originally presented of the most remarkable passages of Scripture story, until the profane exhibition itself, the miracle *play*, and not the sacred subject of it, became the sole object of interest to the people who composed the audience at these representations, as, also, it certainly became the primary object of the greater part of the ecclesiastics who took part in getting them up." And, starting from this point, it is easy to

perceive how, step by step, the growing power went on, until became what it now is, the richest division of the richest of national literatures.

In the beginning of the present chapter we alluded to the manifold uses to which the florid Gothic style of architecture became applicable during the present period: this is one of its distinctive features as compared not only with all previous forms of the Gothic, but as compared with most other styles of architecture by whatever name known. In carrying this style, which had been hitherto an exclusively ecclesiastical one, into buildings intended for domestic purposes, the alterations and adaptations were not at first very considerable. The parts were on a smaller scale, and exhibited some specialties of composition; but their details and ornaments, even the doors and windows, were essentially the same. But gradually new members sprang up, the chimney, for instance, and gave at once a domestic expression to the whole. Bays and oriels also became highly beautiful and picturesque parts of the new style. Then the timber roof began to rival the ecclesiastical stone ones; and, although originated, like them, in an earlier period, were carried in the present one to the highest pitch of mechanical skill and artistic effect. The arch of timber in a simple form is frequently found in buildings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In Westminster Hall, completed in 1399, we find one of the earliest examples of a novel method of constructing and ornamenting the open roof; and which in its turn led the way to the more elaborate roofs of Eltham Palace, Crosby Place, &c.

In the castellated structures of the period we find the new domestic style blended with what may be called the old domestic style of those barons who were always attacking or being attacked, and whose houses therefore exhibited more of wall and battlement, tower and turret, than any of the lighter features that speak of social comfort, splendour, or refinement. And thus, according to the peaceable or the turbulent characters of their possessors, did the mansions that were built in the fifteenth century partake more or less of the Domestic or the Military aspect. Generally speaking, the difference within half a century was very great. What, for instance, can be more striking than on turning from the view of the Westgate, Canterbury (Fig. 1272), with its solid towers, and machicolated gateway, breathing as plainly as stone and mortar and iron can, defiance and war, to the contrast presented in the elegant range of building that forms a part of the great court of Warwick Castle (Fig. 1270)? Yet but a small interval of time occurred between the erection of these structures. Warwick Castle generally is, we may notice in passing, what the first sight of it suggests, the growth of long centuries, and no product of any one founder or architect, any more than of one style. We need not dwell on the individual architectural characteristics of some of the other buildings of the period, represented in our engravings; such for instance as the Manor-house of Great Chatfield in Wiltshire (Fig. 1351), an Inn-yard (Fig. 1364), or the houses in Warwick (Fig. 1365), Grantham (Fig. 1352), and Leicester (Fig. 1350), where Richard III. slept the night before the battle of Bosworth; whilst of the merely decorative features of domestic architecture, the chimney-piece at Tattershall Castle (Fig. 1357), and the heraldic vane of Oxburgh Hall (Fig. 1353), it will be sufficient to observe that they show very happily that love of heraldic display which forms a characteristic of the style and time. The Crosses, that so picturesquely adorned our old English towns, are not unworthily represented in the Market-cross at Winchester (Fig. 1354).

How necessary it was, even so late as the fifteenth century, to make every mansion of a certain rank capable of military resistance, is shown in a very remarkable manner, in that collection of letters known as the Paston Letters, recently edited from an earlier edition, by Mr. A. Ramsay, and which consists generally of the correspondence of the Pastons and their connections between the years 1440 and 1505. It appears that in 1459, the celebrated warrior Sir John Fastolf died, and left by will to the respectable family of the Pastons his relations, in Norfolk, "the estate of Caister." The Duke of Norfolk laid claim to the same estate, which he asserted Sir John had already given to him in his lifetime. Out of these opposite claims litigation arose, and the Letters furnish some curious examples of the manner in which it was carried on. After seven years spent in preliminaries, one of which was a bargain for the purchase of the estate from one of Fastolf's executors, in order to put his right on the most solid ground possible, the duke proceeds to *besiege* the manor-house, a course of action that no one seems to have thought for a moment inconsistent with the most formal respect for law; indeed, the age was one of legal formality, and the Pastons and the Norfolks were the very concentration of its spirit. While the duke prepared for his attack on the Caister manor-house,

Sir John Paston, knight, a distinguished soldier, who had succeeded his father as chief of the family, sent help for the defence from London, where he was living. On his brother John devolved the perilous task of resisting the duke's men at Caister. The soldiers sent by the knight are described by him in his letter to his brother as "four well assured and true men to do all manner of thing that they be desired to do in safeguard or strengthening of the said place;" and he says, "they be proved men, and cunning in the war and in feats of arms; and they can well shoot both guns and crossbows, and amend and string them, and devise bulwarks, or any things that should be a strength to the place; and they will, as need is, keep watch and ward: they be sad (serious) and well-advised men, saving one of them which is bald, and called William Penny, which is as good a man as goeth on the earth, saving a little, he will, as I understand, be a little copshotten (high-crested), but yet he is no brawler, but full of courtesy," &c. Kindly regarding their comforts, he points out that a couple of beds must be provided for them, and further explains that he prefers sending such men from a distance, to relying upon the neighbouring people, who might be timid on account of the losses they may bring upon themselves, and so discourage the "remanent," that is to say, we presume, the great body of the knight's own servants and retainers, whom, no doubt, these skilled men of war were brought down from the metropolis to guide and instruct. The siege now goes on week after week, the law taking not the slightest notice. On the 12th of September we learn from another letter, written by the mother of Sir John, that the garrison are getting pressed.

"I greet you well," she writes, "letting you weet that your brother and his fellowship stand in great jeopardy at Caister, and lack victuals; and Daubeney and Berney (two friends who had joined him in the defence) be dead, and divers other greatly hurt; and they fail gunpowder and arrows, and the place is sore broken with guns of the other party, so that, unless they have hasty help, they be like to lose both their lives and the place, to the greatest rebuke to you that ever came to any gentleman, for every man in this country marvelleth greatly that ye suffer them to be so long in so great jeopardy without help or other remedy." Fresh strength too is to be given to the besiegers: the duke, she says, has sent for all his tenants to come to Caister on the following Thursday, when "there is there like to be the greatest multitude of people that came there yet; and they purpose then to make a great assault; for they have sent for guns to Lynn and other places, by the sea's side, that with their great multitude of guns, with other shot and ordinance, there shall no man dare appear in the place; therefore, as ye will have my blessing I charge you and require you that you see your brother be holpen in haste." The anxious mother, however, living at a distance, finds from Sir John's answer that matters are not so bad as she anticipates. The grand difficulty is the want of money, and it is really surprising, as well as touching, to hear this man of rank and property say, "I have but ten shillings, and wot not where to have more; and moreover, I have been ten times in like case or worse within this ten weeks." Under such circumstances, and contending against a nobleman, it is not difficult to foresee the result; the garrison were obliged to surrender, and then—what does the brave defender, John Paston, but prepare to engage in the service of the very duke who had overthrown him; a fact partly perhaps to be attributed to the duke's behaviour when he had achieved his wishes, and partly to the feeling of the time, which allowed men to engage in these affairs without any particular animosity towards each other. Eventually the Pastons got back their property, the duke having died, and the duchess having been from the first friendly to them.

A few words by way of appendage to this part of our subject may here be devoted to the subject of our engravings, representing the storming of a fort (Fig. 1251), the siege of a town (Fig. 1252), and the chief machines used on such occasions, namely, the breaching and the moveable towers (Figs. 1253 and 1274). Cannon we see were now in constant use. The art of attacking fortified places was greatly advanced by the English, during the period under review, as the French found to their cost when Henry V. was among them. Every town that he attacked he took: a fact that forms a striking contrast to the state of things but a few years before, when, for instance, Edward III. was kept for a whole twelvemonth before Calais, wasting his resources and losing his temper. Henry's engineers, it appears, drew their lines of contravallation and circumvallation, approached by entrenchments, ran their secret mine through the bowels of the earth, battered the walls with rams as well as artillery, showered darts, stones, and bullets over the ramparts and their defenders. As a specimen of one of the fortresses built in the fifteenth century, consisting essentially of a mere tower, or keep, mounted with extensive fortifications, therefore

evidently intended for defence, and not for accommodation, we may refer to Borthwick Castle, in Scotland (Fig. 1273), erected about 1430, an edifice well known as having been frequently visited by Mary, Queen of Scots, an honour which it owed to its proximity to the castle of Crichton, the property of Bothwell. Sir Walter Scott tells a good story of the nobleman to whom Borthwick then belonged. In consequence of a process betwixt Master George Hay de Minzeans and the Lord Borthwick (in 1517), letters of excommunication had passed against the latter, on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an apparitor or mace of the see of St. Andrews, presented these letters to the curate of the church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of high mass. It seems that the inhabitants of the castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the Abbot of Unreason a species of *high jinks*, in which a mimic prelate was elected, who, like the Lord of Misrule in England, turned all sort of lawful authority, and particularly the church ritual, into ridicule. This frolicsome person with his retinue, notwithstanding the apparitor's character, entered the church, seized upon the primate's officer without hesitation, and drugging him to the mill-dam on the south side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not contented with this partial immersion, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced that Mr. William Langlands was not yet sufficiently bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner. The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, where, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces, and steeped in a bowl of wine, the mock abbot probably being of opinion that a tough parchment was but dry eating. Langlands was compelled to eat the letters and swallow the wine, with the comfortable assurance that if any more such letters should arrive, during the continuance of this office, they should "a' gang the same gait."

Anthony Bec, the famous military Bishop of Durham, in the thirteenth century, was guardian of the legal heir of the manor of ELTHAM,—William de Vesci,—grandson of the powerful baron, John de Vesci. As covetous as he was warlike, Bec possessed himself of the manor, depriving the heir of his right. A large and splendid mansion was built by the bishop, in place, it would seem, of an earlier manor-house. Ultimately the property reverted to its original possessor, John of Eltham. Edward II.'s sovereign son was born here in 1315. Parliaments met several times at Eltham in the reign of Edward III., who, with his heroic sons, here celebrated great feasts and festivals, for the solace of John the captive king of France. Edward IV. almost entirely rebuilt the palace, of which the hall was the noblest part. In that hall, he celebrated the Christmas of 1483, as Christmases of old were wont to be celebrated, with bountiful hospitality for high and low, and abundance of mirth and sport. The palace was much enlarged by Henry VII. His barons dined with him daily in the hall. In its finished state at that time, the structure was extensive and magnificent. Four quadrangles were enclosed within a lofty wall and deep wide moat. The principal entrance consisted of a bridge and gateway in the north wall. Another gate with a bridge opened in the south wall. The hall, chapel, and state apartments were the principal interior features. A garden and three parks surrounded the palace, stocked with deer, and adorned by noble trees. Such was the fine old palace of Eltham previous to the rise of the new palace at Greenwich, which stole away all its lustre, and caused it to be deserted, if we except an occasional visit from royalty down to the period of James I. Its decline was hastened by the commonwealth. The parks were broken into, the deer dispersed and killed by soldiers and others. The greater part of the buildings were completely destroyed. Charles II. after his restoration was too intent on his pleasures to think about recovering or preserving any part of the melancholy wreck. The old palace was turned into a quarry, and stones were carried away for any and every purpose; indeed the whole would have gone, most likely, but for the hall being converted into a barn, a circumstance to which we owe the preservation of one of the most beautiful architectural specimens of the reign of Edward IV., whose symbol, the expanded rose, is visible in different parts of it. Mr. Buckler observes, "The interior is magnificent. The taste and talent of ages are concentrated in its design; and it is scarcely possible to imagine proportions more just and noble, a plan more perfect, ornaments more appropriate and beautiful; in a word, a whole more harmonious than his regal banqueting-room." The forms of the windows are admirable; but the timber roof (Fig. 1267) is the great attraction of this valuable remnant. "The main beams of the roof



200 M. S. 31.111.8

METHLEY HALL.

are full seventeen inches square, and twenty-eight feet long, perfectly straight and sound throughout, and are the produce of trees of the most stately growth. A forest must have yielded the choicest timber for the supply of this building; and it is evident that the material has been wrought with incredible labour and admirable skill." Of late years this rich and noble roof has been restored by Mr. Smirke, at the expense of the government. The area of the palace is still surrounded by a high stone wall and a broad deep moat, now converted into a garden, over which are two bridges. At Eltham, as at a hundred other great and ancient places, there has long existed a tradition that subterranean passages existed; and true enough such passages have been found. We learn from a little pamphlet published a few years ago, that under the ground floor of one of the apartments of the palace, a trap-door opens into a room under ground, ten feet in length, which conducts the passenger to the series of passages, with decoys, stairs, and shafts, some of which are vertical, and others on an inclined plane, which were once used for admitting air, and for hurling down missiles and pitchballs upon enemies, according to the mode of defence in those ancient times; and it is worthy of notice that, at points where weapons from above could assail the enemy with the greatest effect, there these shafts verge and concentrate. About five hundred feet of passage have been entered and passed through in a direction west, towards Middle Park, and under the moat for two hundred feet. The arch is broken into the field leading from Eltham to Mottingham, but still the brick-work of the arch can be traced farther. Proceeding in the same direction, the remains of two iron gates, completely carbonized, were found in that part of the passage under the moat; and large stalactites, formed of super-carbonate of lime, hung down from the roof of the arch, which sufficiently indicate the lapse of time since these passages were entered.

Glancing at the interior of the mansions of the fifteenth century, something or other of novelty to our eyes every where presents itself. The antique bed-rooms (Figs. 1366, 1369), the *couvre-feu* (Fig. 1374), which gave name to the custom that the Normans made so odious, the kitchens (Fig. 1347), all speak of habits differing materially from our own; and still more do some at least of the arrangements for the feast (Figs. 1339, 1342, 1346), and especially that of the servant on his knees tasting the wines to satisfy the guests there was no death in the cup. A very interesting view of the economy of the house of the chief personage in the realm, has been just made public (by means of the *Athenæum*, Nov. 16), in the *Travels of Leo von Rozmital*, the brother of George, King of Bohemia, who, with a retinue including the narrator, Tetzl, visited England during the reign of Edward IV. Tetzl, after having confirmed the truth of the usual remark as to Edward's own handsome person, adds, that he "has the finest set of courtiers that a man may find in Christendom. After some days he invited my Lord Leo and all his noble companions, and gave them a very costly feast, and also he gave to each of them the medal of his order, to every knight a golden one, and to every one who was not a knight a silver one; and he himself hung them upon their necks. Another day the king called us to court. In the morning the queen (Elizabeth Woodville) went from child-bed to church with a splendid procession of many priests, bearing relics, and many scholars, all singing, and carrying burning candles. Besides there was a great company of women and maidens from the country and from London, who were bidden to attend. There were also a great number of trumpeters, pipers, and other players, with forty-two of the king's singing men, who sang very sweetly. Also, there were four and twenty heralds and pursuivants, and sixty lords and knights. Then came the queen, led by two dukes, and with a canopy borne over her head. Behind her followed her mother and above sixty ladies and maidens. Having heard the service sung, and kneeled down in the church, she returned with the same procession to her palace. Here all who had taken a part in the procession were invited to a feast, and all sat down, the men and the women, the clergy and the laity, each in his rank, filling four large rooms. Also, the king invited my lord and all his noble attendants to the table where he usually dined with his courtiers. And one of the king's greatest lords must sit at the king's table upon the king's stool, in the place of the king; and my lord sat at the same table, only two steps below him. Then all the honours which were due to the king had to be paid to the lord who sat in his place, and also to my lord; and it is incredible what ceremonies we observed there. While we were eating, the king was making presents to all the trumpeters, pipers, players, and heralds; to the last alone he gave four hundred nobles, and every one, when he received his pay, came to the tables and told aloud what the king had given him. When my lord had done eating, he was conducted into

a costly ornamented room, where the queen was to dine, and there he was seated in a corner that he might see all the expensive provisions. The queen sat down on a golden stool alone at her table, and her mother and the king's sister stood far below her. And when the queen spoke to her mother or to the king's sister, they kneeled down every time before her, and remained kneeling until the queen drank water. And all her ladies and maids, and those who waited upon her, even great lords, had to kneel while she was eating, which continued three hours (!) After dinner there was dancing, but the queen remained sitting upon her stool, and her mother kneeled before her. The king's sister danced with two dukes, and the beautiful dances and reverences performed before the queen—the like I have never seen, nor such beautiful maidens. Among them were eight duchesses, and above thirty countesses and others, all daughters of great people. After the dance the king's singing men came in and sang. When the king heard mass sung in his private chapel my lord was admitted: then the king had his relics shown to us, and many sacred things in London. Among them we saw a stone from the Mount of Olives, upon which there is the footprint of Jesus Christ, our Lady's girdle, and many other relics." This is altogether about the most extraordinary picture of the life of royalty in England ever presented; and one can with difficulty believe that it really refers to a time not quite four centuries removed from our own.

A peculiar and very significant evidence of the value placed upon books in days when authors were few, and copies of their writings could only be obtained by the labours of the transcriber (Fig. 1331), is furnished to us by the very numerous cases recorded of the presentation of books to persons of high rank, amidst circumstances of great ceremonial. In some cases that presentation seems to have taken place from the single desire of the poet or writer to obtain patronage; or show, in a graceful manner, the appreciation of services already enjoyed. Thus Lydgate presents his poem of the 'Pilgrim' to Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury (Fig. 1204). In other cases, the object appears to have been to make some offering of unusual value and magnificence; and what could be more valuable or magnificent in the eyes of a man like Henry VI., than the Missal presented to him on his coronation by his uncle the Duke of Bedford, one of the most beautiful and elaborate specimens of the art of illumination ever produced before or since? The manuscript contains fifty-nine drawings of the most highly-finished character, nearly the size of the page (eleven inches by seven and a half), and above a thousand tiny miniatures, in addition to the border of foliage, and other rich and exquisite decorations. In one of these (Fig. 1329) we have the only portrait known of the duke, at whose cost it was executed. Then again, other nobles who desired to gratify their monarch by such gifts, happily combined with the gratification of that feeling their desire to call his attention to subjects in which they felt a peculiar interest: some such feeling it was, we may conclude, that led the Earl of Shrewsbury to present to the same king a book of romances (Fig. 1202); and how the circumstance seems to explain, and, in our estimation, to enhance the exploits of brave John Talbot! But a mighty change came over the spirit of literature, small as were its earliest manifestations. The famous mercer, William Caxton (Fig. 1372), came back to England with those few, and simple, and rude implements which had cost him so much wealth, labour, time, and anxiety to obtain; and then, from the precincts of Westminster Abbey, speedily issued the art of printing. And certainly it is an extraordinary fact, that the power that was to destroy the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, with all those rank abuses which a gentler mode of treatment might have failed to remove, should have issued as it were from its own bosom; and one calculated to enhance our estimation of that church; for, of all the services rendered by it to humanity—and who can doubt but that these were many and momentous?—none can be compared with that which we owe to it, in connection with the most magical of all arts and instruments—printing and the press. It almost seems, as though she had been conscious that the manifold corruptions that had gathered around her, crippling her energies, and bending her once erect forehead towards the earth, had removed all chance of future usefulness, and that, therefore, she had used all her remaining strength to summon up a new and infinitely more potent spirit to take her place, and continue with increase of success proportioned to the increase of means, the good work that the church had in its day of purity begun and carried on, all things considered, so well and wisely for many a century, which, in some respects at least, would have been "dark ages" indeed, but for her exertions. It is certain, at all events, whatever the notions and thoughts of the men who did welcome the

new thing, that inattention to its possible effects formed no part of them. Among the enemies of printing, there was a bishop who said plainly, "If we do not destroy that remarkable invention, it will destroy us." Caxton—a name ever to be revered by all who have faith in and a yearning for the progress of mankind, which he, in connection with the establishment of such a literature as that of England, has done more perhaps to promote than any other man, working with similar material agencies—Caxton came to England about 1473 or 1474, and—ominous locality!—was located, it has been supposed, in the scriptorium of the abbey, the place where its transcribers were wont to be employed; at all events it is certain that he began to print in some building either forming a part of the actual abbey, or directly connected with it; and that the Abbot Milling, and probably Milling's successor, Esteney, patronised him. Caxton's residence appears to have been a house in the Almonry (Fig. 1355). Caxton's publications were of a very miscellaneous character, such as treatises on heraldry, hawking, and chess (Fig. 1373); romances of religion and literature; translations of classical works; chronicles, &c.; all, no doubt, carrying out, as far as circumstances would permit, his desire, which was to make the books capable of "instructing the ignorant in wisdom and virtue." But Caxton, too, must be presented at court, and make his offering—a most memorable one—the first English printed book ever presented to an English monarch. On our engraving (Fig. 1228), copied from the illumination of a beautiful manuscript at Lambeth Palace, we see two persons engaged in the ceremony of presentation. Caxton's fellow-labourer (for he worked as a contributor to the Caxton press) and patron is the Lord Rivers, the most accomplished of all the men who fell as the victims of the sanguinary wars of the Roses. He was beheaded, with Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir R. Hawse, at Pomfret, by order of Richard III., immediately after the death of Edward IV., and in order, evidently, to get them out of the way of his projected usurpation. "O Pomfret! Pomfret!" is the passionate address of Lord Rivers, as he, with his companions, goes to execution (Fig. 1271).—

—"O thou bloody prison—
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hacked to death;
And for more blander to thy dismal seat
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink."
Shakspeare. Richard III.

The War of the Roses, it has been observed, was essentially a barons' war, and thus the people were but little interested either way in the conclusion. It is a well-known fact that the former were, for once, the chief sufferers, and that the latter were generally spared by both parties; but not the less is it certain that the peaceful pursuits of industry must have been fearfully arrested (Fig. 1380); that the ploughshare was too often turned into a sword, and that a state of general disorder must have ensued, calculated to impoverish and demoralise all within its influence, and especially the poorest and most ignorant peasantry. The string of miserable malefactors going to prison (Fig. 1370), and the dreadful processions, issuing from it towards the scaffold (Fig. 1371), that so often met the startled gaze, thrusting their hideous outlines athwart the blue and serene-looking sky, were symptoms of a worse mischief done to the national heart and intellect by these unnatural wars, than the disappearance even of that long line of nobles who were their more prominent and more lamented victims.

But they are ended at last, and affairs gradually fall into the old channel. Commerce revives; the tradesman looks busy and contented. Literature and art continue their respective missions. The ministrations of the church assume somewhat of their former influence, now that the practical anomaly of an atmosphere of war is removed from the houses of peace and of God. The towns again exhibit their magnificent religious plays; the villages once more resound with the clamour of the popular sports; the mummers and the tumblers (Fig. 1379) arouse not only the mirth of the rustics but—what the wars had checked—their liberality; the drums (Fig. 1383) are beaten by hands that seem to know the influence of better living than the poor performer has been lately in the habit

of experiencing; the green sward that had been trampled by unaccustomed feet is re-levelled for the bowls (Fig. 1378); the ball again flies across the green from the hand, the trap (Fig. 1381), or the club (Fig. 1388); and if the boys leap through their hoops (Fig. 1387), as before—to them war itself has been but a new subject for sport—their parents look on with a fresh feeling of satisfaction; if shuttlecock (Fig. 1390) and hoodman-blind (Fig. 1386) have not ceased to be played, there is now assuredly more of the players' hearts in the sports. The bow, however, is neglected—a significant fact—the people have had enough of war, and so their own favourite weapon is laid aside. The government of Edward IV.—a thing of force—grows alarmed at the idea of any decrease of the materials of force, and so the popular sports are condemned, and the instruments used in them are to be destroyed—dice (Fig. 1389) among the rest; and shooting-butto (Fig. 1375) are to be erected in every township. But the edict fails; the use of the bow still declines; and the government, as it ceases to find the materials for its armies always ready among its subjects generally, leans more and more towards a chosen portion of them—the growing hired and standing army of England.

The systematic slaughter of the most distinguished warriors engaged in the wars of the Roses, must have given a fresh impulse to the desire already strongly and universally felt of making armour more and more impregnable, and complete from head to foot. An evidence of the importance previously attached to this subject is furnished by the fact that when Bolingbroke was preparing for the ordeal trial at Coventry, he sent to Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, for a choice suit of armour. The duke placed all his stock before the messenger, and when he had chosen what he liked, sent with him four of the best armourers out of Milan to attend to the fitting of it to Bolingbroke's person. About 1400 plate armour began to supersede the old chain mail, and—that accomplished—grew in a few years more and more rich and fantastic. In our engravings are exhibited various stages of the progress of plated armour, beginning with the suits worn by Henry V.'s squire, of which the plumed bascinet of war is a striking feature (Fig. 1325), and by the Earl of Suffolk (Fig. 1327); and then onwards through the suits of Sir Robert Grushill (Fig. 1328), Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (Fig. 1326), and Sir Thomas Peyton (Fig. 1322). The helmets shown in Fig. 1245 are tilting helmets only, and were not worn in war. Looking at the richness and splendour of some of these examples of the armour of the fifteenth century, we can better appreciate the incident related by Froissart in connection with Raymond, the nephew of Pope Clement, whose beautiful armour was the cause of his destruction: he was taken prisoner, and put to death by his reckless captors, for the sake of the dazzling shell in which he had enveloped himself. With a few words on costume we conclude. This was in some respects an age of fashionable monstrosities. Let the reader who would enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of our ancestors, look for instance at the head-dresses of the ladies, square (Fig. 1337), horned (Fig. 1344), steepled (Fig. 1324), and winged (Fig. 1343), and then contrast them with the exquisitely graceful figure and dress exhibited in the brass monument of Eleanor Bohun (Fig. 1312) in Westminster Abbey, which is a proof after all how solid are the foundations of good sense and fine taste: what the sculptor of that effigy admired, and had a circle around him prepared to admire also, we look upon with exactly the same sentiment. It is Fashion again, that whimsical fantastic being, who must be answerable for all these head-dress vagaries, as well as for the equally numerous and equally absurd characteristics of portions of the male costume (Figs. 1335, 1336, 1338, 1340), one of which, the long sleeves, thus fell under the quaint satire of the poet Occleve:—

What is a lord without his mon?
I put case, that his foes him assail
Suddenly in the street, what help shall he
Whose sleeves encumbrous so side trail
Do to his lord,—he may not him avail;
In such a case he is but a woman;
He may not stand him in stead of a man;
His arms two have right enough to do,
And somewhat more, his sleeves up to hold

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